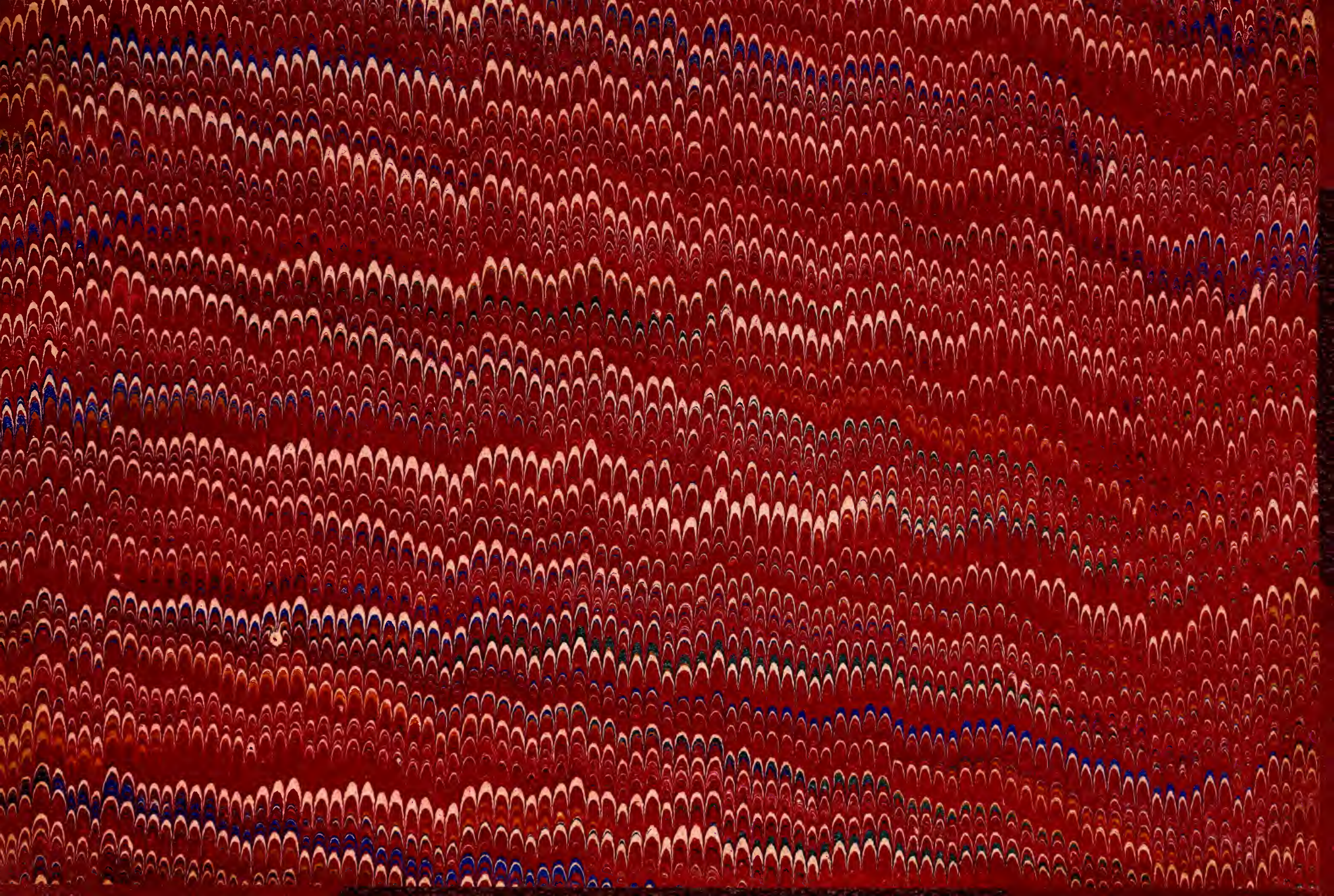

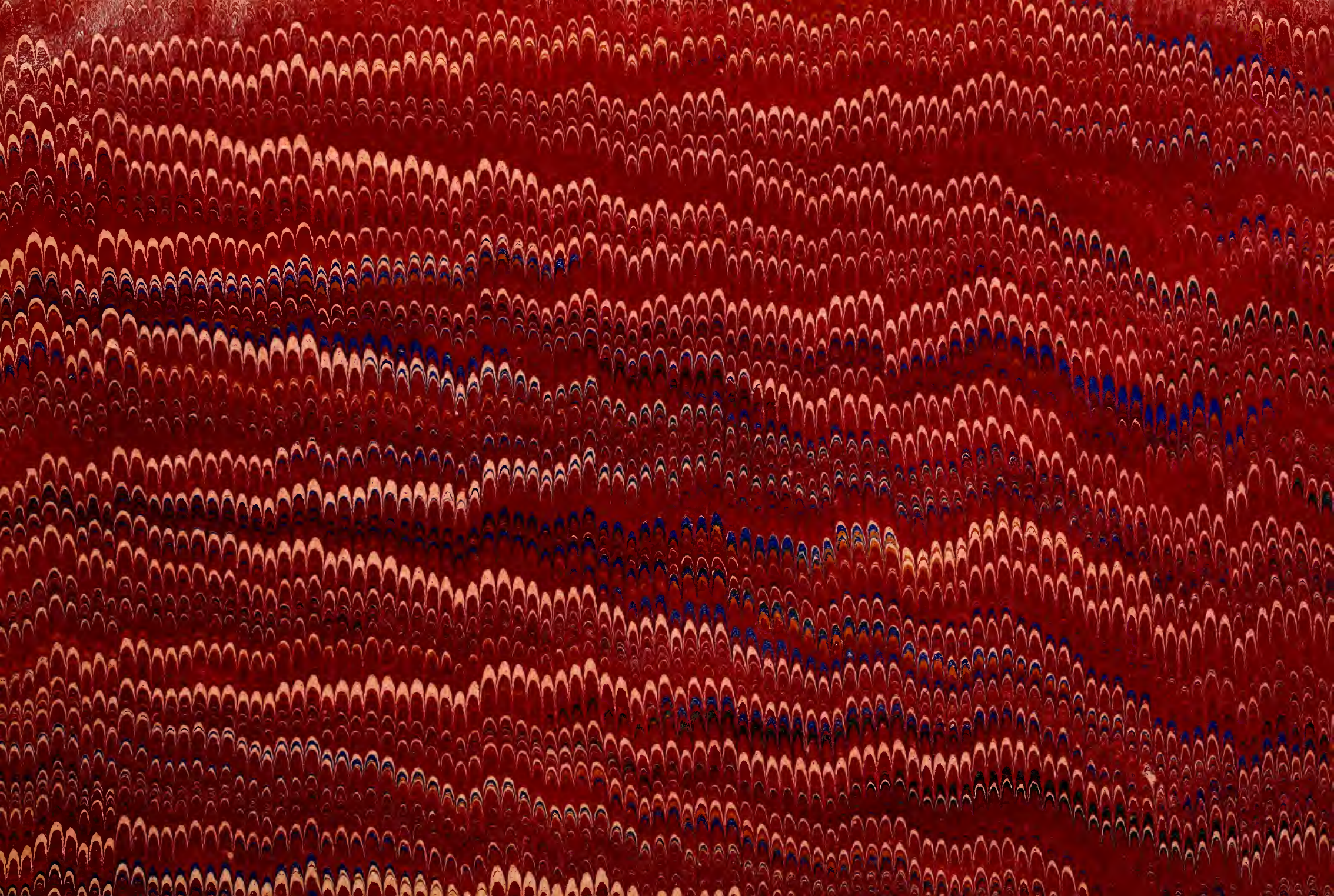

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McClure's Magazine.

Vol. X. JANUARY, 1898. No. 3.

A PAINTER OF CHILDREN—BOUTET DE MONVEL.

By Norman Hapgood.

Illustrated with Reproductions from Boutet de Monvel's Works.

EVEN in great art the originality which suggests a new way of seeing the world is rare. It is the possession of this one quality, above all others, which makes Maurice Boutet de Monvel stand out, with a few of his contemporaries, from the army of artists, more or less slaves of tradition following in the footsteps of their masters. It is this quality which makes the work of De Monvel appreciated wherever he is known. Here is a man who belongs to no school, who does not exploit his tools, who speaks for the people because he picks out things to represent that are not obvious, and yet which, when seen, are of interest alike to the simple and the philosopher, to the most civilized man as to the child.

Another attainment even more rare in

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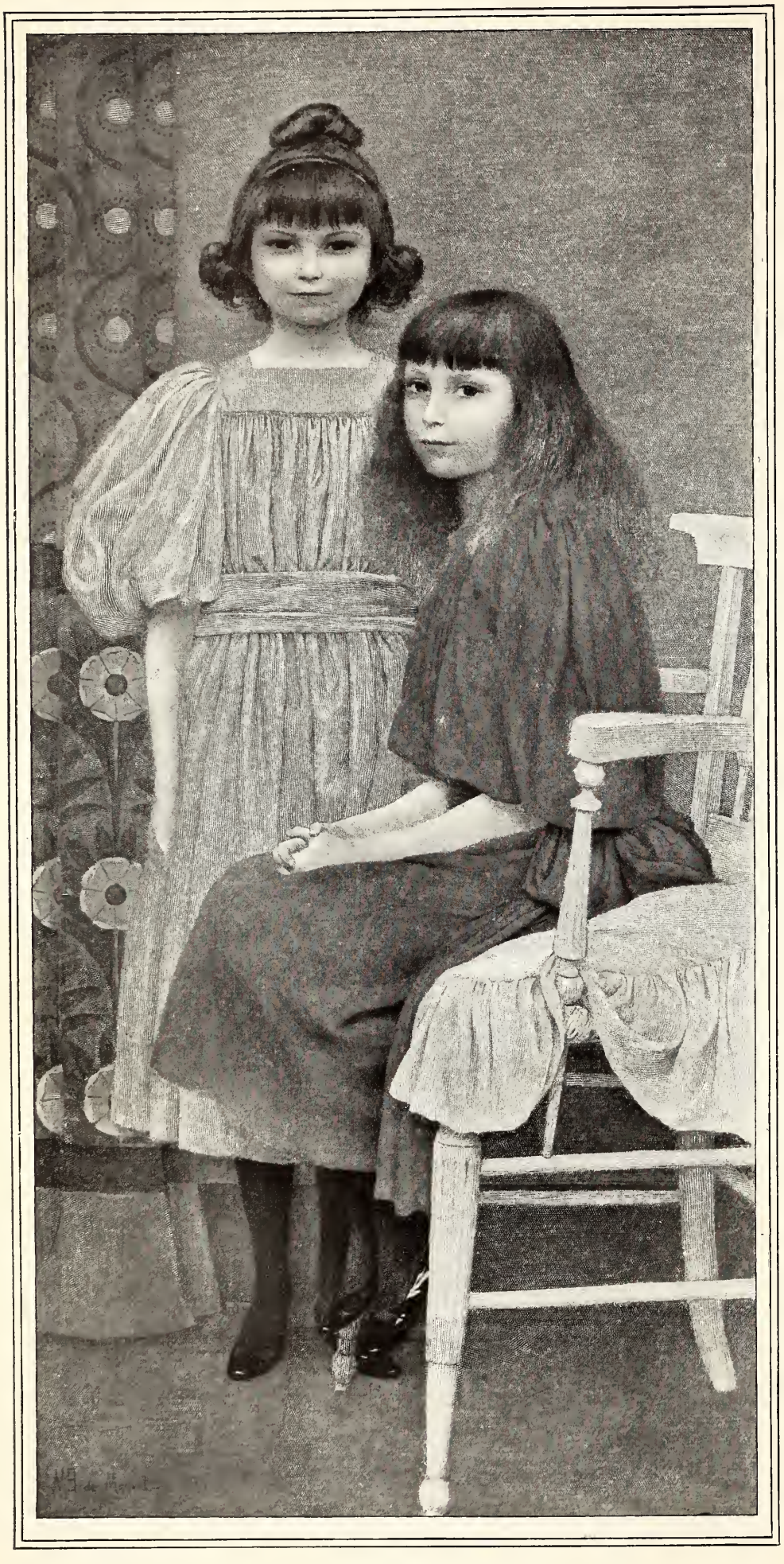


PORTRAITS.

the history of art is the successful rendering of child life. The adult usually draws children indiscriminately, seeing them as a mass of little creatures much alike, or else noticing them for the light they throw on our lives. Philosophers would say that our attitude towards them was subjective. We call them sweet, or cunning, or something else that describes the way they make us feel, not the way they themselves feel and think. Yet a child is an independent being, and the effect it has on us is an unimportant element in its own life. The artists, whether poets, novelists, painters, or sculptors, who have given the life of a child from the inside could almost be counted on one hand. These prevailing external views grow naturally out of the two facts that we cannot remember what the world was to us, and that the audience for which we speak is grown. In the fable the lion explains the victories of men over beasts in literature by the statement that the men write all the books. Per-

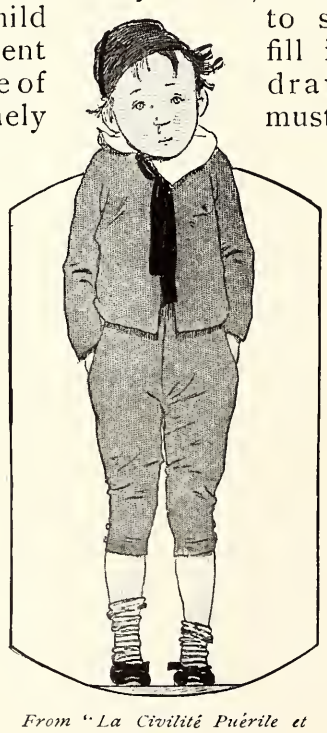
PORTRAIT OF THE DAUGHTER OF RÉJANE.

From "La Mist'en Laire" in "Vieilles Chansons."

haps Robert Louis Stevenson thought of this fable when he wrote "A Child's Garden of Verses," in which the mind of the child has at least an equal expression with the mind of his older and sophisticated observer. The mingling of the two points of view promises to be the modern spirit.

Boutet de Monvel, although he is in part a man of age and experience, the head of a household, with a place in the world which he sustains with dignity and takes to heart seriously, amusing himself with the child's ingenuousness, is also one who understands and whose talent is particularly fit to depict the child as an independent creature with a life of its own. His children are genuinely childish, with no admixture of adult quality. The earlier artists gave often the physical attributes of babyhood, but they put in the baby body the soul of a man, or no soul at all. In the old religious pictures the child may show divinity, spirituality, in his face, but he does not show infantile thoughts. He was not treated psychologically. Della Robbia boys might walk, their forms are so real. We also know their personalities; each one of them is an individual child, and Della Robbia is an exception among the masters. But it is more than pitiful, it is irritating, to see in all the galleries of Italy those little forms with the heads of clever, knowing old people, with eyes full of wisdom and worldliness. So the hearty baby bodies in the pictures of Rubens have no sign of as many different natures as there are in the distinct men and women of the same paintings. Most great dramatic artists, realizing instinctively that men do not see children from the inside, have kept them out of their works. In all of Shakespeare's plays there is no child who counts for much; and in all great drama, perhaps, the one child who is famous is the Joas of Racine.

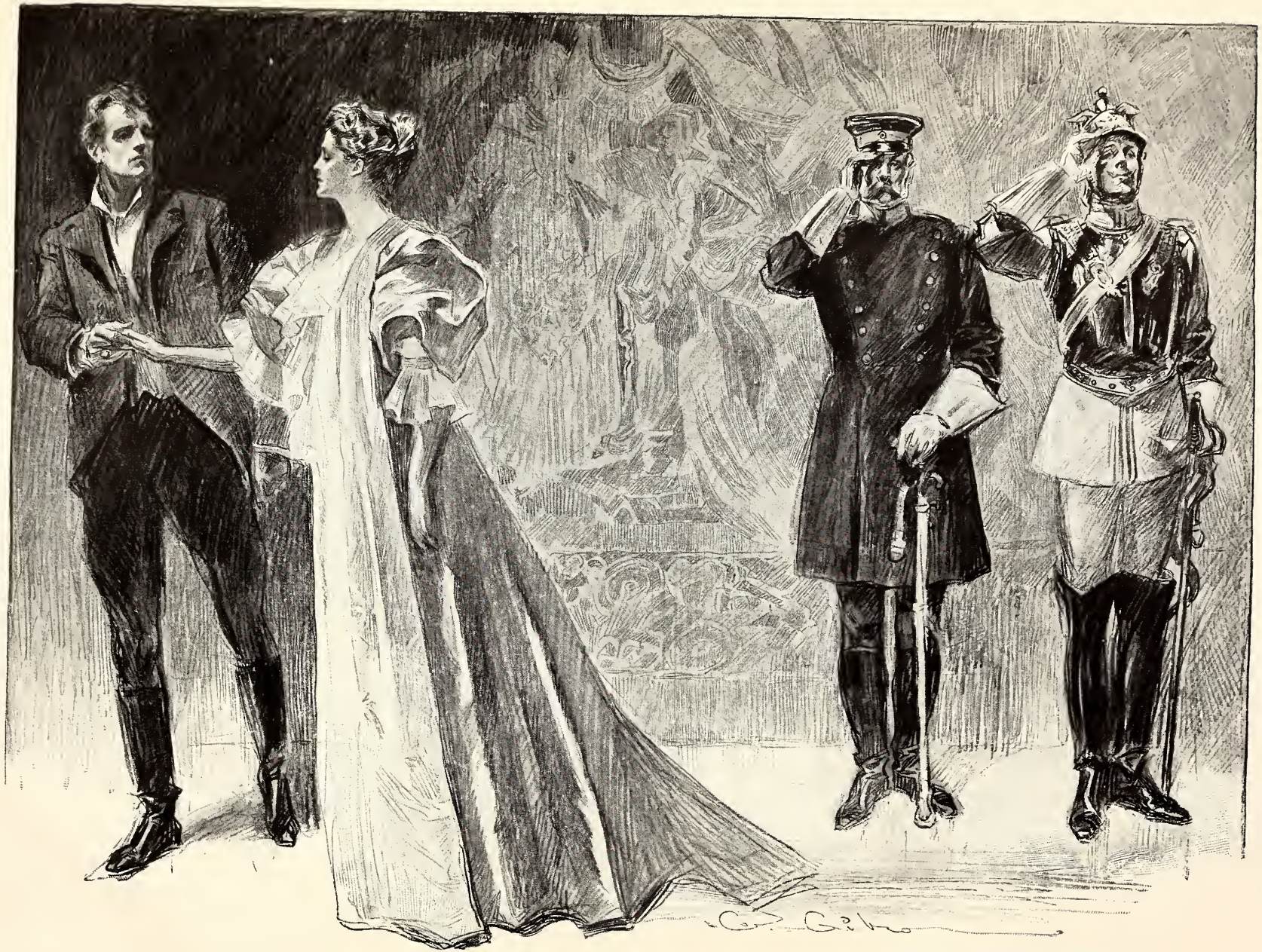
In a sense, at least, as the artist himself thinks, it was accident that led De Monvel to a field so far removed from the interests of strong artists; but when hazard led him there, little time was needed to show him how to fill it. If he was to draw children, he must draw them with the reality with which he had always seen their elders. He must give us not only the charm of their fragility and innocence, but, if not the revelation, at least a clear suggestion, of what they feel. Whether or not chance influenced his choice of subjects, the world is the gainer. Young persons are usually bored by the child; they meet him and pass him by; but old people notice him. The more experience a man gains and digests the simpler his interest becomes; complexities in the end appear trivial, and the elementary things are seen as the elemental and important ones. De Monvel reached such a spirit younger than most men do. He always had a marked element of sane and serious reality in him, and nature allowed him to begin where most of us are landed when love and sorrow, suffering



From "La Civilité Puérile et Honnête."

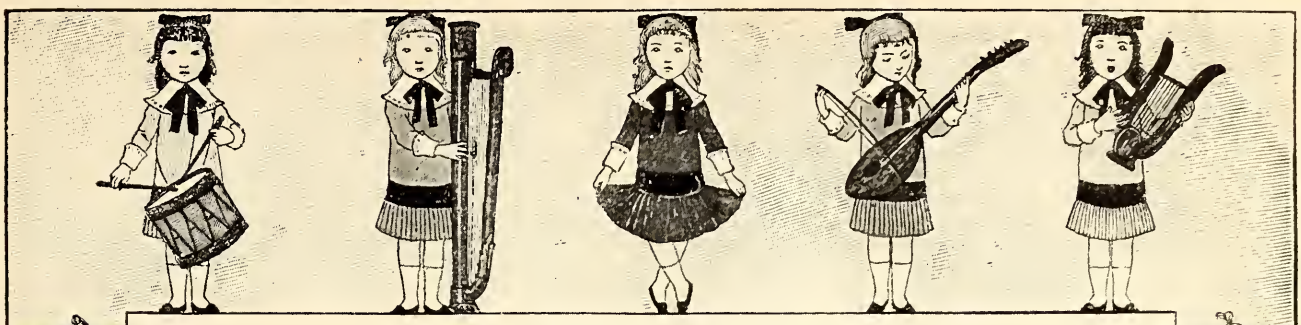
1540

Drawn by C. D. Gibson.



"They two then stood at salute." See page 239.

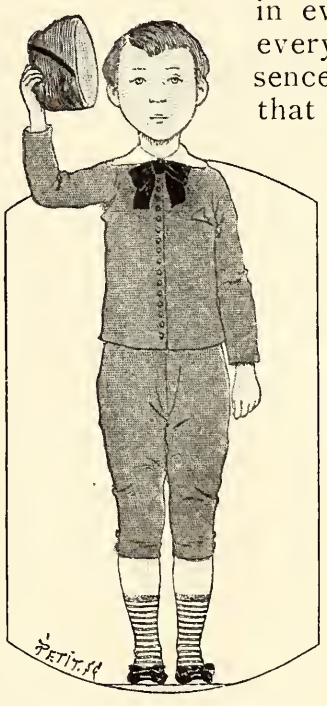
RUPERT OF HENTZAU, CHAPTER IV.



From 'La Mist'en Laire,' in "Vieilles Chansons."

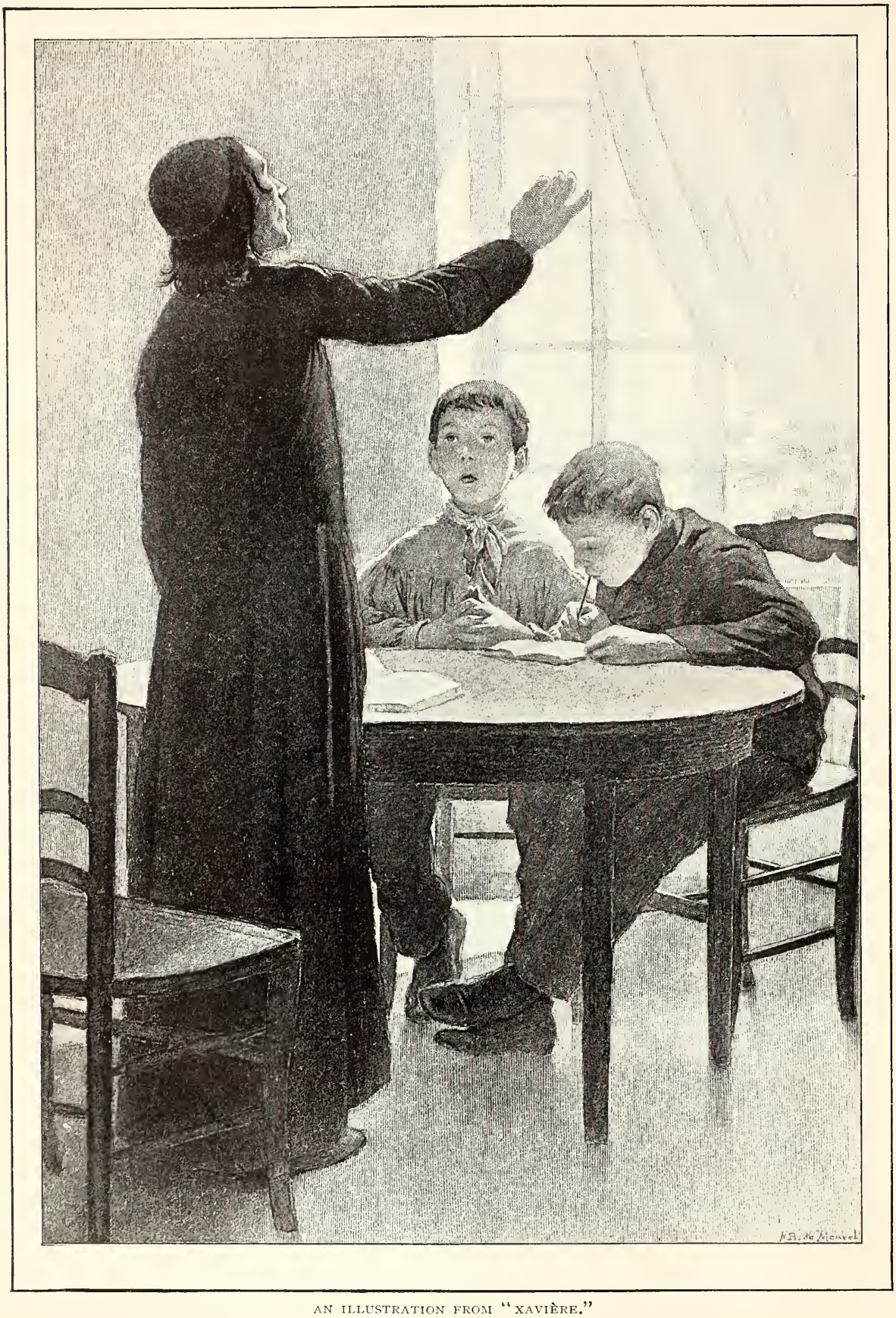
and change, have taught us to see the big, significant outlines. His fortune from the beginning was to see fundamentals, and experience taught him to depict what he saw with means as simple and choice as his vision. A few lines, a few dots, make a face. There is no smartness of presentation, there is only a meaning, and nothing to obscure the meaning. As in all true art, his technical processes are not obtruded, and will be seen only by those who look for them; while the things represented are patent to all. For such a nature there could be no better subject than the child, for all the elements of human life are in him, and only the elements, out of which later the sifting, expanding, and crushing experience will make the human drama.

Boutet de Monvel, choosing without hesitation art as a career, entered the studio of Cabanel when he was a little over twenty. He joined the army after Sedan, and came out of his war experiences with a sadness which still overpowers him when speaking of *nos malheurs*. After some work in the less conventional studio of Julian, dissatisfied with its restrictions, he entered, in 1875, the studio of Carolus Duran. Almost immediately the need of money forced him into illustration, the field in which we know him best and in which his originality took such striking form. M. de Monvel himself thus describes the change, in conversation: "At first I painted pictures like the rest of the painters, and perhaps I should be doing that still if I had not been driven to illustration. When I took that up, having only the pen with which to work, I was obliged always to study the difficulties of reproduction, to do something that would come out well when printed. Of course, I found out directly that I could not put in the mass of little things which I had elaborated on my canvases. Gradually, through a process of elimination and selection, I came to put in only what was necessary to give the character. I sought in every little figure, every group, the essence, and worked for that alone."



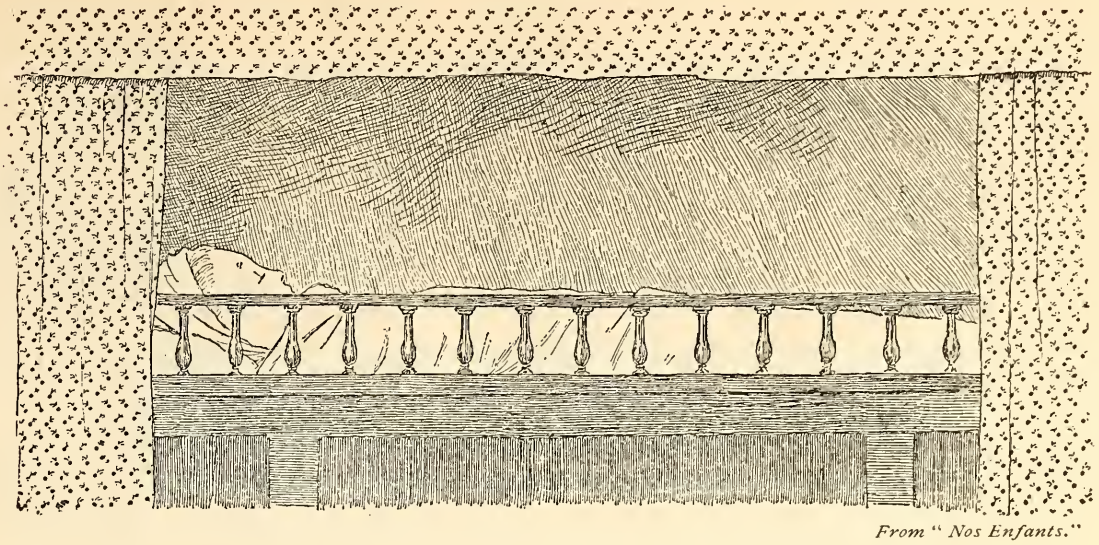
From "La Civilité Puérile et Honnête"

The secret taught him by the difficulties in reproduction has helped him in all that he has done. There is no unnecessary detail in the old couple on the beach, one of his early pictures, the reproduction of which heads this article, any more than there is in the face of the boy bent upon the table, on page 202, or in the gay pictures of the gracefully grotesque and amusing side of childhood. His books have ranged over rather a wide field. "Old Songs for Little Children" (*Vieilles Chansons et Rondes pour les petits enfants*) appeared first. In it De Monvel's humor is apparent, bordering now on caricature and now on comedy. "French Songs for Little Frenchmen" (*Chansons de France pour les petits Français*) followed, with the same gaiety, but with freer expression.



AN ILLUSTRATION FROM "XAVIÈRE."

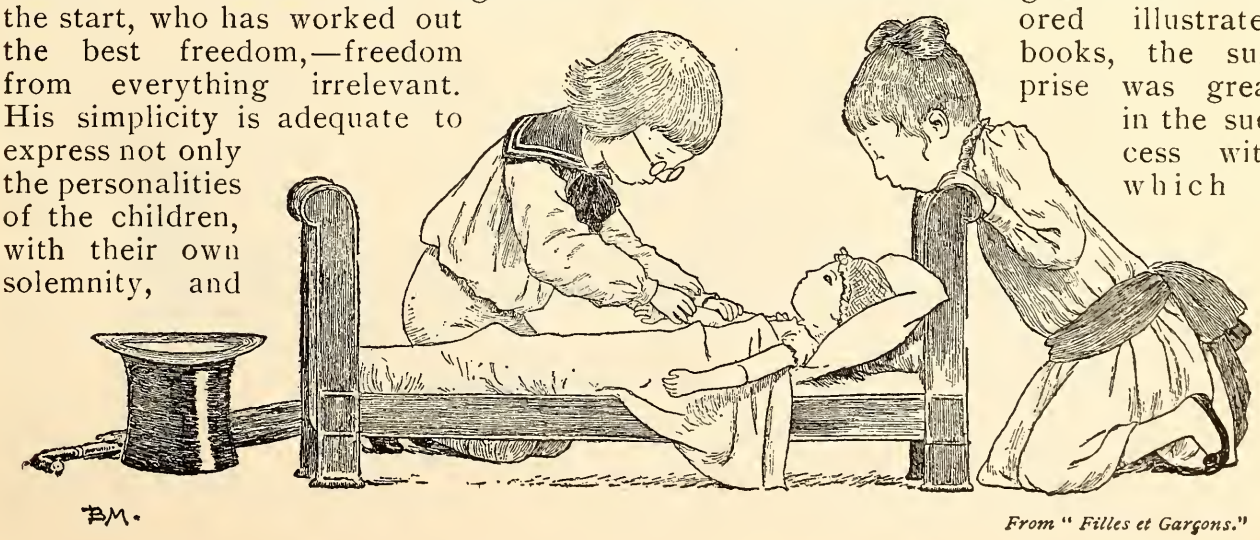
A mock treatise on politeness, "*La Civilité puérile et honnête*," brings a daintier, more varied atmosphere, for the study is becoming deeper and the understanding clearer. The individuals differ much more; each has more distinctness, more reality, more charm, the old men and the women as well as the children. The "*La Fontaine*" is a new development, not only because it brings animals to the front, but because it shows the artist making his effects with simpler touches and with the exact meaning still more free and more telling also. In stories by Anatole France, with his studied



From "Nos Enfants."

simplicity, De Monvel found some of his best inspiration; and his masterly little creations stand not simply as a graphic comment on the text, but as a revelation of a subject which the writer has treated only in a fragmentary and superficial manner. Before speaking of his later work, his "*Xavière*" and his "Joan of Arc," we might try to find out the secret which De Monvel has learned, and which enables him to give us children in a fashion so direct and complete, and with such charm and freshness of presentation. We might speak of the expressiveness which lurks in a little hand clutching a dress, in the angular folds of a Sunday frock, in a slow and stolid walk, in a foot seeking the ground, but it would explain nothing. The one attitude, the one expression, is chosen which has a special meaning and a special charm, and that is all there is to it. In looking at these drawings artists' only advantage over people ignorant of art is that they know how wonderful the thing is, how difficult it is to do it; but they are not able to feel or enjoy the result any better. To draw well, to color well, to have solved the problem of lithography in color, is simply to have the tools. It is the freshness, the alertness of the eye, the truth and eagerness of the mind, which makes De Monvel an artist original from the start, who has worked out the best freedom,—freedom from everything irrelevant. His simplicity is adequate to express not only the personalities of the children, with their own solemnity, and the tender amusement which they inspire, but also to deal with the most serious, dramatic, even tragic subjects, as shown in his two later works, "*Xavière*" and "Joan of Arc." Probably, of all his work, these two books contain his most ardent feelings. The opening picture of the "Joan of Arc" strikes a note held throughout. Jeanne rides at the head of an army, her eyes fixed on a vision, a sword in her outstretched hand; behind her rush the living soldiers, with an onward motion that shows what it means to be a great draughtsman; and as the living soldiers press on, the very dead, fallen in battle, break from the ground to follow; their faces struggle up, their open mouths salute the Maid, they wave their swords, and, although they cannot free their bodies, their spirits help her on to victory. There are few such noble pictures as "*Xavière*" offers, wonderful revelations of the French country people, sympathetic transcripts of the simple life of humble folk; admirable pages, where one feels that everything is true to the best and the most serious in life.

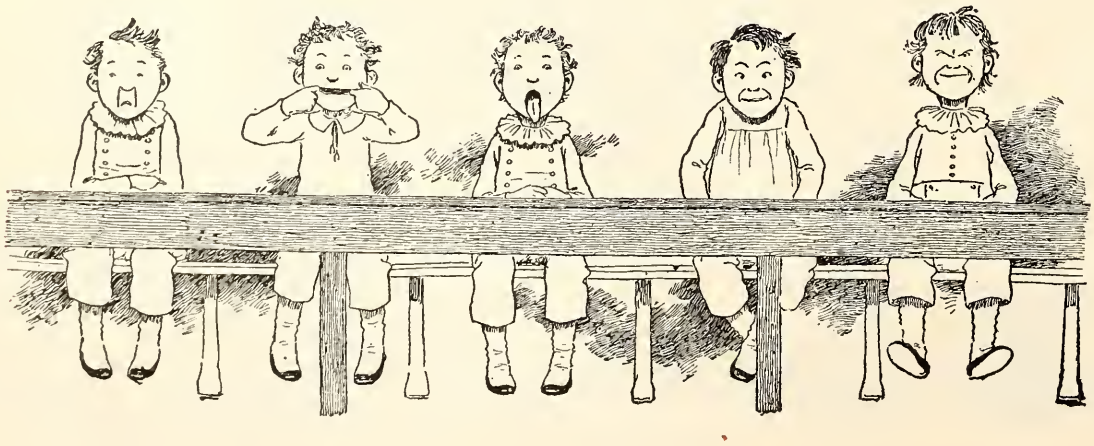
When De Monvel first gave us these colored illustrated books, the surprise was great in the success with which a



From "Filles et Garçons."

technical difficulty had been so competently conquered that the famous colored prints of England seemed antiquated and the effects which the Japanese reached by a different method had been equaled. But that surprise is now giving way to admiration for the qualities of the man who inspires the workman. Sentiment is the largest ingredient of true art, as it is of life; and the sentiment of De Monvel in "Joan of Arc" and "*Xavière*" reaches its highest purity. In this last he addresses himself to an older audience. In "Joan of Arc" he meets the interests of the childish reader, but he expresses himself as genuinely in each book. They seem ideal and beautiful dreams, forceful in drawing, with a psychology which makes every face individual in a more complete, but no less simple, sense than the faces in his lighter works are real. Noticing that an artist is making funny children or grotesque animals, we are inclined to take him lightly, as if we measured genius by solemnity or by acres of paint; but if we turn back to the more amusing books, after being excited by "*Xavière*" and "Joan of Arc," we see them with a new eye. It is the same artist looking into the hearts of many things and recording with a sure hand.

M. de Monvel is now making frescos for the church which is building at Domremy, the birthplace of the Maid whose story he is to tell again; but his studio is full of portraits of children and of sketches for illustrations. One series, just finished, dealing with the little peasants of the country, is to be followed by the street boys of Paris. There is little danger that with his eagerness of mind De Monvel runs any risk of working one vein to death; neither will he abandon for his larger work the line in which he has been a pioneer. His future activities promise to be as full of variety and development as his past, and it is hoped that he may devote more and more of his time to what, in the mind of the best judges, is his greatest field. The painting of portraits is probably the highest as well as the lowest and most common achievement of art. There have been many great portrait painters; but outside of Velasquez and a very few great masters, it is hard to think of any truly good portraits of children. An increasing demand for De Monvel's portraits of children has been the natural result of the popularity of his illustrated books. Of course, he had always been making portraits in his illustrations; he has told himself how hard it is to make each little figure in a group a separate person; and all these constant efforts of many years made the step to portrait painting an easy one. His portraits have been as successful as his own fanciful children. Not only has he been able to give the appearance of his sitter with the certainty and vividness which was to be expected of him, but he has proved his high artistic judgment in the way which all accessories are subordinated and yet used to strengthen the central effect. Just as in the picture from "*Xavière*," on page 202, full as it is of objects, table, chairs, window, all conspicuously placed, we see, nevertheless, only the faces, the attitudes, the light, all giving the spirit, the sentiment, the significance of the scene; so in his portraits, backgrounds and the arrangement of accessories show exquisite tact, and while serving their purpose of putting the face and figure into relief, add, one might say, some side explanations to the type. It is marvelous how all parts of the canvas belong to the portrait; how typical accessories and background are so subtly and intelligently handled that one does not realize they are there at all.



AN AMERICAN AT KARLSBAD.

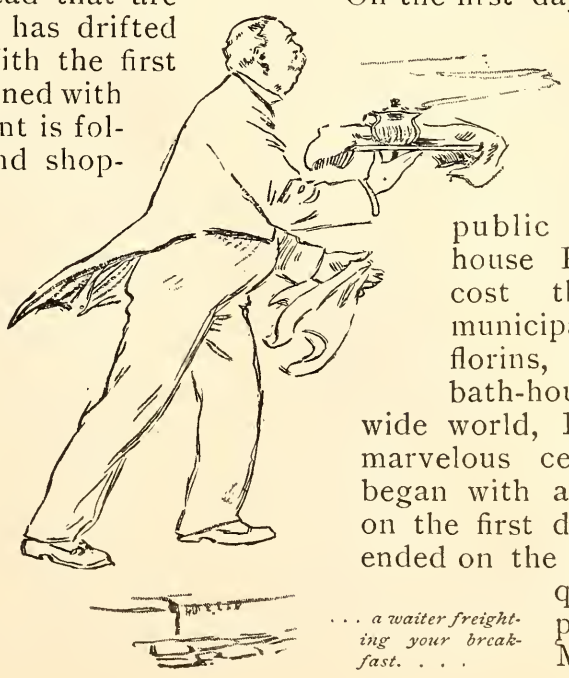
By Cy Warman,

Author of "Tales of an Engineer," "The Express Messenger," etc.

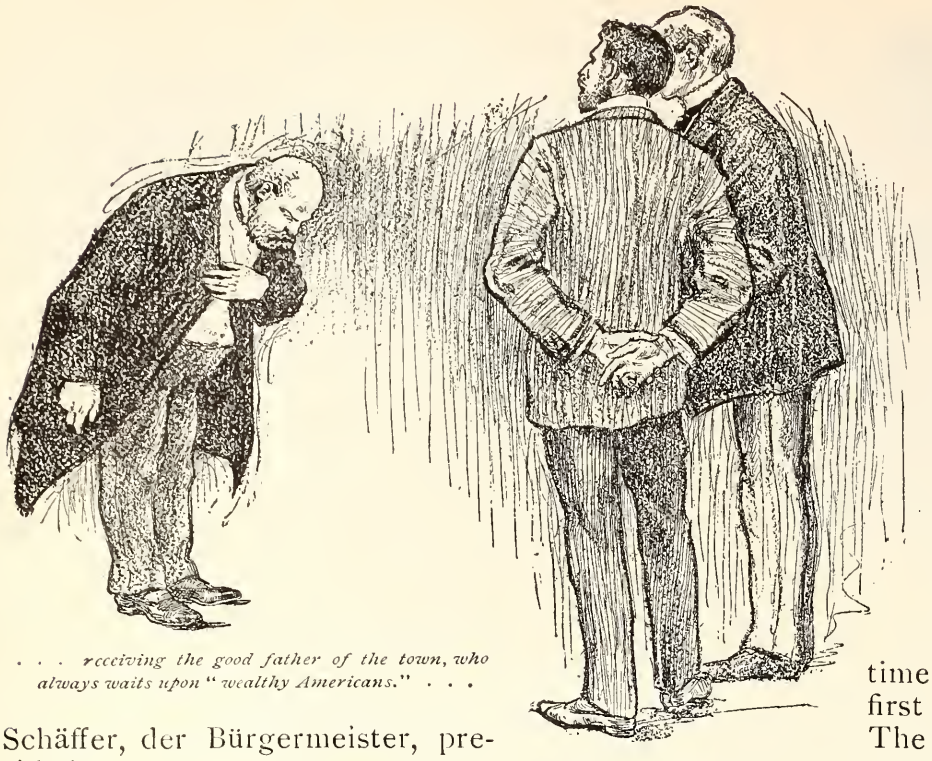
KARLSBAD in winter-time is about as bleak and desolate as a Western town which, after a hard fight with weekly papers and Winchesters, has lost the county-seat. The place is not dead: no more than the flowers are dead that are sleeping under the snow that has drifted deep in the Böhmerwald. With the first bluebird comes the man burdened with a bad liver, and the first patient is followed closely by merchants and shop-keepers, hotel men, and waiters. There are merchant-tailors from Vienna, china merchants from Dresden, and clockmakers from Switzerland.

All through the month of April the signs of life are daily increasing. The walks that wind about the many hills are being swept clean of dead leaves; houses are repainted; and the rooms of hundreds of hotels and pensions are thrown open to admit the health-giving winds that come down from the low mountains laden with the scent of pine. The streets are reasonably clean, for few people live here in winter; but they are being made cleaner day by day, until the last day of April, when they are all flooded and washed clean. The iron fences and railings are actually scrubbed by an army of women with buckets of water and rags. Other women are digging in the ditches, sawing wood, or drawing wagons through the streets.

On the first day of May there is a grand opening. This year it was of especial importance, as it opened to the public the new bath-house Kaiserbad, which cost this enterprising municipality 1,250,000 florins, and is the finest bath-house in the whole wide world, I am told. This marvelous celebration, which began with a military parade on the first day of the month, ended on the fifth with a banquet in the city park café, at which Monsieur Ludwig



. . . a waiter freighting your breakfast. . . .



. . . receiving the good father of the town, who always waits upon "wealthy Americans." . . .

Schäffer, der Bürgermeister, presided.

"Jim Thompson and friend" was the way we went on the register at Pupp's; not that Jim wanted to star his own signature, but in order that he might bear the burden of reading all the circulars sent to our rooms, and receiving the good father of the town, who always waits upon "wealthy Americans" and asks a little aid for the poor, regardless of the visitor's religion. When we were transferred to the revolving switch-board in the center of the great lobby, it read, "Herr Jim Thompson," and when it appeared on local letters and circulars sent to us it was "Well-born Herr Jim Thompson," and sometimes it was even "My lord, the well-born." But Jim had been so much among titled people in Europe, and had so often read their "ads." for heiresses, that these little mistakes were no more to him than so many pfennigs.

So, in time, there came a gilt-edged card bidding my lord, the well-born, and his friend to the great feast—the guests of the city.

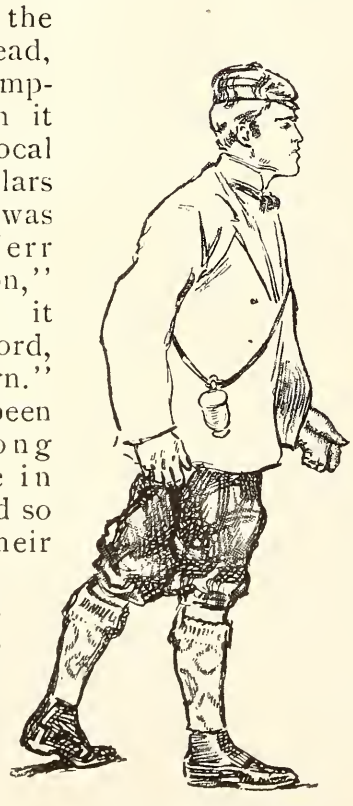
Just in front of the orchestra there was a narrow, high throne, a kind of cross between a pulpit and a witness-box, and from behind this little stand the speaker spoke.

"It is a good idea, this pulpit; it gives the speaker something to pound, and does away with his hands at the same time," said Jim, when the first man had finished. The lion of the evening was the architect who had built the Kaiserbad, and when he made his talk the men cried "Hoch!" and beautiful women left their seats to click glasses with him. And the band played "Under the Double Eagle," and everybody stood up, and they were all very happy, and I knew that the homely leader, with his ears full of cotton, had made a hit.

"Was that the 'Bohemian Girl,' Jim?" I asked, when we had all settled down and begun to eat again.

"No," he said, with a half-sad smile. "I don't know the 'Bohemian Girl' from the 'Irish Washerwoman,' but I know that tune: it's the national air. Couldn't you hear the B-flat scream and wail away down the line? Ah! if the Austrians had played that tune, the Seven Days' War would have lasted longer."

It was an excellent little dinner, and the enthusiasm and patriotism of the people were good to see.



. . . big, bony Britons in knickerbockers. . . .

. . . Tyrolese in green hats trimmed in feathers, . . .

True, they have been buffeted about by political waves, between Germany and Austria, for many years; but the people in these Bohemian hills are happy, industrious, and enterprising to a remarkable degree.

On the morning of the tenth of May, when we went down to the Brunn to drink, a thousand people were standing in line.

"Reminds me of the days when we used to line up at the post-office in Thompsonville," said Jim, his mind going back to the big days of Colorado, when he was mayor and silver was a dollar ten.

. . . other women are . . . sawing wood . . .

It is a great show: men and women from everywhere, with every disease that can possibly be charged to the liver, stomach, or gall. Even nervous people come here for the baths; and get well, or think they do, which is the same thing. There are men whose skin and eyes are yellow; and others green as olives; German dandies who walk like pacing greyhounds; fat young Germans who seem to be walking on eggs; and old, gouty Germans who do not walk at all, but shuffle. There are big, bony Britons in knickerbockers, and elderly Englishmen whose love of plaids is largely responsible for the daily rains that come to this otherwise delightful region. There are modest Americans, with their pretty wives and daughters; and other Americans, who talk loud in the lobbies and cafés; Tyrolese, in green hats trimmed in feathers; and Polish Jews, with little corkscrew curls hanging down by their ears, such as we see in Jerusalem. Then there are a few stray Frenchmen, walking alone; and once—but not more than once—in a while a Parisian lady, and you know her by the charming cut of her skirt and the way she holds it up and the beautiful dream of a petticoat the act discloses. There are Austrian soldiers in long coats, and officers in pale-blue uniforms, spurred and cinched like the corset-wearers of France.

In a solid mass the crowd of cupbearers move up and down in the great colonnade, keeping time with their feet or hands or heads to the strains of the band, which begins to play at 6.45 in the morning.

By nine o'clock the springs are deserted, and the multitude has distributed itself among the many restaurants and cafés in the cañon. An hour later, having breakfasted lightly on toast and coffee—on such toast and such coffee as can be had only in Karlsbad—the great army of healthy-looking invalids lose themselves in the hills.

Here comes an old, old woman, bearing a load that would bend the back of a Turkish hamal, followed by a landau, wherein loll the fairest dames of Saxony; then a sausage-man, whose garlic-flavored viands freight the whole gulch with their fumes; and just behind him a wagon laden with flowers and shrubs for the new gardens of the Grand Hotel Pupp, and their opening leaves fling such a fragrance out upon the still air that it follows and trails far behind, as the smoke of a locomotive follows a freight train. Women with baskets on their backs, filled with

. . . a few stray Frenchmen, walking alone: . . .

empty milk-cans, are climbing the trails that lead back to their respective ranches, which they must have left, their cans laden, at early dawn.

The men are most polite to each other, and always take off their hats as they meet and pass. The employés in the hotels do this, from the manager down. Indeed, all these people are almost tiresome with their politeness. A table-girl who serves you at a wayside café to-day will rush out to the middle of the street to-morrow and say good-morning, and ask you how you feel. She is honestly endeavoring to make it pleasant, and is unconsciously making it unpleasant for you. If you speak English she argues that you may be a lord, or, what to her and for her is better still, an American, grand, rich, and awful; and she is proud to show the proprietor or manager that she knows you. But we should not complain, for nowhere are visitors treated so respectfully and decently as at Karlsbad. I remember that the Bürgermeister left his place at the head of the table at the banquet, crossed the room, introduced himself to Mr. Thompson, touched glasses, and bade him welcome to the city, and caused a little municipal check-book to be placed at the visitor's elbow, so that for that day and date he could order what he craved, and it was all "on" the town. Last year, when the five hundred rooms of the largest hotel in the place were occupied, four hundred of the guests were Americans or English. So you see they can afford to like us, and they do.

German Type.

One can live here as one chooses—for one dollar or ten a day; but two people can live comfortably for five dollars a day. The hotels are good, and the service almost perfect so far as it relates to the hotel; but the service in the dining-rooms, cafés, and restaurants is bad. Many of these are so poorly arranged. It is a common thing to see a waiter freighting your breakfast or dinner —which is at midday here—a half block in a pouring rain. The great trouble is to get things hot; it is next to impossible. What Karlsbad needs is a sanitarium, where people can have delicate dishes prepared and served hot. The stoves are too far from the tables in most places.

Americans will find many funny little things, even in the best hotels. You can go up in the elevator, but you cannot come down. You can have writing-paper free in the writing-room, but not in your apartments. You can get hot milk or warm milk—but they will put butter in it. You can have boiled potatoes, but only with caraway-seeds and a fine flavor of alfalfa in them; or poached eggs, but you must have them poached in bouillon.

After a while you will get used to all this, and give up trying to say *sehr heiss*, and go way. Forty thousand people do this every year. This establishment alone feeds two thousand people a day; and most of them, I fancy, go away feeling very kindly toward the place and the people. The Germans predominate in the month of May, the Austrians in June, and in July the French come. This is a safe sandwich, with Austria in the middle; it keeps France and Germany from touching. The English and Americans (but not the poor) they have all the season.

. . . old, gouty Germans . . .

The sad-faced consumptives who swarm round the health resorts of Western America are not seen here; on the whole, the people who come here look healthy. The dreadful army of miserables who haunt the grotto at Lourdes are also not to be seen here. True, the priests go at the head of the procession on the first of May from spring to spring, blessing the water and thanking God for the goodness of these wondrous founts. But they look not for a miracle.

Hebrew Type.

Some things appear a little inconsistent, and trying on the waters; and yet I know not that the visitors go away disappointed. For example, you will see a very happy married woman, fat and forty or forty-five, and a long, lank, lingering maiden, the two quaffing at the same well, and the one hoping to gain what the other longs to lose.

When you have taken rooms at a hotel, one of the employés will bring you a long printed form, which, if you fill out, will give the sheriff or any one interested in you a fair history, the length of your intended stay, your nationality and business. This form goes to the office of the Bürgermeister, and from it you are "sized up" and assessed in whatever class you appear to belong. Third-class visitors pay between one and two dollars the season; second, between two and three dollars; and first class, from three to four. Only Americans are always rated first class. They do not insist upon your staying there. By filing a personal protest you can have yourself placed in whatever class you claim to belong in.

And what becomes of the tax one pays into the city treasury?

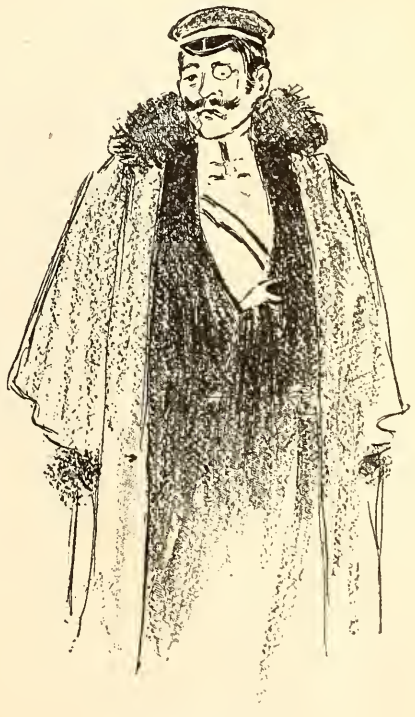
First, you have the use of the water for three weeks or six months, and have also the pleasure of hearing good music while you take your medicine every morning. Part of this money goes to make and keep up the miles and miles of beautiful walks, to plant rare shrubs in the very forest, and to put boxes in the trees for the birds to build in, whose music cheers the thousands of strollers who throng these winding ways.

So, after all, the tax one pays to the municipality is very little, even if you are first class; and, as nearly every one leaves the place feeling better than when he arrived, there is no complaint.

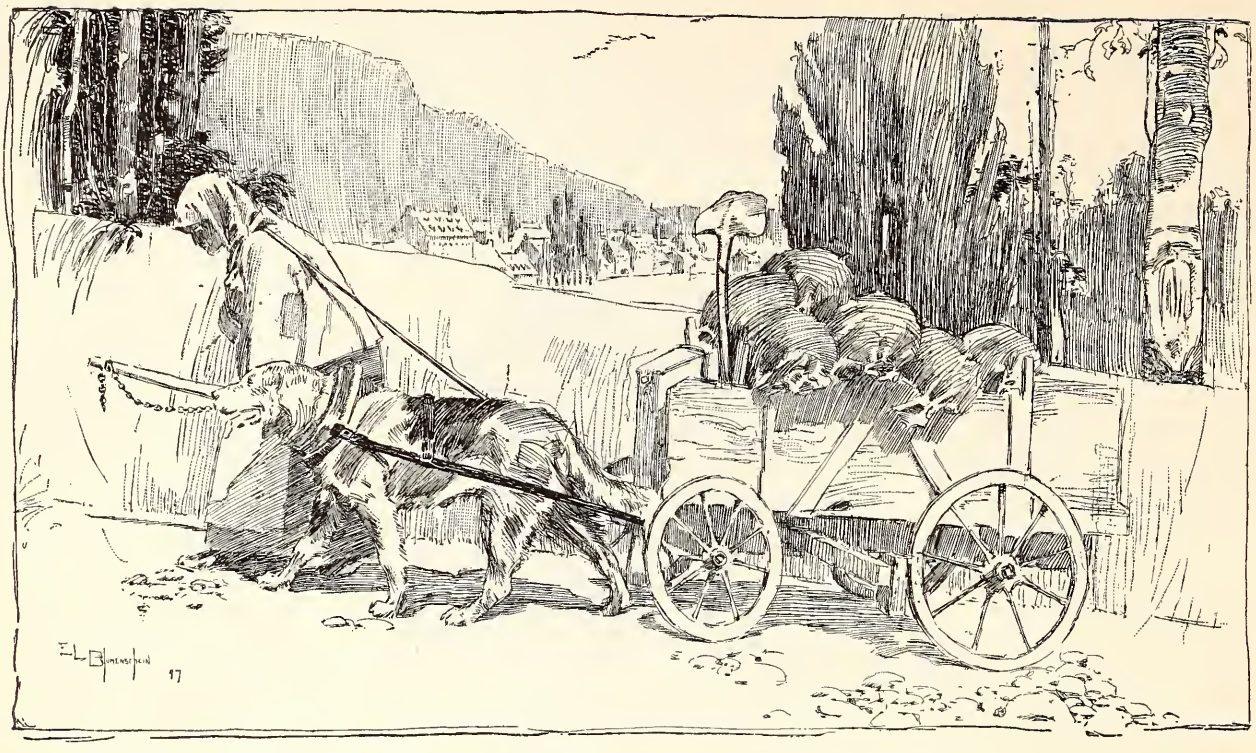
"Are all the people cured who come here?" I asked Dr. Grünberger, who was medical inspector in the district for twenty years.

"Not all," he said. "But all who take the cure"—for the doctor who examines the patient will not allow him to take the water unless he has a disease curable by the Karlsbad treatment.

There are many doctors in Karlsbad, and they are largely responsible for the splendid reputation of the place. They are honest enough to tell the patient to go away if they believe his disease incurable by the use of the waters. The waiters in the hotels all know what you are allowed to eat; and when you ask for a tempting bit of pastry the girl will shake her head, smile pleasantly, and say: "That ish not gute for you." In fact, all the people appear to want you to get well and be happy, go away and eat bad things, and come again.



. . . *German dandies* . . .



. . . *Other women are* . . . *drawing wagons through the streets.*

Now, like many others, I am going away; and I have tried to find one man or woman among the thousands here now who is without faith in the cure, or without hope of being cured. The water won't cure a stone-bruise or a broken heart, perhaps; but it will brace you up, give you an appetite that will help your heart to heal, and the stone-bruise will get well of its own accord.

. . . *Polish Jews, with little corkscrew curls* . . .

THE LIFE OF THE RAILROAD MAN.

DRAWN FROM FIFTEEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE AS BRAKEMAN, FIREMAN, AND ENGINEER.

By Herbert E. Hamblen ("Fred. B. Williams"),

Author of "On Many Seas."

EXPERIENCES AND ADVENTURES AS A BRAKEMAN IN THE YARD AND ON THE ROAD.

Illustrated with Drawings from Life by W. D. Stevens.

HOW little does the average passenger realize, when he steps on the sumptuously furnished car and quietly reads the newspaper until the brakeman calls out his station and he steps off to go to his family or his business, that his train has been under the keen supervision of an army of trained officials and employees during every minute of its progress; that its arrival at, and departure from, each station has been ticked over the wire to the train despatcher; that all meeting-points with other trains have been carefully prepared for; that rules and orders have been issued providing for every possible contingency; that, in fact, as an old railroad man said to me once, "if everybody obeyed orders, collisions would be possible only when brought about by unavoidable accidents!"

These men are carefully chosen, and only long and faithful service, a strictly first-class moral character, and undoubted ability to perform the duties of the position will insure their promotion to the higher offices or their retention in them.

Promotion on a railroad is slow, and for merit only.

MY FIRST JOB.

"Very well," said the young man; "I am the yardmaster here, and as I am rather short of brakemen and you appear to be a likely young fellow, I will give you a job. Keep your eyes and ears open; obey orders strictly, *whether you can or not*, and"—here he grabbed me by the arm and pulled me back just as I was about to step directly in front of a rapidly approaching car which an engine had kicked in on that track and which would certainly have put an end to my railroading there and then—"be careful never, under any circumstances, no matter how big a hurry you are in, to step upon a railroad track *anywhere*, without first looking both ways; and if you see anything approaching near enough, so that there is any doubt about your being able to cross in perfect safety at an ordinary walk, don't go; always give everything on wheels the right of way."

I have remembered and followed that rule to this day, even in the city streets, and to it I attribute in a great measure the fact that I am alive yet.

"When will you be ready to go to work?" asked the yardmaster. I told him, "Right away." "All right," said he, and then, looking at his watch:

"Well, I don't know but that you had better get your dinner first; it's now eleven thirty, and there's no use of your getting killed on an empty stomach. Do you see that office over there by those green cars?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, go and get your dinner, and report to me there at 1 P.M. sharp."

"All right, sir," said I, "and thank you very much for your kindness."

"Oh, that's all right. Go along now, and be sure and get back on time."

Away I went to my hotel for dinner, highly elated at my success. I was now indeed, I thought, a genuine railroad man. To be sure, I didn't quite like all those allusions to killing and maiming; but I thought they had only been thrown out to try my nerve, and I congratulated myself that I had shown no sign of flinching.

I was wrong in my conjecture, however; for, like all railroad yards, it was more or less of a slaughter-house, and one poor fellow's life was crushed out of

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him that very afternoon, although I didn't hear of it until the next day, and never saw him at all, which was just as well, I guess; for if I had known of it at the time, I dare say I should have lost some of the nerve I felt so proud of.

He was a car-repairer, and was at work between two cars on the "dead-head." The car-repairers' signal was a piece of sheet iron, about a foot square, painted blue, and riveted to a four-foot iron rod, sharpened on the bottom so that it could be stuck in a tie vertically.

There was a most rigid order that none but a car-repairer should handle that signal in any manner, and no one but the man that put it up must take it down. All cars needing repairs were run in on this track, and when the men were working on them, they stuck their signal in a tie ahead of the last car put in and in plain sight of all the men working about the yard.

This was a notice to the train men not to touch any car on that track, or to put any more in there, until the repair gang were notified, so that they might look out for themselves, take down their signal, and put it up again outside the outer car, as before.

In this instance, the signal, carelessly put up, had fallen down, and a conductor, having a crippled car to go in there, glanced down the track, saw no signal up, opened the switch, pulled the coupling pin on the crippled car, and gave his engineer a signal to kick it in, which of course he did.

As the unfortunate man was stooping over the drawhead of a car further back when the kicked car fetched up, the drawhead, link, and all were driven clear through his body.

They said he let one agonizing scream out of him and died. Of course, as soon as they heard him yell, they ran from all directions, but we, being in a distant part of the yard, knew nothing of it. A switch-rope was hooked on to the car on whose drawhead he was impaled, and the same engine that did the deed pulled it back.

He was a poor man, with the usual poor man's blessing, a large family, so we made up a purse to bury him, and the company gave his wife and two oldest children employment in the car-cleaning gang.

MY FIRST DAY'S WORK.

I reported to the yardmaster ten minutes ahead of time. Sticking his head out of the door, he called out:

"Hey, Simmons!"

A fine, large, sunburned, black-bearded man appeared in answer to the summons.

"Here's a green man I want you to break in," said the yardmaster; "put him on top, and let him pass the signal for a day or two until he can handle himself."

"All right," said Simmons, who I soon found was the conductor of a "drill," a switch-engine crew. He took me out to the engine, and said to the engineer, a grimy, greasy individual:

"Bill, here's a fresh fish Dawson wants to break in. I'll put him on the head car and let him pass the signal."

"All right," said Bill, sourly.

I was then told to mount the car next the engine and repeat the signals of the man in the middle of the train to the engineer.

That seemed simple enough, but I hadn't been doing it more than ten minutes when the engine stopped and Bill called out:

"Hey! Hey! you there, dominie, parson!"

Seeing that he was addressing his remarks to me and not liking the impertinence of such a disreputable-looking individual, I said:

"Well, what is it? Are you talking to me?"

"Yes, I'm talkin' to you; an' ye better keep a civil tongue in yer head, I tell ye. What kind of a signal is that ye're givin' me? Wha' d'ye want me ter do, anyway?"

"I don't want you to do anything, and I don't care what you do. I'm giving you the signal just as I get it."

"No, ye hain't nuther, an' don't ye give me no back talk. Say, where do you come from?"

"I am from Walton," said I.

"Sho! I thought so—another Walton punkin husker. Say, Simmons, take this blamed ornament o' yours down off o' here, an' give me a man that knows one signal from another, or I'll smash all the cars in the yard before night."

Then he gave the engine a jerk back that nearly threw me off the car.

"Oh, he's all right," said Simmons. "He's a little green, but he'll get over that." Then to me, "Be careful how you pass the signals, bub, or the engineer can't tell what he's doing."

I told him I was giving them just exactly as the other man did.

"Well, that's all right; Bill is kinder cranky, but you mustn't mind that."

"HEY! HEY! YOU THERE, DOMINIE, PARSON! . . . WHAT KIND OF A SIGNAL IS THAT YE'RE GIVIN' ME?"

We hadn't worked ten minutes more, and my arms were beginning to ache from the continuous motion, when Bill roared out:

"Say! you infernal counter-jumper, will you git out o' the way, so I can see that man's signals? Set down, fall down, git down off o' there! You'll scare the engine off the track, the way you're flapping your wings." Then, having occasion to go to the other end of the yard, he pulled her wide open, drenching me with soot and water from the stack, until I was a sight for gods and men. I had my best clothes on, and they were ruined.

When we were relieved at six o'clock, I was tired, dirty, thoroughly disgusted with railroading, and firmly determined to quit at once.

During the evening, however, I scraped acquaintance with a young fellow about my own age. I was attracted by his appearance, he seeming to be, like myself, "a boy from home," although not as green as I was. When I told him I would railroad no more, he said I was foolish; he had been at it a year and liked it; and he predicted that inside of thirty days I would too. He said he wouldn't go back to the farm for anything.

He admitted that the talk I had heard in regard to killing and maiming was by no means exaggerated, but believed that it was largely due to the recklessness of the men themselves, and he hoped to escape the almost universal fate by being careful. Poor fellow! he was blown from the top of his train a few months afterwards, and found by the section gang, frozen stiff.

Being considerably cheered by my new friend's advice, I reconsidered my decision, and reported for duty at six o'clock the next morning, and worked all day, with no more thrilling adventure than an occasional cursing from sooty Bill, which, however, I soon learned to disregard entirely.

GRIPPED BETWEEN TWO CARS.

Before I had been a week in the yard I was well broken in, and had acquired the reckless air which is the second stage in the greenhorn's experience and is characteristic of the period *before* he gets hurt.

I delighted in catching and riding in the most swiftly flying cars, and became an expert at making quick couplings and flying switches. Occasionally an old hand would say, with a wise shake of the head: "You'll git it bimeby," but I only laughed.

It was four or five months before I "got it." I was making a coupling one afternoon, had balanced the pin in the drawhead of the stationary car, and was running along ahead of the other holding up the link, when just before coming together she left the track, having jumped a

frog. Hearing the racket behind me, I sprang to one side; but my toe touching the top of the rail prevented me from getting quite clear. I was caught between the corners of the cars as they came together, and heard my ribs cave in, like smashing an old box with an axe.

The car stopped just right to hold me as in a vice. I nearly fainted with pain and from inability to breathe. Fortunately, Mr. Simmons was watching me, and with the rare presence of mind due to long service, he called at once for the switch-rope. He wouldn't allow the engine to come back and couple to the car again, as it would be almost sure to crush out my little remaining life. It seemed to me that I should surely suffocate before they got that switch-rope hooked on to the side of the car, though I knew the boys were hustling for dear life; but I tell you, when your breath is shut off, seconds are hours. My head was bursting, and I became blind; there was a terrible roaring in my ears, and then as the engine settled back on the switch-rope, I felt a life-giving relief as I fell fainting, but thankful, into the arms of the boys.

I was carried to the yardmaster's office, every step of the way the jagged ends of my broken ribs pricking and grating as though they would punch holes in me, and my breath coming in short, suffocating gasps. The company's doctor was summoned, a young fellow fresh from college whose necessities compelled him to accept the twenty-five dollars a month which they paid for medical attendance for damaged employees. He cut my clothes off, and after half murdering me by punching and squeezing, asking all the time what I was "hollering" about, finally remarked:

"There's nothing much the matter with him; few of his slats stove in, that's all." He then bandaged me, and a couple of the boys half carried and half led me to the boarding-house, where I was mighty glad to be, for I was pretty well exhausted.

There I lay, unable to move without help, for six weeks, visited by the doctor daily for a while, and then at less frequent intervals; but some of the boys were with me nearly all the time. They kept me posted as to what was going on in the yard, and cheered me up greatly by telling of their own various mishaps in the past. I found, to my surprise, that few of them had escaped broken bones and smashed fingers, and I was assured that broken ribs were nothing, absolutely nothing; I ought to have a broken leg or dislocated shoulder pulled into place; then I would know something about it.

Their talk restored my spirits wonderfully; for whereas I had been disconsolate at the thought that I was now a physical wreck, fit only for a job of flagging on some road crossing at twenty dollars a month, I now found that the boys whom I had seen racing about the yard all day,

"I DELIGHTED IN CATCHING AND RIDING IN THE MOST SWIFTLY FLYING CARS."

shouting, giving signals, and climbing on and off cars, had nearly all of them been much worse broken up than I was, and some of them several times, yet they were apparently as sound as ever. Even Simmons, who appeared to be a particularly fine specimen of physical manhood, told me that he once fell while running ahead of a car, just as I had been doing, and twelve cars and the engine passed over him, rolling him over and over, breaking both his legs, and, as he said, mixing up his insides in such a way that his victuals didn't do him much good for a year after.

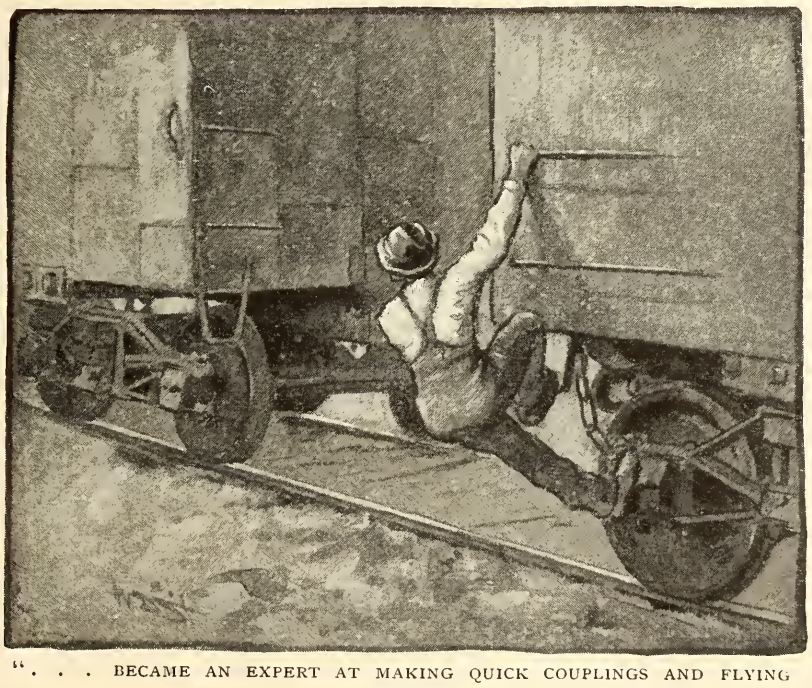
PROMOTION FROM THE YARD TO THE ROAD.

Shortly after my return to work Simmons got one side of a new freight train, and,

to my great delight, took me with him on the road. I was not only glad to get out of the slaughter-house with my full complement of limbs, but I was also pleased at the prospect of at last learning practical railroading, of which I had heard so much.

We had a fine big eight-wheel caboose, right out of the paint-shop, red outside, and green inside. There were six bunks in her, a row of lockers on each side to sit on and keep supplies in, a stove and table, and a desk for the conductor. We furnished our own bedding and cooking utensils, and as Simmons wouldn't have any but nice fellows around him, we had a pleasant and comfortable home on wheels. We each contributed to the mess, except the flagman, and as he did the cooking, he messed free. We took turns cleaning up, and as the boys had good taste, we soon had the car looking like a young lady's boudoir. We had lace curtains in front of the bunks, a strip of oilcloth on the floor, a mat that the flagman had "swiped" from a sleeper, a canary in a cage, and a dog.

As a younger man than I had been assigned to us, I was second man, which gave me the head of the train; so I rode on the engine and was the engineer's flag.



". . . BECAME AN EXPERT AT MAKING QUICK COUPLINGS AND FLYING SWITCHES."

I ran ahead when necessary to protect our end, opened and closed switches, cut off and coupled on the engine, held the train on down grades, watched out for the caboose on curves, took water, shoveled down coal to the fireman, rang the bell at crossings, put on the blower, oiled the valves, and handed the engineer oil-cans, wrenches, and lights for his pipe.

I now scraped acquaintance with that formidable document the time table, and heard train orders and the officers who issued them discussed by such high authorities as conductors and engineers; and I listened in rapt astonishment at the deep erudition which they displayed in handling these subjects. I soon learned that the officers on our road "didn't know nothing" and that "where *I* come from" they would not have been allowed to "sit on the fence and watch the trains go by;" whereupon I conceived a great wonder as to how the road survived under such densely incompetent management.

I enjoyed riding on the engines, as the engineers and firemen were fine, sociable fellows. When we were a little late and had a passing-point to make, the engineer would sometimes say, "Don't you set no brakes goin' down here; I got to git a gait on 'em." Then when the train pitched over the top of the hill, he would cut her back a notch at a time, till he got her near the center, and gradually work his throttle out wide open. How she would fly down hill, the exhaust a steady roar out of the stack, the connecting-rods an undistinguishable blur, the old girl herself rolling and jumping as if at every revolution she must leave the track, the train behind half hid in a cloud of dust, and I hanging on to the side of the cab for dear life, watching out ahead where I know there is a sharp reverse curve, and hoping, oh, so much, that he'll shut her off before we get there.

I watch that grimy left hand on the throttle, for the preliminary swelling of the muscles that will show me he is taking a grip on it to shove it in. Not a sign; his head and half his body are out the window; and now we are upon it. I give one frightened glance at the too convenient ditch where I surely expect to land, and take a death grip of the side of the cab. Whang! She hits the curve, seems to upset; I am nearly flung out the window in spite of my good grip. Before she has half done rolling (how do the springs ever stand it?) she hits the reverse, and I am

torn from my hold on the window and slammed over against the boiler; and having passed this most uncomfortable place, she flies on, rolling and roaring down the mountain. All this time the engineer has n't moved an eyelid, nor the fireman interrupted for an instant the steady pendulum-like swing of the fire-door and the scoop-shovel. How do they do it? Oh, it's easy after you get used to it.

Fifteen minutes afterward, in the siding, with switches locked, waiting for the flyer, nobody seems to remember that we have done anything in particular.

At first I had considered the locomotive as far too complicated a machine for me ever to understand, but gradually I learned its various parts; and when I found that nearly all the engineers and firemen had risen from brakemen like myself, I took heart and hoped that some day I might sit on the right side, to be spoken to with some slight deference by the officials and stared at in open-mouthed admiration by the small boys at the country stations.

TOM RILEY'S WAY OF MAKING A SIDING.

Old Tom Riley was a man to whom I looked up as the epitome of railroad knowledge. He frequently hauled our train. He was so old that the top of his head was perfectly bald; but he had a great mop of gray beard, with a yellowish streak from the chin down, an evidence of many years of tobacco-chewing and unsuccessful efforts to spit to windward.

He was supposed to be the oldest engineer anywhere about, and said himself that his "first job railroadin' wos wipin' the donkey engine in Noah's ark." He was a good-natured, jolly old fellow, a great practical joker, strong and rough as a bear, but as well pleased apparently when the joke was on himself as any other way. He had been so long at the business that he knew all sorts of tricks by which to get himself out of tight places, so that it was seldom indeed that the "super" had the pleasure of hauling Tom on the carpet for a violation of the rules.

One night we were a little late, so that we barely had time to make the siding for a following passenger train; and, to make matters worse, when we were about half way there Tom said he smelt something hot; so he stopped, and found his main crank-pin about ready to blaze up. The oil-cup had stopped feeding; so he deliberately took it out, filled the hole with tallow, screwed in the cup, called his flag, and started again, very late.

Simmons came up over the train and said he guessed he'd leave a flag at the bottom of the hill, to hold No. 6 till we got in.

"No, no," says old Tom; "don't ye never drop off no flag to give yourself away, git called ter the office, an' all hands git ten days."

"You can't get to the switch on time," said Simmons.

"Course not. I ought ter be there in twenty minutes, an' I'll be lucky if I git there in twenty-five."

"Well, then, I'll have to drop off a flag, or they'll git our doghouse."

"Now, here, Simmons, I'll tell ye what you do: you go back in the doghouse, an' don't you see nothin' that's goin' on; only git up in the cupola an' watch out good an' sharp that yer train don't break in two. I'll git ye inter the switch time enough, so Six'll never see yer tail lights."

Simmons, knowing his man, at last agreed, and after he had got safely housed, Tom handed me his long oil-can, and told me to go back on the step of the caboose and oil first one rail and then the other.

"Let the oil run about a car-length on one rail, an' then do the same the other side; repeat the dose once, an' come ahead agin," said Tom.

I did so, and just as we were pulling in to the side track, we heard the exhaust of the passenger engine as she came clipping along for the hill; presently we could tell by the sound that she had struck the grade, then—cha-cha-ch-r-r-r cha-ch-r-r-r.

"Oho!" says Tom, "are ye there? Grind away, my boy. I guess old Tom'll git in an' git the switch locked before you git up here all right."

He did, too. Long before the passenger engine got by the oil we were comfortably smoking our pipes in the switch; and when she went sailing by her engineer shouted something that we couldn't catch, but to which Tom replied:

"Go ahead, sonny; you're all right."

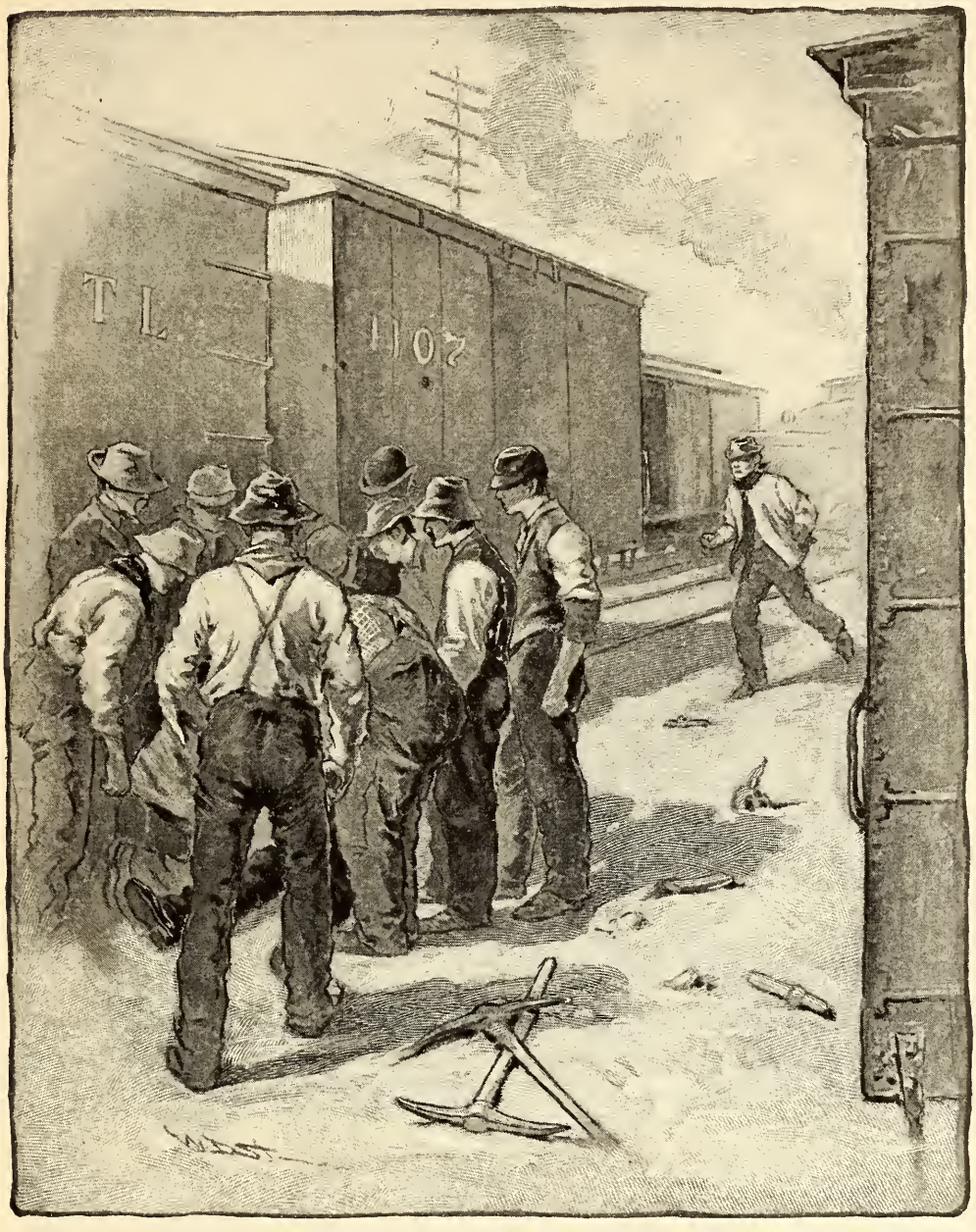
Next day, as Tom was doing a little packing in the roundhouse, the engineer of Six came up to him and said:

"Riley, was that you in Snyder's when I went by last night?"

"Yes," says Tom. "A little late, wa'n't ye?"

"Late? I sh'd say so. I never saw Snyder's so slippery as 'twas last night. I used half a box of sand. How'd you git there?"

"Oh, I didn't have no trouble," says Tom. "I didn't notice that 'twas any slipperyer'n usual; guess maybe the pet cock on yer pump might 'a' been leakin' a little or suthin' an' wet the rail fer ye."



"I FELT A LIFE-GIVING RELIEF AS I FELL FAINTING, BUT THANKFUL, INTO THE ARMS OF THE BOYS."

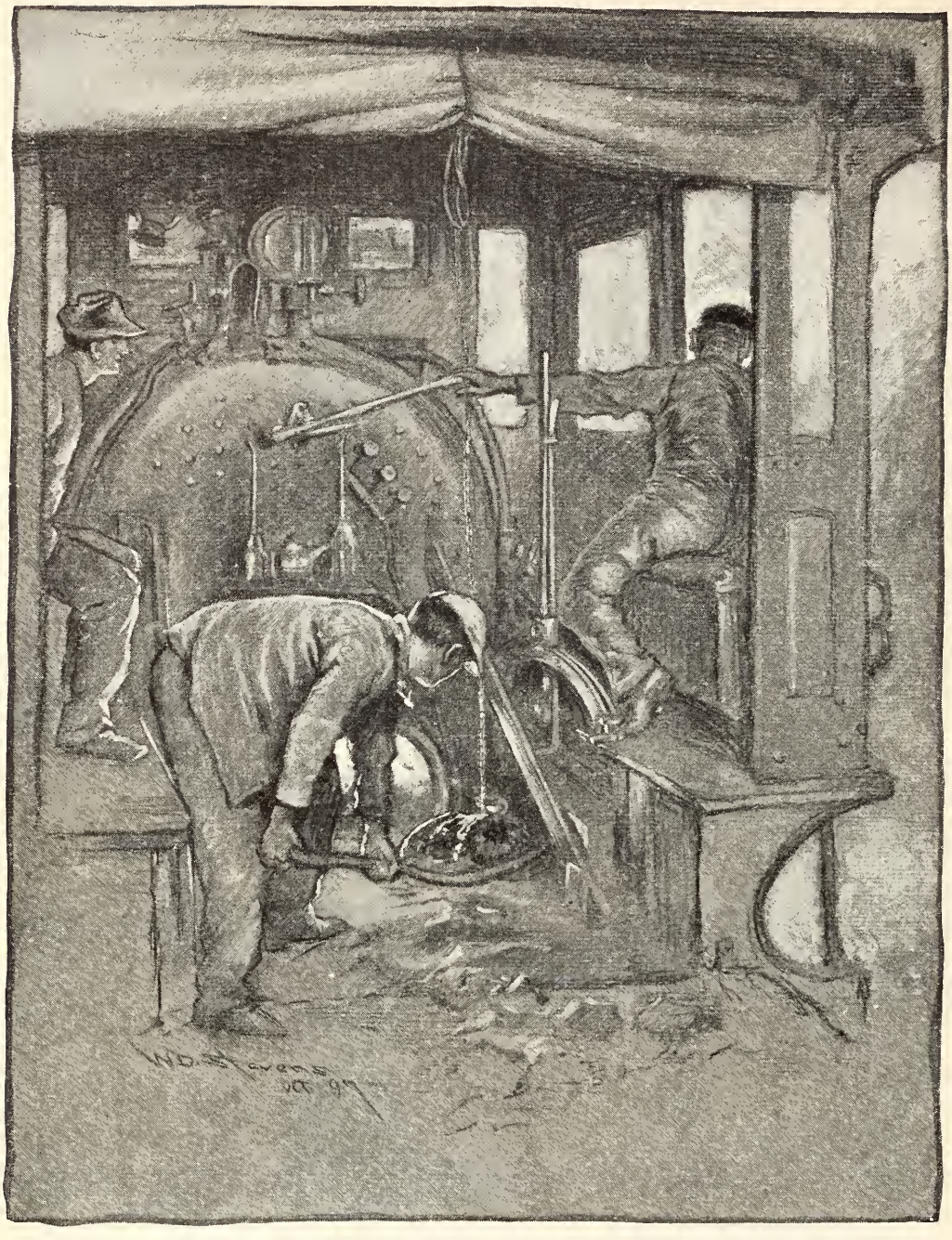
"Mebbe so," says the other fellow; and away he went to look his engine over and see if such was the case.

I "broke" a year, and by that time was of some use. I could read the time table, discuss train orders, and knew the trains by heart. I came to the conclusion that the engine offered more opportunities of advancement than the caboose; so by Tom Riley's advice, I filed an application with the master mechanic, asking for a position as fireman. And though I must admit that he didn't give me the slightest encouragement, yet the fact that I had my application on file made me feel that I was sure of a job, and that, too, at no very distant day. So I began to take a greater interest than ever in the engines, and I presume I made a nuisance of myself by asking innumerable questions of the engineers and firemen, so anxious was I to learn all I could in regard to the machine, for which, even to this day, I have an abiding love and respect.

Sometimes when the train was not too heavy and the grade was favorable, one or other of the firemen would let me "take her" for a bit; and then if I was able to "keep her tail up," I felt myself indeed a man and never failed to let it be known in the caboose that I had fired on a certain stretch of the road. But if while I was at the shovel she dropped her tail and the fireman had to take her from me, I would not allude to that episode when bragging of my abilities; but the men were sure to hear of it, and the guying I got fully offset my petty triumphs.

ON THE ENGINE IN A HEAD-ON COLLISION.

About six months after I filed my application there was a mistake made in orders that came very near winding up my railroad career for good. I did not know at the time exactly what the trouble was, nor can I say now positively. Simmons and the engineer, who were both discharged, asserted that they were sacri-



"I WATCH THAT GRIMY LEFT HAND ON THE THROTTLE, FOR THE PRELIMINARY SWELLING OF THE MUSCLES, . . ."

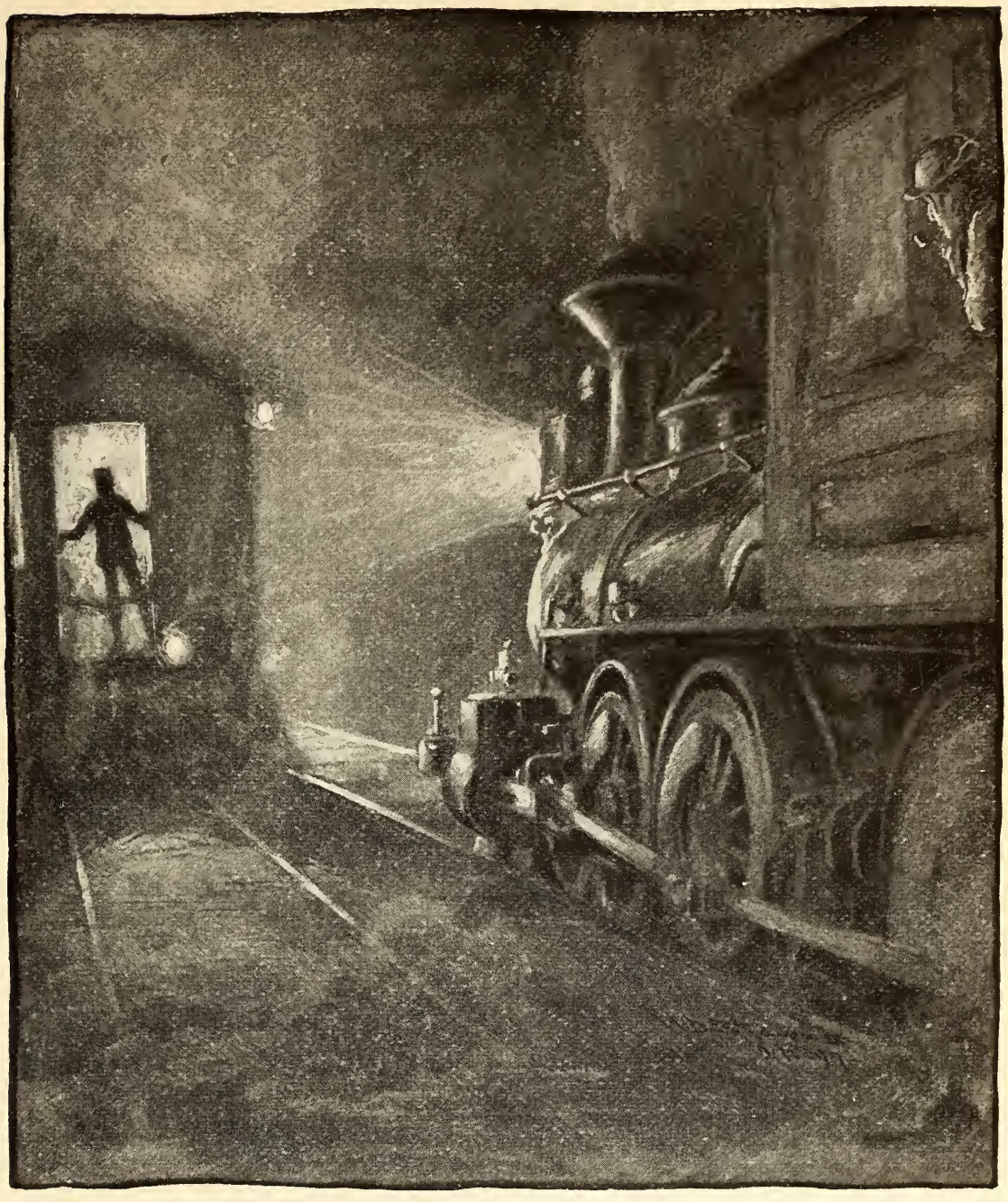
ficed to save the despatcher, who was a son-in-law of the president of the road.

Whoever was to blame, the result was disastrous; for we met the train which we expected to pass at the next siding in a deep cut under a railroad bridge. Both trains were wheeling down under the bridge at a forty-mile gait, so as to have a good headway on to take them out the other side. As the view of both engineers was obstructed by the stone abutments of the bridge, neither doubted for a moment that he had a clear track.

They met exactly under the bridge, with a shock and roar that seemed to shake the solid earth; the locomotives reared up like horses, the cars shoved their tenders under them in such a way as to jack them up and raise the bridge off its abutments; and then as the cars climbed on top of each other, they battered it from its position until it lay nearly at right angles to its own road, like an open draw, resting on top of the wreck.

Our conductors sent flags back both ways to hold all trains; but before the men could get up the bank to flag on the cross-country road, a belated gravel train came hurrying along and plumped in on top of us, helping to fill up the cut still more. Their engine set fire to the wreck, and as we were some distance from a telegraph office, all three trains and engines were entirely consumed before help reached us, nothing remaining but a tangled and twisted mass of boilers, wheels, rods, and pipes, partly covered by the gravel train's load of sand.

I was on the engine, sitting on the fireman's seat, looking out ahead. As it was daylight, there was not even the glare of a head-lamp to give us the fraction of a second's warning, and our own engine made such a roaring in the narrow cut that we could hear nothing else. The first intimation we had of approaching danger was when we saw the front end of the other locomotive not forty feet from us. Neither of the engineers had time to close their throttles—an act that is done instinctively on the first appearance of danger.



"HER ENGINEER SHOUTED SOMETHING THAT WE COULDN'T CATCH . . . TOM REPLIED: 'GO AHEAD, SONNY; YOU'RE ALL RIGHT.'"

I cannot say that I was frightened. Even the familiar "jumping of the heart into the throat," which so well describes the sensation usually experienced on the sudden discovery of deadly peril, was absent; for though I certainly saw the front end of that engine as plainly as I ever saw anything in my life, I had no time to realize what it meant. I made no move or effort of any kind, and it seemed that at the same instant that she burst upon my view daylight was shut out and I was drenched with cold water; yet before that happened they had come together, reared up, as I have said, and I had been thrown to the front of the cab; the tender had come ahead, staving the cab to pieces, thereby dropping me out on the ground, and by knocking a hole in itself against the back driving-wheel had deluged me with its contents.

The flood of cold water caused me, bewildered as I was, to try and get away from it. I knew I was under the wreck, and for a few minutes I could hear the cars piling up and grinding overhead.

I knew what that was, too, and feared they would smash the wreck down on top of me and so squeeze my life out. But the engine acted as a fender; for being jammed among the wreckage, she could not be pushed over; and as she stood on her rear wheels, she could not be mashed down.

The noise soon ceased, and then, except

for the sound of steam escaping from the boilers, I could hear nothing. Then I remembered that the boilers themselves were a fruitful source of danger to me, as there might be a hole knocked in the water-space that would pour out a scalding flood and boil me alive. I had heard, too, of boilers in inaccessible localities losing the water from about the furnaces, and getting the iron so hot and soft that it would give out like wet paper, blowing up and scalding any unfortunate who might be imprisoned near it. I knew, too, that wrecks had a way of taking fire from the locomotive. These thoughts occurred to me much more rapidly than I could tell them, and spurred me on to do my utmost to get out of there.

It was perfectly dark where I was, and, as I knew, it was still daylight outside. This proved to me how completely I was buried under the wreck, and was far from reassuring. How could I ever hope to make my way from under those tons of cars and engines? The only wonder was that I had escaped being killed instantly, and for a few minutes I felt but little gratitude at having been spared, only to be slowly tortured to death.

When I attempted to move I found that as far as sensation was concerned my right leg ended at the knee; so I felt down to see if it was cut off, as I knew it would be necessary to stanch the flow of blood in that case, or I would soon die from that cause alone. To my great joy I found that my leg and foot were still with me, though how badly hurt I was unable to tell; for being drenched with water, the blood might, for all I knew, be flowing from many severe wounds.

At this moment there was another crash and grinding and splintering overhead, caused by the wrecking of the gravel train, but which I attributed to the explosion of one of the boilers. In this second wreck two men were killed outright, and the engineer died of his injuries the next day; yet to it, I have no doubt, I owe my escape, for it disturbed the position of the cars, so that I perceived a ray of daylight, away, as it seemed, half a mile ahead of me. I exerted myself to the utmost to reach it, and how far off it was! I had to work my way back under the wrecked tender and several cars. I found the space under the tender piled so full of coal that it was impossible to pass, yet that was my only way out; so I began digging with my hands, feverishly, madly, in the desire to get away while I still had my senses and strength, and oh, how I wished then I had never gone railroading!

After digging, as it seemed for hours, until my hands were raw and bleeding and I had blocked my retreat by the coal I had thrown behind me, I found myself confronted by the axle of the rear truck, which stood at such an angle as to positively forbid all hope of my ever getting out that way.

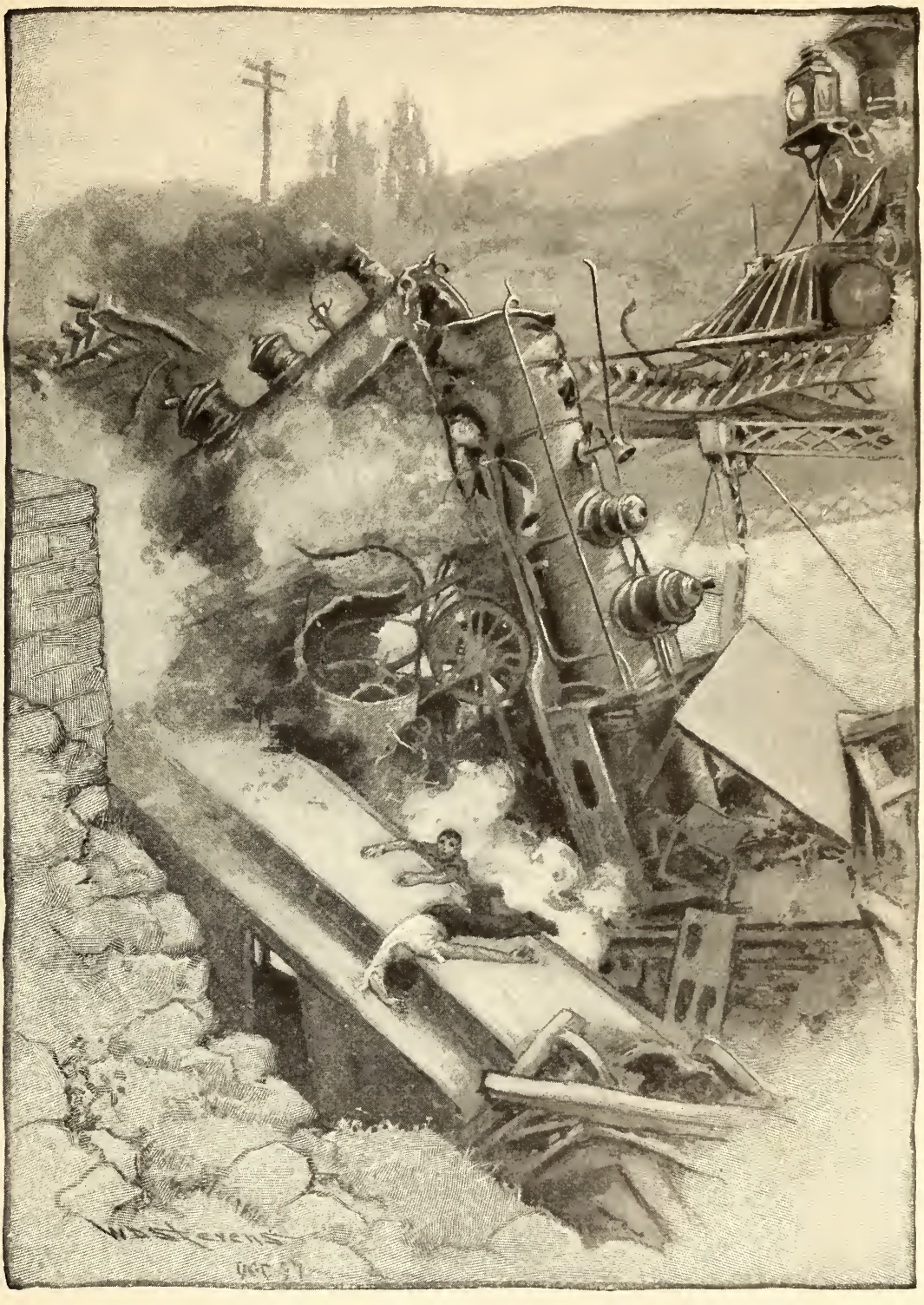
PENNED UNDER A BURNING WRECK.

I sank down in despair, realizing that my time had now come, and here in this dark close hole was to be the end of me. I tried to fix my mind on such thoughts as I knew were appropriate to the occasion, but my leg was so painful that I could think of nothing else. Then a numbness came over me, and I seemed to be falling into a kind of stupor, broken frequently by the twinges of pain from my leg, when my nostrils were greeted by a faint odor of wood smoke, and my heart was thrilled with a new terror that urged me to make one more desperate effort to escape. The wreck was on fire, and though I might have resigned myself to lie still and die, I could not endure the thought of being roasted alive; so again made desperate by great fear, I dug my bleeding hands into the coal, and commenced to burrow like a woodchuck in the direction where I could see that the truck was elevated highest above the rail, and to my great joy I soon found that the coal pile extended but a short distance in that direction.

It wasn't long before I had crawled under the truck, which had been raised from the ground by the corner of a car, and was making fairly good progress among the tangle of wheels, axles, and brake-gear, in the direction of the ray of light which had first attracted my attention. I found it came down by a very small, crooked, and much-obstructed passage through the debris of broken cars above my head—a passage entirely too small for me to get through and which I could never hope to enlarge myself. The smoke was now suffocating, and it was only at longer and longer intervals that I could catch my breath. I had not as yet felt the heat of the fire; but when I looked up through the narrow opening above me, I could see, in the flying clouds of smoke, sparks and small firebrands, which told me that the wind was blowing in my direction, which induced me to make the most frantic efforts to escape. I might as well have

tried to lift the ponderous locomotive as to move the tightly-wedged wreckage that imprisoned me; and as I glanced at the little patch of blue sky, now nearly blotted out in black smoke, an agonizing sense of my desperate situation filled my mind.

I opened my pocket-knife—it wasn't very sharp, but still it might serve me at a pinch; how much better to open an artery and quietly pass away than to be suffocated by smoke or roasted by fire! I sat thinking these desperate thoughts, and waiting, I presume, until my position should become absolutely unbearable, when I saw a man step across my little glimpse of light. Having, fortunately, just refreshed myself by a breath of fresh air, I let a desperate yell out of me, and saw him stop and look all around, as though saying to himself, "What was that?" "Here! here!" I shouted; "right down in this hole under your feet!" He



"THE LOCOMOTIVES REARED UP LIKE HORSES, THE CARS SHOVED THEIR TENDERS UNDER THEM IN SUCH A WAY AS TO . . . RAISE THE BRIDGE OFF ITS ABUTMENTS; . . . AND THEN . . . A BELATED GRAVEL TRAIN CAME . . . AND PLUMPED IN ON TOP OF US."

looked down, and I recognized him as a brakeman by the name of Ben Shaw, belonging to the other train. "Is there anybody down there?" he asked. "Yes," said I; "and for God's sake hurry up; get men and axes and cut me out; I am nearly smothered, and can't stand it much longer."

"All right," said he; "I'll see what we can do; but I don't believe we can get you out, for the fire is coming this way awful fast."

He disappeared, but I could hear him shouting as he went, and soon—though it seemed long enough to me—he returned with others, armed with fence stakes and wrecking-axes, and they fell to with a will, prying and chopping at the obstruction. On account of the smoke and heat, which was now almost unbearable down where I lay, they were unable to work more than three or four minutes, when they would be driven away, gasping for breath, so that not one blow out of three was effective. A chance blow with an axe loosened a large section of the side of a car, which fell over, one corner striking me a severe blow on the head, cutting the scalp, and nearly knocking me senseless. While apparently opening the way, in reality it closed it, for it fell in such a manner that if I had been above it I could easily have got out, but now I was completely covered in. It contained the door of the car, however, which was open a few inches, and if I could only pry that door back a little more, I should be able to get through. The question of life or death to me now was, could I do that?

I heard Simmons's voice, interrupted by violent coughing and sneezing, say, "How's that? Can you get out now?"

"No," said I; "you'll have to come down in the hole and clear away the door."

"Can't do it; we can't stay here another minute; but I'll throw you down these stakes, and maybe you can help yourself. Good-by, old man; I'm awful sorry for you." Then there was a clattering that told me he had thrown down the stakes as he said he would.

My eyes were so blinded by the pungent wood smoke, and I was so nearly suffocated, that I had but little strength left. One of the stakes lay right across the slight opening in the door, and in trying to turn it to pull it through I found I didn't need it, as the door moved freely in its grooves.

I quickly pushed the door back, and, by a great effort of will and my slight remaining strength, dragged myself through the aperture. I wasn't out yet, though, for overhead there was a solid sheet of flame, roaring in the wind like a furnace and completely covering my exit. Although still drenched with water, I could feel my hair curling with the intense heat.

There was one course and one only open to me; so taking as long a breath as I could, I shut my eyes and made a dive for liberty. I scrambled upward and outward, now burning my hands by contact with hot iron, and again tearing them on the jagged ends of broken wood, my head fairly bursting with the heat and suppressed respiration. Suddenly I stepped forward upon nothing; having no hold with my hands, I fell, struck on my side, rebounded, and fell again, down, down—I could have sworn for miles—and then unconsciousness came over me.

It seems that when I got out of the hole I rushed blindly off the end of a blazing car, piled high in the wreck, and in falling I struck on various projections of the wreckage, tearing off nearly all my clothing, which was a providence, as I was all ablaze, and finally brought up with a dull thud, as the reporters say, on solid ground, shaking and bruising myself dreadfully, but almost miraculously breaking no bones, though I had fallen from a height of thirty feet.

My leg, which had hindered me so much, was merely bruised and crushed, but was as black as your hat for a long time, and I was as bald as the day I was born.

It was assumed that I was dead, but kind hands extinguished the fire in my few remaining rags, and it was not long before signs of life were discovered in the bruised and blackened object.

I was carried to a nearby farmhouse, and kindly cared for until the wrecking-train returned to town, when I was sent to hospital.

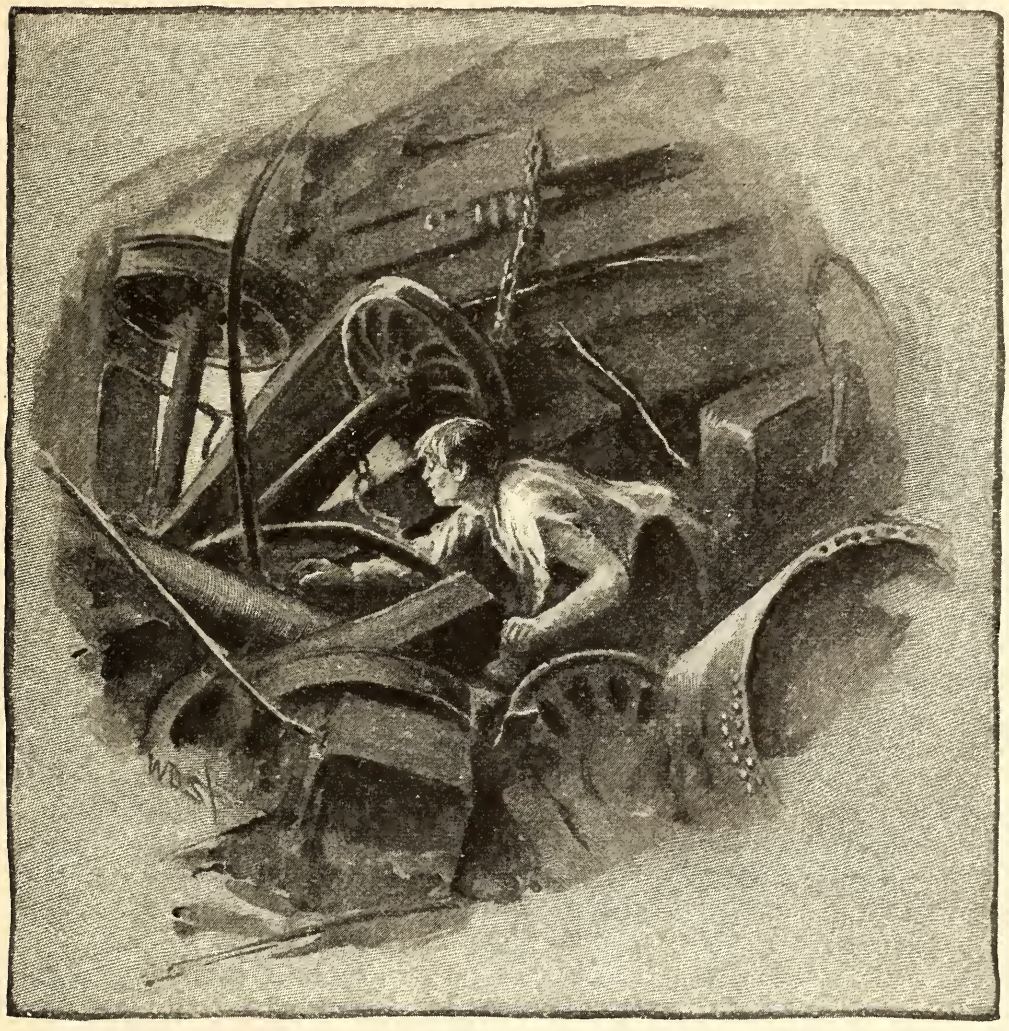
Our engineer escaped without a scratch, but how he never knew; for all he could remember was, that he was looking right at the number plate of the approaching engine and *at the same time* falling heels over head *up* the side of the cut. Of our fireman not a trace was ever found, and as I heard nothing of him while under the wreck, I have no doubt that he was instantly killed and his body burnt up.

On the other engine the whole crew, engineer, fireman, and head brakeman, perished, and were consumed in the fierce flames that devoured the wreck and made

a blast furnace of the narrow cut. We could only hope that they had been mercifully killed at once, and not slowly roasted alive, as so many have been, and will continue to be while railroads exist.

MANUFACTURING TESTIMONY FOR THE COMPANY.

I remained in hospital about a week, during which time both the coroner and the company's lawyer took my affidavit as to what I knew of the orders by which we were running. I knew nothing about them, but I observed that the company's attorney appeared anxious to have me remember having heard that we were to meet and pass train 31 at Brookdale and appeared very much disappointed when I was unable to do so.



"IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE I HAD CRAWLED UNDER THE TRUCK, . . . AND WAS MAKING FAIRLY GOOD PROGRESS . . . IN THE DIRECTION OF THE RAY OF LIGHT . . ."

Brookdale was the last switch that we passed before the collision. It was claimed by the company, and admitted by the conductor of train 31, that their orders read, "Meet and pass train 28 at Brookdale." Our orders should have stated the same passing-point, and the company's witnesses all swore they did; they even produced the operator's copy, with Simmons's signature attached, in proof. Simmons swore the signature was forged; but as it corresponded with others which they produced on former orders, this statement had but little effect.

Both Simmons and the engineer swore that their orders read "Daly's;" the flagman stated that Simmons invariably read the orders to him, asked him how he understood them, explained them if necessary, and then filed them on a hook in the caboose, where they remained open to inspection until fulfilled, when he put them in his desk, to be returned to the train-despatcher at the end of the trip; he also swore that our order read "Daly's." The engineer said he always read his copy of all orders to the conductor, to be sure they understood them alike; he then filed them on a hook in the cab, and when the hook was full threw them in the firebox.

Asked by the company's attorney if he made a practice of reading his orders to the fireman and head brakeman, he said no; but if they asked what the orders were, he told them, and gave them any information they asked for. For this neglect to read orders to every man within reach he was severely censured by both the lawyer and the coroner, although there was no rule requiring him to do so. "For," said the lawyer, "if you had done so, probably some of those men might not have been quite so pigheaded as you are, and would have remembered that Brookdale was your meeting-point."

The engineer replied that he now wished he had, as in that case he would have had at least one witness (me) to prove that the despatcher was to blame for the wreck.

As the conductor's and the engineer's copies had been destroyed in the fire, and as the majority of the evidence was against them, the coroner's jury censured them for the wreck, and they were indicted by the grand jury for manslaughter.

During the time that elapsed between the indictment and the trial the operator who received the order and swore that it read "Brookdale" was transferred from his little station in the woods to the best paying station on the road, and the conductor of train 31 was promoted, over the heads of half a dozen older men, to a first-class passenger train. By these apparent acts of bribery public opinion became so biased against the company that the defendants' lawyer easily procured an acquittal, which threw the responsibility upon the company, and the suits for damages which ensued, with their rapidly accumulating costs, finally bankrupted it.

About a week after I left the hospital, as I felt able to return to work I resolved to apply again for a fireman's position, knowing that a vacancy existed, owing to the death of the man on train 31. I called on the master mechanic, whom I found alone in his office, and asked respectfully if he would give me the vacant place, reminding him that my application had been on file for some time.

He was writing, and, without even looking up, answered, "No," and that was all I could get out of him, though I tried to find out why he wouldn't appoint me and when I might expect him to do so. Feeling deeply disappointed and not a little hurt at the manner of my reception, I walked out, and strolled over to the roundhouse, to have a look at the engines which had all at once become so unattainable to me.

I had taken a great interest in the engines. It was a promotion, a step higher, to which I had looked forward with great eagerness, and now to have all my hopes dashed at once, and for no cause that I could see, was very discouraging.

I espied Tom Riley at work on his engine, and stated my case to him, asking what I could do now that the master mechanic had dashed my hopes. I told him how anxious I was to get on the left side of the locomotive, and begged the veteran for advice. He listened to my tale of woe patiently, and appeared interested. When I finished, he said:

"I'll tell you where you made the mistake, boy."

"Where?" said I, anxiously.

"In goin' to that long, starved-to-death, white-livered hound of a master mechanic, an' askin' him for anything. Don't ye know there's only one thing he delights in more'n another, an' that is hearin' that a man wasn't killed in a wreck, so he can discharge him when he gits back? I tell you, boy, you have done the only thing you could do to please him to-day, an' that is, you gave him a chance to refuse you somethin'. But 'tain't you he's pleased with, it's himself; so his pleasure won't do you no good, an' don't you delude yerself with the idee that 'twill. Do you know what he's doin' now? Wal, I'll tell you; he's got two vacancies to fill: one is that of the fireman who was killed, an' the other the engineer who was discharged for not gittin' killed; an' now he's puzzlin' his brains to find somebody that don't want either of them jobs, but that is in his power, so he can make 'em take 'em agin their will. If you had gone into his office this mornin', rippin' an' ravin', an' said, 'See here, I've heard that you was agoin' to appoint me to the vacancy caused by the death of Pete Russell, an' I've come in to let you know that I don't want it an' won't have it under no consideration an' I wouldn't work in your department for ten dollars a day'—if you'd talked to him like that, he would have appointed you, an' made you take it too; but now, of course, it's too late. The trouble with you young fellers is, that you've got so much infernal conceit you think you know it all; so you won't ask the advice of an old fool till you git stuck; then after you've made a complete mess of the whole business, *then* you come a-whinin' an' a-cryin' round, an' it's, 'Oh, Tom, what shall I do now?' Well, I'll tell you, the only thing you can do now is to go to the super; tell him jest how the case stands, an' mebbe he'll make the master mechanic app'int ye, an' prob'ly he won't; anyhow, that's your only chance. An' say, ye can tell him that ye are recommended by Mr. Thomas Riley, engineer, if ye like."

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE "SUPER."

"All right," said I, and thanking the old man for his advice, I went at once to the superintendent's office; not, however,

with any great confidence in the success of my errand; for I had been long enough at the business now to know that there was such a thing as official courtesy on railroads, and I doubted that the superintendent would order the master mechanic to appoint me against his will. I was bound, however, to see the thing through; so I walked boldly into the office, and inquired for the superintendent. I learned that he was in, and sat down to wait the gentleman's pleasure. A good long wait I had of it, too; several times he came into the room where I was, but he was evidently very busy, and paid no attention to me. Presently he came rushing out with his hat on, pulling on his coat as he went, and his exit seemed to be the signal for dinner; for all the clerks bolted immediately in his rear, leaving me the sole occupant of the office. I, too, went home, bolted my dinner in a hurry, and hastened back, fearing to miss him on his return; for it is an old saying on the railroad, that the best time to catch a boss is on his return from lunch, when he is supposed to be in good humor and more apt to receive a petition favorably than at any other time. I found I was successful so far as that he had not returned before me.

I sat and squirmed in discomfort on that hard bench until after three o'clock; then he came bustling in, and, as usual, passed me by. Tired with my long wait, I tiptoed to the chief clerk's desk and asked in a whisper if he thought Mr. Wilkes would see me now. "What do you want with him?" said he. I told him I was seeking a fireman's position on the road. As he didn't appear to have anything else to do, he amused himself by pumping the whole story out of me, and then coolly told me he didn't think the super would see me that day, as he was very busy; I had better call some other time. His offhand way of disposing of what was a very important matter to me roused my ire to such an extent that I declined to act on his suggestion; but, on the contrary, I promised myself that I would see and speak to that super even if I had to force my way into his sanctum.

It was nearly five o'clock when he appeared, bound, as I felt sure, for home. "Now or never," said I, and I stepped up to the gentleman, asking for a few minutes of his valuable time. He stopped short, whirled half-round, pulled out an old-fashioned silver watch with a jerk, looked at it abstractedly for a moment, and then asked, brusquely, "Well, what is it? Talk quick now; I'm in a hurry." I stated my case as briefly as possible. "Well, what do you want me to do?" said he.

I told him that Mr. Tom Riley, an engineer, had advised me to see him, thinking, perhaps, he might intercede with the master mechanic in my behalf.

"Ever railroad any?"

"Yes, sir; nearly two years on this road."

"What doing?"

"Braking, sir."

"When did you quit?"

"I haven't quit at all; I was braking for Simmons at the time of the wreck, and have just come from the hospital."

His face flushed angrily as he replied, "You were! Well, I admire your gall!" Turning to the head clerk, he added, "Mr. Clark, have this fellow's time made out, and hand it to him," and he was off.

"Have this fellow's time made out." That meant that I was discharged, and in heaven's name, for what? I was not conscious of having done anything to merit such harsh treatment, and the sudden verdict, from which I knew there was no appeal, nearly floored me. It was a new experience, and as unexpected as it was unwelcome. It was some time before I was able to obtain any information explaining the super's conduct; at last, however, a brakeman told me that I had been discharged ever since the wreck, only, having been in hospital, I had not heard of it.

"So," said he, "when you told him you was still on the road, he thought you had come up to the office to have a little fun with him, and it made him mad."

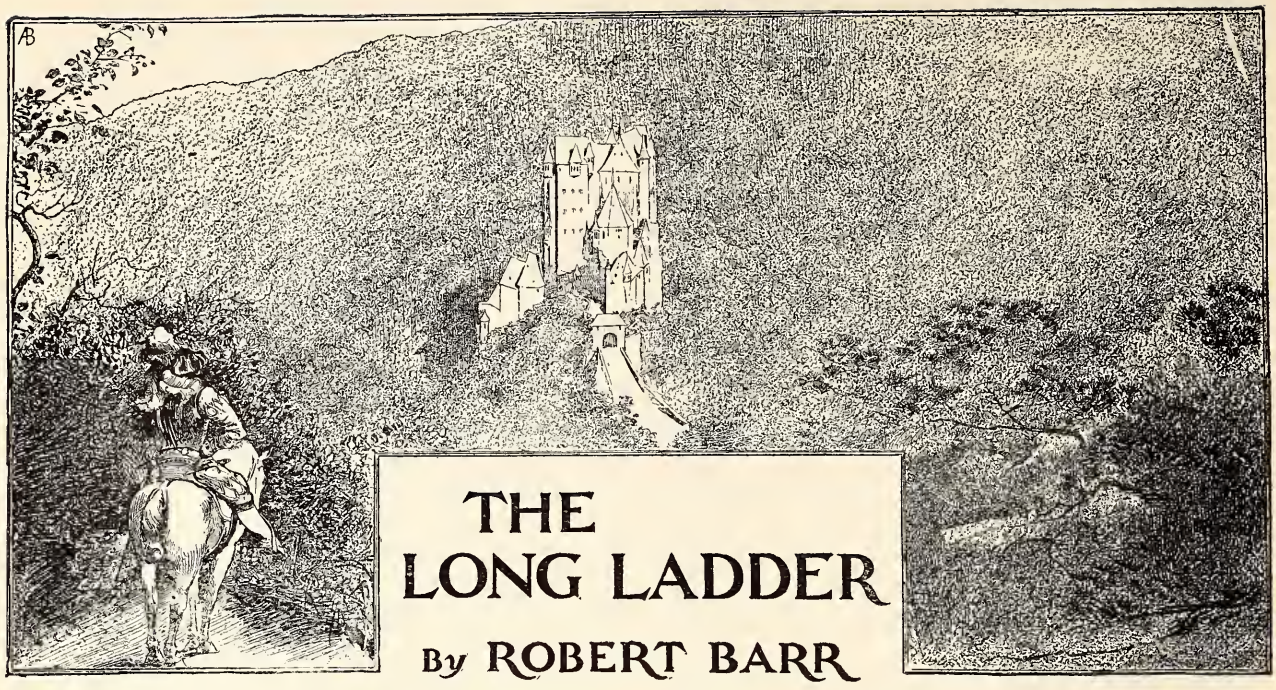
Have fun with the superintendent? Not I. I had not yet reached the reckless stage of the hardened veteran who smokes his pipe in the powder magazine.

I asked the "braky" why I should be discharged, as I had no hand in causing the wreck. "You refused to swear that the meet and pass order read Brookdale, didn't you?"

"Certainly; how could I swear when I didn't know anything about it?"

"Well, that's your misfortune, my boy; if you can't swear to what the company wants just because you don't know, you must expect to suffer for your lack of ability," saying which, he left me with the air of a superior being who had kindly shed some of his superabundant light on my benighted ignorance.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Hamblen's next paper will relate his experiences as a fireman.



THE LONG LADDER

By ROBERT BARR

Author of "In the Midst of Alarms," "The Mutable Many," etc.

EVERY fortress has one traitor within its walls; the Schloss Eltz had two. In this, curiously enough, lay its salvation; for as some Eastern poisons when mixed neutralize each other and form combined a harmless fluid, so did the two traitors unwittingly counteract, the one upon the other, to the lasting glory of Schloss Eltz, which has never been captured to this day.

It would be difficult to picture the amazement of Heinrich von Richenbach when he sat mute upon his horse at the brow of the wooded heights and for the first time beheld the imposing pile which had been erected by the Count von Eltz. It is startling enough to come suddenly upon a castle where no castle should be; but to find across one's path an erection that could hardly have been the product of other agency than the lamp of Aladdin was stupefying, and Heinrich drew the sunburned back of his hand across his eyes, fearing that they were playing him a trick; and seeing the wondrous vision still before him, he hastily crossed himself, an action performed somewhat clumsily through lack of practice, so that he might ward off enchantment, if, as seemed likely, that mountain of pinnacles was the work of the devil, and not placed there, stone on stone, by the hand of man. But in spite of crossing and the clearing of the eyes, Eltz Castle remained firmly seated on its stool of rock, and, when his first astonishment had somewhat abated, Von Richenbach, who was a most practical man, began to realize that here, purely by a piece of unbelievable good luck, he had stumbled on the very secret he had been sent to unravel, the solving of which he had given up in despair, returning empty-handed to his grim master, the redoubtable Archbishop Baldwin of Treves.

It was now almost two months since the archbishop had sent him on the mission to the Rhine from which he was returning as wise as he went, well knowing that a void budget would procure him scant welcome from his imperious master. Here, at least, was important matter for the warlike Elector's stern consideration—an apparently impregnable fortress secretly built in the very center of the archbishop's domain; and knowing that the Count von Eltz claimed at least partial jurisdiction over this district, more especially that portion known as the Eltz-thal, in the middle of which this mysterious citadel had been erected, Heinrich rightly surmised that its construction had been the work of this ancient enemy of the archbishop.

Two months before, or nearly so, Heinrich von Richenbach had been summoned into the presence of the Lion of Treves at his palace in that venerable city. When Baldwin had dismissed all within the room save only Von Richenbach, the august prelate said:

"It is my pleasure that you at once take horse and proceed to my city of Mayence on the Rhine, where I am governor.

You will inspect the garrison there and report to me."

Heinrich bowed, but said nothing.

"You will then go down the Rhine to Elfield, where my new castle is built, and I shall be pleased to have an opinion regarding it."

The archbishop paused, and again his vassal bowed and remained silent.

"It is my wish that you go without escort, attracting as little attention as possible, and perhaps it may be advisable to return by the northern side of the Moselle, but some distance back from the river, as there are barons on the banks who might inquire your business, and regret their curiosity when they found they questioned a messenger of mine. We should strive during our brief sojourn on this inquisitive earth to put our fellow creatures to as little discomfort as possible."

Von Richenbach saw that he was being sent on a secret and possibly dangerous mission, and he had been long enough in the service of the crafty archbishop to know that the reasons ostensibly given for his journey were probably not those which were the cause of it, so he contented himself with inclining his head for the third time and holding his peace. The archbishop regarded him keenly for a few moments, a cynical smile hovering about his lips; then said, as if his words were an afterthought:

"Our faithful vassal, the Count von Eltz, is, if I mistake not, a neighbor of ours at Elfield?"

The sentence took, through its inflection, the nature of a query, and for the first time Heinrich von Richenbach ventured reply.

"He is, my lord."

The archbishop raised his eyes to the vaulted ceiling, and seemed for a time lost in thought, saying, at last, apparently in soliloquy, rather than direct address:

"Count von Eltz has been suspiciously quiet of late for a man so impetuous by nature. It might be profitable to know what interests him during this unwonted seclusion. It behooves us to acquaint ourselves with the motives that actuate a neighbor, so that opportunity arising, we may aid him with counsel or encouragement. If, therefore, it should so chance that, in the intervals of your inspection of governorship or castle, aught regarding the present occupation of the noble count comes to your ears, the information thus received may perhaps remain in your memory until you return to Treves."

The archbishop withdrew his eyes from the ceiling, the lids lowering over them, and flashed a keen, rapier-like glance at the man who stood before him.

Heinrich von Richenbach made low obeisance and replied:

"Whatever else fades from my memory, my lord, news of Count von Eltz shall remain there."

"See that you carry nothing upon you, save your commission as inspector, which my secretary will presently give to you. If you are captured it will be enough to proclaim yourself my emissary and exhibit your commission in proof of the peaceful nature of your embassy. And now to horse and away."

Thus Von Richenbach, well mounted, with his commission legibly engrossed in clerkly hand on parchment, departed on the Roman road for Mayence, but neither there nor at Elfield could he learn more of Count von Eltz than was already known at Treves, which was to the effect that the nobleman, repenting him, it was said, of his stubborn opposition to the archbishop, had betaken himself to the Crusades in expiation of his wrong in shouldering arms against one who was both his temporal and spiritual over-lord; and this rumor coming to the ears of Baldwin, had the immediate effect of causing that prince of the church to despatch Von Richenbach with the purpose of learning accurately what his old enemy was actually about; for Baldwin, being an astute man, placed little faith in sudden conversion.

When Heinrich von Richenbach returned to Treves he was immediately ushered into the presence of his master.

"You have been long away," said the archbishop, a frown on his brow. "I trust the tidings you bring offer some slight compensation for the delay."

Then was Heinrich indeed glad that fate, rather than his own perspicacity, had led his horse to the heights above Schloss Eltz.

"The tidings I bring, my lord, are so astounding that I could not return to Treves without verifying them. This led me far afield, for my information was of the scantiest; but I am now enabled to vouch for the truth of my well-nigh incredible intelligence."

"Have the good deeds of the count then translated him bodily to heaven, as was the case with Elijah? Unloose your packet, man, and waste not so much time in the vaunting of your wares."

"The Count von Eltz, my lord, has

built a castle that is part palace, part fortress, and in its latter office well-nigh impregnable."

"Yes? And where?"

"In the Eltz-thal, my lord, a league and a quarter from the Moselle."

"Impossible!" cried Baldwin, bringing his clenched fist down on the table before him. "Impossible! You have been misled, Von Richenbach."

"Indeed, my lord, I had every reason to believe so until I viewed the structure with my own eyes."

"This, then, is the fruit of Von Eltz's contrition! To build a castle without permission within my jurisdiction, and defy me in my own domain. By the coat, he shall repent his temerity and wish himself twice over a captive of the Saracen ere I have done with him. I will despatch at once an army to the Eltz-thal, and there shall not be left one stone upon another when it returns."

"My lord, I beseech you not to move with haste in this matter. If twenty thousand men marched up to the Eltz-thal they could not take the castle. No such schloss was ever built before, and none to equal it will ever be built again, unless, as I suspect to be the case in this instance, the devil lends his aid."

"Oh, I doubt not that Satan built it, but he took the form and name of Count von Eltz while doing so," replied the archbishop, his natural anger at this bold defiance of his power giving way to his habitual caution, that, united with his resources and intrepidity, had much to do with his success. "You hold the castle, then, to be unassailable. Is its garrison, then, so powerful, or its position so strong?"

"The strength of its garrison, my lord, is in its weakness; I doubt if there are a score of men in the castle, but that is all the better, as there are fewer mouths to feed in case of siege, and the count has some four years' supplies in his vaults. The schloss is situated on a lofty, unscalable rock that stands in the center of a valley, as if it were a fortress itself. Then the walls of the building are of unbelievable height, with none of the round or square towers which castles usually possess, but having in plenty conical turrets, steep roofs, and the like, which give it the appearance of a fairy palace in a wide, enchanted amphitheater of green wooded hills, making the Schloss Eltz, all in all, a most miraculous sight, such as a man may not behold in many years' travel."

"In truth, Von Richenbach," said the archbishop, with a twinkle in his eye, "we should have made you one of our scriveningmonks rather than a warrior, so marvelously do you describe the entrancing handiwork of our beloved vassal, the Count von Eltz. Perhaps you think it pity to destroy so fascinating a creation."

"Not so, my lord. I have examined the castle well, and I think were I entrusted with the commission I could reduce it."

"Ah, now we have modesty indeed! You can take the stronghold where I should fail."

"I did not say that you would fail, my lord. I said that twenty thousand men marching up the valley would fail, unless they were content to sit around the castle for four years or more."

"Answered like a courtier, Heinrich. What, then, is your method of attack?"

"On the height to the east, which is the nearest elevation to the castle, a strong fortress might be built, that would in a measure command the Schloss Eltz, although I fear the distance would be too great for any catapult to fling stones within its courtyard. Still, we might thus have complete power over the entrance to the schloss, and no more provender could be taken in."

"You mean, then, to wear Von Eltz out? That would be as slow a method as besiegement."

"To besiege would require an army, my lord, and would have this disadvantage, that, besides withdrawing from other use so many of your men, rumor would spread abroad that the count held you in check. The building of a fortress on the height would merely be doing what the count has already done, and it could be well garrisoned by twoscore men at the most, vigilant night and day to take advantage of any movement of fancied security to force way into the castle. There need be no formal declaration of hostilities, but a fortress built in all amicableness, to which the count could hardly object, as you would be but following his own example."

"I understand. We build a house near his for neighborliness. There is indeed much in your plan that commends itself to me, but I confess a liking for the underlying part of a scheme. Remains there anything else which you have not unfolded to me?"

"Placing in command of the new fortress a stout warrior who was at the same time a subtle man——"

"In other words, thyself, Heinrich—well, what then?"

"There is every chance that such a general may learn much of the castle from one or other of its inmates. It might be possible that through neglect or inadvertence the drawbridge would be left down some night and the portcullis raised. In other words, the castle, impervious to direct assault, may fall by strategy."

"REGO CAME SUDDENLY UPON THE COUNTESS, WHO SCREAMED AT THE SIGHT OF HIM."

"Excellent, excellent, my worthy warrior! I should dearly love to have captain of mine pay such an informal visit to his estimable countship. We shall build the fortress you suggest, and call it Baldwineltz. You shall be its commander, and I now bestow upon you Schloss Eltz, the only proviso being that you are to enter into possession of it by whatever means you choose to use."

Thus the square, long castle of Baldwineltz came to be builded, and thus Heinrich von Richenbach, brave, ingenious, and unscrupulous, was installed captain of it, with twoscore men to keep him company, together with a plentiful supply of gold to bribe whomsoever he thought worth suborning.

Time went on without much to show for its passing, and Heinrich began to grow impatient, for his attempt at corrupting the garrison showed that negotiations were not without their dangers. Stout Baumstein, captain of the gate, was the man whom Heinrich most desired to purchase, for he could lessen the discipline at the portal of Schloss Eltz without attracting undue attention. But he was an irascible German, whose strong right arm was readier than his tongue; and when Heinrich's emissary got speech with him, under a flag of truce, whispering that much gold might be had for a casual raising of the portcullis and lowering of the drawbridge, Baumstein at first could not understand his purport, for he was somewhat thick in the skull; but when the meaning of the message at last broke in upon him, he wasted no time in talk, but, raising his ever-ready battle ax, clove the envoy to the midriff. The Count von Eltz himself,

coming on the scene at this moment, was amazed at the deed, and sternly demanded of his gate captain why he had violated the terms of a parley. Baumstein's slowness of speech came near to being the undoing of him, for at first he merely said that such creatures as the messenger should not be allowed to live and that an honest soldier was insulted by holding converse with him; whereupon the count, having nice notions, picked up in polite countries, regarding the sacredness of a flag of truce, was about to hang Baumstein, scant though the garrison was, and even then it was but by chance that the true state of affairs became known to the count. He was on the point of sending back the body of the envoy to Von Richenbach with suitable apology for his destruction and offer of recompense, stating that the assailant would be seen hanging outside the gate, when Baumstein said that while he had no objection to being hanged if it so pleased the count, he begged to suggest that the gold which the envoy brought with him to bribe the garrison should be taken from the body before it was returned, and divided equally among the guard at the gate. As Baumstein said this, he was taking off his helmet and unbuckling his corselet, thus freeing his neck for the greater convenience of the castle hangman. When the count learned that the stout stroke of the battle-ax was caused by the proffer of a bribe for the betraying of the castle, he, to the amazement of all present, begged the pardon of Baumstein; for such a thing was never before known under the feudal law that a noble should apologize to a common man, and Baumstein himself muttered that he knew not what the world was coming to if a mighty lord might not hang an underling as it pleased him, cause or no cause.

The count commanded the body to be searched, and finding thereon some five bags of gold, distributed the coin among his men, as a good commander should, sending back the body to Von Richenbach, with a most polite message to the effect that as the archbishop evidently intended the money to be given to the garrison, the count had endeavored to carry out his lordship's wishes, as was the duty of an obedient vassal. But Heinrich, instead of being pleased with the courtesy of the message, broke into violent oaths, and spread abroad in the land the false saying that Count von Eltz had violated a flag of truce.

But there was one man in the castle who did not enjoy a share of the gold, because he was not a warrior, but a servant of the countess. This was a Spaniard named Rego, marvelously skilled in the concocting of various dishes of pastry and other niceties such as high-born ladies have a fondness for. Rego was disliked by the count, and, in fact, by all the stout Germans who formed the garrison, not only because it is the fashion for men of one country to justly abhor those of another, foreigners being in all lands regarded as benighted creatures whom we marvel that the Lord allows to live when he might so easily have peopled the whole world with men like unto ourselves; but, aside from this, Rego had a cat-like tread, and a furtive eye that never met another honestly as an eye should. The count, however, endured the presence of this Spaniard, because the countess admired his skill in confections, then unknown in Germany, and thus Rego remained under her orders.

The Spaniard's eye glittered when he saw the yellow of the gold, and his heart was bitter that he did not have a share of it. He soon learned where it came from, and rightly surmised that there was more in the same treasury, ready to be bestowed for similar service to that which the unready Baumstein had so emphatically rejected; so Rego, watching his opportunity, stole away secretly to Von Richenbach and offered his aid in the capture of the castle, should suitable compensation be tendered him. Heinrich questioned him closely regarding the interior arrangements of the castle, and asked him if he could find any means of letting down the drawbridge and raising the portcullis in the night. This Rego said, quite truly, was impossible, as the guard at the gate, vigilant enough before, had become much more so since the attempted bribery of the captain. There was, however, one way by which the castle might be entered, and that entailed a most perilous adventure. There was a platform between two of the lofty, steep roofs, so elevated that it gave a view over all the valley. On this platform a sentinel was stationed night and day, whose duty was that of outlook, like a man on the cross-trees of a ship. From this platform a stair, narrow at the top, but widening as it descended to the lower stories, gave access to the whole castle. If, then, a besieger constructed a ladder of enormous length, it might be placed at night on the narrow ledge of rock far below this platform, standing

almost perpendicular, and by this means man after man would be enabled to reach the roof of the castle, and, under the guidance of Rego, gain admittance to the lower rooms unsuspected.

"But the sentinel?" objected Von Richenbach.

"The sentinel I will myself slay. I will steal up behind him in the night when you make your assault, and running my knife into his neck, fling him over the castle wall; then I shall be ready to guide you down into the courtyard."

Von Richenbach, remembering the sheer precipice of rock at the foot of the castle walls and the dizzy height of the castle walls above the rock, could scarcely forbear a shudder at the thought of climbing so high on a shaky ladder, even if such a ladder could be made, of which he had some doubts. The scheme did not seem so feasible as the Spaniard appeared to imagine.

"Could you not let down a rope ladder from the platform when you had slain the sentinel, and thus allow us to climb by that?"

"It would be impossible for me to construct and conceal such a contrivance strong enough to carry more than one man at a time, even if I had the materials," said the wily Spaniard, whose thoughtfulness and ingenuity Heinrich could not but admire, while despising him as an oily foreigner. "If you made the rope ladder there would be no method of getting it into Schloss Eltz; besides, it would need to be double the length of a wooden ladder, for you can place your ladder at the foot of the ledge, then climb to the top of the rock, and, standing there, pull the ladder up, letting the higher end scrape against the castle wall until the lower end stands firm on the ledge of rock. Your whole troop could then climb, one following another, so that there would be no delay."

Thus it was arranged, and then began and was completed the construction of the longest and most wonderful ladder ever made in Germany or anywhere else,

"AS QUICKLY AS HE COULD, LIT ONE CANDLE AFTER ANOTHER, UNTIL THE USUAL NUMBER BURNED BEFORE THE SACRED IMAGE.!"

so far as history records. It was composed of numerous small ladders, spliced and hooped with iron bands by the castle armorer. At a second visit, which Rego paid to Baldwineltz when the ladder was completed, all arrangements were made and the necessary signals agreed upon.

It was the pious custom of those in the fortress of Baldwineltz to ring the great bell on saints' days and other festivals that called for special observance, because Von Richenbach conducted war on the strictest principles, as a man knowing his duty both spiritual and temporal. It was agreed that on the night of the assault, when it was necessary that Rego should assassinate the sentinel, the great bell of the fortress should be rung, whereupon the Spaniard was to hie himself up the stair and send the watchman into another sphere of duty by means of his dagger. The bell-ringing seems a perfectly justifiable device, and one that will be approved by all conspirators, for the sounding of the bell, plainly heard in Schloss Eltz, would cause no alarm, as it was wont to sound at uncertain intervals, night and day, and was known to give tongue only during moments allotted by the church to devout thoughts. But the good monk Ambrose, in setting down on parchment the chronicles of this time, gives it as his opinion that no prosperity could have been expected in thus suddenly changing the functions of the bell from sacred duty to the furtherance of a secular object. Still, Ambrose was known to be a sympathizer with the house of Eltz, and, aside from this, a monk in his cell cannot be expected to take the same view of military necessity that would commend itself to a warrior on a bastion; therefore, much as we may admire Ambrose as an historian, we are not compelled to accept his opinions on military ethics.

"EXERTING ALL HIS STRENGTH, PUSHED THE LANCE OUTWARD, AND THE TOP OF THE LADDER WITH IT."

On the important night, which was of great darkness, made the more intense by the black environment of densely-wooded hills which surround Schloss Eltz, the swarthy Spaniard became almost pale with anxiety as he listened for the solemn peal that was to be his signal. At last it tolled forth, and he, with knife to hand in his girdle, crept softly along the narrow halls to his fatal task. The interior of Schloss Eltz is full of intricate passages, unexpected turnings, here a few steps up, there a few steps down, for all the world like a maze, in which even one knowing the castle might well go astray. At one of the turnings Rego came suddenly upon the countess, who screamed at sight of him, and then recognizing him said, half laughing, half crying, being a nervous woman:

"Ah, Rego, thank heaven it is you! I am so distraught with the doleful ringing of that bell that I am frightened at the sound of my own footsteps. Why rings it so, Rego?"

"'Tis some church festival, my lady, which they fighting for the archbishop are more familiar with

than I," answered the trembling Spaniard, as frightened as the lady herself at the unexpected meeting. But the countess was a most religious woman, well skilled in the observances of her church, and she replied:

"No, Rego. There is no cause for its dolorous music, and to-night there seems to me something ominous and menacing in its tone, as if disaster impended."

"It may be the birthday of the archbishop, my lady, or of the pope himself."

"Our holy father was born in May, and the archbishop in November. Ah, I would that this horrid strife were done with! But our safety lies in heaven, and if our duty be accomplished here on earth, we should have naught to fear; yet I tremble as if great danger lay before me. Come, Rego, to the chapel, and light the candles at the altar."

The countess passed him, and for one fateful moment Rego's hand hovered over his dagger, thinking to strike the lady dead at his feet; but the risk was too great, for there might at any time pass along the corridor one of the servants, who would instantly raise the alarm and bring disaster upon him. He dare not disobey. So grinding his teeth in impotent rage and fear, he followed his mistress to the chapel, and, as quickly as he could, lit one candle after another, until the usual number burned before the sacred image. The countess was upon her knees as he tried to steal softly from the room. "Nay, Rego," she said, raising her bended head, "light them all to-night. Harken! That raven bell has ceased even as you lighted the last candle."

The countess, as has been said, was a devout lady, and there stood an unusual number of candles before the altar, several of which burned constantly, but only on notable occasions were all the candles lighted. As Rego hesitated, not knowing what to do in this crisis, the lady repeated: "Light all the candles to-night, Rego."

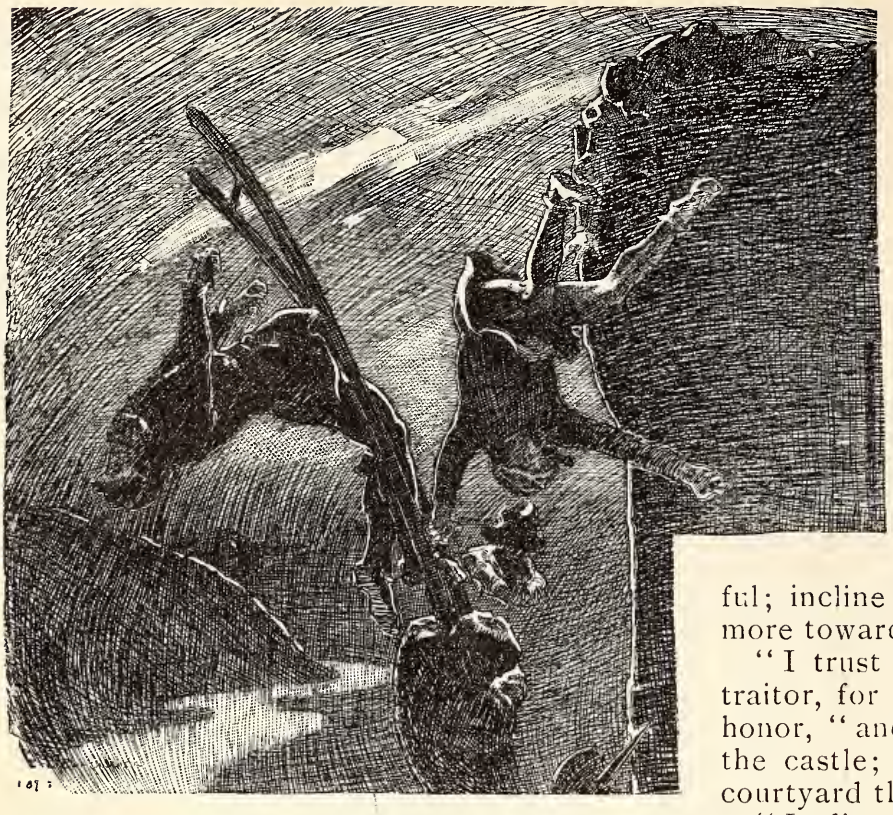
"You said yourself, my lady," murmured the agonized man, cold sweat breaking out on his forehead, "that this was not a saint's day."

"Nevertheless, Rego," persisted the countess, surprised that even a favorite servant should thus attempt to thwart her will, "I ask you to light each candle. Do so at once."

She bowed her head as one who had spoken the final word, and again her fate trembled in the balance; but Rego heard the footsteps of the count entering the gallery above him, that ran across the end of the chapel, and he at once resumed the lighting of the candles, making less speed in his eagerness than if he had gone about his task with more care.

The monk Ambrose draws a moral from this episode, which is sufficiently obvious when after events have confirmed it, but which we need not here pause to consider, when an episode of the most thrilling nature is going forward on the lofty platform of Eltz Castle.

The sentinel paced back and forward within his narrow limit, listening to the depressing and monotonous tolling of the bell and cursing it, for the platform was a lonely place and the night of inky darkness. At last the bell ceased, and he stood resting on his long pike, enjoying the stillness, and peering into the blackness, when suddenly he became aware of a grating, rasping sound below him, as if some one were attempting to climb the precipitous beetling cliff of castle wall and slipping against the stones. His heart stood still with fear, for he knew it could be nothing human. An instant later something appeared over the parapet that could be seen only because it was blacker than the distant dark sky against which it was outlined. It rose and rose until the sentinel saw it was the top of a ladder, which was even more amazing than if the fiend himself had scrambled over the stone coping, for we know the devil can go anywhere, while a ladder cannot. But the soldier was a common-sense man, and, dark as was the night, he knew that, tall as such a ladder must be, there seemed a likelihood that human power was pushing it upward. He touched it with his hands and convinced himself that there was nothing supernatural about it. The ladder rose inch by inch, slowly, for it must have been no easy task for even twoscore men to raise it thus with ropes or other devices, especially when the bottom of it neared the top of the ledge. The soldier knew he should at once give the alarm; but he was the second traitor in the stronghold, corrupted by the sight of the glittering gold he had shared, and only prevented from selling himself because the rigors of military rule did not give him opportunity of going to Baldwineltz as the less exacting civilian duties had allowed the Spaniard to market his wares. So the sentry made no outcry, but silently prepared a method by which he could negotiate with advantage to himself when the first head appeared above the parapet.



"WITH A GURGLING CRY, PLUNGED HEADLONG FORWARD, AND DOWN THE PRECIPICE."

He fixed the point of his lance against a round of the ladder, and when the leading warrior, who was no other than Heinrich von Richenbach, came slowly and cautiously to the top of the wall, the sentinel, exerting all his strength, pushed the lance outward, and the top of the ladder with it, until it stood nearly perpendicular some two yards back from the wall.

"In God's name, what are you about? Is that you, Rego?"

The soldier replied, calmly:

"Order your men not to move, and do not move yourself, until I have some converse with you. Have no fear if you are prepared to accept my terms; otherwise you will have ample time to say your prayers before you reach the ground, for the distance is great."

Von Richenbach, who now leaned over the top round, suspended thus between heaven and earth, grasped the lance with both hands, so that the ladder might not be thrust beyond the perpendicular. In quivering voice he passed down the word that no man was to shift foot or hand until he had made bargain with the sentinel who held them in such extreme peril.

"What terms do you propose to me, soldier?" he asked, breathlessly.

"I will conduct you down to the courtyard, and when you have surprised and taken the castle you will grant me safe conduct and give me five bags of gold equal in weight to those offered to our captain."

"All that will I do and double the treasure. Faithfully and truly do I promise it."

"You pledge me your knightly word, and swear also by the holy coat of Treves?"

"I pledge and swear. And pray you be careful; incline the ladder yet a little more toward the wall."

"I trust to your honor," said the traitor, for traitors love to prate of honor, "and will now admit you to the castle; but until we are in the courtyard there must be silence."

"Incline the ladder gently, for it is so weighted that if it come suddenly against the wall, it may break in the middle."

At this supreme moment, as the sentinel was preparing to bring them cautiously to the wall, when all was deep silence, there crept swiftly and noiselessly through the trap-door the belated Spaniard. His catlike eyes beheld the shadowy form of the sentinel bending apparently over the parapet, but they showed him nothing beyond. With the speed and precipitation of a springing panther, the Spaniard leaped forward and drove his dagger deep into the neck of his comrade, who, with a gurgling cry, plunged headlong forward, and down the precipice, thrusting his lance as he fell. The Spaniard's dagger went with the doomed sentinel, sticking fast in his throat, and its presence there passed a fatal noose around the neck of Rego later, for they wrongly thought the false sentinel had saved the castle and that the Spaniard had murdered a faithful watchman.

Rego leaned panting over the stone coping, listening for the thud of the body. Then was he frozen with horror when the still night air was split with the most appalling shriek of combined human voices in an agony of fear that ever tortured the ear of man. The shriek ended in a crash far below, and silence again filled the valley.

RUPERT OF HENTZAU.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF FRITZ VON TARLENHEIM.

By Anthony Hope.

Being the sequel to a story by the same writer entitled "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson.

INTRODUCTION AND SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Prompted by his own ambition, the Duke of Strelsau, known as "Black Michael," drugs and hides away his brother Rudolf on the eve of the latter's coronation as King of Ruritania. But at the instigation of Colonel Sapt and Fritz von Tarlenheim, supporters of Rudolf, an English relative of his, Rudolf Rassendyll—a stranger and chance visitor in the kingdom, who so closely resembles Rudolf that few can tell them apart—appears, and, in his name, assumes the crown for him. While Rudolf's friends are working to set him free, Rassendyll continues to hold the throne in Rudolf's guise and exercise all the royal functions—even to falling ardently in love with the Princess Flavia, and provoking her to love him as ardently in return. Public expectation and policy have designated the Princess to become the new king's wife. "Black Michael" is finally killed in a quarrel by Rupert of Hentzau, one of his accomplices. The Princess Flavia has felt from the first a difference between the two Rudolfs; before the end, the truth is fully discovered to her. She dutifully marries the real king, but her heart hardly goes with her hand. Thereafter, once a year, she sends a gift and a brief verbal message to Rassendyll in token of her remembrance of him. And these incidents and events make the story of "The Prisoner of Zenda."

The present history opens with the king grown weak and querulous, and the sense of the difference between him and the man who had courted her in his name more importunate than ever in the mind and heart of the queen. She dare not longer trust herself in sending the yearly message to Rassendyll. She therefore writes him a letter that is to be her last word to him. But the messenger, Fritz von Tarlenheim, is betrayed by his servant Bauer; set upon at Wintenberg by Rupert of Hentzau and the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim, general conspirators against the peace of the kingdom; robbed of the letter, and himself left beaten insensible. As soon as he revives, he reports his disaster and loss to Rassendyll, who places him under the care of his own servant James, and then sets out secretly for Zenda, to keep the letter from coming into the hands of the king.

CHAPTER IV.

AN EDDY ON THE MOAT.

ON the evening of Thursday, the sixteenth of October, the Constable of Zenda was very much out of humor; he has since confessed as much. To risk the peace of a palace for the sake of a lover's greeting had never been wisdom to his mind, and he had been sorely impatient with "that fool Fritz's" yearly pilgrimage. The letter of farewell had been an added folly, pregnant with chances of disaster. Now disaster, or the danger of it, had come. The curt, mysterious telegram from Wintenberg, which told him so little, at least told him that. It ordered him—and he did not know even whose the order was—to delay Rischenheim's audience, or, if he could not, to get the king away from Zenda: why he was to act thus was not disclosed to him. But he knew as well as I that Rischenheim was completely in Rupert's hands, and he could not fail to guess that something had gone wrong at Wintenberg, and that Rischenheim came to tell the king some news that the king must not hear. His task sounded simple, but it was not easy; for he did not know where Rischenheim was, and so could not prevent his coming; besides, the king had been very pleased to learn of the count's approaching visit, since he desired to talk with him on the subject of a certain breed of dogs, which the count bred with great, his Majesty with only indifferent success; therefore he had declared that nothing should interfere with his reception of Rischenheim. In vain Sapt told him that a large boar had been seen in the forest, and that a fine day's sport might be expected if he would hunt next day. "I shouldn't be back in time to see Rischenheim," said the king.

"Your Majesty would be back by nightfall," suggested Sapt.

"I should be too tired to talk to him, and I've a great deal to discuss."

"You could sleep at the hunting-lodge, sire, and ride back to receive the count next morning."

"I'm anxious to see him as soon as may be." Then he looked up at Sapt with a sick man's quick suspicion. "Why shouldn't I see him?" he asked.

"It's a pity to miss the boar, sire," was all Sapt's plea. The king made light of it.

"Curse the boar!" said he. "I want to know how he gets the dogs' coats so fine."

As the king spoke a servant entered, carrying a telegram for Sapt. The colonel took it and put it in his pocket.

"Read it," said the king. He had dined and was about to go to bed, it being nearly ten o'clock.

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"It will keep, sire," answered Sapt, who did not know but that it might be from Wintenberg.

"Read it," insisted the king testily. "It may be from Rischenheim. Perhaps he can get here sooner. I should like to know about those dogs. Read it, I beg."

Sapt could do nothing but read it. He had taken to spectacles lately, and he spent a long while adjusting them and thinking what he should do if the message were not fit for the king's ear. "Be quick, man, be quick!" urged the irritable king.

Sapt had got the envelope open at last, and relief, mingled with perplexity, showed in his face.

"Your Majesty guessed wonderfully well. Rischenheim can be here at eight to-morrow morning," he said, looking up.

"Capital!" cried the king. "He shall breakfast with me at nine and I'll have a ride after the boar when we've done our business. Now are you satisfied?"

"Perfectly, sire," said Sapt, biting his moustache.

The king rose with a yawn, and bade the colonel good-night. "He must have some trick I don't know with those dogs," he remarked, as he went out. And "Damn the dogs!" cried Colonel Sapt the moment that the door was shut behind his Majesty.

But the colonel was not a man to accept defeat easily. The audience that he had been instructed to postpone was advanced; the king, whom he had been told to get away from Zenda, would not go till he had seen Rischenheim. Still there are many ways of preventing a meeting. Some are by fraud; these it is no injustice to Sapt to say that he had tried; some are by force, and the colonel was being driven to the conclusion that one of these must be his resort.

"Though the king," he mused, with a grin, "will be furious if anything happens to Rischenheim before he's told him about the dogs."

Yet he fell to racking his brains to find a means by which the count might be rendered incapable of performing the service so desired by the king and of carrying out his own purpose in seeking an audience. Nothing save assassination suggested itself to the constable; a quarrel and a duel offered no security; and Sapt was not Black Michael, and had no band of ruffians to join him in an apparently unprovoked kidnapping of a distinguished nobleman.

"I can think of nothing," muttered Sapt, rising from his chair and moving across towards the window in search of the fresh air that a man so often thinks will give him a fresh idea. He was in his own quarters, that room of the new *chateau* which opens on to the moat immediately to the right of the drawbridge as you face the old castle; it was the room which Duke Michael had occupied, and almost opposite to the spot where the great pipe had connected the window of the king's dungeon with the waters of the moat. The bridge was down now, for peaceful days had come to Zenda; the pipe was gone, and the dungeon's window, though still barred, was uncovered. The night was clear, and fine, and the still water gleamed fitfully as the moon, half-full, escaped from or was hidden by passing clouds. Sapt stood staring out gloomily, beating his knuckles on the stone sill. The fresh air was there, but the fresh idea tarried.

Suddenly the constable bent forward, craning his head out and down, far as he could stretch it, towards the water. What he had seen, or seemed dimly to see, is a sight common enough on the surface of water—large circular eddies, widening from a centre; a stone thrown in makes them, or a fish on the rise. But Sapt had thrown no stone, and the fish in the moat were few and not rising then. The light was behind Sapt, and threw his figure into bold relief. The royal apartments looked out the other way; there were no lights in the windows this side the bridge, although beyond it the guards' lodgings and the servants' offices still showed a light here and there. Sapt waited till the eddies ceased. Then he heard the faintest sound, as of a large body let very gently into the water; a moment later, from the moat right below him, a man's head emerged.

"Sapt!" said a voice, low but distinct.

The old colonel started, and, resting both hands on the sill, bent further out, till he seemed in danger of overbalancing.

"Quick—to the ledge on the other side. You know," said the voice, and the head turned; with quick, quiet strokes the man crossed the moat till he was hidden in the triangle of deep shade formed by the meeting of the drawbridge and the old castle wall. Sapt watched him go, almost stupefied by the sudden wonder of hearing that voice come to him out of the stillness of the night. For the king was

abed; and who spoke in that voice save the king and one other?

Then, with a curse at himself for his delay, he turned and walked quickly across the room. Opening the door, he found himself in the passage. But here he ran right into the arms of young Bernenstein, the officer of the guard, who was going his rounds. Sapt knew and trusted him, for he had been with us all through the siege of Zenda, when Michael kept the king a prisoner, and he bore marks given him by Rupert of Hentzau's ruffians. He now held a commission as lieutenant in the cuirassiers of the King's Guard.

He noticed Sapt's bearing, for he cried out in a low voice, "Anything wrong, sir?"

"Bernenstein, my boy, the castle's all right about here. Go round to the front, and, hang you, stay there," said Sapt.

The officer stared, as well he might. Sapt caught him by the arm.

"No, stay here. See, stand by the door there that leads to the royal apartments. Stand there, and let nobody pass. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"And whatever you hear, don't look round."

Bernenstein's bewilderment grew greater; but Sapt was constable, and on Sapt's shoulders lay the responsibility for the safety of Zenda and all in it.

"Very well, sir," he said, with a submissive shrug, and he drew his sword and stood by the door; he could obey, although he could not understand.

Sapt ran on. Opening the gate that led to the bridge, he sped across. Then, stepping on one side and turning his face to the wall, he descended the steps that gave foothold down to the ledge running six or eight inches above the water. He also was now in the triangle of deep darkness, yet he knew that a man was there, who stood straight and tall, rising above his own height. And he felt his hand caught in a sudden grip. Rudolf Rassendyll was there, in his wet drawers and socks.

"Is it you?" he whispered.

"Yes," answered Rudolf; "I swam round from the other side and got here. Then I threw in a bit of mortar, but I wasn't sure I'd roused you, and I didn't dare shout, so I followed it myself. Lay hold of me a minute while I get on my breeches: I didn't want to get wet, so I carried my clothes in a bundle. Hold me tight, it's slippery."

"In God's name what brings you here?" whispered Sapt, catching Rudolf by the arm as he was directed.

"The queen's service. When does Rischenheim come?"

"To-morrow at eight."

"The deuce! That's earlier than I thought. And the king?"

"Is here and determined to see him. It's impossible to move him from it."

There was a moment's silence; Rudolf drew his shirt over his head and tucked it into his trousers. "Give me the jacket and waistcoat," he said. "I feel deuced damp underneath, though."

"You'll soon get dry," grinned Sapt. "You'll be kept moving, you see."

"I've lost my hat."

"Seems to me you've lost your head too."

"You'll find me both, eh, Sapt?"

"As good as your own, anyhow," growled the constable.

"Now the boots, and I'm ready." Then he asked quickly, "Has the king seen or heard from Rischenheim?"

"Neither, except through me."

"Then why is he so set on seeing him?"

"To find out what gives dogs smooth coats."

"You're serious? Hang you, I can't see your face."

"Absolutely."

"All's well, then. Has he got a beard now?"

"Yes."

"Confound him! Can't you take me anywhere to talk?"

"What the deuce are you here at all for?"

"To meet Rischenheim."

"To meet——?"

"Yes. Sapt, he's got a copy of the queen's letter."

Sapt twirled his moustache.

"I've always said as much," he remarked in tones of satisfaction. He need not have said it; he would have been more than human not to think it.

"Where can you take me to?" asked Rudolf impatiently.

"Any room with a door and a lock to it," answered old Sapt. "I command here, and when I say 'Stay out'—well, they don't come in."

"Not the king?"

"The king is in bed. Come along," and the constable set his toe on the lowest step.

"Is there nobody about?" asked Rudolf, catching his arm.

"Bernenstein; but he will keep his back toward us."

"Your discipline is still good, then, Colonel?"

"Pretty well for these days, your Majesty," grunted Sapt, as he reached the level of the bridge.

Having crossed, they entered the *chateau*. The passage was empty, save for Bernenstein, whose broad back barred the way from the royal apartments.

"In here," whispered Sapt, laying his hand on the door of the room whence he had come.

"All right," answered Rudolf. Bernenstein's hand twitched, but he did not look round. There was discipline in the castle of Zenda.

But as Sapt was half-way through the door and Rudolf about to follow him, the other door, that which Bernenstein guarded, was softly yet swiftly opened. Bernenstein's sword was in rest in an instant. A muttered oath from Sapt and Rudolf's quick snatch at his breath greeted the interruption. Bernenstein did not look round, but his sword fell to his side. In the doorway stood Queen Flavia, all in white; and now her face turned white as her dress. For her eyes had fallen on Rudolf Rassendyll. For a moment the four stood thus; then Rudolf passed Sapt, thrust Bernenstein's brawny shoulders (the young man had not looked round) out of the way, and, falling on his knee before the queen, seized her hand and kissed it. Bernenstein could see now without looking round, and if astonishment could kill, he would have been a dead man that instant. He fairly reeled and leant against the wall, his mouth hanging open. For the king was in bed, and had a beard; yet there was the king, fully dressed and clean shaven, and he was kissing the queen's hand, while she gazed down on him in a struggle between amazement, fright, and joy. A soldier should be prepared for anything, but I cannot be hard on young Bernenstein's bewilderment.

Yet there was in truth nothing strange in the queen seeking to see old Sapt that night, nor in her guessing where he would most probably be found. For she had asked him three times whether news had come from Wintenberg and each time he had put her off with excuses. Quick to forebode evil, and conscious of the pledge to fortune that she had given in her letter, she had determined to know from him whether there were really cause for alarm, and had stolen, undetected, from her apartments to seek him. What filled her at once with unbearable apprehension and incredulous joy was to find Rudolf present in actual flesh and blood, no longer in sad longing dreams or visions, and to feel his live lips on her hand.

Lovers count neither time nor danger; but Sapt counted both, and no more than a moment had passed before, with eager imperative gestures, he beckoned them to enter the room. The queen obeyed, and Rudolf followed her.

"Let nobody in, and don't say a word to anybody," whispered Sapt, as he entered, leaving Bernenstein outside. The young man was half-dazed still, but he had sense to read the expression in the constable's eyes and to learn from it that he must give his life sooner than let the door be opened. So with drawn sword he stood on guard.

It was eleven o'clock when the queen came, and midnight had struck from the great clock of the castle before the door opened again and Sapt came out. His sword was not drawn, but he had his revolver in his hand. He shut the door silently after him and began at once to talk in low, earnest, quick tones to Bernenstein. Bernenstein listened intently and without interrupting. Sapt's story ran on for eight or nine minutes. Then he paused, before asking:

"You understand now?"

"Yes, it is wonderful," said the young man, drawing in his breath.

"Pooh!" said Sapt. "Nothing is wonderful: some things are unusual."

Bernenstein was not convinced, and shrugged his shoulders in protest.

"Well?" said the constable, with a quick glance at him.

"I would die for the queen, sir," he answered, clicking his heels together as though on parade.

"Good," said Sapt. "Then listen," and he began again to talk. Bernenstein nodded from time to time. "You'll meet him at the gate," said the constable, "and bring him straight here. He's not to go anywhere else, you understand me?"

"Perfectly, Colonel," smiled young Bernenstein.

"The king will be in this room—the king. You know who is the king?"

"Perfectly, Colonel."

"And when the interview is ended, and we go to breakfast——"

"I know who will be the king then. Yes, Colonel."

"Good. But we do him no harm unless——"

"It is necessary."

"Precisely."

Sapt turned away with a little sigh. Bernenstein was an apt pupil, but the colonel was exhausted by so much explanation. He knocked softly at the door of the room. The queen's voice bade him enter, and he passed in. Bernenstein was left alone again in the passage, pondering over what he had heard and rehearsing the part that it now fell to him to play. As he thought he may well have raised his head proudly. The service seemed so great and the honor so high, that he almost wished he could die in the performing of his *rôle*. It would be a finer death than his soldier's dreams had dared to picture.

At one o'clock Colonel Sapt came out.

"Go to bed till six," said he to Bernenstein.

"I'm not sleepy."

"No, but you will be at eight if you don't sleep now."

"Is the queen coming out, Colonel?"

"In a minute, Lieutenant."

"I should like to kiss her hand."

"Well, if you think it worth waiting a quarter of an hour for!" said Sapt, with a slight smile.

"You said a minute, sir."

"So did she," answered the constable.

Nevertheless it was a quarter of an hour before Rudolf Rassendyll opened the door and the queen appeared on the threshold. She was very pale, and she had been crying, but her eyes were happy and her air firm. The moment he saw her, young Bernenstein fell on his knee and raised her hand to his lips.

"To the death, madame," said he, in a trembling voice.

"I knew it, sir," she answered graciously. Then she looked round on the three of them. "Gentlemen," said she, "my servants and dear friends, with you, and with Fritz who lies wounded in Wintenberg, rest my honor and my life; for I will not live if the letter reaches the king."

"The king shall not have it, madame," said Colonel Sapt.

He took her hand in his and patted it with a clumsy gentleness; smiling, she extended it again to young Bernenstein, in mark of her favor. They two then stood at the salute, while Rudolf walked with her to the end of the passage. There for a moment she and he stood together; the others turned their eyes away and thus did not see her suddenly stoop and cover his hand with her kisses. He tried to draw it away, not thinking it fit that she should kiss his hand, but she seemed as though she could not let it go. Yet at last, still with her eyes on his, she passed backwards through the door, and he shut it after her.

"Now to business," said Colonel Sapt dryly; and Rudolf laughed a little.

Rudolf passed into the room. Sapt went to the king's apartments, and asked the physician whether his Majesty were sleeping well. Receiving reassuring news of the royal slumbers, he proceeded to the quarters of the king's body-servant, knocked up the sleepy wretch, and ordered breakfast for the king and the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim at nine o'clock precisely, in the morning-room that looked out over the avenue leading to the entrance of the new *chateau*. This done, he returned to the room where Rudolf was, carried a chair into the passage, bade Rudolf lock the door, sat down, revolver in hand, and himself went to sleep. Young Bernenstein was in bed just now, taken faint, and the constable himself was acting as his substitute; that was to be the story, if a story were needed. Thus the hours from two to six passed that morning in the castle of Zenda.

At six the constable awoke and knocked at the door; Rudolf Rassendyll opened it.

"Slept well?" asked Sapt.

"Not a wink," answered Rudolf cheerfully.

"I thought you had more nerve."

"It wasn't want of nerve that kept me awake," said Mr. Rassendyll.

Sapt, with a pitying shrug, looked round. The curtains of the window were half-drawn. The table was moved near to the wall, and the armchair by it was well in shadow, being quite close to the curtains.

"There's plenty of room for you behind," said Rudolf; "and when Rischenheim is seated in his chair opposite to mine, you can put your barrel against his head by just stretching out your hand. And of course I can do the same."

"Yes, it looks well enough," said Sapt, with an approving nod.

"What about the beard?"

"Bernenstein is to tell him you've shaved this morning."

"Will he believe that?"

"Why not? For his own sake he'd better believe everything."

"And if we have to kill him?"

"We must run for it. The king would be furious."

"He's fond of him?"

"You forget. He wants to know about the dogs."

"True. You'll be in your place in time?"

"Of course."

Rudolf Rassendyll took a turn up and down the room. It was easy to see that the events of the night had disturbed him. Sapt's thoughts were running in a different channel.

"When we've done with this fellow, we must find Rupert," said he.

Rudolf started.

"Rupert? Rupert? True; I forgot. Of course we must," said he confusedly.

Sapt looked scornful; he knew that his companion's mind had been occupied with the queen. But his remarks—if he had meditated any—were interrupted by the clock striking seven.

"He'll be here in an hour," said he.

"We're ready for him," answered Rudolf Rassendyll. With the thought of action his eyes grew bright and his brow smooth again. He and old Sapt looked at one another, and they both smiled.

"Like old times, isn't it, Sapt?"

"Aye, sire, like the reign of good King Rudolf."

Thus they made ready for the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim, while my cursed wound held me a prisoner at Wintenberg. It is still a sorrow to me that I know what passed that morning only by report, and had not the honor of bearing a part in it. Still, her Majesty did not forget me, but remembered that I would have taken my share, had fortune allowed. Indeed I would most eagerly.

CHAPTER V.

AN AUDIENCE OF THE KING.

HAVING come thus far in the story that I set out to tell, I have half a mind to lay down my pen, and leave untold how from the moment that Mr. Rassendyll came again to Zenda a fury of chance seemed to catch us all in a whirlwind, carrying us whither we would not, and ever driving us onwards to fresh enterprises, breathing into us a recklessness that stood at no obstacle, and a devotion to the queen and to the man she loved that swept away all other feeling. The ancients held there to be a fate which would have its fill, though women wept and men died, and none could tell whose was the guilt nor who fell innocent. Thus did they blindly wrong God's providence. Yet, save that we are taught to believe that all is ruled, we are as blind as they, and are still left wondering why all that is true and generous and love's own fruit must turn so often to woe and shame, exacting tears and blood. For myself I would leave the thing untold, lest a word of it should seem to stain her whom I serve; it is by her own command I write, that all may one day, in time's fullness, be truly known, and those condemn who are without sin, while they pity whose own hearts have fought the equal fight. So much for her and him; for us less needs be said. It was not ours to weigh her actions: we served her; him we had served. She was our queen; we bore heaven a grudge that he was not our king. The worst of what befell was not of our own planning, no, nor of our hoping. It came a thunderbolt from the hand of Rupert, flung carelessly between a curse and a laugh; its coming entangled us more tightly in the net of circumstances. Then there arose in us that strange and overpowering desire of which I must tell later, filling us with a zeal to accomplish our purpose, and to force Mr. Rassendyll himself into the way we chose. Led by this star, we pressed on through the darkness, until at length the deeper darkness fell that stayed our steps. We also stand for judgment, even as she and he. So I will write; but I will write plainly and briefly, setting down what I must, and no more, yet seeking to give truly the picture of that time, and to preserve as long as may be the portrait of the man whose like I have not known. Yet the fear is always upon me that, failing to show him as he was, I may fail also in gaining an understanding of how he wrought on us, one and all, till his cause became in all things the right, and to seat him where he should be our highest duty and our nearest wish. For he said little, and that straight to the purpose; no high-flown words of his live in my memory. And he asked nothing for himself. Yet his speech and his eyes went straight to men's hearts and women's, so that they held their lives in an eager attendance on his bidding. Do I rave? Then Sapt was a raver too, for Sapt was foremost in the business.

At ten minutes to eight o'clock, young Bernenstein, very admirably and smartly accoutred, took his stand outside the main entrance of the castle. He wore a confident air that became almost a swagger as he strolled to and fro past the motionless

sentries. He had not long to wait. On the stroke of eight a gentleman, well-horsed but entirely unattended, rode up the carriage drive. Bernenstein, crying "Ah, it is the count!" ran to meet him. Rischenheim dismounted, holding out his hand to the young officer.

"My dear Bernenstein!" said he, for they were acquainted with one another.

"You're punctual, my dear Rischenheim, and it's lucky, for the king awaits you most impatiently."

"I didn't expect to find him up so soon," remarked Rischenheim.

"Up! He's been up these two hours. Indeed we've had the devil of a time of it. Treat him carefully, my dear Count; he's in one of his troublesome humors. For example—but I mustn't keep you waiting. Pray follow me."

"No, but pray tell me. Otherwise I might say something unfortunate."

"Well, he woke at six; and when the barber came to trim his beard there were —imagine it, Count!—no less than seven gray hairs. The king fell into a passion. 'Take it off,' he said. 'Take it off. I won't have a gray beard! Take it off!' Well, what would you? A man is free to be shaved if he chooses, so much more a king. So it's taken off."

"His beard!"

"His beard, my dear Count. Then, after thanking heaven it was gone, and declaring he looked ten years younger, he cried, 'The Count of Luzau-Rischenheim breakfasts with me to-day: what is there for breakfast?' And he had the *chef* out of his bed and— But, by heavens, I shall get into trouble if I stop here chattering. He's waiting most eagerly for you. Come along." And Bernenstein, passing his arm through the count's, walked him rapidly into the castle.

The Count of Luzau-Rischenheim was a young man; he was no more versed in affairs of this kind than Bernenstein, and it cannot be said that he showed so much aptitude for them. He was decidedly pale this morning; his manner was uneasy, and his hands trembled. He did not lack courage, but that rarer virtue, coolness; and the importance—or perhaps the shame—of his mission upset the balance of his nerves. Hardly noting where he went, he allowed Bernenstein to lead him quickly and directly towards the room where Rudolf Rassendyll was, not doubting that he was being conducted to the king's presence.

"Breakfast is ordered for nine," said Bernenstein, "but he wants to see you before. He has something important to say; and you perhaps have the same?"

"I? Oh, no. A small matter; but—er—of a private nature."

"Quite so, quite so. Oh, I don't ask any questions, my dear Count."

"Shall I find the king alone?" asked Rischenheim nervously.

"I don't think you'll find anybody with him; no, nobody, I think," answered Bernenstein, with a grave and reassuring air.

They arrived now at the door. Here Bernenstein paused.

"I am ordered to wait outside till his Majesty summons me," he said in a low voice, as though he feared that the irritable king would hear him. "I'll open the door and announce you. Pray keep him in a good temper, for all our sakes." And he flung the door open, saying, "Sire, the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim has the honor to wait on your Majesty." With this he shut the door promptly, and stood against it. Nor did he move, save once, and then only to take out his revolver and carefully inspect it.

The count advanced, bowing low, and striving to conceal a visible agitation. He saw the king in his arm-chair; the king wore a suit of brown tweeds (none the better for being crushed into a bundle the night before); his face was in deep shadow, but Rischenheim perceived that the beard was indeed gone. The king held out his hand to Rischenheim, and motioned him to sit in a chair just opposite to him and within a foot of the window-curtains.

"I'm delighted to see you, my lord," said the king.

Rischenheim looked up. Rudolf's voice had once been so like the king's that no man could tell the difference, but in the last year or two the king's had grown weaker, and Rischenheim seemed to be struck by the vigor of the tones in which he was addressed. As he looked up, there was a slight movement in the curtains by him; it died away when the count gave no further signs of suspicion, but Rudolf had noticed his surprise: the voice, when it next spoke, was subdued.

"Most delighted," pursued Mr. Rassendyll. "For I am pestered beyond endurance about those dogs. I can't get the coats right. I've tried everything, but they won't come as I wish. Now, yours are magnificent."

"You are very good, sire. But I ventured to ask an audience in order to——"

"Positively you must tell me about the dogs. And before Sapt comes, for I want nobody to hear but myself."

"Your Majesty expects Colonel Sapt?"

"In about twenty minutes," said the king, with a glance at the clock on the mantelpiece.

At this Rischenheim became all on fire to get his errand done before Sapt appeared.

"The coats of your dogs," pursued the king, "grow so beautifully——"

"A thousand pardons, sire, but——"

"Long and silky, that I despair of——"

"I have a most urgent and important matter," persisted Rischenheim in agony.

Rudolf threw himself back in his chair with a peevish air.

"Well, if you must, you must. What is this great affair, Count? Let us have it over, and then you can tell me about the dogs."

Rischenheim looked round the room. There was nobody; the curtains were still; the king's left hand caressed his beardless chin; the right was hidden from his visitor by the small table that stood between them.

"Sire, my cousin, the Count of Hentzau, has entrusted me with a message."

Rudolf suddenly assumed a stern air.

"I can hold no communication, directly or indirectly, with the Count of Hentzau," said he.

"Pardon me, sire, pardon me. A document has come into the count's hands which is of vital importance to your Majesty."

"The Count of Hentzau, my lord, has incurred my heaviest displeasure."

"Sire, it is in the hopes of atoning for his offences that he has sent me here today. There is a conspiracy against your Majesty's honor."

"By whom, my lord?" asked Rudolf, in cold and doubting tones.

"By those who are very near your Majesty's person and very high in your Majesty's love."

"Name them."

"Sire, I dare not. You would not believe me. But your Majesty will believe written evidence."

"Show it me, and quickly. We may be interrupted."

"Sire, I have a copy——"

"Oh, a copy, my lord?" sneered Rudolf.

"My cousin has the original, and will forward it at your Majesty's command. A copy of a letter of her Majesty's——"

"Of the queen's?"

"Yes, sire. It is addressed to——" Rischenheim paused.

"Well, my lord, to whom?"

"To a Mr. Rudolf Rassendyll."

Now Rudolf played his part well. He did not feign indifference, but allowed his voice to tremble with emotion as he stretched out his hand and said in a hoarse whisper, "Give it me, give it me."

Rischenheim's eyes sparkled. His shot had told: the king's attention was his; the coats of the dogs were forgotten. Plainly he had stirred the suspicions and jealousy of the king.

"My cousin," he continued, "conceives it his duty to lay the letter before your Majesty. He obtained it——"

"A curse on how he got it! Give it me!"

Rischenheim unbuttoned his coat, then his waistcoat. The head of a revolver showed in a belt round his waist. He undid the flap of a pocket in the lining of his waistcoat, and he began to draw out a sheet of paper.

But Rudolf, great as his powers of self-control were, was but human. When he saw the paper, he leant forward, half rising from his chair. As a result, his face came beyond the shadow of the curtain, and the full morning light beat on it. As Rischenheim took the paper out, he looked up. He saw the face that glared so eagerly at him; his eyes met Rassendyll's: a sudden suspicion seized him, for the face, though the king's face in every feature, bore a stern resolution and witnessed a vigor that were not the king's. In that instant the truth, or a hint of it, flashed across his mind. He gave a half-articulate cry; in one hand he crumpled up the paper, the other flew to his revolver. But he was too late. Rudolf's left hand encircled his hand and the paper in an iron grip; Rudolf's revolver was on his temple; and an arm was stretched out from behind the curtain, holding another barrel full before his eyes, while a dry voice said, "You'd best take it quietly." Then Sapt stepped out.

Rischenheim had no words to meet the sudden transformation of the interview. He seemed to be able to do nothing but stare at Rudolf Rassendyll. Sapt wasted no time. He snatched the count's revolver and stowed it in his own pocket.

"Now take the paper," said he to Rudolf, and his barrel held Rischenheim motionless while Rudolf wrenched the precious document from his fingers. "Look

if it's the right one. No, don't read it through; just look. Is it right? That's good. Now put your revolver to his head again. I'm going to search him. Stand up, sir."

They compelled the count to stand up, and Sapt subjected him to a search that made the concealment of another copy, or of any other document, impossible. Then they let him sit down again. His eyes seemed fascinated by Rudolf Rassendyll.

"Yet you've seen me before, I think," smiled Rudolf. "I seem to remember you as a boy in Strelsau when I was there. Now tell us, sir, where did you leave this cousin of yours?" For the plan was to find out from Rischenheim where Rupert was, and to set off in pursuit of Rupert as soon as they had disposed of Rischenheim.

But even as Rudolf spoke there was a violent knock at the door. Rudolf sprang to open it. Sapt and his revolver kept their places. Bernenstein was on the threshold, open-mouthed.

"The king's servant has just gone by. He's looking for Colonel Sapt. The king has been walking in the drive, and learnt from a sentry of Rischenheim's arrival. I told the man that you had taken the count for a stroll round the castle, and I did not know where you were. He says that the king may come himself at any moment."

Sapt considered for one short instant; then he was back by the prisoner's side.

"We must talk again later on," he said, in low quick tones. "Now you're going to breakfast with the king. I shall be there, and Bernenstein. Remember, not a word of your errand, not a word of this gentleman! At a word, a sign, a hint, a gesture, a motion, as God lives, I'll put a bullet through your head, and a thousand kings shan't stop me. Rudolf, get behind the curtain. If there's an alarm you must jump through the window into the moat and swim for it."

"All right," said Rudolf Rassendyll. "I can read my letter there."

"Burn it, you fool."

"When I've read it I'll eat it, if you like, but not before."

Bernenstein looked in again. "Quick, quick! The man will be back," he whispered.

"Bernenstein, did you hear what I said to the count?"

"Yes, I heard."

"Then you know your part. Now, gentlemen, to the king."

"Well," said an angry voice outside, "I wondered how long I was to be kept waiting."

Rudolf Rassendyll skipped behind the curtain. Sapt's revolver slipped into a handy pocket. Rischenheim stood with arms dangling by his side and his waistcoat half unbuttoned. Young Bernenstein was bowing low on the threshold, and protesting that the king's servant had but just gone, and that they were on the point of waiting on his Majesty. Then the king walked in, pale and full-bearded.

"Ah, Count," said he, "I'm glad to see you. If they had told me you were here, you shouldn't have waited a minute. You're very dark in here, Sapt. Why don't you draw back the curtains?" and the king moved towards the curtain behind which Rudolf was.

"Allow me, sire," cried Sapt, darting past him and laying a hand on the curtain.

A malicious gleam of pleasure shot into Rischenheim's eyes.

"In truth, sire," continued the constable, his hand on the curtain, "we were so interested in what the count was saying about his dogs——"

"By heaven, I forgot!" cried the king. "Yes, yes, the dogs. Now tell me, Count——"

"Your pardon, sire," put in young Bernenstein, "but breakfast waits."

"Yes, yes. Well, then, we'll have them together—breakfast and the dogs. Come along, Count." The king passed his arm through Rischenheim's, adding to Bernenstein, "Lead the way, Lieutenant; and you, Colonel, come with us."

They went out. Sapt stopped and locked the door behind him.

"Why do you lock the door, Colonel?" asked the king.

"There are some papers in my drawer there, sire."

"But why not lock the drawer?"

"I have lost the key, sire, like the fool I am," said the colonel.

The Count of Luzau-Rischenheim did not make a very good breakfast. He sat opposite to the king. Colonel Sapt placed himself at the back of the king's chair, and Rischenheim saw the muzzle of a revolver resting on the top of the chair just behind his Majesty's right ear. Bernenstein stood in soldierly rigidity by the door; Rischenheim looked round at him once and met a most significant gaze.

"You're eating nothing," said the king. "I hope you're not indisposed?"

"I am a little upset, sire," stammered Rischenheim, and truly enough.

"Well, tell me about the dogs while I eat, for I'm hungry."

Rischenheim began to disclose his secret. His statement was decidedly wanting in clearness. The king grew impatient.

"I don't understand," said he testily, and he pushed his chair back so quickly that Sapt skipped away, and hid the revolver behind his back.

"Sire—" cried Rischenheim, half rising. A cough from Lieutenant von Bernenstein interrupted him.

"Tell it me all over again," said the king.

Rischenheim did as he was bid.

"Ah, I understand a little better now. Do you see, Sapt?" and he turned his head round towards the constable. Sapt had just time to whisk the revolver away. The count leant forward towards the king. Lieutenant von Bernenstein coughed. The count sank back again.

"Perfectly, sire," said Colonel Sapt. "I understand all the count wishes to convey to your Majesty."

"Well, I understand about half," said the king with a laugh. "But perhaps that'll be enough."

"I think quite enough, sire," answered Sapt with a smile.

The important matter of the dogs being thus disposed of, the king recollected that the count had asked for an audience on a matter of business.

"Now, what did you wish to say to me?" he asked, with a weary air. The dogs had been more interesting.

Rischenheim looked at Sapt. The revolver was in its place; Bernenstein coughed again. Yet he saw a chance.

"Your pardon, sire," said he, "but we are not alone."

The king lifted his eyebrows.

"Is the business so private?" he asked.

"I should prefer to tell it to your Majesty alone," pleaded the count.

Now Sapt was resolved not to leave Rischenheim alone with the king, for, although the count, being robbed of his evidence, could do little harm concerning the letter, he would doubtless tell the king that Rudolf Rassendyll was in the castle. He leant now over the king's shoulder, and said with a sneer:

"Messages from Rupert of Hentzau are too exalted matters for my poor ears, it seems."

The king flushed red.

"Is that your business, my lord?" he asked Rischenheim sternly.

"Your Majesty does not know what my cousin——"

"It is the old plea?" interrupted the king. "He wants to come back? Is that all, or is there anything else?"

A moment's silence followed the king's words. Sapt looked full at Rischenheim, and smiled as he slightly raised his right hand and showed the revolver. Bernenstein coughed twice. Rischenheim sat twisting his fingers. He understood that, cost what it might, they would not let him declare his errand to the king or betray Mr. Rassendyll's presence. He cleared his throat and opened his mouth as if to speak, but still he remained silent.

"Well, my lord, is it the old story or something new?" asked the king impatiently.

Again Rischenheim sat silent.

"Are you dumb, my lord?" cried the king most impatiently.

"It—it is—only what you call the old story, sire."

"Then let me say that you have treated me very badly in obtaining an audience of me for any such purpose," said the king. "You knew my decision, and your cousin knows it." Thus speaking, the king rose; Sapt's revolver slid into his pocket; but Lieutenant von Bernenstein drew his sword and stood at the salute; he also coughed.

"My dear Rischenheim," pursued the king more kindly, "I can allow for your natural affection. But, believe me, in this case it misleads you. Do me the favor not to open this subject again to me."

Rischenheim, humiliated and angry, could do nothing but bow in acknowledgment of the king's rebuke.

"Colonel Sapt, see that the count is well entertained. My horse should be at the door by now. Farewell, Count. Bernenstein, give me your arm."

Bernenstein shot a rapid glance at the constable. Sapt nodded reassuringly. Bernenstein sheathed his sword and gave his arm to the king. They passed through the door, and Bernenstein closed it with a backward push of his hand. But at this moment Rischenheim, goaded to fury and desperate at the trick played on him—seeing, moreover, that he had now only one man to deal with—made a sudden rush at the door. He reached it, and his hand was on the door-knob. But Sapt was upon him, and Sapt's revolver was at his ear.

In the passage the king stopped.

"What are they doing in there?" he

asked, hearing the noise of the quick movements.

"I don't know, sire," said Bernenstein, and he took a step forward.

"No, stop a minute, Lieutenant; you're pulling me along!"

"A thousand pardons, sire."

"I hear nothing more now." And there was nothing to hear, for the two now stood dead silent inside the door.

"Nor I, sire. Will your Majesty go on?" And Bernenstein took another step.

"You're determined I shall," said the king with a laugh, and he let the young officer lead him away.

Inside the room, Rischenheim stood with his back against the door. He was panting for breath, and his face was flushed and working with excitement. Opposite to him stood Sapt, revolver in hand.

"Till you get to heaven, my lord," said the constable, "you'll never be nearer to it than you were in that moment. If you had opened the door, I'd have shot you through the head."

As he spoke there came a knock at the door.

"Open it," he said brusquely to Rischenheim. With a muttered curse the count obeyed him. A servant stood outside with a telegram on a salver. "Take it," whispered Sapt, and Rischenheim put out his hand.

"Your pardon, my lord, but this has arrived for you," said the man respectfully.

"Take it," whispered Sapt again.

"Give it me," muttered Rischenheim confusedly; and he took the envelope.

The servant bowed and shut the door.

"Open it," commanded Sapt.

"God's curse on you!" cried Rischenheim in a voice that choked with passion.

"Eh? Oh, you can have no secrets from so good a friend as I am, my lord. Be quick and open it."

The count began to open it.

"If you tear it up, or crumple it, I'll shoot you," said Sapt quietly. "You know you can trust my word. Now read it."

"By God, I won't read it."

"Read it, I tell you, or say your prayers."

The muzzle was within a foot of his head. He unfolded the telegram. Then he looked at Sapt. "Read," said the constable.

"I don't understand what it means," grumbled Rischenheim.

"Possibly I may be able to help you."

"It's nothing but——"

"Read, my lord, read!"

Then he read, and this was the telegram:

"Holf, 19 Königstrasse."

"A thousand thanks, my lord. And—the place it's despatched from?"

"Strelsau."

"Just turn it so that I can see. Oh, I don't doubt you, but seeing is believing. Ah, thanks. It's as you say. You're puzzled what it means, Count?"

"I don't know at all what it means!"

"How strange! Because I can guess so well."

"You are very acute, sir."

"It seems to me a simple thing to guess, my lord."

"And pray," said Rischenheim, endeavoring to assume an easy and sarcastic air, "what does your wisdom tell you that the message means?"

"I think, my lord, that the message is an address."

"An address! I never thought of that. But I know no Holf."

"I don't think it's Holf's address."

"Whose, then?" asked Rischenheim, biting his nail, and looking furtively at the constable.

"Why," said Sapt, "the present address of Count Rupert of Hentzau."

As he spoke, he fixed his eyes on the eyes of Rischenheim. He gave a short, sharp laugh, then put his revolver in his pocket and bowed to the count.

"In truth, you are very convenient, my dear Count," said he.

* * * * *

(To be continued.)

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS, "MARK TWAIN."

A CHARACTER SKETCH BY ROBERT BARR.

THE world loves a label. It likes to classify its men and things, docket them, and arrange them nicely on its shelves, each in the proper place. This habit probably arises from the fact that, ever since the indiscretion of Adam, mankind has been compelled to make a living, and has found through long practice that method in business leads to success; therefore man has become a labeling animal, so inured to the vice that he carries it into provinces where it does not legitimately belong. Sometimes there drifts across the sea of life a man whom the world cannot fit into any of its prearranged pigeonholes, and him it either ignores or turns upon and rends, perhaps crucifying him. The person who interferes with these labels is never popular, and is usually howled down when he tries to show that William Tell never existed, or that William Shakespeare's works were written by Bacon, or that Nero was a just and humane monarch, or that Solomon couldn't have been so wise as reported, otherwise he would not have been so frequently married. Therefore I expect little sympathy from the intelligent reader when I detach from Mark Twain the card with the word "humorist" written upon it in large characters, and venture to consider the man uninfluenced by the ready-made verdict of the label.

I do not know whether this magazine has reproduced the photograph of Mark Twain which I have before me as I write: the one taken by Alfred Ellis of London, which is, I believe, the latest; but if not, another will do as well, and I invite the reader's critical attention to it.* Any portrait of Mark Twain shows a strong face, worthy of serious study. The broad, intellectual brow, the commanding, penetrating eye, the firm, well-molded chin, give the world assurance of a man. Recently I had an opportunity of getting an opinion on this photograph; an opinion unbiassed by the label. I was traveling through France, and on the train made the acquaintance of a silk manufacturer of Lyons, who was as well versed in men and their affairs as he was ignorant of books. Nevertheless, I was amazed to learn that he had never heard of Mark Twain, and, as I had merely mentioned the name, giving him no indication of what it signified, I took the photograph from my pocket, and handed it to the Frenchman.

"That is a good representation of him," I said, "and as you have seen most of the great personages of Europe, tell me what this man is."

He gazed intently at the picture for a few moments; then spoke: "I should say he was a statesman."

"Supposing you wrong in that, what would be your next guess?"

"If he is not a maker of history, he is perhaps a writer of it; a great historian, probably. Of course, it is impossible for me to guess accurately except by accident, but I use the adjective because I am convinced that this man is great in his line, whatever it is. If he makes silk, he makes the *best* silk."

"You couldn't improve on that if you tried a year. You have summed him up in your last sentence."

I am convinced that in Samuel L. Clemens America has lost one of its greatest statesmen; one of its most notable Presidents. If he had been born a little earlier, and if the storm-center of politics had been whirling a little further to the west forty years ago, it is quite conceivable that to-day we should be reverencing President Samuel Clemens as the man who, with firm hand on the tiller, steered his country successfully through the turbulent rapids that lay ahead of it, and that we might have known Abraham Lincoln only as a teller of funny stories. In this lies the glory of America, that in every State, perhaps in every county, we have an Abraham Lincoln, or a U. S. Grant, ready to act their parts, silently, honestly, and modestly, when grim necessity brushes aside the blatant incompetents whom, with a careless, optimistic confidence, we ordinarily put into high places. The world has now, without a single dissenting voice, elevated Lincoln to the highest pedestal a statesman can attain;

* The portrait of Mark Twain mentioned by Mr. Barr was reproduced as the frontispiece of the November number of McClure's.—Editor.

but the world has a short memory, and it forgets that at the first it strove with equal unanimity, East and West, on the continent of America no less than on the continent of Europe, to place the label "clown" on his back. I saw the other day a book of cartoons on the great President, taken from American and European sources, which strike the modern eye as little short of blasphemous. However, the paste never got time to dry, and the label did not stick.

Mr. Clemens was hardly so fortunate. In early life he conjured up the cap and bells, and the bells jingled a merry, golden tune. And now when he attempts to do a serious piece of work, the bells ring as they used to do in that somber play which Henry Irving has placed so effectively before us. Yet Fate made some effort to save Mark Twain from this canorous shadowing. The publishers had "The Innocents Abroad" all set up, printed, and bound for nearly two years, but were afraid to issue it, thinking it might not be popular, so different was it from anything they had ever seen before. It came forth at last practically under compulsion, for the indignant author gave them, in a telegraph message, the choice of publishing the book or appearing before the law courts. They took the former alternative, and the instant success of the volume stamped Mark Twain as the humorist of America, if not of the world. Thus it comes about that all of the multitudinous articles which have appeared since then upon the writer of this book have treated of him entirely as the funny man, and have ignored the fact that he has eminent qualities which are no less worthy of consideration.

I think I may claim with truth that I know Mr. Clemens somewhat intimately, and I have no hesitation in saying that, although I have as keen an appreciation of humor as the next man, humor is merely a small part of his mental equipment; perhaps the smallest part. You have but to look at the man to realize this. His face is the face of a Bismarck. I have always regarded him as the typical American, if there is such a person. If ever the eyes and the beak of the American eagle were placed into and on a man's face, Samuel L. Clemens is that man. In the first published description of him, written more than thirty years ago, Dr. Hingston says, "His eyes are light and twinkling." In the most recent article, Mr. Stead says: "His eyes are gray and kindly looking." They are kindly-looking, for the man himself is kindly, and naturally his eyes give some index of this, but their eagle-like, searching, penetrating quality seems to me their striking peculiarity. They are eyes that look into the future; that can read a man through and through. I should hate to do anything particularly mean and then have to meet the eyes of Mark Twain. I know I should be found out.

It is an achievement for a man once labeled to meet success outside of what the public consider to be his line. This Mark Twain has done. "The Prince and the Pauper" is certainly one of the very best historical novels that ever was written, and if it had not appeared, some popular books which might be mentioned would not now be in existence. "Joan of Arc" has been hailed by several of the most distinguished critics of Europe as a distinct gain to the serious literature of this country. In "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur" the author ran counter, not only to his own label, but to a labeled section of history. The age of Arthur has been labeled "sentimental," and the iconoclast who stirred it up with the inflexible crowbar of fact and showed under what hard and revolting conditions the ordinary man then existed, naturally brought upon himself the censure of the Slaves of the Label. But these are three books which, aside from their intrinsic interest, cause a man to think; and I hope that some day Mr. Clemens will turn his attention to American history and give us a volume or two which will be illuminating.

There is a popular idea that Mark Twain is an indolent man, but as a matter of fact, I never knew one who was so indomitably industrious. As he has said to me on more than one occasion, no man is indolent on a subject that absorbingly concerns him, and in his writing Mark Twain is indefatigable, destroying more manuscript that does not entirely satisfy him than probably any other writer. His endeavor is to get his sentences as perfect as possible when first written, and not to depend on after correction, either in manuscript or proof. In the construction of the sentence, in the careful selection of the exact word, he has the genius that consists in taking infinite pains. In theory he labors each day from eleven to four or half-past, and is content if he achieves 1,800 words; but in practice he is apt to work on and on unless somebody drags him away from his task, so completely does

he lose himself in what he is doing. On several occasions, when living near him on the continent of Europe, I have acted as his quitting-bell, and called in on him when it was time for him to cease working, so that we might take our pre-arranged walk together; but whether I interrupted him at four, or at five, or at six, or at seven, he generally said, "Is time up already? Just let me finish this sentence, and I'll be with you." Then, when he had forgotten me, I had usually to upset a chair or fall over a sofa to recall myself to his attention. If left entirely alone, he would break the record as far as a day's work is concerned. He cannot dictate, nor does he use a typewriter; a fountain-pen is his utmost concession to modernity. His handwriting is as legible as print, and he invariably uses note paper, which he tears off, sheet after sheet, after about 150 words have been written to the page.

Mr. Clemens is a most kindly man, and I have been amazed at the amount of time he wastes in writing letters of counsel or encouragement to utter strangers who have the brazen cheek to make this or that demand upon his energies; but as I was once one of those strangers myself, I cannot censure this practice with the emphasis it undoubtedly deserves—I am handicapped by my own guilt. As an instance of this, or perhaps I should say, as six instances, I now give some account of how he has obtained places for young men who desired to become journalists and who wrote to him invoking his aid in the furtherance of that ambition.

MARK TWAIN'S "SYSTEM" FOR FINDING EMPLOYMENT.

The strong common sense of Mr. Clemens must have struck every one who has been brought into contact with him, and I think the facts I here set down are proof of this faculty. It seems to me that his advice to would-be reporters is so good that it is a pity it should be given to individuals rather than to the general public, for it applies not to journalism alone, but to every department of effort. At the time the incidents were related to me, I put them down in my note-book, and I have endeavored to reproduce them as nearly as may be in Mr. Clemens's own words. Happily there is no time before this article appears to submit a proof to him, and so I cannot guarantee absolute accuracy; but on the other hand, I run no risk of having it vetoed and thus lost to the world; and in apologizing to him, I beg to add the time-honored formula of journalism, that our columns are open to him should he desire to make any correction.

Mr. Clemens invented a "system" once; perhaps one might be allowed to call it a philosophy.

It was thirty-five years ago. He and Jim were cabin-mates in a new silver-mining camp away off in a corner of Nevada. They had spent weeks in vain prospecting; their money was about out; they found themselves compelled to throw their tools aside for a while and hunt up a salaried situation of one kind or another. When I say "they," I mean Jim; for he was of powerful build and stood a chance, whereas his partner was feeble and stood none. Jim went over into the valley where the quartz mills were, and tried to get a situation, but there was not a vacancy of any kind. Things looked dark for them. They sat around many hours, gloomily brooding and thinking. Then necessity, the mother of invention, came suddenly and unexpectedly to the help of the weaker comrade. A scheme was born to Clemens, a scheme founded upon a common foible of our human nature. He believed it would work, but thought he would not expose it to criticism and almost certain derision until he had privately tested it. Clemens said to Jim:

"Which mill would you rather have a situation in?"

"Oh, the Morning Star, of course; but they are full; there wasn't the least show there; I knew it before I went."

"Very well, I will go and see if they will give me a place. When I get it I will turn it over to you."

It was a sad time, but Jim almost smiled at the idea. He said:

"*When* you get it. It was well to put that in. If they've no place for me, what do you suppose they want with an arrested development like you?"

Jim was surprised when Clemens started. He had not supposed that his partner was in earnest.

Clemens arrived, and asked the foreman for work. It would have been natural for the foreman to laugh, but he was not the laughing sort. He said promptly:

"All full!" and was turning away, but the young man said:

"I know that, but if you will let me tell you"—and Clemens went on and told him the project. He listened, a little impatiently at first, then tolerantly, and

finally sympathetically—yes, with even a distinct friendliness in his eye. When the youth had finished, the foreman said:

"All right, my boy. It is a queer notion, and rather unusual, I must say. Still, it's your own proposition, and if you are satisfied with it, shed your coat and begin."

At the end of a week Clemens was back at the cabin, pretty well worn out. Jim said:

"Why, how you look! What have you been doing?"

"Screening sand, sorting ore, feeding batteries, cleaning up amalgam, charging the pans, firing the retorts—oh, everything."

"Is that so? Did they give you a situation?"

"Yes."

"No!"

"Yes."

"What mill?"

"The Morning Star."

"What a lie."

"It isn't. It's true. And I've arranged for you to take my place Monday. Steady situation as long as you like. And you'll get wages, too. I didn't."

The closing remark discloses the magic secret of Clemens's "system," and he has worked the scheme many times since. Compressed into a sentence, the gospel of the system is this: Almost any man will give you a situation if you are willing to work for nothing; the salary will follow presently; you have only to wait a little, and be patient.

This plan floated Clemens into journalism; then into book-making, and other diversions followed. After a while, candidates for places on the daily press and for admission to the magazines began to apply to him for help. This was in 1870. They wanted him to use his "influence." It was a pleasant phrase, "influence"—and debauched his honesty. He could not bring himself to come out and acknowledge that he hadn't any, so he did what all the new hands do: wrote notes of introduction and recommendation to editors, although he knew that the focus of an editor's literary judgment could not be altered by such futilities. His notes accomplished nothing, so he reformed and stopped writing them.

HOW THE "SYSTEM" HAS WORKED.

But the applications did not cease. Then the "system" tested eight years before, in the mines, suggested itself, and he thought he would try it on these people. His first patient was a young stranger out West. He was blazingly anxious to become a journalist, and believed he had the proper stuff in him for the vocation; but he said he had no friends and no influence, and all his efforts to get work on newspapers had failed. He asked only the most moderate wages, yet he was always promptly snubbed, and could get no editor to listen to him. Clemens thought out a sermon for that young fellow, and in substance it was to this effect:—

Your project is unfair. The physician, the clergyman, the lawyer, the teacher, the architect, the sculptor, the painter, the engineer, all spend years and money in fitting themselves for their several professions, and none of them expects to be paid a penny for his services until his long apprenticeship is finished and his competency established. It is the same with the humbler trades. If you should go, equipped with your splendid ignorance, to the carpenter or the tinner or the shoemaker, and ask for a situation and wages, you would frighten those people; they would take you for a lunatic. And you would take me for a lunatic, if I should suggest that you go to them with such a proposition. Then why should you have the effrontery to ask an editor for employment and wages when you have served no apprenticeship to the trade of writing? And yet you are hardly to blame, for you have the rest of the world with you. It is a common superstition that a pen is a thing which——

However, never mind the rest; you get the idea. It was probably a good enough sermon, but Mr. Clemens has the impression that he did not send it. He did send a note, however, and it was to this effect:

"If you will obey my instructions strictly, I will get you a situation on a daily newspaper. You may select the paper yourself; also the city and State."

This note made the receiver glad. It made his heart bound. You could see it in his answer. It was the first time he had run across a Simon-pure benefactor of the old school. He promised, on honor, and gratefully, that whatever the instructions might be, he would not swerve from them a hair's breadth. And he named the journal of his choice. He chose high, too, but that was a good sign. Mr. Clemens framed the instructions and sent them, although he had an idea that they might dis-

appoint the applicant a little, but nothing was said about that.

Formula: (1) By a beneficent law of our human nature, every man is ready and willing to employ any young fellow who is honestly anxious to work—for nothing.

(2) A man once wonted to an employee and satisfied with him, is loath to part with him and give himself the trouble of breaking in a new man.

Let us practice upon these foibles.

Instructions: (1) You are to apply for work at the office of your choice.

(2) You are to go without recommendations. You are not to mention my name, nor any one's but your own.

(3) You are to say that you want no pay. That all you want is *work; any* kind of work—you make no stipulation; you are ready to sweep out, point the pencils, replenish the inkstands, hold copy, tidy up, keep the place in order, run errands—anything and everything; you are not particular. You are so tired of being idle that life is a burden to you; all you want is work and plenty of it. You do not want a pennyworth of remuneration. N. B.—You will get the place, whether the man be a generous one or a selfish one.

(4) You must not sit around and wait for the staff to find work for you to do. You must keep watch and find it for yourself. When you can't find it, invent it. You will be popular there pretty soon, and the boys will do you a good turn whenever they can. When you are on the street and see a thing that is worth reporting, go to the office and tell about it. By and by you will be allowed to put such things on paper yourself. In the morning you will notice that they have been edited, and a good many of your words left out—the very strongest and best ones, too. That will teach you to modify yourself. In due course you will drift by natural and sure degrees into daily and regular reporting, and will find yourself on the city editor's staff, without any one's quite knowing how or when you got there.

(5) By this time you have become necessary; possibly even indispensable. Still you are never to mention wages. That is a matter which will take care of itself; you must wait. By and by there will be a vacancy on a neighboring paper. You will know all the reporters in town by this time, and one or another of them will speak of you and you will be offered the place, at current wages. You will report this good fortune to your city editor, and he will offer you the same wages, and you will stay where you are.

(6) Subsequently, whenever higher pay is offered you on another paper, you are not to take the place if your original employer is willing to keep you at a like price.

These instructions were probably not quite what the young fellow was expecting, but he kept his word, and obeyed them to the letter. He applied for the situation, and got it without trouble. He kept his adviser acquainted with the steps of his progress. He began in the general utility line, and moved along up. Within a month he was on the city editor's staff. Within another month he was offered a place on another paper—with wages. His own employers "called the hand," and he remained where he was. Within the next four years, his salary was twice raised by the same process. Then he was given the berth of chief editor on a great daily down South, and there he still was when Mr. Clemens last heard of him.

His next patient was another stranger who wanted to try journalism and could not get an opening. He was very much gratified when he was told to choose his paper and he would be given a situation on it. He was less gratified when he learned the terms. Still he carried them out, got the place he wanted, and has been a reporter ever since.

The third patient followed the rules, and at the end of a month was made a sort of assistant editor of the paper, and he was also put under wages without his asking it: not high wages, for it was not a rich or prominent paper, but as good as he was worth. Six months later he was offered the chief editorship of a new daily in another town—a paper to be conducted by a chairman and directors—moneyed, arrogant, small-fry politicians. Mr. Clemens told him he was too meek a creature for the place: that he would be bundled out of it without apology in three months, and tried to persuade him to stay where he was and where his employment would be permanent; but the glory of a chief editorship was too dazzling, the salary was extravagant, and he went to his doom. He lasted less than three months, and was then hustled out with contumely. That was twenty years ago. His spirit was wounded to the death probably, for he has never applied for a place since, and has never had one of any kind.

The fourth candidate was a stranger. He obeyed the rules, got the place he named, became a good reporter and very

popular, was presently put under a good salary voluntarily, and remained at his post a year. Then he disappeared, greatly regretted. His creditors will lynch him when they get him. Or maybe they will elect him mayor; there are enough of them to make it unanimous.

The fifth man followed the rules, and went up and up till he became chief editor, then down and down until he became a lawyer.

No. 6 was a fine success. He chose his paper, and followed the rules strictly. In fifteen years he has climbed from a general utility youth to the top, and is now chief leader writer on one of the most widely known and successful daily journals in the world. He has never served any but the one employer. The same man pays his large salary to-day who took him, an unknown youth at nothing-and-find-himself, fifteen years ago.

These are genuine cases, and Mr. Clemens stated them truthfully. There are others, but these are enough to show that the "system" is a practical one and is soundly based.

And not uncomplimentarily based, for I think it is fair to assume that its real strength does not lie so much in man's selfish disposition to get something for nothing, as in his inability to rebuff with an ungenerous "no" a young fellow who is asking a wholly harmless and unexacting favor of him.

Since the system has succeeded so well in finding openings in journalism, it may perhaps be trusted to open a way into nearly any calling in the list of industries. So it is offered with confidence to young men and women who want situations and are without friends and influence.

AN INCIDENT OF '49.

By James H. Holmes.

IN the early spring of 1849 there collected in camps on the Kansas River, near the Missouri line, men from many Western States, intending to take the overland route to California. I joined a small party of these, made up for mutual protection while crossing the Plains. One member of our company was a young man who had left his Illinois home with a new, strong wagon, well loaded with everything deemed necessary to last him a year in the mines, and drawn by a pair of good horses. Of this team one had been a colt born and reared on his father's farm, and all its life the pet of the family.

For many weeks our journey was a delightful pleasure trip. The vast uninhabited country was strange, beautiful, and majestic. The pure air and exercise were exhilarating. Good appetites made our camp fare delicious. In high spirits we made our westward marches day by day. But when we had advanced several hundred miles, the horses of the Illinoisan began to show marks of the journey. In order to relieve them he cast away, from time to time, some of the heavier parts of their load. As we neared the Rocky Mountains, he found the wagon itself grown too heavy for them; he therefore exchanged the staunch vehicle he had brought from home for one lighter and much easier-running that some preceding traveler had left behind, and transferred most of his effects. Two hundred miles further on he exchanged this for a yet smaller conveyance that he found abandoned. But before he reached Great Salt Lake one horse died, and he was compelled to leave the last wagon and all his goods, except what the surviving horse was able to carry on his back. This horse now was lamentably worn, barely a semblance of the colt that with gay antics had amused the owner and his loved ones in the old days at home.

We came to the Great Salt Lake desert. Even men with stout hearts and vigorous bodies had perished from heat, thirst, and weariness, in crossing this withering waste; and terribly fatal had it been to the beasts that they had brought with them. The route was strewn with bleaching bones until they became a guide to the traveler and made it impossible for him to lose his way.

At one point we came upon a pile of iron as high as a house, gathered from the wagons of travelers preceding us whose horses had perished. In this place of torment, from which each passer-by hur-

ried as he valued existence, half in pride of his achievement and half in sadness at his futile battle with dread nature, man after man had tarried long enough to contribute to this strange monument.

Having first taken a long, preparatory rest, we started one mid-afternoon to cross as much of the desert as possible during the night. We could carry but a scant supply of water, and only by covering all the distance possible while the sun was down could we hope to reach the water and grass beyond. After we entered on the last half of the passage, the Illinoisan's second horse failed until he could scarcely walk. The young man took the light pack from the horse's back and carried it himself, and, by frequent rests and calls of encouragement, tried, with infinite patience, to get him safely over. He succeeded in coaxing the poor animal along to within about six miles of the edge of the desert; then the horse stopped, completely exhausted, and no persuasion or force could induce him to take another step. He stood with his head drooped low, feet wide apart, scarcely a spark of life, and none of spirit, left in him.

The owner was overcome with grief at being compelled to leave his favorite thus to die, and we were sad in sympathy with him. Himself almost exhausted, and with heavy heart, he trudged on through the deep sand.

The approach to water after such a journey is a scene not easily described. The realization that relief is near gradually dawns on the mind of man and beast, and they nerve themselves to a last effort. Their spirits revive, the pace increases, and all eyes are strained for a glimpse of the spot where the craved-for water is. We toil on for perhaps another hour. Then, the water coming into view, there begins a mad rush. The horses defy all efforts to guide them, and dash into the stream, threatening their burdens and themselves with destruction. Panting they

"He stood with his head drooped low."

stand there, and they refuse to move until they are satiated.

The morning after the passage found us fully refreshed from water, food, and sleep—all but the Illinoisan; he could only think of his horse. So oppressive did the thought become to him finally, that he determined to go back and, if yet possible, give the creature one last drink. In his condition it appeared most unlikely that he could walk so far over a road where at each step one sank ankle-deep in sand, much less carry a burden of water. We tried earnestly to dissuade him from what we considered a foolhardy act, but nothing we could say changed his purpose. He borrowed a six-quart pail, filled it, and resolutely started. Slowly enough he traveled, and now and then he spilled some of the water; but finally he reached the horse. He found him standing motionless, as he had left him; he had not moved a step through the whole night. The water was now reduced to about two quarts. When the horse felt his nose wet by it, he gave a faint whinny, then opened his eyes and drank. In a short time he revived, started, and followed his master. With our shouts we welcomed them into camp.

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND EVENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

By Charles A. Dana,

Assistant Secretary of War from 1863 to 1865.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT COLLECTION OF CIVIL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS.

III.

LIFE IN THE TRENCHES AT VICKSBURG AND THE MEN IN COMMAND.

THE day after writing Mr. Stanton this letter* on the generals of divisions and of brigades in the army which besieged Vicksburg, I wrote him a letter on the staff officers of the various corps. Like its predecessor, this letter has never before been in print.

Cairo, Illinois, *July* 13, 1863.

Dear Sir:—In my letter of yesterday I accidentally omitted to notice General C. C. Washburn among the generals of division in Grant's army. It is true he has never commanded a division † nor, so far as I am aware, a brigade either, having generally been employed in command of expeditions, detachments, and scattered bodies of cavalry. He is now in command of two of the divisions detached from the Sixteenth Army Corps: namely, that of Kimball and that of W. S. Smith; and, as I happen to know, is anxious to be put in command of an army corps, for which purpose it has been suggested that a new corps might be created out of these two divisions, with the addition of that of Lauman, also detached from the Sixteenth, or Herron. But I understand from General Grant that he is not favorable to any such arrangement. Washburn being one of the very youngest in rank of his major-generals, he intends to put him in command of a single division as soon as possible, in order that he may prove his fitness for higher commands by actual service and give no occasion for older soldiers to complain that he is promoted without regard to his merits.

I know Washburn very well, both as a politician and a military man, and I say frankly that he has better qualities for the latter than for the former function. He is brave, steady, respectable; receives suggestions, and weighs them carefully; is not above being advised, but acts with independence nevertheless. His judgment is good, and his vigilance sufficient. I have not seen him in battle, however, and cannot say how far he holds his mind there. I don't find in him, I am sorry to say, that effort to learn the military art which every commander ought to exhibit, no matter whether he has received a military

* The letter to which Mr. Dana here refers closed the installment of the reminiscences which appeared in the December number of this magazine.—Editor.

† Mr. Dana is in error here. For several months prior to the siege of Vicksburg Washburn had been in command of the cavalry division of the military district of Eastern Arkansas, some 3,300 effectives. He was a brother of Hon. Elihu B. Washburne, General Grant's great friend, and his promotion to a corps was likely, for that reason, to cause criticism. That is why Grant insisted that Washburn should earn his spurs. One of the brothers dropped the final "e" to the name, while the other retained it.—Leslie J. Perry.

education or not. Washburn's whole soul is not put into the business of arms, and for me that is an unpardonable defect. But he is a good man, and above the average of our generals ; at least of those in Grant's command.

I now come to the staff organization and staff officers of this army, beginning, of course, with those connected with the head of the department. Grant's staff is a curious mixture of good, bad, and indifferent. As he is neither an organizer nor a disciplinarian himself, his staff is naturally a mosaic of accidental elements and family friends. It contains four working men, two who are able to accomplish their duties without much work, and several who either don't think of work, or who accomplish nothing, no matter what they undertake.

Lieutenant-Colonel Rawlins, Grant's assistant adjutant general, is a very industrious, conscientious man, who never loses a moment and never gives himself any indulgence except swearing and scolding. He is a lawyer by profession, a townsman of Grant's, and has a great influence over him, especially because he watches him day and night, and whenever he commits the folly of tasting liquor, hastens to remind him that at the beginning of the war he gave him (Rawlins) his word of honor not to touch a drop as long as it lasted. Grant thinks Rawlins a first-rate adjutant, but I think this is a mistake. He is too slow, and can't write the English language correctly without a great deal of careful consideration. Indeed, illiterateness is a general characteristic of Grant's staff, and, in fact, of Grant's generals and regimental officers of all ranks.

Major Bowers, judge-advocate of Grant's staff, is an excellent man, and always finds work to do. Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson, inspector-general, is a person of similar disposition. He is a captain of engineers in the regular army, and has rendered valuable services in that capacity. The fortifications of Haynes's Bluff were designed by him, and executed under his direction. His leading idea is the idea of duty, and he applies it vigorously, and often impatiently, to others. In consequence he is unpopular among all who like to live with little work. But he has remarkable talents and uncommon executive power, and will be heard from hereafter.

The quartermaster's department is under charge of Lieutenant-Colonel Bingham, who is one of those I spoke of as accomplishing much with little work. He is an invalid almost, and I have never seen him when he appeared to be perfectly well ; but he is a man of first-rate abilities and solid character, and, barring physical weakness, up to even greater responsibilities than those he now bears.

The chief commissary, Lieutenant-Colonel Macfeely, is a jolly, agreeable fellow, who never seems to be at work ; but I have heard no complaint of deficiencies in his department. On the contrary, it seems to be one of the most efficacious parts of this great machine.

Lieutenant-Colonel Kent, provost-marshal general, is a very industrious and sensible man, a great improvement on his predecessor, Colonel Hillyer, who was a family and personal friend of Grant's.

There are two aides-de-camp with the rank of colonel ; namely, Colonel ——— and Colonel ———, both personal friends of Grant's. ——— is a worthless, whisky-drinking, useless fellow. ——— is decent and gentlemanly, but neither of them is worth his salt, so far as service to the government goes. Indeed, in all my observation, I have never discovered the use of Grant's aides-de-camp at all. On the battlefield he sometimes sends orders by them, but everywhere else they are idle loafers. I suppose the army would be better off if they were all suppressed, especially the colonels.

Grant has three aides with the rank of captain. Captain Ross is a relative of Mrs. Grant.* He has been a stage driver, and violates English grammar at every phrase. He is of some use, for he attends to the mails. Captain Audenried is an elegant young officer of the regular cavalry. He rides after the general when he rides out. The rest of the time he does nothing at all. Captain Badeau, wounded at Port Hudson since he was attached to Grant's staff, has not yet reported. I must not omit the general medical staff of this army. It is in bad order. Its head, Dr. Mills, is impracticable, earnest, quarrelsome. He was relieved several weeks since, but Grant likes him, and kept him on till the fall of Vicksburg. In this he was right, no doubt, for a change during the siege would have been troublesome. The change, I presume, will now be made. It must be for the better.

The office of chief of artillery on the general staff I had forgotten, as well as that of chief engineer. The former is occupied by Lieutenant-Colonel Duff of the Second Illinois Artillery. He is unequal to the position, not only because he is disqualified by sickness, but because he does not sufficiently understand the management of artillery. The siege suffered greatly from his incompetence. General Grant knows, of course, that he is not the right person ; but it is one of his weaknesses that he is unwilling to hurt the feelings of a friend, and so he keeps him on.

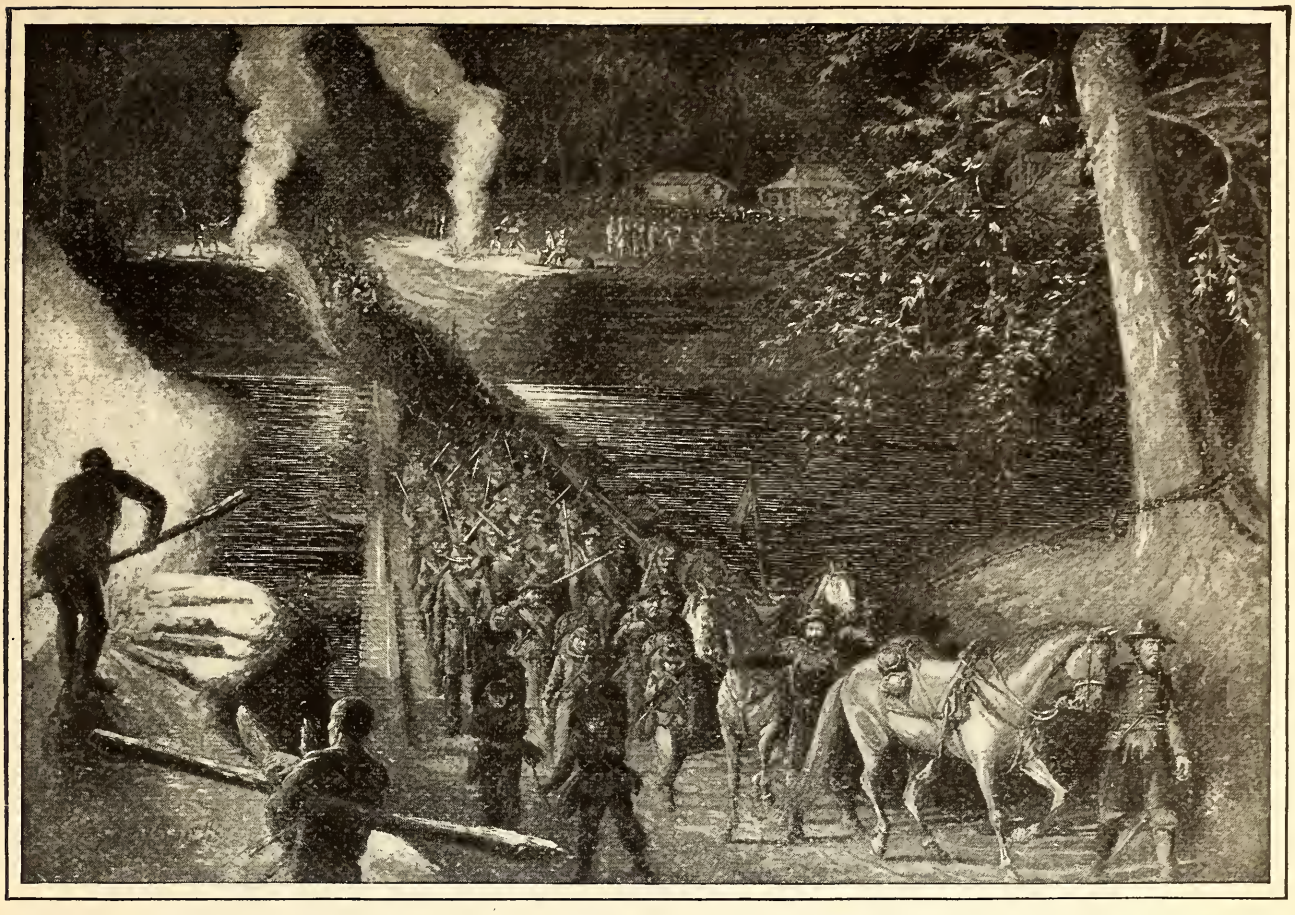
The chief engineer, Captain Comstock, is an officer of great merit. He has, too, what his predecessor, Captain Prime, lacked, a talent for organization. His accession to the army will be the source of much improvement.

If General Grant had about him a staff of thoroughly competent men, disciplinarians and workers, the efficacy and fighting quality of his army would soon be much increased. As it is, things go too much by hazard and by spasms ; or, when the pinch comes, Grant forces through, by his own energy and main strength, what proper organization and proper staff officers would have done already.

The staff of the Thirteenth Corps was formed by General McClernand. The acting adjutant-general, Lieutenant-Colonel Scates, is a man about fifty-five or sixty years old ; he was a judge in Illinois, and left an honored and influential social position to serve in the army. General Ord speaks in high terms of him as an officer. The chief of artillery, Colonel ———, is an ass. The chief quartermaster, Lieutenant-Colonel Dunlap, General McClernand's father-in-law, lately resigned his commission. He was incompetent, and is said to have been dishonest. Our commission here at Cairo last summer reported facts that proved him to have been the former ; of the charges of stealing I know nothing. His successor has not yet been appointed. The chief commissary, Lieutenant-Colonel Taggart, is a fussy fellow, who, with much show, accomplishes but little. General McClernand's aides went away with him or are absent on leave. Not a man of them is worth having. The engineer on his staff, Lieutenant Hains, is an industrious and useful officer. The medical director, Dr. Hammond, had just been appointed.

In the Fifteenth Corps staff all have to be working men, for Sherman tolerates no idlers and finds something for everybody to do. If an officer proves unfit for his position, he shifts him to some other place. Thus his adjutant, Lieutenant-Colonel Hammond, a restless Kentuckian, kept everything in a row as

* Mr. Dana was mistaken here: Captain Ross was a relative of General Grant.—EDITOR.



GENERAL SHERMAN'S CORPS CROSSING THE BIG BLACK RIVER ON THE NIGHT OF MAY 17–18, 1863.

From a drawing made by James E. Taylor at the order and under the supervision of General Sherman. (The painting now hangs in the anteroom of the headquarters of the army in the War Department.) In the rapid advance in pursuit of Pemberton part of Sherman's corps marched from Jackson to Bridgeport, on Big Black River, thirty-five miles by road, in a little over twenty-four hours. During the afternoon of May 17th the enemy was shelled out of his field-works on the opposite bank, a pontoon bridge thrown across, and by daybreak of the 18th of May the two divisions were over and pushing out towards Vicksburg.

long as he remained in that office. Sherman has accordingly made him inspector-general, and during the last two months has kept him constantly employed on scouting parties. In his place as adjutant is Captain Sawyer, a quiet, industrious, efficient person. The chief of artillery, Major Taylor, directed by Sherman's omnipresent eye and quick judgment, is an officer of great value, though under another general he might not be worth so much. The chief engineer, Captain Pitzman, wounded about July 15th, is a man of merit, and his departure was a great loss to the regular ranks. General Sherman has three aides-de-camp, Captain McCoy, Captain Dayton, and Lieutenant Hill; and, as I have said, neither of them holds a sinecure office. His medical director, Dr. McMillan, is a good physician, I believe; he has been in a constant contention with Dr. Mills. The quartermaster, Lieutenant Colonel J. C. Smith, is a most efficient officer; he has been doing duty as commissary also.

On the whole, General Sherman has a very small and very efficient staff; but the efficiency comes mainly from him. What a splendid soldier he is!

The staff of the Seventeenth Army Corps is the most complete, the most numerous, and in some respects the most serviceable in this army.

The adjutant-general, Lieutenant-Colonel Clark, is a person of uncommon quickness, is always at work, and keeps everything in his department in first-rate order. The inspector-general, Lieutenant-Colonel Strong, does his duties with promptness and thoroughness; his reports are models. The chief of artillery, Lieutenant-Colonel Powell, thoroughly understands his business, and attends to it diligently. The provost-marshal general, Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson, is a judicious and industrious man. Both the quartermaster and commissary are new men, captains, and I do not know them; but McPherson speaks highly of them. The medical director, Dr. Boucher, has the reputation of keeping his hospitals in better order and making his reports more promptly and satisfactorily than any other medical officer in this army. General McPherson has four aides-de-camp: Captain Steele, Captain Gile, Lieutenant Knox, and Lieutenant Vernay. The last of these is the best, and Captain Steele is next to him. The engineer officer, Captain Hickenlooper, is a laborious man, quick, watchful, but not of great capacity. The picket officer, Major Willard, whom I accidentally name last, is a person of unusual merit.

In the staffs of the division and brigadier-generals I do not now recall any officer of extraordinary capacity. There may be such, but I have not made their acquaintance. On the other hand, I have made the acquaintance of some who seemed quite unfit for their places. I must not omit, however, to speak here of Captain Tresilian, engineer on the staff of Major-General Logan. His general services during the siege were not conspicuous, but he deserves great credit for constructing the wooden mortars which General McPherson used near its close with most remarkable effect. Both the idea and the work were Tresilian's.

Very possibly you may not wish to go through this mass of details respecting so many officers of in-

ferior grades, upon whose claims you may never be called to pass judgment. But if you care to read them here they are.

I remain, dear sir,
Yours, very faithfully,
C. A. DANA.

MR. STANTON.

LIFE BEHIND VICKSBURG.

We had not been many days in the rear of Vicksburg before we settled into regular habits. The men were detailed in reliefs for work in the trenches, and being relieved at fixed hours, everybody seemed to lead a systematic life.

My chief duty throughout the siege was a daily round through the trenches, generally with the corps commander or some one of his staff. As the lines of investment were six or seven miles long, it occupied the greater part of my day: sometimes I made a portion of my tour of inspection in the night. One night in riding through the trenches I must have passed 20,000 men asleep on their arms. I still can see the grotesque positions into which they had curled themselves. The trenches were so protected that there was no danger in riding through them. It was not so safe to venture on the hills overlooking Vicksburg. I went on foot and alone one day to the top of a hill, and was looking at the town, when I suddenly heard something go whizz, whizz, by my ear. "What in the world is that?" I asked myself. The place was so desolate that it was an instant before I could believe that these were bullets intended for me. When I came to understand it I immediately started to lie down. Then came the question, Which is the best way to lie down? If I lay at right angles to the enemy's line the bullets from the right and left might strike me; if I lay parallel to it, then those directly from the front might hit me. So I concluded it made no difference which way I lay. After I had remained quiet for a time the bullets ceased, and I left the hill-top. I was more cautious in the future in venturing beyond cover.

Through the entire siege I lived in General Grant's headquarters, which were on a high bluff point northeast of Sherman's extreme left. I had a tent to myself, and on the whole was very comfortable. We never lacked an abundance of provisions. There was good water, enough even for the bath, and we suffered very little from excessive heat. The only serious annoyance was the cannonade from our whole line, which from the first of June went on steadily by night as well as by day. The following bit from a letter I wrote on June 2d to my little daughter tells something of my situation:

> It is real summer weather here, and after coming in at noon to-day from my usual ride through the trenches, I was very glad to get a cold bath in my tent before dinner. I like living in tents very well, especially if you ride on horseback all day. Every night I sleep with one side of the tent wide open and the walls put up all around to get plenty of air. Sometimes I wake up in the night and think it is raining, the wind roars so in the tops of the great oak forest on the hillside where we are encamped; and I think it is thundering till I look out and see the golden moonlight in all its glory, and listen again and know that it is only the thunder of General Sherman's great guns, that neither rest nor let others rest by night or by day.

Living at headquarters as I did, I soon became intimate with Grant, not only knowing every one of his operations while it was still but an idea, but studying its execution on the spot. Grant was an uncommon fellow —the most modest, the most disinterested, and the most honest man I ever knew, with a temper that nothing could disturb and a judgment that was judicial in its comprehensiveness and wisdom. Not a great man, except morally; not an original or brilliant man, but sincere, thoughtful, deep, and gifted with courage that never faltered; when the time came to risk all, he went in like a simple-hearted, unaffected, unpretending hero, whom no ill omens could deject and no triumph unduly exalt. A social, friendly man, too, fond of a pleasant joke and also ready with one; but, above all, fond of a long chat of an evening and ready to sit up with you all night talking in the cool breeze in front of his tent. Not a man of sentimentality, not demonstrative in friendship, but always holding to his friends, and just even to the enemies he hated.

After Grant, I spent more time at Vicksburg with his assistant adjutant-general, Lieutenant-Colonel Rawlins, and with Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson, than with anybody else. Rawlins was one of the most valuable men in the army, in my judgment. He had but a limited education, which he had picked up at the neighborhood school and in Galena, Illinois, near which place he was born and where he had worked himself into the law; but he had a very able mind, clear, strong, and not subject to hysterics. He bossed everything at Grant's headquarters. Rawlins possessed very little respect for persons, and his style of conversation was rough; I have heard him curse at Grant when, according to his judgment, the general was doing some-

ADMIRAL DAVID DIXON PORTER. BORN IN 1813; DIED IN 1891.

Chester, Pennsylvania, is the birthplace of Admiral Porter. He entered the United States Navy as midshipman in 1829, serving in the Mediterranean and Brazilian waters and throughout the Mexican War. In the Civil War he was commander of a fleet first in the Western waters and afterwards in the North Atlantic. His great exploits were aiding Farragut to capture New Orleans, running the batteries at Vicksburg, and the capture of Fort Fisher in January, 1865. He received four votes of thanks from Congress during the War. In 1866 he was appointed vice-admiral, and in 1870 Admiral of the Navy. He wrote several volumes.

thing that he thought he had better not do. But he was entirely devoted to his duty, with the clearest judgment, and perfectly fearless. Without him Grant would not have been the same man. Rawlins was essentially a good man, though he was one of the most profane men I ever knew; there was no guile in him—he was as upright and as genuine a character as I ever came across.

Wilson I had first met at Milliken's Bend, where he was serving as chief topographical engineer and assistant inspector-general of the Army of the Tennessee. He was a brilliant man intellectually, highly educated, and thoroughly companionable. We became warm friends at once, and were together a great deal throughout the war. Rarely did Wilson go out on a specially interesting tour

of inspection that he did not invite me to accompany him, and I never failed, if I were at liberty, to accept his invitations. Much of the exact information about the condition of the works which I was able to send to Mr. Stanton, Wilson put in my way.

GRANT'S EFFORT TO SECURE REENFORCEMENTS.

We were no sooner in position behind Vicksburg than Grant saw that he must have reënforcements. Joe Johnston was hovering near, working with energy to collect forces sufficient to warrant an attempt to relieve Vicksburg. He eventually gathered an army behind Grant of about 25,000 men. This made it necessary to keep more troops in our rear, facing the other way, than could well be spared from siege operations, and therefore Grant ordered down from Tennessee, and elsewhere in his own department, all available forces. He also sent a personal request to General Banks, then before Port Hudson, for reënforcements. Banks was Grant's senior, and commanded an independent department; of him Grant could only make a request.

As no reply came from Banks, I started myself on the 30th for Port Hudson, at Grant's desire, to urge that the reënforcements be furnished.

The route used for getting out from the rear of Vicksburg at that time was through the Chickasaw Bayou into the Yazoo and thence into the Mississippi. From the mouth of the Yazoo I crossed the Mississippi to Young's Point, and from there went overland across the peninsula to get a gunboat at a point south of Vicksburg. As we were going down the river we met a steamer just above Grand Gulf bearing one of the previous messengers whom Grant had sent to Banks. He was bringing word that Banks could send no forces; on the other hand, he asked reënforcements from Grant to aid in his siege of Port Hudson, which he had closely invested. This news, of course, made my trip unnecessary, and I returned at once to headquarters, having been gone not over twenty-four hours.

As soon as this news came from Banks I sent an urgent appeal to Mr. Stanton to hurry forward reënforcements sufficient to make success beyond all peradventure. The government was not slow to appreciate Grant's needs. Early in June I received the following despatch from Mr. Stanton:

WAR DEPARTMENT, *June* 5, 1863.

C. A. DANA, ESQ., Grant's Headquarters, near Vicksburg:

Your telegrams up to the 30th have been received. Everything in the power of this government will be put forth to aid General Grant. The emergency is not underrated here. Your telegrams are a great obligation, and are looked for with deep interest. I cannot thank you as much as I feel for the service you are now rendering. You have been appointed an assistant adjutant-general, with rank of major, with liberty to report to General Grant if he needs you. The appointment may be a protection to you. I shall expect daily reports if possible.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

My appointment as assistant adjutant-general was Stanton's own idea. He was by nature a very anxious man. When he realized from my telegrams that I was going every day on expeditions into dangerous territory he was at once alarmed lest I be caught by the Confederates; for as I was a private citizen, it would have been difficult to exchange me. If I were in the regular volunteer service as an assistant adjutant-general, however, there would be no trouble about an exchange; hence my appointment.

DIVERSIONS OF LIFE BEHIND VICKSBURG.

These trips which caused Mr. Stanton so much anxiety were the chief variations from my business of watching the siege. Among the most interesting I made were those to inspect the operations against the enemy who was trying to shut us in from the rear beyond the Big Black. His heaviest force was to the northeast. On June 6th the reports from Satartia, our advance up the Yazoo, were so unsatisfactory that Grant decided to examine the situation there himself. That morning he said to me at breakfast:

"Mr. Dana, I am going to Satartia today; would you like to go along?"

I said I would, and we were soon on horseback, riding with a cavalry guard to Haynes's Bluff, where we took a small steamer reserved for Grant's use and carrying his flag. Grant was ill, and went to bed soon after he started. We had gone up the river to within two miles of Satartia, when we met two gunboats coming down. Seeing the General's flag, the officers in charge of the gunboats came aboard our steamer and asked where the General was going. I told them to Satartia.

"Why," said they, "it will not be safe. Kimball [our advance was under the charge of Brigadier-General Nathan Kim-

ball, Third Division, Sixteenth Army Corps] has retreated from there, and is sending all his supplies to Haynes's Bluff. The enemy is probably in the town now."

I told them Grant was sick and asleep and that I did not want to waken him. They insisted that it was unsafe to go on and that I would better call the General, and finally I did so, but he was too sick to decide.

"I will leave it with you, Mr. Dana," he said. I immediately said we would go back to Haynes's Bluff, which we did.

The next morning Grant came out to breakfast fresh as a rose, clean shirt and all, quite himself. "Well, Mr. Dana," he said, "I suppose we are at Satartia now."

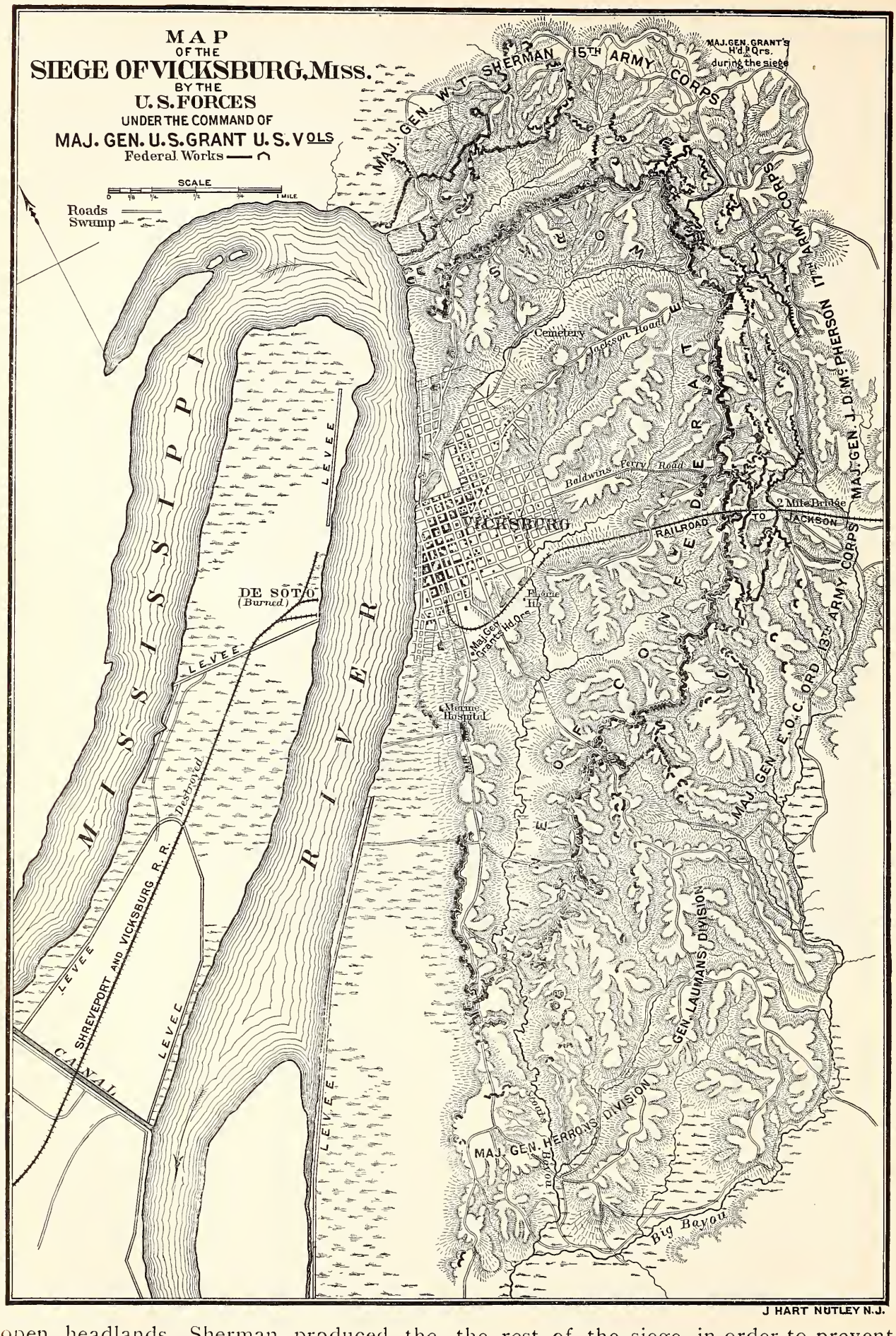
"No, General," I said, "we are at Haynes's Bluff." And I told him what had happened.

GENERAL PETER J. OSTERHAUS. BORN IN 1820.

A German by birth, Osterhaus was educated for the Prussian army, in which he became an officer. He emigrated to the United States, and when the war broke out entered the service as major of Missouri volunteers, serving with Frémont; under Grant in the Vicksburg siege and the operations at Chattanooga; and under Sherman in the Atlanta campaign, the march through Georgia, and the campaign in the Carolinas. Before the war was over he had been promoted to the rank of major-general. On being mustered out of the service in 1866 he was made United States consul at Lyons, France.

He did not complain, but as he was short of officers at that point, he asked me to go with a party of cavalry towards Mechanicsburg to find if it was true, as reported, that Joe Johnston was advancing from Canton to the Big Black. We had a long hard ride, not getting back to Vicksburg until the morning of the 8th. The country was like all the rest around Vicksburg—broken, wooded, unpopulous, with bad roads and few streams. It still had many cattle, but the corn was pretty thoroughly cleared out. We found that Johnston had not moved his main force as rumored, and that he could not move it without bringing all his supplies with him.

Soon after this Sherman was ordered to the northeast to watch Johnston. He went into camp on Bear Creek, about fifteen miles from Vicksburg. I went up there several times to visit him, and always came away enthusiastic over his qualities as a soldier. His amazing activity and vigilance pervaded his entire force. The country where he had encamped was exceedingly favorable for defense; and he had occupied the commanding points, opened rifle-pits wherever they would add to his advantage, obstructed the cross roads and most of the direct roads also, and ascertained every point where the Big Black could be forded between the line of Benton on the north and the line of railroads on the south. By his rapid movements, also, and by thus widely deploying on all the ridges and



open headlands, Sherman produced the impression that his forces were ten times as numerous as they really were. He remained in his camp on Bear Creek through the rest of the siege, in order to prevent any possible attack by Joe Johnston, the reports about whose movements continued to be contradictory and uncertain.

THE FLEET ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

Another variation in my Vicksburg life was visiting Admiral Porter, who commanded the fleet which hemmed in the city on the river side. Porter was a very active, courageous, fresh-minded man and an experienced naval officer, and I enjoyed the visits I made to his fleet. His boats were pretty well scattered, for the Confederates west of the Mississippi were pressing in and unless watched might manage to cross somewhere.

The most serious attack from the west during the siege was that on June 7th, when a force of some two thousand Confederates engaged about one thousand negro troops defending Milliken's Bend. This engagement became famous from the conduct of the negro troops. General E. S. Dennis, who saw the battle, told me that it was the hardest fought engagement he had ever seen. It was fought mainly hand to hand. After it was over many men were found dead with bayonet stabs, and others with their skulls broken open by butts of muskets. "It is impossible," said General Dennis, "for men to show greater gallantry than the negro troops in that fight."

The bravery of the blacks in the battle at Milliken's Bend completely revolutionized the sentiment of the army with regard to the employment of negro troops. I heard prominent officers who formerly in private had sneered at the idea of the negroes fighting express themselves after that as heartily in favor of it. Among the Confederates, however, the feeling was very different. All the reports which came to us showed that both citizens and soldiers on the Confederate side manifested great dismay at the idea of our arming negroes. They said that such a policy was certain to be followed by insurrection with all its horrors.

PROGRESS OF THE SIEGE.

Although Joe Johnston on the east and the rumors of invasion by Kirby Smith on the west compelled constant attention, the real work behind Vicksburg was always that of the siege. No amount of outside alarm loosened Grant's hold on the rebel stronghold. It went on steadily and effectively. By June 10th the expected reenforcements began to report. Grant soon had 80,000 men around Vicksburg. The effect was marked; we even began to receive encouraging reports from within Vicksburg. Deserters said that the garrison was worn out and hungry; besides, the defense had for some time been conducted with extraordinary feebleness, which Grant thought was due either to the deficiency of ammunition, or exhaustion and depression in the garrison, or to their retirement to an inner line of defense.

These reports from within the town, as well as the progress of the siege and the arrival of reënforcements, pointed so strongly to the speedy surrender of the place that I asked Mr. Stanton in my despatch of June 14th to please inform me by telegram whether he wished me to go to General Rosecrans after the fall of Vicksburg or whether he had other orders for me.

VICKSBURG WAKES UP.

The next day after this letter, however, the enemy laid aside his long-standing inactivity and opened violently with both artillery and musketry. Two mortars which the Confederates got into operation that day particularly interested our generals. I remember going with a party of some twenty officers, including Sherman, McPherson, and Wilson, to the brow of a hill on McPherson's front to watch this battery with our field glasses. From where we were we could study the whole operation. We saw the shell start from the mortar, sail slowly through the air towards us, fall to the ground and explode, digging out a hole which looked like a crater. I remember one of these craters which must have been nine feet in diameter. As you watched a shell coming you could not tell whether it would fall a thousand feet away or by your side. Yet nobody budged. The men sat there on their horses, their reins loose, studying and discussing the work of the batteries, apparently indifferent to the danger. It was very interesting as a study of human steadiness.

THE ARTILLERY ASSAULT OF JUNE 30TH.

By the middle of June our lines were so near the enemy's on Sherman's and McPherson's front that General Grant began to consider another general assault. The chief difficulty in the way was that McClernand's lines were too backward. This obstacle was soon removed, for on the 18th of June McClernand was relieved and General Ord put into his place. The

immediate cause of McClernand's removal was a congratulatory address to the Thirteenth Army Corps which he had fulminated in May, and which first reached the besieging army in a copy of the Missouri "Democrat." In this address McClernand claimed for himself most of the glory of the campaign, reaffirmed that on May 22d he had held two rebel forts for several hours, and imputed to other officers and troops failure to support him in their possession, which must have resulted in the capture of the town, etc. Though this congratulatory address was the occasion of McClernand's removal, it was not the cause of it. That dated further back. The cause, as I understood it at the time, was his repeated disobedience of important orders, his general unfortunate mental disposition, and his palpable incompetence for the duties of his position. I learned in private conversation that in General Grant's judgment it was necessary that McClernand should be removed for the reason, above all, that his bad relations with other corps commanders, especially Sherman and McPherson, rendered it impossible that the chief command of the army should devolve upon him as the senior major-general, as it would have done were General Grant disabled, without some pernicious consequence to the cause.

Two days after McClernand's removal Grant began, at four o'clock in the morning, an artillery attack in which about 200 cannon were engaged. The assault lasted about six hours, but accomplished almost nothing. During the firing no Confederates were visible, nor was any reply made to our artillery. Their musketry fire also amounted to nothing. Of course, some damage was done to the buildings of the town by our concentrated cannonade, but we could not tell whether their mills, foundry, or storehouses were destroyed. Their rifle-pits and earthworks were, of course, little injured.

GENERAL JOHN A. RAWLINS. BORN IN 1831; DIED IN 1869.

Grant first knew Rawlins at Galena, Illinois, near which place the latter was born and where he had raised himself, in spite of poverty, to the rank of a respectable lawyer. He was a Douglas Democrat and a strong Union man. When Grant was promoted to brigadier-general he asked Rawlins to become a member of his staff, with the rank of captain. Rawlins joined Grant in September, 1861, at Cairo, became his assistant adjutant-general, and finally his chief of staff, remaining with him to the end. He was promoted to brigadier-general August 11, 1863, and brigadier-general and chief of staff of the United States Army March 5, 1865. Grant, as President, made him Secretary of War March 11, 1869. He died September 6, 1869.

McPHERSON SPRINGS A MINE.

After the artillery attack on the 20th, the next exciting incident of the siege was the springing of a mine by McPherson. Directly in front of his position the enemy had a great fort which was regarded as the key of their line. As soon as McPherson had gotten into position behind Vicksburg, he had begun to run trenches towards this fort, under which he subsequently tunneled, hoping that by an explosion he would open it to our occupation. After a month's labor he had his mine ready and charged with 1,200 pounds of gunpowder. About four o'clock of

the afternoon of June 25th the mine was sprung. The explosion was terrific, forming a crater fully thirty-five feet in diameter; but it did not open the fort. There still remained between the new ground which we had won by the explosion and the fort an ascent so steep that an assault was practically impossible. From this point a desperate attempt was made, however, to gain ground which would be of practical value. The fight was kept up with fury for several days, but we were never able either to plant a battery or open a rifle-pit there.

Eventually McPherson completed a new mine, which he exploded on the first day of July. Many Confederates were killed, and six were thrown over into our lines by the explosion. They were all dead but one, a negro, who got well and joined our army. McPherson did not, however, get possession of the place through this mine, as he had hoped.

GENERAL JAMES HARRISON WILSON. BORN IN 1837.

General Wilson was born in Shawneetown, Illinois. He graduated from West Point in 1860, and was assigned to the topographical engineers. He served from the beginning to the end of the Civil War, taking part in the Port Royal expedition, the bombardment of Fort Pulaski, the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, the siege of Vicksburg, the operations at Chattanooga, the calvary raids in Virginia in 1864, the Shenandoah campaign in the fall of 1864, and Sherman's march north from Atlanta. In the spring of 1865 he conducted a cavalry expedition through Alabama and Georgia, capturing five fortified cities and nearly 7,000 prisoners, among whom was Jefferson Davis. For his services he was commissioned lieutenant-colonel and brevetted major-general in the regular army. In 1870 he was honorably discharged from the army at his own request. He is the author of several books, among them a "Life of General U. S. Grant," written in conjunction with Charles A. Dana.

APATHY AMONG THE BESIEGERS.

Little advancement was made in the siege after McPherson sprang his first mine on the 25th of June, except in time, and to hold the lines of investment. Several things conspired to produce inactivity and a sort of listlessness among the various commands—the heat of the weather; the unexpected length of the siege; the endurance of the defense; the absence of any thorough organization of the engineer department; and, above all, the well-grounded general belief of our officers and men that the town must presently fall through starvation, without any special effort or sacrifice. This belief was founded on the reports from within Vicksburg. Every new party of deserters which reached us agreed that the provisions of the place were near the point of total exhaustion, that rations had been reduced lower than ever, that extreme dissatisfaction existed among the garrison; and it was generally expected—indeed, there was a sort of conviction—on all hands that the city would be surrendered on Saturday, July 4th, if, in fact, it could hold out as long as that.

The general indisposition of our troops to prosecute the siege zealously, and the evident determination on the part of the enemy to hold out until the last, caused General Grant to hold a council of war on the morning of June 30th, to take judgment on the question of trying another general assault, or leaving the result to the exhaustion of the garrison. The conclusion of the council was in favor of the latter policy; but two days later, July 2d, Grant told me that if the enemy did not give up Vicksburg by the 6th, he should storm it.

PEMBERTON ASKS FOR AN INTERVIEW.

Happily, there was no need to wait until the 6th. The general expectation that something would happen by July 4th was about to be confirmed. On the morning of Friday, July 3d, a man appeared on the Confederate line, in McPherson's front, bearing a flag of truce. General A. J. Smith was sent to meet the man, who proved to be an officer, General J. S. Bowen. He bore a letter from Pemberton addressed to Grant. The letter was taken to headquarters, where it was read by the general, and its contents made known to the staff. It was a request

for an armistice to arrange terms for the capitulation of Vicksburg. To this end Pemberton asked that three commissioners be appointed to meet a like number to be named by himself. Grant immediately wrote a reply:

"The useless effusion of blood you propose stopping by this course can be ended at any time you may choose by an unconditional surrender of the city and garrison. Men who have shown so much endurance and courage as those now in Vicksburg will always challenge the respect of an adversary, and I can assure you will be treated with all the respect due to prisoners of war.

"I do not favor the proposition of appointing commissioners to arrange terms of capitulation, because I have no terms other than those indicated above."

Bowen, the bearer of Pemberton's letter, who had been received by A. J. Smith, expressed a strong desire to converse with General Grant. While declining this, Grant requested Smith to say to Bowen that if General Pemberton desired to see him an interview would be granted between the lines, in McPherson's front, at any hour in the afternoon which Pemberton might appoint. After Bowen's departure a message was soon sent back to Smith accepting the proposal for an interview and appointing three o'clock as the hour. Grant was there with his staff and with Generals Ord, McPherson, Logan, and A. J. Smith. Sherman was not present, being with his command, watching Joe Johnston, and ready to spring upon the latter as soon as Pemberton was captured. Pemberton came late, attended by General Bowen and Colonel (L. M.) Montgomery.

It must have been a bitter moment for the Confederate chieftain. Pemberton was a Northern man, a Pennsylvanian by birth, from which State he was appointed to West Point, graduating in 1837. In the old army he fell under the spell of Jefferson Davis's influence, whose close friend he was. Davis appears to have thought Pemberton was a military genius, for he was jumped almost at a stroke, without much previous service, to be a lieutenant-general, and the defense of the Mississippi River given over to his charge. His dispositions throughout the entire campaign, after Grant crossed at Bruinsburg, were weak, and he was easily overcome, although his troops fought well. As Joe Johnston truthfully remarks in his "Narrative," Pemberton did not understand Grant's warfare at all. Penned up, and finally compelled to surrender a vital post and a great army to his conqueror, an almost irremediable disaster to his cause, Pemberton not only suffered the usual pangs of defeat, but he was doubly humiliated with the knowledge that he would be suspected and accused of treachery by his adopted brethren, and that the result would be used by the enemies of Davis, whose favorite he was, to undermine the Confederate administration. As it transpired, it was indeed a great blow to Davis's hold upon the people of the South. These things must have passed through Pemberton's mind as he faced Grant for this final settlement of the fate of Vicksburg.

The conversation was held apart between Pemberton and his two officers and Grant, McPherson, and A. J. Smith, the rest of us being seated on the ground near by.

We could, however, see that Pemberton was much excited and was impatient in his answers to Grant. He insisted that his army be paroled and allowed to march beyond our lines, officers and all, with eight days' rations drawn from their own stores, officers to retain their private property and body servants. Grant heard what he had to say, and left him at the end of an hour and a half, saying that he would send in his ultimatum in writing before evening; to which Pemberton promised to reply before night, hostilities to cease in the meantime. Grant then conferred at his headquarters with his corps and division commanders, all of whom except Steele, who advised unconditional surrender, favored a plan proposed by McPherson, to release on parole the entire garrison, which Grant finally adopted. The argument against the plan was one of feeling only. In its favor was urged that it would at once not only tend to the demoralization of the enemy, but release Grant's whole army for offensive operations against Joe Johnston and Port Hudson; while to guard and transport so many prisoners would require a great portion of its strength. Keeping them would also absorb all our steamboat transportation, while paroling them would leave it free to move our troops. Paroling would otherwise save us an enormous expenditure.

After long consideration, General Grant reluctantly gave way to these reasons, and at six P.M. sent a letter by the hands of General Logan and Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson, in which he stated as terms that, as soon as rolls could be made out and paroles signed by officers and men, Pemberton would be allowed to march out of our

lines, the officers taking with them their side-arms and clothing, and the field, staff, and cavalry officers one horse each. The rank and file were to be allowed all their clothing, but no other property. If these conditions were accepted, any amount of rations deemed necessary was to be taken from the stores they had, and also the necessary cooking utensils for preparing them. Thirty wagons also, counting two two-horse or mule teams as one, were to be allowed to transport such articles as could not be carried along. The same conditions were allowed to all sick and wounded officers and soldiers as fast as they became able to travel.

The officer who received this letter said that it would be impossible to answer it by night, and it was not till a little before peep of day that the proposed reply was furnished. In the main the terms were accepted, but Pemberton proposed as amendments:

"At ten A.M. to-morrow I propose to evacuate the works in and around Vicksburg, and to surrender the city and garrison under my command, by marching out with my colors and arms, stacking them in front of my present lines, after which you will take possession; officers to retain their side-arms and personal property, and the rights and property of citizens to be respected."

General Grant in his reply said:

"I can make no stipulations with regard to the treatment of citizens and their private property. . . . The property which officers will be allowed to take with them will be as stated in my proposition of last evening. . . . If you mean by your proposition for each brigade to march to the front of the line now occupied by it, and stack arms at ten A.M., and then return to the inside and there remain as prisoners until properly paroled, I will make no objection to it.

"Should no notification be received of your acceptance of my terms by nine A.M., I shall regard them as having been rejected, and shall act accordingly."

The answer came back promptly: "The terms proposed by you are accepted."

4TH OF JULY, 1863, AT VICKSBURG.

We had a glorious celebration that day. Pemberton's note had been received just after daylight, and at the appointed hour of ten o'clock the surrender was consummated. I rode into Vicksburg at the side of the conqueror, and afterward perambulated among the conquered. The rebel soldiers were generally more contented even than we. Now they were going home, they said. They had had enough of the war. The cause of the Confederacy was lost. They wanted to take the oath of allegiance, many of them. I was not surprised to learn a month later that of the twenty odd thousand well men who were paroled at Vicksburg the greater part had since dispersed; and I felt sure they could never be got to serve again. The officers, on the other hand, all declared their determination never to give in. They had mostly on that day the look of men who have been crying all night. One major who commanded a regiment from Missouri burst into tears as he followed his disarmed men back into their lines after they had surrendered their colors and their guns in front of them.

I found the buildings of Vicksburg in a better condition than I had expected. Still, there were a good many people living in caves dug in the banks. Naturally the shells did less damage to these vaults than to dwellings. At the end of the first week after our entrance 66,000 stand of small arms had been collected, mainly in good condition, and more were constantly being discovered. They were concealed in caves, as well as in all sorts of buildings. The siege and sea-coast guns found exceeded sixty, and the whole captured artillery was above 200 pieces. The stores of rebel ammunition also proved to be surprisingly heavy. As Grant expressed it, there was enough to have kept up the defense for six years at the rate they were using it. The stock of army clothing was officially invoiced at $5,000,000—Confederate prices. Of sugar, molasses, and salt there was a large quantity, and 60,000 pounds of bacon were found in one place.

The day after we entered the town (July 5th) I wrote Mr. Stanton a long telegram, describing the surrender and giving him all the important facts I had gathered concerning the condition of things in Vicksburg, and at the same time telling him Grant's plans. The telegram, for some reason, has never found its way into the War Records, so that I give it here in full:

OFFICE OF U. S. MILITARY TELEGRAPH, WAR DEPARTMENT.

The following telegram received at Washington, 10 A.M., July 11, 1863.

From VICKSBURG, MISS., 11 P.M.
Dated *July* 5, 1863.

HON. E. M. STANTON:

The surrender was quietly consummated yesterday morning at the appointed hour of ten o'clock. The rebel troops marched out and stacked arms in front of their works, while General Pemberton appeared for a moment with his staff upon the parapet of the central fort. The occupation of the place by our forces

was directed by General McPherson, who had been appointed to command here; Logan being assigned to command the post under him. The divisions of Logan, J. E. Smith, and Herron now garrison the line of fortifications and furnish guards for the interior of the city. No troops remain outside; everything quiet here. Grant entered the city at eleven o'clock, and was received by Pemberton with more marked impertinence than at their former interview. He bore it like a philosopher, and in reply treated Pemberton with even gentler courtesy and dignity than before.

Of the number of prisoners we have as yet no precise information. Major Lockett, Pemberton's chief of engineers, reported it unofficially yesterday at twenty-seven thousand; but to-day, when the rebel brigadiers brought in their requisitions for food—which they did, notwithstanding Pemberton's clause in the capitulation that he should draw eight days' supplies from his own stores—the aggregate of the men for whom they thus drew rations was a little over thirty thousand. McPherson issued to them five rations per man, all they are to have. No citizens have yet applied for rations. The paroling is being pushed with all possible rapidity, and will doubtless be completed by the close of day after to-morrow. Among the officers already paroled are nineteen generals, with their staffs, including one lieutenant and four major-generals. Large numbers of the men express a warm desire to take the oath of allegiance, and it is certain that their officers will find it difficult to march them to their camps east of the Tombigbee. They have fifty-four hundred men on their sick lists; of these twenty-five hundred must be left behind here. Their losses during the siege are estimated by Judge Hamilton, an intelligent citizen of the place, at six thousand. Grant intends that they shall move from here to the Big Black by the Baldwin's Ferry road. Of course he will put no guards over them after they are out of the city. Pemberton having complained that the thirty wagons agreed upon in the capitulation were not enough, Grant has told him to take fifty. The universal testimony of the rebel officers is that their conscript soldiers have been worthless to them.

The official return of the field artillery surrendered makes it one hundred including many French, Spanish, and Austrian guns and two pieces [word omitted]. No report of siege and sea-coast guns has been made. Their number is from thirty to fifty. Neither do we yet know what quantity of ammunition the rebels had remaining, but some of their officers say they had only twenty rounds per man and per cannon. Captain Comstock, Grant's chief engineer, to-day visited the fortifications. He reports them as simple field works, but of considerable strength from the natural conformation of the ground—with one single exception the forts are all open at the gorge. Grant has ordered Comstock to find, if possible, a shorter line; but he reports that no line can be found which can be defended by a smaller force than the present. He says that this line can be repaired and strengthened so that five thousand men can hold it against twenty thousand.

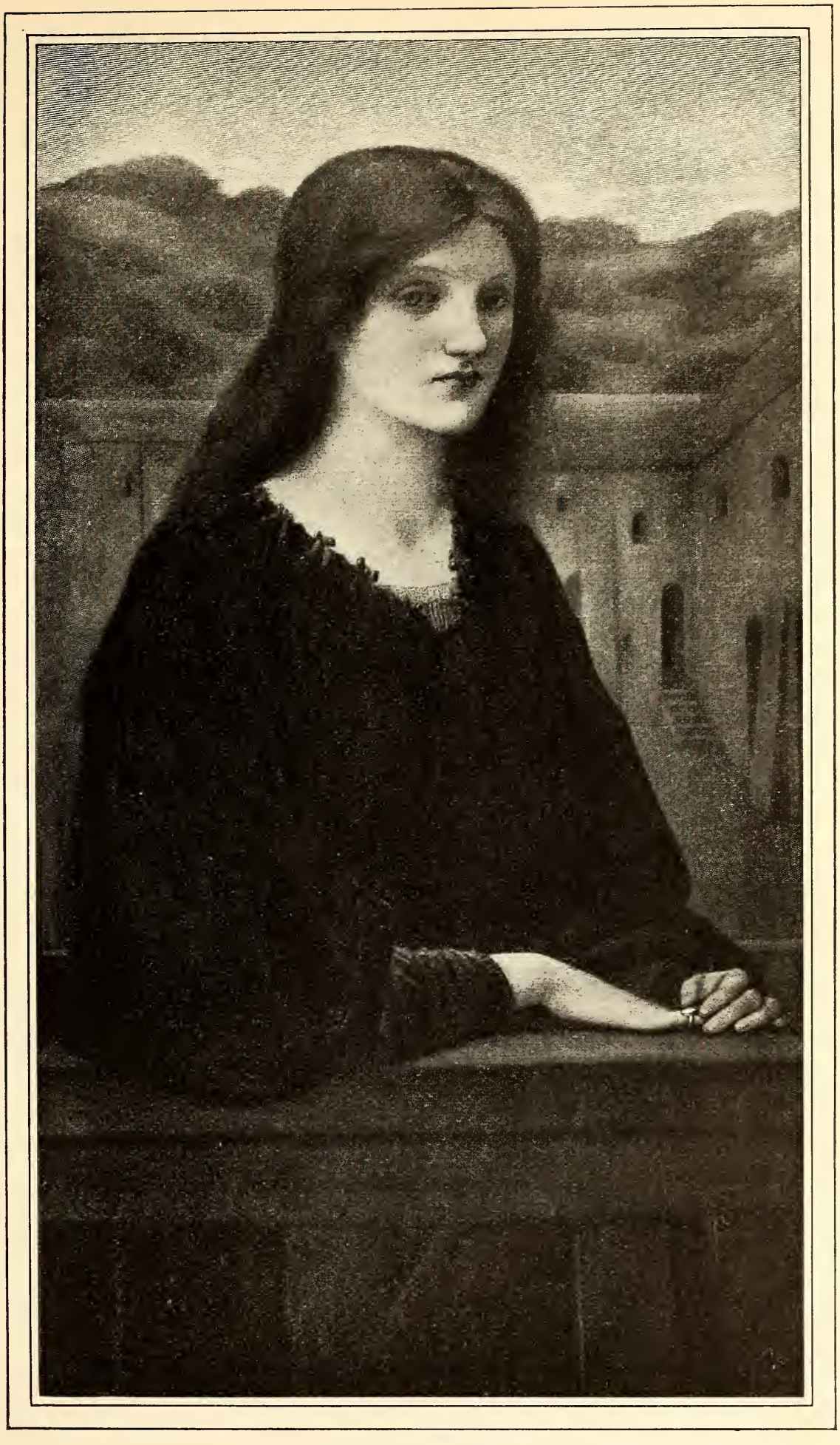
This he will at once proceed to do, as also to obliterate the siege approach on which we have worked so hard and so long. The buildings of the town are much less damaged than we had expected. There is a considerable supply of railroad carriages here, with one or two locomotives in working condition. Orders have been given instantly to put the railroad in repair as far as the Big Black, and it will be ready to transport supplies to Sherman before to-morrow night. Of Johnston's movements we have no positive intelligence, except the report just brought in that Breckinridge's wagon train has started from Bolton under orders to go east of Pearl River.

Sherman is moving after Johnston with the utmost speed practicable. His bridges were laid on the afternoon of the 3d, and his forces started yesterday, as soon as Pemberton finally accepted Grant's ultimatum. Part of Ord's corps is also already across the Big Black, and Steele's division must be ready to cross at daylight to-morrow, though we have reports that the marching of the last of Steele and Ord from here was not completed till this forenoon. The Ninth Army Corps has moved forward towards Bear Creek, from its previous position in front of Haynes's Bluffs, but will not go further unless Sherman finds that he can compel Johnston to a general engagement. This is not now expected. It is supposed that Johnston is moving east and has the bulk of his forces already out of our way. This Sherman will ascertain positively by to-morrow or next day, and in that event the Ninth Corps will instantly return to Kentucky. The steamers are now waiting for them; meanwhile it is hardly possible that Sherman can fail to cut off some portion of Johnston's army and trains.

Grant yesterday evening sent a message to Banks to know if he still needs reënforcements. Another messenger was sent on the 1st inst. on the same business, and should be back here to-night. If Banks requires it, Herron's division will at once be sent to him, to be followed by as many other troops as may be necessary. As soon as the prisoners here are out of the way, an expedition will be sent to the Tensas, under Logan, to clear out the rebel troops there, chastise their people for the share in the recent raids on the Mississippi, and bring away the negroes and cattle. Grant designs to organize for the permanent garrison of Vicksburg one or two negro regiments of heavy artillery; for these he will ask the privilege of himself nominating the officers.

General Grant, being himself intensely occupied, desires me to say that he would like to receive from General Halleck as soon as practicable either general or specific instructions as to the future conduct of the war in his department. He has no idea of going into summer quarters, nor does he doubt his ability to employ his army so as to make its blows tell towards the Great Result; but he would like to be informed whether the government wishes him to follow his own judgment or to coöperate in some particular scheme of operations.

C. A. DANA.



VESPERTINA QUIES.

From a copyright photograph by Frederick Hollyer, London, after the painting by Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

SAIRY SPENCER'S REVOLT.

By Carrie Blake Morgan.

ABRAHAM SPENCER came up the lane from the fields, carrying his discolored old straw hat in one hand and mopping his face with a red cotton handkerchief. He walked stiffly and slightly bent forward from the hips, as do most hard-working men who have passed the half-century mark, but he set his heavily-shod feet down with a firmness that bespoke considerable physical vigor as well as mental decision.

He scanned the house sharply as he approached, and his shaggy brows were drawn almost together in a frown. It was the middle of a sultry August afternoon, yet the doors and windows were all closed and the green holland blinds were drawn down. He tried the back door and found it fast, and though he pounded on it with his horny knuckles, there was no response save a startled "cuk, cuk, cuk!" from an old hen with a brood of downy chicks wallowing in the dust beside the steps.

"Now this is mighty strange," he muttered, perplexedly. "I wouldn't 've thought Sairy 'd go away from home this way all of a sudden. She didn't say a word about it at noontime. She's never done such a thing before, as I know of."

He stood still for a little while, meditatively rubbing his thumbs and forefingers together while he pondered the unprecedented situation.

"Couldn't be asleep, I reckon," he conjectured. "Never knowed her to sleep in daytime."

Nevertheless, he came down the steps and went around the house to a chamber window, where he parted a tangle of hop vines and rapped sharply on the sash.

"Sairy!" he called. "Sairy! are you to home?"

There was a slight sound from within, as of a creaking board beneath a careful footstep, then a shade was lifted at one side, and a thin, startled, elderly face looked out.

"What on earth's the matter, Sairy? What's the house all shut up like a jail for?" demanded Abraham Spencer, in a high-pitched, irascible tone. "Don't you know the Rhynearsons 've been here and gone away again?" he went on. "I saw 'em from the north medder, and I've come clear home to see what's the matter. Was you asleep? Didn't you hear 'em knock?"

Mrs. Spencer rolled up the shade, and lifted the sash with hands that trembled.

"Come, now, speak up quick," added her husband, impatiently, "for I'm goin' after 'em and bring 'em back, and I want to know what to tell 'em."

"No, no, Abra'm, don't go after 'em." Mrs. Spencer dropped on her knees and leaned her arms wearily on the window sill. She spoke pleadingly, and there were tears in her voice as well as in her eyes. "Oh, Abra'm, I kep' 'em out a-purpose."

"You—what?" Abraham Spencer's tone implied that he was forced to doubt the evidence of the ears that had served him well for nearly threescore years.

"I kep' 'em out a-purpose. I knowed you'd be mad, but I couldn't help it. I'm just too mortal tired and miser'ble to care what becomes of me. I ain't able to get supper for you and the hands, let alone all that Rhynearson gang. I've worked so hard to-day, and I didn't sleep much last night for my rheumatiz. I'm gettin' old fast, and breakin' down, Abra'm. I can't hold out much longer if I don't slack up a little on hard work."

"Well, why in thunder don't you slack up, then? What's to hinder you from goin' to bed after breakfast and stayin' there till dinner time?"

"Now, Abra'm, that's what you always say, and it's so unreasonable. Who'd do the work if I went to bed? Who'd feed the chickens and pigs, and milk the cows, and churn the butter, and clean the vegetables, and bake the bread and pies, and keep the whole house in order? You'd come out slim if I went to bed, Abra'm."

"Well, slim or no slim, I want you to either go to bed or else shut up your complainin'."

"Now, Abra'm, if you only would be a little reasonable. All I ask is that you let me slack up a little bit in ways that I can. There ain't no sense in us havin' so much comp'ny, now, since the girls are married and gone. Comp'ny makes so much

hard work, 'specially town comp'ny. Them high-flyin' town folks don't care a snap for us, Abra'm. They just like to be cooked for and waited on, and kep' over night and over Sunday, and fed on the best of everything, from spring chicken to watermelons. Now, them Rhynearsons——"

"Them Rynearsons 're my friends," sternly interposed Abraham Spencer; "and so long's I have a roof over my head my friends 're welcome under it. I wouldn't 've b'lieved such a thing of you, Sairy. I hain't any doubt you're tired. I'm tired myself, most of the time; but I don't make that an excuse for slightin' my friends."

"But you don't have to cook for 'em and wait on 'em, Abra'm, when you're so tired and worn out that you can't hardly drag one foot after the other, and——"

"Don't begin that old tune all over again. I've heard it a many a time already. You're gettin' so you're always complainin', and if there's anything I hate it's a naggin' woman. Now, understand, I'm goin' after the Rhynearsons; I'm goin' to make 'em come back if I can. Am I to say you was away from home or asleep, or what? It won't do for me to tell 'em one thing and you another; so just tell me what to say, and be quick about it."

"Tell 'em anything you like, Abra'm, I don't care what. All I ask of you, if you're bound to go after 'em, is that you'll stop at Selwood's and get Sophrony to come over and do the work while they're here."

"What, hire her?"

"Why, of course. You wouldn't ask a poor girl like Sophrony to work for you for nothin', I reckon?"

"My land, Sairy, how often 've I got to tell you I can't afford to pay out money for help in the house? If you once begin it you'll be always wantin' help, and there's no sense in it. Why, there was my mother——"

Mrs. Spencer staggered to her feet. She was a tall, stoop-shouldered, weak-chested woman; her scant hair was iron-gray; her hands were hardened and swelled at the joints with years of toil; and her face was deep-lined and sallow. Just now it was as near white as it could be, and a sudden hunted, desperate look had come into it, a look that stopped the words on her husband's lips. He broke off abruptly, and looked at her in stern surprise and displeasure.

"I never knowed you to act up so cranky, Sairy. I can't see what's gettin' into you. Now, I've got no time to fool away. I'll tell Mis' Rhynearson you was asleep and didn't hear 'em knock, shall I?"

"Tell her anything you like," was the reply, in a strange, still voice, that suited the look in her face. "I won't contradict you."

"But how do you know you won't? We ought to have a clear understandin'. What you goin' to tell Mis' Rhynearson when she asks you where you was?"

"She won't ask me."

"Well, now, I'd like to know how you know she won't?"

"Because I'm not goin' to give her a chance."

The window sash slid down to the sill, and the shade dropped back to its place. Abraham Spencer let go the hop vines and watched them cluster together again, with a slightly dazed look in his deep-set gray eyes.

"Now, what in blazes can she 've meant by that last?" he meditated, uneasily. Then his flat, straight-cut lips closed in a hard line, and he added, as he turned shortly away: "But I ain't agoin' to ask her. When a man can't be master in his own house, it's time for him to burn it down or blow his brains out."

Mrs. Spencer heard his heavy heels resounding on the hard-beaten path as he went around the house, and each relentless step seemed to grind its way into her quivering nerves. Ordinarily she would have taken timid note of his movements at the edge of a window shade, for her husband's anger had always been a dreadful thing to her. But now she opened the outer door and stood there, watching, while he brought a horse and wagon out of the barn and drove rapidly away. When he had passed out of sight she exclaimed bitterly:

"I'll not stand it! I'll hide myself! I'll get out of this before he gets back with that gang, if I drop dead in my tracks!"

As a first and very womanish step in the execution of her resolve she sat down on the doorstep and cried. Her meager frame shook with dry, convulsive sobs, such as are born of worn-out nerves, aching muscles, a lonely heart, and a starved soul.

She did not heed approaching footsteps, and scarcely started when a neighbor paused at the foot of the steps and spoke to her.

"Why, Mis' Spencer, what's the matter? I hope nothin's gone wrong?"

Mrs. Spencer's sobs ceased, and her face hardened, as she met the woman's inquiring eyes.

"It ain't nothin' that I want to talk about, Mis' Howard. I've about got to the end of my rope, that's all. I'm tired of livin', and wish to heaven I was dead this minute."

Mrs. Howard held up her hands.

"Don't say that, Mis' Spencer," she remonstrated. "Now, I don't know what's gone wrong, and I hain't the least notion of tryin' to find out; I only beg of you not to wish you was dead. It's such a fearful wish. We don't any of us know what death is."

"We all know it's rest, and that's all I care to know," said Mrs. Spencer. She leaned her chin on her hands, her elbows on her knees, and gazed into vacancy with red-rimmed, unlovely eyes.

"No, we don't even know that," said Mrs. Howard, with impressive earnestness. "That's just one of the things we've been taught, and we like to think it's so. We don't know the first thing about death, Mis' Spencer, except that it turns us cold and stiff and fits us for the grave. We don't any of us know what goes with the livin', thinkin', sufferin' part of us. Sometimes I think maybe it stays with us in the grave, so that we hear and know things, same as when we was livin'. I shouldn't wonder if we could lay in our graves and hear the birds singin', and the rain fallin', and feel the sun shinin' above us. Now, s'posin' you was in your grave, out there in the little buryin' ground in the medder, and s'posin' you could hear these little chicks chipin' to be fed at sundown, and you not here to feed 'em; and the cows comin' up the lane to be milked, and you not here to milk 'em; and your husband trudgin' home, slow and tired and hungry, and you not here to get supper for him. Do you reckon you could rest then, Mis' Spencer?

"And s'posin' that after a bit you'd hear some other woman's voice a-callin' the chickens, and some other woman's hands rattlin' the stove-lids around a-startin' a fire to cook supper for your husband. You'd most likely want to get up out of your grave then, but you couldn't. You'd just have to lay there and hear things goin' on without you, day in and day out, year in and year out, and watch yourself goin' to pieces inch by inch and crumblin' to dust. There wouldn't be much rest about that, Mis' Spencer, would there, now?"

Mrs. Spencer arose with the slow painfulness of stiffened rheumatic joints, and turned a shocked, resentful face upon her visitor.

"Mis' Howard," she said, sternly, "if I found a fellow mortal in trouble, and couldn't think of a single comfortin' thing to say to her, I'd go away and leave her alone; I wouldn't try to knock out the last prop from under her. If a body can't b'lieve in the rest that's in the grave, I'd like to know what we can b'lieve in! I never heard such scand'lous doctrine since I was born!"

She turned abruptly and went into the house, closing the door between herself and her unorthodox neighbor, and listened until the sound of receding footsteps died away.

"There, I hope she's gone, with her croakin'. I was that afeard that she'd hang around and hinder me too long. Land, four o'clock a-ready!"—as a timepiece in an inner room gave four hard, metallic strokes. She hurried into the bedroom and came out rolling a pair of heavy gray blankets into an uncouth bundle. Then she took a bottle from a shelf in the pantry and filled it with rich, sweet milk. As she put the cork in she suddenly stopped and listened, then opened the door a little way and listened again, intently.

"Wheels!" she ejaculated. "Now, if it should be them, goodness help me to get into the cornfield before they come in sight!"

She caught up the blankets, and snatched a raspberry pie, in its tin plate, from the table. Thus equipped for flight, she opened the door and went hurriedly out. At the foot of the steps the brood of little chickens met her in full force, fluttering around her feet and impeding her progress.

"Shoo! Shoo!"

She pushed them aside with one foot, and waved the pie at them frantically; but they followed close at her skirts, with dismal chirps that went to her heart.

"Poor little things, how well they know it's their supper-time. If I'd only had time to feed 'em. Like as not nobody else 'll do it."

She hesitated and looked back at them, pityingly. But the rattle of wheels sounded closer now, and her heart hardened. She went on again, striving to redouble her speed; but the blankets were cumbersome, and the raspberry pie was shedding its sticky juice up her sleeve.

"WHY, MIS' SPENCER, WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

Her arms were near to breaking, and tears and perspiration mingled in the hollows of her cheeks, when at last she reached the cornfield and stumbled in between the tall, green rows. She dropped the blankets and almost fell upon them in her exhaustion. The bottle and pie were allowed to shift for themselves, and the latter poured out the last remnant of its crimson juice at the roots of a cornhill.

Presently Mrs. Spencer sat up and listened again. She could no longer hear the sound of wheels, nor any sound save the rustling of the millions of corn-blades in the great field about her, and the voice of a meadow lark singing from the top of a tall, charred stump near by. She sat still and rested a little while longer; then she stood up and tried to see the house; but the tasseled tops of the corn were two feet above her head. She made her way cautiously to the outer row, and peered out

between the stalks; but the low sun beat straight into her eyes, and the higher ground of the meadow, full of hay-cocks, intervened. She could see only the weather-worn roofs of the house and barn. She crept back and took up again her burden of blankets and bottle and pie, and trudged on deeper into the sheltering labyrinth of corn. When she had put half the width of the field between herself and the house she felt safe for the time being, and sat down again to rest and bide her time.

Her objective point was an old dugout in the face of a stony ridge just beyond the cornfield. It had been constructed for a potato cellar, and was used only for storing those edible tubers in winter. From March to November it was empty and forgotten, given over to rats and spiders. She had chosen it for her refuge over all other nooks and crannies on the farm because of its isolation. No roving member of the objectionable "gang" would be likely to stumble upon it and discover her. But it was well up the face of the ridge and visible from the house, so she did not think it best to risk discovery by approaching it in open day.

She partly unrolled the blankets and lay down upon them, turning her worn face up to the sky, with a deep-drawn breath of rest and a delicious new sense of freedom. Her close environment of tall corn shut out the horizon, but she knew when the sun had sunk below it by the tinted glow that overspread her small vista of sky, and the fresher breeze that came whispering among the corn-blades, precursor of the coming night.

After a time dark shadows began creeping along the furrows, as if striving to steal upon her unawares, and in the purpling firmament above two or three pale stars took form and blinked coldly down at her. She sat up and shivered, and her heart sank a little at thought of the potato cellar and the lonely night.

"Dew's a-fallin'!" she exclaimed in dismay, with care for her rheumatism; and as quickly as might be she gathered up her belongings and resumed her flight. In the fast-gathering night the way to the potato cellar seemed long and rough, and when she had reached it she found it a stronghold defended by wild blackberry vines that she must tear away with her naked hands before she could gain an entrance.

The clumsy door opened outward, and yielded only inch by inch to her repeated jerks. Each time a blackberry vine was wrenched out by the roots, it brought down a shower of loosened gravel upon her defenseless head from the crumbling banks that towered high on either side. But at last a dark aperture yawned before her wide enough to give her entrance. She wondered why she had not foreseen the need of a candle and some matches, as she groped her way within and pulled the door shut. As she did so there came a great roar and crash of falling gravel outside. It sounded a perfect avalanche, and she congratulated herself on having escaped it.

The atmosphere of the little cave-like place was close and musty from long lack of ventilation, and Mrs. Spencer found the abrupt change from the pure outer air almost stifling. She decided that she must reopen the door and leave it so through the night. But when she attempted to do this, she found the door immovable, held shut by the mass of gravel that had fallen against it. The discovery left her aghast.

"Why, now—if I can't get out, and nobody has the least notion where I am, why—it's 'most like bein' buried alive!"

The situation was disheartening, but the direst forebodings must yield to extreme bodily weariness, and soon she had spread her blankets on the dry straw of a potato bin and stretched her aching frame upon them.

For an hour or more her mental worry and her "rheumatiz" united in tormenting her; then came sleep, and wooed her to rest with the welcome thought of no breakfast to get in the morning and no disturbing voice to break in upon her slumbers with the announcement of "gettin'-up time."

But she dreamed, and all through her dream sounded the chirping of hungry little chickens, the lowing of unmilked cows, and the slow, heavy tread of her husband's feet coming up the lane at evening time. "Tired and hungry, and you not here to get supper for him," droned the reproachful voice of her neighbor, running like a dirge through the other sounds and making of the dream a wretched, haunting nightmare.

"Drat that Mis' Howard! I'll never speak to her again," was Mrs. Spencer's first waking thought. A thin shaft of daylight, with the yellow glint of a well-risen sun in it, was forcing its way into the cellar through a crevice an inch wide above the door. Involuntarily Mrs. Spencer sat up and listened for the familiar sounds of her dream. But she heard only

the bickering of a pair of wrens in the blackberry vines outside, and the scurry of a rat that scampered across the cellar floor and plunged into his hole in a corner.

"SHE TOOK UP . . . HER BURDEN OF BLANKETS AND BOTTLE AND PIE, AND TRUDGED ON DEEPER INTO THE SHELTERING LABYRINTH OF CORN."

This served to draw her attention to her surroundings.

In an opposite bin lay some sorry-looking potatoes, with long, ghostly white sprouts and a winding-sheet of cobwebs. Near the center of the earth floor stood a battered old sheet-iron stove, with some rusty joints of pipe rising shakily to the thatched roof, ten feet above. The hired men had set it up during the cold snap in March, and built a fire in it to keep themselves warm while they cut potatoes for seeding. A dozen matches and a clay pipe half full of burnt tobacco lay on its hearth, forgotten.

Mrs. Spencer felt a little light-headed when she stood up, and thus was brought to remember that she had eaten nothing since noon of the preceding day. She looked about for the pie and bottle of milk. The latter was intact, but the former had vanished, leaving only its tin plate as tangible evidence that it had existed. Two little, knowing, exultant eyes were shining up from the rathole in the corner. Mrs. Spencer looked troubled.

"Well"—a long, quivering breath—"I cert'nly said I wished I was dead, but slow starvation is a little more'n I bargained for."

She spoke aloud and shrunk from the sound of her voice, it was so shut-in and sepulchral. She turned to the door and strove now with all her strength to push it open, but it withstood the onslaught without a tremor.

She desisted at length, and sat down on an upturned apple-box, exhausted and gasping for breath. The place was stifling. Oh for a breath of pure, sweet air! Her outraged lungs seemed burning in her breast, and her mouth and throat were parched. She opened the bottle of milk, and took a por-

"SHE FELT THE STRANGE TENDERNESS THAT VIBRATED IN HIS ROUGH VOICE."

tion. She was tempted to drink it all at one welcome draught, but refrained, and corked it up again, resolutely.

During the long hours of that forenoon she attacked the door repeatedly, but always futilely; and finally, when the sweltering August sun had passed the meridian and was beating down mercilessly on her retreat, she gave up, and bursting into a wild fit of weeping, she crept back into the bin and lay down on her blankets.

Hours later, when she had wept a great deal and slept a little, she opened her swollen eyes and saw the red gold of sunset shining in above the door.

"Twenty-four hours," she said to herself, and a great longing came upon her to know how Abra'm and the old home were doing without her. She dragged the apple-box close to the door, and mounted upon it, thus bringing her eyes to a level with the crevice. There lay the farmhouse and its peaceful surroundings spread out below her like a quaint, sun-kissed old picture. But oh, how distant it was, how far beyond the sound of her voice, even though she should shriek aloud! The broad meadow and the great field of rustling corn lay between.

At first there was no sign of life about the place, except the patient cows standing in the lane, waiting for the bars to be let down. But presently, while she waited

and watched for the men to come in from their work in the far north meadow, she descried a curl of smoke rising from the kitchen chimney, a queer, ghastly little caricature of a smile flashing across her face.

"Now, if I was near enough to hear the stove-lids rattle," she whispered, "I could 'most imagine I was dead and in my grave, like Mis' Howard said."

For a long time she stood with her eyes at the crevice and her hands grasping the rough frame of the cellar door, watching that changing, darkening spiral of smoke. Once the kitchen door opened, and a woman stood for an instant in sight. The watcher squinted her eyes in a desperate endeavor to concentrate her gaze.

"I s'pose it's Mis' Rhynearson," she muttered, with a resentful snap in her tone. "It's just like her to take possession of a body's house and act as if she owned it! I can't see how Abra'm can like them Rhynearsons so well; they're such pestiferous folks. To think of her there, a-livin' high off the fresh bread and cakes and pies that I baked, and the cheese I made, and the butter I churned, and me here a-starvin'!"

The contrast was too pitiful. In all her hard, meager life she had never before known the pangs of hunger and thirst. Her eyes filled, and the vision was for a time shut out. When she looked again, the curling smoke was scarcely discernible, and all the angles of the old house were toned down by the softening shadow of approaching night.

She could make out the figure of a man standing by the bars. It might be one of the hands, or—it might be—yes, it was Abra'm! He had turned and was going slowly toward the house, and she knew him by the forward stoop of his body and that characteristic something in the way he set his feet down as he walked.

She thought he would go in at the kitchen door, but he passed around to the front porch, and sat down alone on the steps.

Presently it struck her that his head was bowed upon his hands and that his attitude was one of deep dejection. But she was not quite sure; he was so far away, and the shadows lay deep between. Still, the longer she looked the more his fading outline seemed to appeal to her, until at last she was overcome with the conviction that sorrow, rather than anger, ruled in her husband's heart.

"He ain't mad at me! I just seem to feel he ain't mad at me! Oh, Abra'm! Abra'm!"

She shrieked his name aloud again and again, each frenzied effort shriller than the last; but the narrow crevice threw the greater part of the sound back into the cellar, and Abraham Spencer sat still, with bent head, unhearing, until the night had thickened and shut him from her sight.

The black hours that followed were terrible to her. Remorse and a reawakened longing to live, and to go back to her deserted duties, now united with hunger and thirst to torture her. In the middle of the hot, stifling night she was forced to drain the last swallow of milk from the bottle, and still her thirst was so great that she tossed and moaned in the fitful bits of sleep that came to her. Once she was awakened by a touch, a weight like that of a hand upon her shoulder, and she started up with a glad cry on her lips; but it was only her cell-mate the rat. He scampered away to his own corner, and she lay there with a convulsive horror upon her, watching and listening lest he return. She told herself that he would come back to-morrow night, when she would have less strength to frighten him away; and all the nights after, when her poor body might lie there lifeless, at his mercy.

She wondered, with an awful, shuddering wonder, whether it could be that her soul must linger near and witness the degrading annihilation of its erstwhile tenement. A maddening horror of death seized her. She staggered across to the opposite bin, and made a desperate attempt to eat one of the raw, moldy potatoes.

At the first hint of morning she was again on the apple-box, with her eyes at the crevice. But now there was a thick white fog all over the land, and no vaguest outline of her home was visible to her.

The wrens were bickering spitefully over their nest, not an arm's length away from her face.

"Oh, hush!" she said to them, pityingly, from the bitter depths of her own experience. "You poor, blind little things; you don't know how short life is, after all, and how little it matters if things don't go just to suit you." The small pair were struck motionless and dumb by the mere sound of her voice, and forgot to renew their quarrel. Presently the father bird went away to his day's work, and the little mother settled down to the monotony of her home duties, both unconscious of the yearning eyes of the lone watcher at the crevice.

Many times that day she crept back and forth between the bin and the apple-box. When her head swam and her trembling knees gave way beneath her, she would stagger to the bin and fall upon the blankets. But no sleep came, and no rest; and after a time her strength so far forsook her that she could no longer mount upon the box. Then she lay still and gazed at the strip of light above the door until it seemed a streak of fire scorching her eyeballs.

And all the time she was listening, listening, for the sound of a footstep or a voice.

Thus the night found her, and again added its horror of darkness and rats. The fever of hunger and thirst was upon her. Her tongue and lips were swollen, and a devouring flame burned in her vitals. Her senses were no longer normal, and she heard sounds and saw objects that had no existence in reality.

All night long she watched the dark corner where the rat dwelt, and her distorted fancy magnified him into a monster of the jungle; in the cunning of semi-delirium she made plans to frighten him and keep him at bay; and finally, in the dark hour before dawn, she crept stealthily from the bin, whispering through her swelled lips:

"Fire! Fire will keep him away!"

She clutched an armful of straw, and crawled on hands and knees across the earthen floor to the sheet-iron stove. Keeping keen watch of the dread corner, she thrust the straw into the stove and groped for the matches on its hearth. A scratch, a flash, a tiny flame, then a roar!

She dragged herself to the bin and brought more straw, and more, until the thin sheet iron of the stove and the rickety pipe clear to the roof were red and roaring. The already hot and vitiated atmosphere of the cellar was now raised to an unbearable temperature, and soon she succumbed to it, falling upon the ground, face downward, in a mad effort to get away.

No longer fed, the straw fire languished and went out; but its mischief was done. The dry thatch of the roof had caught from the red-hot pipe and was blazing up, slowly at first, but ever surely. Soon the cinders began to fall into the cellar, and one struck her bare neck as she lay. She cried out with the pain, and struggled a little farther away; but the brands fell faster as the aperture around the pipe broadened, and her doom would have been certain had there not been another restless heart and a pair of sleepless eyes on the old farm.

The hired men were awakened by the excited voice of Abraham Spencer shouting:

"Up, boys, up! Bring water! The potato cellar's a-fire!"

He was away, with two great pails of water in his hands, before the men were fairly awake. When they followed him they found him on the roof of the cellar. He had succeeded in extinguishing the fire, and as they approached, he suddenly dropped his pails and, falling upon his knees, crept close to the charred edge of the chasm in the roof. Leaning far over, he shaded his eyes and peered keenly into the steaming depths below. A faint moan had reached him, and now, as he listened, another came quivering up to him.

"My God!" he cried, springing up. "She's down there, boys! Sairy! Run for shovels! Oh, run, run!"

He himself ran like a madman, but only a little way. Then he turned and ran as madly back to the cellar, where he attacked the fallen gravel with his hands, and beat and tore at the door until the heavy boards, all stained with his own blood, were rended from their fastenings, and he had leaped into the cellar and caught up the prostrate figure he found there.

It was hours afterward that Mrs. Spencer aroused from the stupor that was upon her and began to comprehend again the realities of life. She was in her own clean, soft bed, and the cool breeze of evening was fluttering the hop vines at the window. She felt pain when she attempted to move, and there were bandages on her hands, her head, and her neck; but the pain was not acute, and the soothing effect of an opiate still lingered with her. Somewhere in the outer distance she heard the faint, familiar tinkle of a cow bell, and—yes, the subdued rattle of stove-lids in the kitchen. She lifted her head from the pillow to listen, and found her husband sitting silent close beside her.

"What is it, Sairy? What do you want?" he asked; and she felt the strange tenderness that vibrated in his rough voice.

"Who's in the kitchen, Abra'm? Is it —Mis' Rhynearson?"

"No, Sairy, it ain't. Mis' Rhynearson went home double quick when she found there wasn't anybody here to wait on her. You knowed her better than I did, Sairy.

That's Sophrony Selwood in the kitchen, and she's goin' to stay there till she dies —or gets married."

She closed her eyes to hide the starting tears, but they forced their way through the interlaced lashes. Suddenly she turned to him and spoke the thought that filled her heart.

"Oh, Abra'm, it was so long! Why didn't you try to find me? Why didn't you come sooner?"

"My land, Sairy, I never once thought of the dugout! I was too busy lookin' everywhere else for you. First of all, I drove clear over to Lizy's to see if you was there. That's a good sixteen miles, you know, and took a big slice out of the first day. Then we went to all the neighbors and hunted the whole place over, but none of us ever thought of the dugout: I don't know why, but we didn't. Then that night Mis' Howard come over and told me—well, what you said to her, you know, Sairy, and she—she spoke of the crick."

"The crick?" wonderingly.

"You know, Sairy!"—he suddenly bent over and put his arms around her and drew her to him—"I—was goin' to have the crick dragged to-day, and if I'd found you there, Sairy—I couldn't ever 've stood it."

"Pshaw, Abra'm," she whispered, chokingly, and put up her bandaged hand to stroke the furrowed stubble of his sunburned face.

THE MIRROR.

By Margaret F. Mauro.

My mirror tells me that my face is fair,
  And can I doubt but that it tells me true?
My mirror says that I have golden hair,
  And cheeks like the wild rose, and eyes of blue.
I say, "Do I indeed these charms possess,
O trusty glass?" My mirror answers, "Yes."

When lovers' tales this heart all free from care
  Have surfeited with flattery's cloying sweet,
Unto my mirror do I straight repair,
  And cry, "O mirror, is this all deceit?
Say, do I merit praise and fond caress?"
Then doth my trusty mirror answer, "Yes."

Deem me not vain, I pray; for well I know
  That when life's skies have lost their rosy hue
I must one day unto my mirror go
  And say, "O tell me, mirror, is it true
That every day my youthful charms grow less?"
Then must my trusty mirror answer, "Yes."

And O I trust that in that later day,
  The time of silvered hair and fading sight,
When I unto my looking-glass shall say,
  "O mirror, with my beauty's waning light
Doth honor also fail and virtue go?"
Then may mine truthful mirror answer, "No."

Editor's Note.—The above poem was written about a year ago, when the author was but thirteen years old, and other poems of hers have already appeared in print. She is described by a member of her family as "a normal, unassuming child, with an unusual love of and taste for literature;" one who "has read quite extensively, and has been putting the works of her imagination into prose and verse since she was seven years of age." A thing of special interest in the poem is the correspondence it shows, in sentiment, form, and movement, with the choice lyrics of the seventeenth century.

REMINISCENCES OF JOHN BROWN.

By Daniel B. Hadley.

IN 1842, when I first settled at Akron, Ohio, I became acquainted with John Brown, afterwards called "Osawatomie" Brown. He lived one mile west of Akron, on the large farm of Simon Perkins, Jr. They farmed it in partnership. Subsequently Brown went to Europe for the purpose of purchasing finely bred cattle and sheep. He purchased in England specimens of Durham and Devonshire cattle. In Spain he purchased of some Catholic monks some fine grades of merino sheep. All these cattle and sheep were shipped to the United States, and placed on the Perkins farm. As the years went by, the cattle and sheep increased in numbers. It was the pride of Brown to walk off with the premiums on cattle and sheep at the annual fairs of Summit County, Ohio. His smooth, red Devonshire oxen, with their beautiful horns tipped with brass knobs, were the admiration of all. The firm of Perkins and Brown was annually awarded the premium for the best and finest wool by the American Institute, New York, for a number of years. In 1852 Brown missed one of his fat merinos. He set a watch, and in a few days he found another missing, and he traced it to the premises of a neighbor named Ruggles. He sent word to Ruggles that his merino sheep cost him $300 a head, and that if Ruggles could not purchase mutton for his family, he (Brown) had some Bakewell sheep which were much better for mutton than the merinos, and much cheaper, and if Ruggles would come to his farm he would make him a present of a Bakewell sheep occasionally.

Brown, it was well known at this time, was in principle, as well as practice, a non-resistant. He believed in the doctrine which Christ preached on the Mount, that if one is hit on the right cheek, he should turn the other also. The man Ruggles knew this as well as others, and it probably prompted him in the course he pursued. He cut a stout hickory sapling, and one day, when he spied Brown drive out to the forest for a load of wood, stationed himself at the point where Brown would emerge into the public highway, and waited till Brown appeared. Then he applied the hickory sapling across Brown's shoulders. Every blow drew blood. Brown simply folded his arms and waited for the threshing to end. The blood ran down into his boots; between twenty and thirty lashes were given. When the punishment was over, Brown quietly drove with his load of wood to his house, unyoked his oxen and turned them into the pasture, and then came to my office (I was a justice of the peace) to obtain a warrant for Ruggles's arrest. On hearing his statement, I issued the warrant and despatched Constable Jack Wright to serve it. Wright soon returned with Ruggles under arrest.

On the trial, the fact came out in Brown's testimony that he made no resistance. The law would have permitted a fine of $100, but in my decision I said to Brown that, as he had needlessly received all after the first blow, I would fine the defendant the same as if only one blow drawing blood had been struck; so I assessed a fine of twenty dollars.

Brown replied that he was perfectly satisfied; that all he wanted was to have the law enforced. I told him he was living under the laws of Ohio, and, as a magistrate, I was sworn to administer the Ohio laws and not the laws laid down in the Bible. But he replied that he should obey the laws as laid down by Christ, and went his way.

Soon after this he went to live at East Elba, in the northeast portion of New York State. In 1854 the Kansas-Nebraska Bill passed Congress. During the fall of 1854 five sons of Brown, with their families, and one daughter, with her husband and family, emigrated to Kansas and settled at Osawatomie. Two of the sons drove some of the fine cattle and sheep bred by their father across Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri to Kansas. In the spring of 1855 an election was ordered by the Governor of Kansas and held for the election of members of the legislature and county officers. The Border Ruffians came into Kansas from Missouri, took possession of the ballot boxes at Osawatomie, and voted themselves into office, although they were not even citizens of Kansas. Then they very kindly relieved the Browns

from the trouble of feeding and caring for their cattle, horses, and sheep, by taking every hoof over to their homes in Missouri.

The next move on the part of the Border Ruffian members of the legislature was to meet at the capital of the Territory of Kansas, organize, and then adjourn to Shawnee, Missouri, near the State line between Missouri and Kansas, and two miles from Westport, Missouri, and proceed to make laws for Kansas Territory. In order to shorten their labors, they took a volume of Missouri statutes, and wherever the word Missouri occurred, pasted over it a slip of paper with the word Kansas printed thereon, and then enacted the whole volume as the statutes of Kansas. These were the laws which the Free-State settlers named the "bogus laws." At first the Free-State settlers refused to obey them, and President Pierce ordered United States troops into the Territory to help the sheriffs of the different counties enforce them.

Time ran along to the month of August, 1855. Then Brown's children at Osawatomie wrote a letter to their father, who still resided at East Elba, New York, in which they gave a history of the treatment they had received from the pro-slavery people in Missouri, in their trips up the Missouri River, as well as while driving into the State, and also the wrongs perpetrated on them by the Border Ruffians in Kansas. They all, the twelve of them, signed the letter.

At that time I was still a resident of Akron, Ohio. One afternoon, towards the latter part of August, 1855, as I sat at my desk busily writing, I thought I half saw the office door gently open an inch or two, and I looked more closely to see what the movement meant. The door slowly opened a little wider, and the body of a man pushed through. Then he deliberately turned about, closed the door, and turned and walked towards me. Before he reached me I saw he was John Brown. I greeted him and asked him to be seated. He replied that he had no time to waste, that he had just come to Akron, and, knowing me rather better than others there, had called on me first. He had, he said, a letter from his children in Kansas, and he took a seat and read the letter. He said that the letter had put him in an awful frame of mind. His principle was non-resistance, but his feeling and desire were to go to Kansas and forcibly defend his children. After first reading the letter, he told me, when he and his wife had finished their supper, he took down his Bible and read a chapter from the New Testament. Then they knelt in prayer. He prayed that God would give him light as to what course he should pursue. But he got no light. Then he read another chapter, and his wife prayed. Yet another chapter was read, and then he and his wife prayed alternately till midnight. Still no light was shed on his pathway, nor did he feel any relief. But all at once, about midnight, he was reminded that he had read only from the New Testament, and he resolved to try the Old Testament. In the first chapter he turned to he read, "And the Lord said unto Saul, Go out and slay the Philistines." He then saw a ray of light, and he and his wife again knelt in prayer. While he was praying this time, he heard the voice of the Lord in the upper part of the room they were in saying, "John Brown, go to Kansas and slay the Border Ruffians!" This brought genuine relief to his troubled mind. So he told his wife they would go to bed and obtain some sleep, and in the morning he would start for Kansas in obedience to the command of Almighty God.

The next morning Brown departed from East Elba, and went first to Boston. There he called on Wendell Phillips, who helped him with ten dollars. Next he went to Madison County, New York, and called on Gerrit Smith, who gave him fifty dollars. Then he went to Hartford, Connecticut, and made a contract to purchase revolvers of the Colt revolver factory at wholesale prices. Next he went to Springfield, Massachusetts, and made a contract with Sharp's rifle factory to purchase rifles at wholesale prices. Then he came to Akron, Ohio, and called on me.

After he had finished reading his letter and telling his story, he appealed to me to help him raise money for his designs in Kansas. I realized that if, in consequence of my servant President Pierce refusing to defend the Free-State settlers in Kansas, I, as Uncle Sam, or at least one of him, should undertake the job for myself, I might have to bend some of the laws, even if they did not actually break. So I cautioned Brown to go out and speak to such persons as he knew to be trusty and request them to meet in the basement of the High Street school building at dark that night. This basement could be entered from the rear, and our meeting was not likely to be noticed. I also notified such persons as I knew to be reliable, telling them that John Brown was in town

and would read a letter from his children in Kansas.

At the meeting about two dozen people put in an appearance. Brown read his letter, and stated briefly that he was then on his way to Kansas to see what he could do toward defending his children and other Free-State settlers. A committee of two was appointed to raise money, guns, ammunition, and tent cloth for him. The committee consisted of myself and Mr. E. C. Sackett. I undertook the task of raising the money, and Mr. Sackett that of raising the other things. My law office was made the depository for the war material. I requested Brown to be at my office at noon the day after the meeting, to receive the collection. Promptly at noon he drove up with a horse and newly-covered spring wagon. No questions were asked either by Sackett or myself as to where he obtained these, and I never knew. We brought down from my office the contributions, consisting of twenty-one revolvers and twenty-six rifles and muskets, and placed them in the wagon. I had collected just $300, which I handed to Brown. He asked that, if we obtained any more contributions for him, we should ship them to him at Rock Island, Illinois, whither he would endeavor to go, through Missouri and Iowa, to obtain them. Then he shook hands, bade us good-by, and drove away. I never saw him but once thereafter, and that was in the winter of 1856–57, at Akron, when he delivered a lecture in a public hall.

The committee made further efforts to collect war material for Brown. I had learned that a box of new United States rifles, that had been shipped to Akron to equip a military company which did not succeed in organizing, was in the possession of Sheriff Seward, at the jail. The committee made bold to call on the sheriff and request him to deliver the rifles to us, to be shipped to John Brown; but he said that he had that day received an order from the Governor of Ohio to ship them to Columbus by canal. Remembering the adage that "all is fair in love and war," I informed him that the committee had that morning formed a copartnership in the draying business, and would like the job of draying the box of rifles to the canal, and would do it for half a dollar. He said that was cheap enough, and he would willingly pay it. He directed us to be at his stable near the jail at three o'clock that afternoon, and he would have the box there all ready for shipment. I gave the cue to Dick Smetz, a drayman whom I could trust, to be at the stable promptly at three. As we loaded the box on the dray, I said to Dick, in the hearing of the sheriff, "Drive it to the Ohio and Erie canal, and ship it to the Governor of Ohio at Columbus." But as soon as we were out of hearing of the sheriff, I said, "Drive to the railroad freight depot and leave the box there." He obeyed the latter order. I had the clerk in the freight office mark the box to John Brown, Rock Island, Illinois. I learned that he received it and that the rifles figured in later scenes.

Soon after that, the committee discovered a twelve-pound cannon lying about loose, which had been used formerly by the Akron Guards, until the State furnished them with a better piece. This arm was "gobbled," and, with the gun carriage, shipped to the same destination. While Brown was taking the cannon across Iowa, not many miles from the Missouri State line, he heard that the Border Ruffians were after him, intending to capture the cannon. He hastily buried it, took a description of the spot, and drove over to Nebraska with the carriage, which he left at Nebraska City. Some time after that the gun was exhumed and taken to Quindaro, in Wyandotte County, Kansas; when the rebellion opened, it figured in several battles in western Missouri. It was taken to Lexington, Missouri, in the fall of 1861, by Colonel Vanhorn, and used under Mulligan in his defense of his army when besieged by Price. It was surrendered to Price when Mulligan surrendered. Afterwards it had quite a history, sometimes being captured by the Federals, and then again by the Confederates.

The next shipment to Brown was two boxes containing cavalry swords and pistols. They had belonged to a regiment of cavalry of which Lucius V. Bierce was colonel. As I was paymaster in the regiment and had been a law student of Bierce, I knew these weapons were stored in a room above Bierce's law office. The committee had no trouble in obtaining possession of them, as Bierce was in full sympathy with Brown's plans. Brown received them in good shape, and they proved serviceable.

Early in 1856 the Border Ruffians under Sheriff Jones, acting as sheriff of Douglas County, made an attack on the Free-State people at Lawrence. Jones was backed up by the United States regulars under Colonel Sumner. The Free-State men,

under James Lane, Charles Robinson, S. C. Pomeroy, and other Free-State leaders, fortified themselves on Mount Oread, where now stand the buildings of the Kansas State University.

At Osawatomie, Brown heard of the war, and calling his sons together, harnessed a horse into a wagon, loaded the wagon with Sharp's rifles, Colt's revolvers, and other weapons, and started for the scene of action. All went well until he came in sight of the Wakarusa bridge, about eight miles south of Lawrence. There indications appeared that his passage over the bridge was to be disputed. The Ruffians had got word that he was coming, and sixty mounted men had come out to have some "fun" with him. They formed all on one side of the road and awaited his approach, confident they would have no trouble in capturing a force of only seven men. Brown placed his men three on each side of his wagon. Each man wore a belt in which were a half dozen Colt's revolvers loaded. Each had a revolver in one hand and in the other a Sharp's rifle. Brown himself had twelve revolvers in his belt and a Sharp's rifle in one hand. He gave orders not to fire until the enemy had fired, and then to fire as speedily as possible, make a breastwork of the horse and wagon, empty the rifles, and then the revolvers. He took the horse by the bit and walked forward. When he came to the first Ruffian, he looked him straight in the eye and continued to do so until he got past; he served the next in the same fashion, and the next, and so on, until the last man was passed. Not a word was uttered nor a shot fired by either side. Brown kept right on over the bridge, into camp at Mount Oread. Here he counselled with Lane, Robinson, and the others. He urged that the true course to pursue was to give battle to the Ruffians under Jones as well as the United States troops; but the others were against him, and no battle was fought. Soon the United States troops were withdrawn, and Brown went back to Osawatomie with his "army."

There was formed that year at Osawatomie a military company of Free-State men of which John Brown, Jr., was captain. The company was about to be dismissed one day, after having been on parade, when old John Brown stepped out in front and requested all who were willing to go with him that night to wipe out five Ruffians in that neighborhood who had warned the Browns, on penalty of death, to leave in a given time, to step out five paces in front. Ten men stepped out. John Brown, Jr., opposed the movement; but the old man said that there had been Free-State men enough slaughtered in Kansas and he was not going to stand around waiting to be added to those already so brutally murdered, and that the certainty of being himself killed if he did not leave the country was justification enough for wiping out the Philistines. The ten men proceeded to grind sharp each a cavalry saber from those which had been forwarded from Akron; and before morning five Ruffians paid the penalty for the previous butchery of fifty-four Free-State men.

Early in 1859 Brown started from Osawatomie with ten men, all well mounted, intending to leave Kansas and go to Nebraska. The United States marshal at Leavenworth got word one night that Brown was camped on the prairie about twenty miles west of Leavenworth, and at once started to capture him, taking with him a posse of twenty men. Just after daylight next morning, as Brown's cook was preparing breakfast, Brown spied the marshal and posse approaching. At once he commanded his men to stand at an aim with their Sharp's rifles. When the marshal and posse were near enough to hear and see, Brown commanded "Halt." At once they halted. Then Brown commanded "Dismount," and they dismounted. Then Brown ordered three of his men to take the horses of the marshal and his posse, which they did. Next Brown commanded "Forward, march to camp," and the prisoners marched to camp. Then he ordered "Stack arms," and they all stacked arms. Brown said that he always invited callers who came at meal time to join him in the meal; and he invited the marshal and his company to take breakfast, which they at once consented to do. Brown told the cook to prepare bacon, coffee, and bread for twenty visitors, which he did. Brown said it was customary for him to have prayers before breakfast, and he and all his men knelt down in the prairie grass, and Brown began to pray. A young man named Boggs, who was one of the posse, gave me these facts in 1859. He said that as Brown knelt there in the prairie grass, the scene seemed to him so comical that he plucked a stalk of grass and tickled Brown's nose. Brown opened his eyes; but without break or pause he spoke on in the same monotonous tone as before

and seemed to be continuing his prayer. His words, however, as Boggs remembered them, were these: "Young man, if you do that again, I will put you where the mosquitoes will never sting you any more: oh, Lord, have mercy on these Border Ruffians who are persecuting the chosen of the Lord."

Boggs said that when Brown opened his eyes, looked at him, and said, "Young man," holding, as he did, a revolver in one hand and a rifle in the other, he (Boggs) felt the hair on the top of his head suddenly rise up, and a shudder passed quickly from the roots of his hair to his toe nails; and he had not the slightest doubt but that it would be an unhealthy proceeding to tickle the nose of the chosen of the Lord again.

After breakfast Brown told the marshal that he and his posse looked strong enough to walk back to Leavenworth, and that he would take their horses and arms with him on his trip to the East, as he had need of both. He claimed that they were lawfully captured in time of war and he had a right to keep them.

Brown never returned to Kansas. He passed on through Nebraska and Iowa, sold his horses somewhere in the East, and then prepared for his raid into Virginia, at Harper's Ferry, for the purpose of liberating the slaves of the Southern States. As that is a matter of familiar history, I will not recount it here. It is well known that his attempt to free the slaves was a failure; that he was captured at Harper's Ferry, standing with his finger on the pulse of one of his sons who was then in the last agonies of death from wounds received in the battle, while in the other he held a Sharp's rifle.

Some have contended that John Brown was insane. From what I knew of him, my opinion is that he was not insane, but that he misjudged as to the slaves coming to his standard, and, again, as to the potency of pikes against fire-arms. His zeal outran his judgment. But when he saw that his fate was the gallows, he also saw that his death was the entering wedge to freeing the slaves. He was too brave to whimper at his fate, but stood up to it like a hero. He was instrumental in freeing the slaves; but in a different way from that which he had planned.

ACCORDIN' TO SOLOMON.

By Mary M. Mears,

Author of "The Marrying of Esther," and other Stories.

"HOLD still, Teddie! How d' y' s'pose I can dress you when you wiggle so?" The old woman knelt before the child, one chubby ankle in her hand. She was buttoning his shoe. Above her bent gray head his face showed as fresh as a rose, and his hair was carefully curled. He reached over and dabbled his hand in a basin of water.

"Is I doin' on a boat, drandma?"

She did not answer at once, and when she did, it was in a tense voice.

"No, you're goin' on the cars with your father and your—your new mother," she added, bravely.

"On d' steam cars?" he interrupted, bobbing up and down.

"Yes; and grandma wants you to remember what she's told you. You *will* be a good boy, won't you—and you won't forgit grandpa and grandma?" The face bent above the shoe worked convulsively. He leaned down and tried to see if she was crying. "Drandma," he lisped, "Teddie 'on't go way."

She flung her arms about him. "No, no, he must go with papa." She rose stiffly and tied on his hat. Then she led him out of the bedroom, and, releasing his hand, gave him a little push.

"He don't look as nice as I would like to have him, but his other white dress is tore. I packed it, though."

John Wood turned. He was standing beside the center-table, pretending to look at some photographs. His wife, a handsome young woman, was poised on the edge of a chair. "He's all right," he muttered, and extended his hand to the child. He did not look at Mrs. Hopkins. "Come here, Teddie."

But the boy caught at his grandmother's skirts. "I do' 'ant to go," he half sobbed. Mrs. Wood adjusted her bonnet strings.

"Come, you haven't seen papa in a long time," repeated John; but the child

slipped back of his protector, wrapping her dress around him.

"No! no!" he screamed.

The new wife pulled out her watch. "You'd better pick him right up, John," she suggested. The old woman cast a glance at her; then she stooped as well as she could and unfastened the little clinging fingers. "Didn't he tell grandma he'd be a good boy, and don't he want to ride on the steam cars?" she cooed.

Reluctantly he allowed her to lead him to the door, when his father would have lifted him. "Ain't you goin' to let him say good-by to his grandpa?" she cried. "You and her go 'long to the carriage, and I'll bring him."

And John Wood followed his wife, a flush on his face. The very pebbles in the path brought back memories of other lighter steps, wandering beside his, and when he reached the gate he could not look at the leaning posts. Shadowed by the decaying cap of one, two names were written—his and another's. He wondered if the rains had washed away the traces of those paired names.

"*Drand-ma! drand-ma!*" The heart-broken wail sounded above the roll of wheels.

The old woman did not glance at her husband, but went heavily into the house. Theodore Hopkins sat on the porch. He was partially paralyzed, and his face showed pale above his black clothes. His wife saw no reason why he should not dress well as long as he did no work, and in his broadcloth coat he presented a striking contrast to her in her clinging calicoes and ginghams. Now the tears were rolling down his face. He put up his one sound arm and wiped them away.

In the kitchen she sat down and gazed straight ahead of her. Presently the restraint she had placed upon herself gave way. "It's jest *her!*" she exclaimed. "John would have left him here if she hadn't been so jealous. Pretended 'bout the work bein' too hard f' me. I'm sure *I* ain't complained. Wa'n't Jennie my daughter, and ain't it likely I'd be willin' to do for her child? And now they've took him away." She put her head down on the table, and stretched her arms towards her grandson's half-emptied bowl of bread and milk. "He won't be here to-night to go in his little bed, and he won't be here to-morrow mornin'. I can't wash and dress him no more, nor comb his curls—nor nothin'. Oh, me!"

Supper that night was eaten silently. The boy's high-chair stood against the wall, and they both avoided glancing towards it. At last the old man broke out: "I could hear him when they reached the corner. He was callin' you, over and over."

"I guess she won't take much comfort travelin' with him," was the grim response.

Nevertheless, when the dishes were put away and her husband had opened out his newspaper, she could only sit hopeless, thinking of the impotent grief of a little child. Presently he glanced at her. It was his delight to roll out the words sonorously. "You ain't payin' attention," he cried, sharply, "and you always said it was because of Teddie's wantin' suthin', and now you ain't got any excuse." She really had a better one, for she was listening to her grandson's crying over a space of many miles, and her lonely arms were aching to reach him; but she bore the rebuke patiently, though the next day she retaliated by putting all the evidences of the child out of sight with a relentless hand until the rooms were as barren as if they had never been littered with spools and clothes-pins and the numerous unbeautiful articles so precious to a baby. "You were forever complainin' of stumblin' over things; you won't have to no more," she declared. But after a little they began to show that they were sorry for each other. Like two leaning old trees, the same wind that swept them apart for a moment but the more closely intermingled their branches.

Mr. Hopkins, appreciating his wife's loneliness, did not go out on the porch to sit, and Mrs. Hopkins slyly restored all the little possessions to their accustomed places, and by expending more care than usual on her husband's toilet, succeeded, in a measure, in making the old gray head take the place of the little yellow one. They even talked of the possible advantage this change from the country to the city might be to the child.

"Chicago's a big place, and he'll have more chance livin' there," volunteered the grandfather.

"I guess most any town's big enough for a baby," returned his wife; then added, in what she tried to make a hopeful tone, "but he's dreadful fond of lookin' into store winders, and there's considerable many more shops there than there is here."

Mrs. Hopkins had never been to Chicago. Her husband, however, had pur-

chased goods there. Now he broke into a cackling laugh. "Stores! Well, I guess there are a *few* more than there are in Sheldon. I tell you the boy's eyes'll stick out when he sees *them* winders, and the horse-cars, an' omnibuses, an' people hurryin' through the streets and never seemin' to git anywhere, and peddlers and hand-organ men. I tell you, the little feller'll like it."

"Yes, he'll like that part," agreed his wife. "But she won't let him take any comfort lookin'," she concluded drearily; "she'll drag him right along."

"Well, she won't try to more'n once," put in the old man. "Remember that day when he came nigh pullin' over that Indian cigar sign?" He laughed again, but his wife sat very still. A red spot grew on either soft withered cheek.

"Do you know what she'll do to him if he acts like that?" she demanded. "She'll *spank* him."

They continued to look at each other. Then Mr. Hopkins got up and took a few halting paces. "Oh, I guess she won't," he said.

"Yes, she will. She ain't one to have patience with him. And, oh, I can't stand it, no way. *Jennie's baby!*" Suddenly Mrs. Hopkins covered her face. Since the announcement of her son-in-law's marriage, a keener realization of her daughter's death had come to her than on the day of the funeral. Her husband eyed her with consternation.

"Why, don't, mother! I guess she won't do anything to Teddie but what's for his good." His words recalled her.

"Spankin' him won't do any good. I ought to 've told her."

"Yes, you ought to 've." He let himself down into his chair.

"I suppose I could write to her," she suggested, "and I guess I will. I'll tell her that he won't be drove, that he's used to havin' sugar in his bread and milk, what stories will put him to sleep best, and—some other things."

For a time they waited an answer, but as the weeks passed they gave up expecting one. Their longing for the boy increased. One afternoon, when he had been gone two months, Mrs. Hopkins started to make some calls, but she returned within half an hour. Her face had a strange look. She untied her bonnet fiercely and cast it from her little gray head, then began pulling off her gloves.

"Why, ain't you had a pleasant time?" her husband demanded. "Seein' folks I thought would be good f' you." Then he fairly jumped.

"Theodore Hopkins, air ye a fool? 'Tain't folks I want to see—it's jest Teddie." She extended her little knotty hands. "And I'd rather be *drudgin'* f' him than mincin' 'round this way, like an old —ape. When that little Ray boy climbed into my lap, it all come over me. I tell you, I can't stand it no longer, *nor I ain't a-goin' to.* And I'm goin' down to Chicago and tell John so, and he's got to let me bring Teddie back."

"I don't see what excuse you'll offer."

"Excuse enough. I'll tell him how lonesome it is after we've had the baby ever since he was born, and I'll tell him how pindlin' you be."

"I dun know as it's that."

"Yes, it is that, too. Fact is, it's killin' us both. I'll get 'em to let me bring Teddie back, if it ain't no more'n for a visit. There's no use waitin'. I'll get the oldest Smith girl to come and look after you, and I'll start right off."

Mr. Hopkins was almost as excited as his wife, but he still objected. "You don't know anything about Chicago. You can't go there alone."

"I'd like to know why not. I'll write to my niece, Minerva Taylor, and she'll have her husband meet me; then the next day I'll git directed over to John's. I guess I've got sense enough to turn the right corners and read the figgers over the doors."

"'Tain't as simple as all that, you'd find. It's confusin'. If it wa'n't for my foot—I dun know but I could——"

His wife interrupted him. "Now you jest stop. I guess Teddie'll be as much as I can look after comin' back, without havin' you on my hands."

And three days later she went. She was seventy years old, and she had never been thirty miles from her own town; but if the magnitude of her undertaking grew upon her as the time of departure approached, she betrayed nothing of the feeling to her husband, and her calmness somewhat quieted his fears; though it was a very anxious face that peered up at her as she took her seat in the carriage of the neighbor who was to drive her to the station. "Now, do be careful, 'Mandy," he cautioned, calling her by name as if she had been a girl. "Don't put your head out of the car winders, wait till the train has stopped movin' before you git off, and in Chicago, if you git turned around, ask a policeman." They had kissed each other solemnly and with a little

embarrassment, and now he merely reached up a hand to her. "Good-by," he said.

She scarcely noticed him, she was so occupied in directing the neighbor to push the satchel far enough under the seat and give her her lunch box to hold; but when the man had taken his place by her side, she looked back at her husband. "You've no occasion to worry about me, father," she said, reverting to the words which had apparently escaped her. "But take care of yourself. Don't try to git up them steps alone. Now, good-by. I'll be back," she added, "jest as soon as I can git back."

Hiram Taylor met her at the depot. The confusion, the noise, the smoke, the brilliant lines of light winking out of the darkness were to her as the distorted visions in a dream. Her eyes were strained wide open behind her spectacles, and she panted so that she could not answer the few remarks that he addressed to her. But when they left the car her fright subsided, and by the time she met her niece she was quite herself. The ceaseless beat of traffic kept her awake until near morning; nevertheless she rose at the usual time. "I want to make an early start for my son-in-law's," she explained.

"Why, you ain't goin' over there to-day, are you, Aunt 'Mandy? Hi's got tickets for the museum, and is goin' to git off this afternoon. You wait until to-morrow, and I'll go with you. I can't this morning; the plumber's coming."

But the other shook her head. "Thank you, 'Nerva, but I guess I won't wait. I'll git back to go to the museum, though," she added conciliatingly, "f' I never see one."

Her self-reliant manner deceived the younger woman, and after breakfast she accompanied her to the corner. "Gracious knows, I'm scared to have you go this way," she declared, "though you don't have to transfer or anything."

And the trip was, indeed, a very simple one. She had no difficulty in finding the house. She toiled up the stone steps, quivering with excitement and triumph. "There, I told father I'd git here all right. My, won't Teddie be glad to see me."

John himself opened the door. "Why, mother!" he exclaimed. She was so associated in his mind with a certain village home, he would as soon have thought of one of the shrubs in its dooryard pulling up root and coming to the city as her. "How do you do?" he said. "Well! Did you come alone?"

"Yes. Father was awful worried to have me, but I come, and I—want to see Teddie, John." Her voice trembled into a sob.

He gave her a quick look. "Why, of course."

He came back in a few minutes, followed by his wife. The old woman rose and looked past them eagerly. "I'm so sorry; he goes to kindergarten, and Rose has just packed him off; but he'll be home at noon," he added, pitying her disappointment. "Where's your baggage?"

"It's over to my niece's. I'm staying there."

"Why, I didn't know you had a niece in Chicago. Well, you'll spend the day with us, anyway," he said, with a glance at his wife. Her face was not inviting, but the old lady did not observe it.

"I'd like to, real well, John," she answered, "only Minerva's husband's got tickets for the museum this afternoon, and I promised to be back." She looked smilingly from one to the other. She was on the point of stating her errand, but John, saying he should see her again, put on his hat, and she concluded to wait for a more propitious moment.

For a time Rose stayed with her perfunctorily. The methods and aims peculiar to a kindergarten were outside the pale of the country woman's knowledge. "To think of her sendin' Teddie to a school," she reflected. "Of course, you ain't expectin' him to learn much," she remarked, finally, "he ain't four years old yet."

"No; it's the discipline. In a kindergarten one child helps to curb another."

The grandmother drew a hard breath. "I ain't never found Teddie needed so much curbin'," she said. "Of course, I ain't sayin' he ain't spunky, but I wouldn't give a cent for a child that wasn't."

They did not get on very well, and when Rose went to attend to some household duties, the visitor began to realize it. "I declare, I ain't very smart; but I won't say anything more," she resolved. Left to herself in the rather pretentious apartment, she looked about her sharply. "I wonder where the photograph album is; I bet she's took Jennie's picture out and put hers in place of it." Her breathing became labored. It was nearly three years since the laying away of the daughter, but this mother was none the less jealous for her. Indeed, it was as though she had gathered up the threads of that unlived life and woven them with her own more sober ones. Then the thought that John might have locked the album away

comforted her. "I guess he ain't forgot," she whispered. She would not cry, but sitting in this home of her daughter's successor, she struggled with her loneliness—a pathetic, brave old figure.

Long before it was time for the child to arrive, she began to watch for him. She was stationed at the window when Mrs. Wood appeared and asked her out to lunch.

"Why, ain't you goin' to wait for Teddie?"

"No. On Friday he carries his lunch, and the exercises are a little longer. Then I thought you said you must get back to your friends by one."

The fear grew upon her that she would have to leave without seeing him. "If I only hadn't promised 'Nerva," she lamented; "but Hiram'll git off, and I mustn't disappoint 'em." She waited as long as she dared. Rose followed her to the door, full of polite expressions of regret, but in the vestibule the old lady turned. "I may as well say just what I come for," she burst out; "I want to take Teddie back for a visit. His grandfather pines for him so," she added, pathetically.

Young Mrs. Wood took on an air of stiff reserve. "As far as I am concerned, I do not think it would be a wise plan," she said; "but I'll speak to his father, and if he thinks best, he can bring him to Sheldon."

And with that Mrs. Hopkins was obliged to be content. As she turned away, the full meaning of the other's words and manner came over her.

"She didn't ask me to come again; she don't even mean I shall see him." Her disappointment was so keen she could not remember how she came. At last she remembered her husband's instructions, and inquired of a policeman.

Minerva Taylor stepped out on the landing and peered over the railing. "Come right up, Aunt 'Mandy. I've been so worried about you; but I'm sorry if you've hurried, for Hi can't git off."

"Can't he git off?"

"No. There's extra work."

"Then I'm goin' back to my son-in-law's." The weariness had disappeared from Mrs. Hopkins's voice and manner. She straightened her bonnet. "I ain't seen Teddie yet, but he'll be home by now."

And buoyed up by a new determination, she took the trip again. "She thought she'd got rid of me," she reflected, "but I'm goin' to stay and ask John myself." When she came in sight of the house, Rose was stepping into a carriage. Her heart gave a great bound. The servant had just gone in with a rug and had carelessly left the door ajar. Mrs. Hopkins walked in, smilingly. She was about to call attention to her entrance when the sound of sobbing reached her. She stood a moment, listening, then peered fiercely into the room beyond; but there was no one there, and with sudden weariness, she began to climb the stair. She had reached the second floor when the unsuspecting maid returned and closed the door.

The wailing ceased in a piteous holding of the breath, then became more convulsive. Little choked words sounded through it. There was a key in the door whence the sound proceeded, and at sight of it her eyes gave forth a sudden gleam. "Teddie," she whispered, "grandma's come!" She slipped in and locked the door. At first she did not see him, for he lay in a miserable little heap half under the bed, whence he had crawled in the excess of his grief. His lips were quivering with fright, but his eyes were expectant through the tears. He stretched out his arms towards her. Without a word she gathered him up and sat down on the bed. "Drandma, *nice* drandma!" His sobs merged into laughter. He clung to her and pressed his little red, swollen face against her withered one, and strained his little form closer. The two swayed together. It was some minutes before she became calm enough to question him; then she learned that he had been shut up in this way because he was naughty. She looked him over carefully: though there were no marks of violence on his soft little body, he had grown perceptibly thinner; and once, when he heard the servant, he started pitifully. It was not a tale of cruelty which she was able to piece together from his confused statements; but she was his grandmother, and the knowledge that he had been neglected and left to the servants and treated harshly by them was sufficient to arouse her indignation. She sat very still, with him hugged up to her. Ever since he had been taken from her she had been dominated by one thought.

"There ain't no other woman got the right to him I have," she repeated; "for if bein' the mother of a child's mother and doin' for it from the time it is born ain't the *next* thing to bein' the mother of that child, I'd like to know what is? At

least it 'mounts to more'n just marryin' the father," she concluded; "and if King Solomon was rulin' nowadays, I guess he wouldn't take long decidin' betwixt us. *He'd* know how extra wives are apt to treat children that ain't their own."

She was convinced that John would be influenced by Rose and that an appeal to him would be futile. They were in Teddie's bedroom, and presently she went into the closet and dragged forth the "telescope" in which his things had been packed when he came.

"Teddie's goin' wiz drandma," he exulted, slipping from the bed; but she caught him up and put him back with a peremptory "Hush! You must be still." And thereafter he sat without moving, but with a face eloquent as an angel's. She selected only the clothing she had made. There were some new dresses, but she did not pack these, though she examined them critically, twitching at them where they hung on the hooks. "Bought ones," she muttered, scornfully; "look how they're made!"

She worked with trembling eagerness, but the packing was only half finished when steps sounded on the stair. Two servants came along the hall, and the knob was turned softly.

"He's cried himself to sleep. What do you say to leavin' him?"

"Guess we'll have to if we go; she's taken the key."

The old woman was keenly alive to the advantages of the situation, and when a few minutes later they crept stealthily forth, chance still favored them. It was an unusually warm day for September, and there were few people passing. The shades of the neighboring houses were down. But she kept tight hold of her grandson's hand, as though she feared he would be taken from her. She was filled with a piquant sense of her own daring. Her lips curved in uncontrollable smiles, even while she darted apprehensive glances over her shoulder.

"Hurry, darlin'," she urged. With the "telescope" bumping between them, and uneven, excited steps, the two fugitives reached the car. She kept his head under her shawl, and he submitted, only putting up a hand now and then to wipe the perspiration from his round pink face. His utter confidence in her was touching, they were so alike in their helplessness. Her bonnet had slipped back, her thin brown wrists above her gloves looked like the bones of a bird, and the gray knot of her hair was loosened. Fearing to arouse suspicion, she chatted with the passengers near her, and stared around with an air of being at her ease; but in spite of her assurance, she was just a little palpitating old woman, with her nerves strained to the highest pitch and every energy bent on the accomplishment of one object.

The tumult of the streets terrified and tired her, but not even when she reached her niece's did she allow herself to rest. She announced her intention of taking the night train home. "Father's there alone, and I guess the sooner I'm goin' the better," she added, dryly. The train left at half-past seven, and Hiram took them down before he ate his supper. There was something about his wife's aunt that aroused his sympathy. "Best not tease her, 'Nerva," he said; "she's got her mind made up."

The two walked in on Mr. Hopkins early the next morning. Stella Smith was just helping him to the breakfast table. He swayed a little.

"Why, mother! Teddie!" he cried. Then he sat down with the child clasping his neck. "We've comed, drandpa! Drandpa, we've comed!"

Mrs. Hopkins watched them a moment, then she interfered. "Come, Teddie, you're tirin' grandpa. Now, *father!*" she expostulated. She took his hand, and held it until his shoulders ceased to heave and he lifted his head.

"'Mandy," he said, solemnly, and yet with a break of humor in his quavering voice—"'Mandy, I've always give you considerable credit f' knowin' how to git your way, and I knew, somehow, that you'd go there and git back safe; but I didn't expect *this*. How'd you ever persuade 'em?"

His wife smiled. Her very presence radiated a sense of triumph.

"There's different ways of persuadin'," she answered, with sly carelessness. But he still persisted, admiringly.

"I don't see what you could have said to 'em, that they let you bring him."

"Oh, I didn't say a great deal," she returned. "Let's have breakfast." Her husband's praise of her and her knowledge of how she had outwitted her son-in-law's wife added a certain sprightliness to her manner, for as yet this old woman did not appreciate what she had done in carrying off her grandson.

He occupied his old place at the table, like a little king. Both grandparents

waited on him, and he stopped every now and then in the enjoyment of his bread and milk to hug first one and then the other, until his head drooped like a tired flower's and he was carried off and placed in his own little crib. Mrs. Hopkins, also, slept the greater part of the morning, but when she awoke, her elation had vanished. Her husband, however, had waited patiently to hear the particulars of the trip.

"I thought John's wife would bring up all sorts of objections," he remarked, "and I guess she did, didn't she?"

"She said she didn't think it was a very good plan."

The old man chuckled. "Course she didn't. But John knew what would tickle the little feller. How long they goin' to let him stay?"

"There wa'n't nuthin' said; but I guess if John had thought a great deal of Teddie, he wouldn't have give him the stepmother he did," she added, bitterly.

"Oh, you hadn't ought to blame him that way, mother," remonstrated her husband. "He didn't know she'd turn out the way she has. I tell you John's had it pretty hard."

Mrs. Hopkins knitted vigorously, but her son-in-law's face would come between her and the stocking. It was not a particularly happy face for a man still under thirty, and there was a look in the eyes which had not been there during her daughter's lifetime—a look now sharpened to painful anxiety. Moreover, he was the man her daughter had loved. She struggled with the memory.

"And, naturally, he'd like to keep his own boy," pursued the old man, "and it was real kind of him to let you take him."

She laid down her work with a sudden air of desperation. "Who said he let me take him?" she demanded. "No one let me take him. *I just took him.*"

He stared at her. She had made her confession defiantly, but she trembled under his slowly comprehending gaze. He rose and stood over her. "You mean to say that you—brought—that—child—without—permission? That you *stole* him?"

"It wa'n't stealin'," she flashed back.

He waved her words aside. "Woman," he cried, with terrible emphasis, "don't ye know ye can be arrested for *abduction?*"

She paled a little, then rose valiantly to her own defense. "Stop—stop just where you are, Theodore Hopkins," she commanded. "I know what I've done, and it ain't nuthin' so turrible. I took him, but I had a right to. *Accordin' to Solomon* I had a right to!"

Her husband was staggered. "Accordin' to Solomon?" he repeated.

"Yes, that king in the Bible. Ain't I proved that I care more for the child than she does, and ain't he really my own flesh and blood?"

For an instant she triumphed in the apparent justice of the comparison; then her husband would have spoken, but she silenced him. "And I took him on your account, too," she continued, "and I won't listen to a word. The only person I owe any explanation to is John, and I'll telegraph him, f' he may worry."

"Worry!" exploded her husband. "He's probably advertisin' in all the papers and got all the policemen in Chicago out huntin' f' him. He's probably most crazy."

And the situation that faced John Wood was indeed a baffling one. For lack of any other clue, it finally occurred to him that the disappearance of his son might in some way be connected with the visit of the grandmother; and not knowing her niece's address, he was about to telegraph to Sheldon, when a message arrived from there. The next day a letter followed. It was an utterly pathetic letter, despite the confession it made. "It ain't that I think your wife wasn't doing what she thought was right by Teddie," she wrote, "but not being her own, she couldn't have the patience; and don't you suppose, John, that Jennie would rather her own mother had him?" This plea was wiser than any Scriptural defense.

They had not long to wait for an answer. In a brief note he told them to keep the boy, adding a few loving words about the dead wife. The note was filled with unconscious sadness, for it was the man who had wooed their daughter that wrote. Indeed, it seemed as if she must rise out of the past in response, though perhaps her young spirit answered through the tears of her old parents.

"The hull house always seems full of her at this time of night," muttered the old man; "stealin' out to meet *him.* Seems 's though I could hear her now." But it was only Teddie, sleepy and winsome, who entered. The old couple smiled on him through their tears, and there was that beauty in their worn faces seen in a troubled sky when a rainbow arches through it.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

CONTRIBUTIONS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

THERE is but one policy in editing McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, and that is to have subjects of the highest interest treated by the people who are most competent to handle them, whether writers or artists. The result of this policy is shown in the character of the contents of the present number and of the matter secured for the coming months.

In Mr. Dana's series of personal reminiscences we have the result of the author's intimate association with the great personages of the war. Dr. Nansen, from the wealth of experience gained in one of the most extraordinary achievements in the history of the world, will outline the future of Polar exploration. General Miles, the present commander of the armies of the United States, will give the result of his observations of the armies and commanders of Europe, under the most favorable auspices, for a period of several months, during probably the most interesting year in Europe since the Franco-Prussian War. Prince Kropotkine, the eminent socialist and scientist, drawing from vast resources and personal knowledge, will write about the Siberian railway. Colonel Waring, who for nearly twoscore years has been a high authority on all the engineering and sanitary problems connected with great cities, and who is especially noted for his wonderful work in New York City in the past two or three years, will forecast the city of the future. Young Landor, who undertook a most daring expedition into Thibet and who suffered most cruelly, will tell in the magazine his experiences on his travels. Anthony Hope, who is now in this country, and whose heroine, the Princess Flavia, is probably the most adored of women, writes the further adventures and love of Rudolf Rassendyll and the Princess Flavia, and introduces the scenes and characters of his famous story, "The Prisoner of Zenda." Rudyard Kipling, nearly all of whose recent work has appeared in McCLURE'S, will contribute a number of poems and stories during the year. Stephen Crane will be represented both by an article of unusual interest on the fastest train and by a story drawn from his experiences in the Southwest. Mr. Garland will appear as the contributor of a series of remarkably interesting papers, one of which gives the Indians' story of the Custer massacre. Mr. Charles Dana Gibson is going to spend this winter in Egypt; the result of his observations will be set forth by his pen and pencil in McCLURE'S; besides, he will be a constant companion to Anthony Hope in "Rupert of Hentzau."

All we ask in considering matter for the magazine is, "Has it sufficient and right kind of interest?" Matter that clearly possesses this interest is always accepted, whether it comes from known or unknown contributors, and is liberally paid for. We are glad to receive and examine contributions of any sort within the scope of the magazine—short stories and historical, scientific, and other special articles. Awaiting the special writer who can prove his right to it, we have, indeed, a standing special prize. That is a position on the staff of the magazine for any one who can do such work as we are now having done by other members of the editorial staff, such as Miss Tarbell and H. J. W. Dam.

A MEMORIAL TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE proposal to erect a memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson in Edinburgh, the city of his birth, is meeting with the approval that one would have predicted for it. Besides the fitness of it because of Stevenson's unquestionable eminence as a writer, there is to prosper it that peculiar personal affection with which he bound his public to him. An American Committee has just organized to promote the project in the United States, and issues the following address:

38 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

It has been proposed to erect in his native city of Edinburgh a memorial to ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, and a committee of his Scotch and English admirers and friends, headed by Lord Rosebery and having among its number those as near to Stevenson as Mr. Sydney Colvin, Mr. George Meredith, and Mr. J. M. Barrie, has been already formed to carry out the project. But Stevenson is nowhere held in greater admiration or affection than in America, and it seems certain that many of his American readers would be glad of an opportunity to take part in this tribute to his memory. Many of them have felt through his books the vital and stimulating personality that made him one of the most attractive figures in recent English literature; and the idea of this memorial has appealed to them with an unusual force.

With the authority of the English organization an American Committee has been formed, which asks American readers and admirers of Stevenson to contribute to the work. The memorial is to take the shape of a "statue, bust, or medallion, with such architectural or sculpturesque accompaniment as may be desirable," and the character of those having the matter in charge ensures its dignity and fitness.

Subscriptions of whatever amount will be received for the American Committee by the undersigned, its chairman, and receipts returned in the name of the committee. To the subscribers of sums of $10.00 and upward there will be sent by the American Committee, as a memorial of participation in the undertaking, a special edition, printed for the committee, of Stevenson's "Æs Triplex," bearing the subscriber's name and having as its frontispiece a reproduction of the portrait by John S. Sargent. It need hardly be said that this edition will not be otherwise obtainable.

CHARLES FAIRCHILD,
Chairman.

Committee:

Henry M. Alden,
E. L. Burlingame,
Beverly Chew,
Charles B. Foote,
Jeannette B. Gilder,
Richard Watson Gilder,
Clarence King,
Gustav E. Kissel,
John La Farge,
Will H. Low,
James MacArthur,
S. S. McClure,
Augustus St. Gaudens
Charles Scribner,
J. Kennedy Tod,
Geo. E. Waring.

St. Ives is a character who will be treasured up in the memory along with David Balfour and Alan Breck, even with D'Artagnan and the Musketeers.—*London "Times."*

THE LAST PORTRAIT IN STEVENSON'S GALLERY.

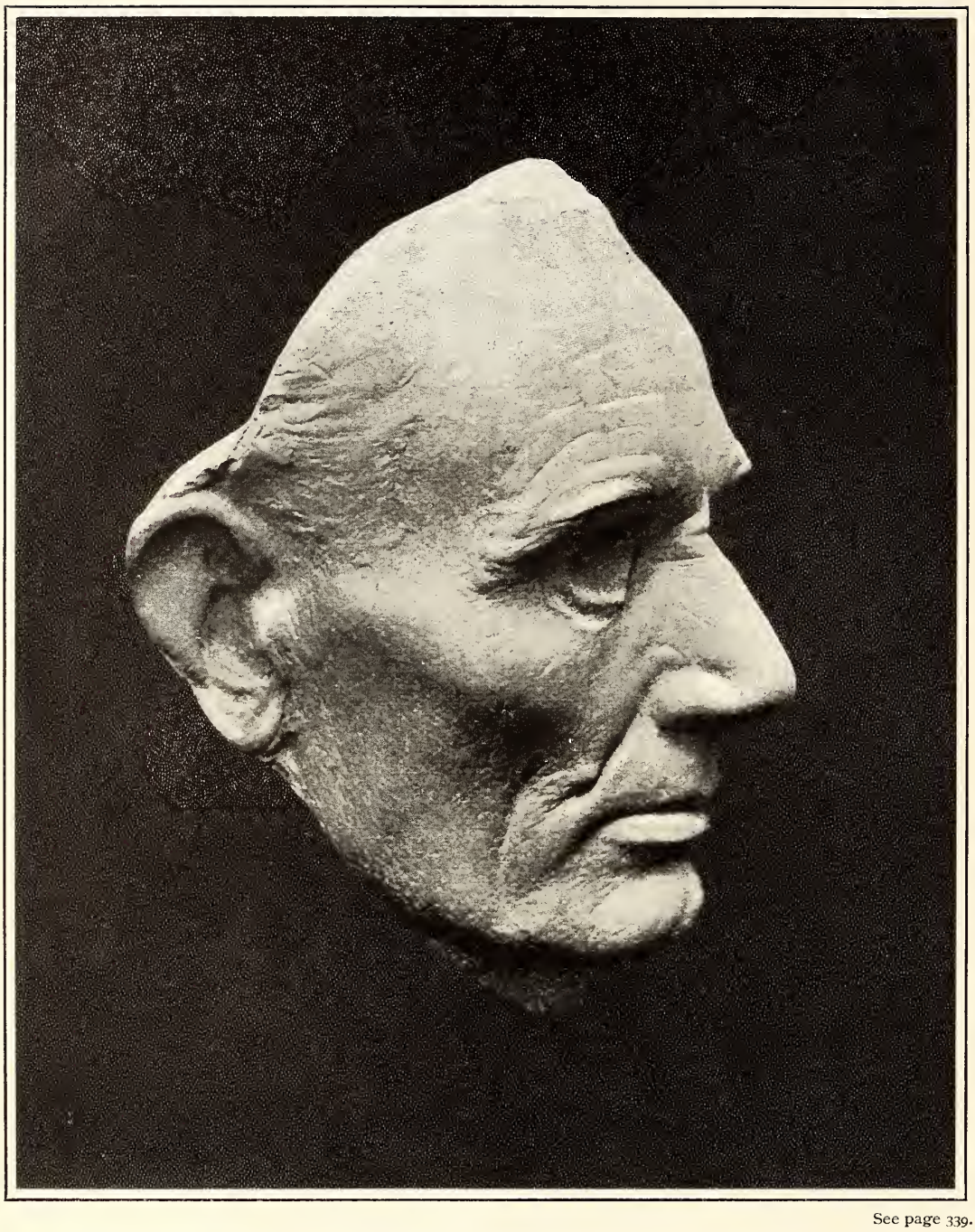
From the "St. James's Gazette."

THE tale is told: the story ends,
The last of those attractive friends,
Friends whose companionship we owe
To that lost master of romance
With whom we fought against the foe
Or staked the desperate chance:

Since first we tasted the delights
Of Florizel's adventurous nights,
Or paced the "Hispaniola's" deck
And wished John Silver far away,
Or roamed the moors with Alan Breck,
Or supped with Ballantrae.

Now bold St. Ives admittance craves
Among these fascinating knaves;
With him from prison walls we leap,
With him our hearts to wrath are stirred,
With him we tremble, laugh, and weep,
Until the final word.

The story ends; the tale is told,
And though new books new friends may hold,
Though Meredithians we may meet,
Or Wessex lads with Wessex wives,
That portrait gallery is complete
In which we place St. Ives.



See page 339.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, 1860. AGE 51. LIFE MASK BY LEONARD W. VOLK.

From a photograph taken expressly for McClure's Magazine. Mr. Volk's life mask of Lincoln was made at Chicago in 1860, shortly before Lincoln's nomination to the Presidency. On page 341 will be found a reproduction of it in full view.

McClure's Magazine.

Vol. X. FEBRUARY, 1898. No. 4.

META INCOGNITA.—*The Northern Boundary of Hudson Strait. From a color study painted from nature an hour before midnight, July 27, 1896, by Albert Operti, the artist of the Peary Expedition.*

FUTURE NORTH POLAR EXPLORATION.

By Dr. Fridtjof Nansen,

Author of "Farthest North," etc.

Illustrated with photograpns and drawings from life (most of them hitherto unpublished) by Nansen, Greely, Peary, the Tegetthoff Expedition, and the Arctic artists, William Bradford and Albert Operti, and from descriptions by Commodore Melville and Captain Brainard.

THE North Polar region has always had great attraction for the imagination of mankind, and we find during times past the most extreme views as to its real character. Centuries ago some Dutch geographers held the opinion that there was an open sea with a warm climate at the North Pole, and ships set sail to discover a shorter route across this sea to China and India, but they always met with impassable ice. Only some forty years ago the American hydrographer Maury advanced a similar theory of an open Polar sea, and very cleverly tried to prove the correctness of this theory in a scientific way. When, however, this open sea was

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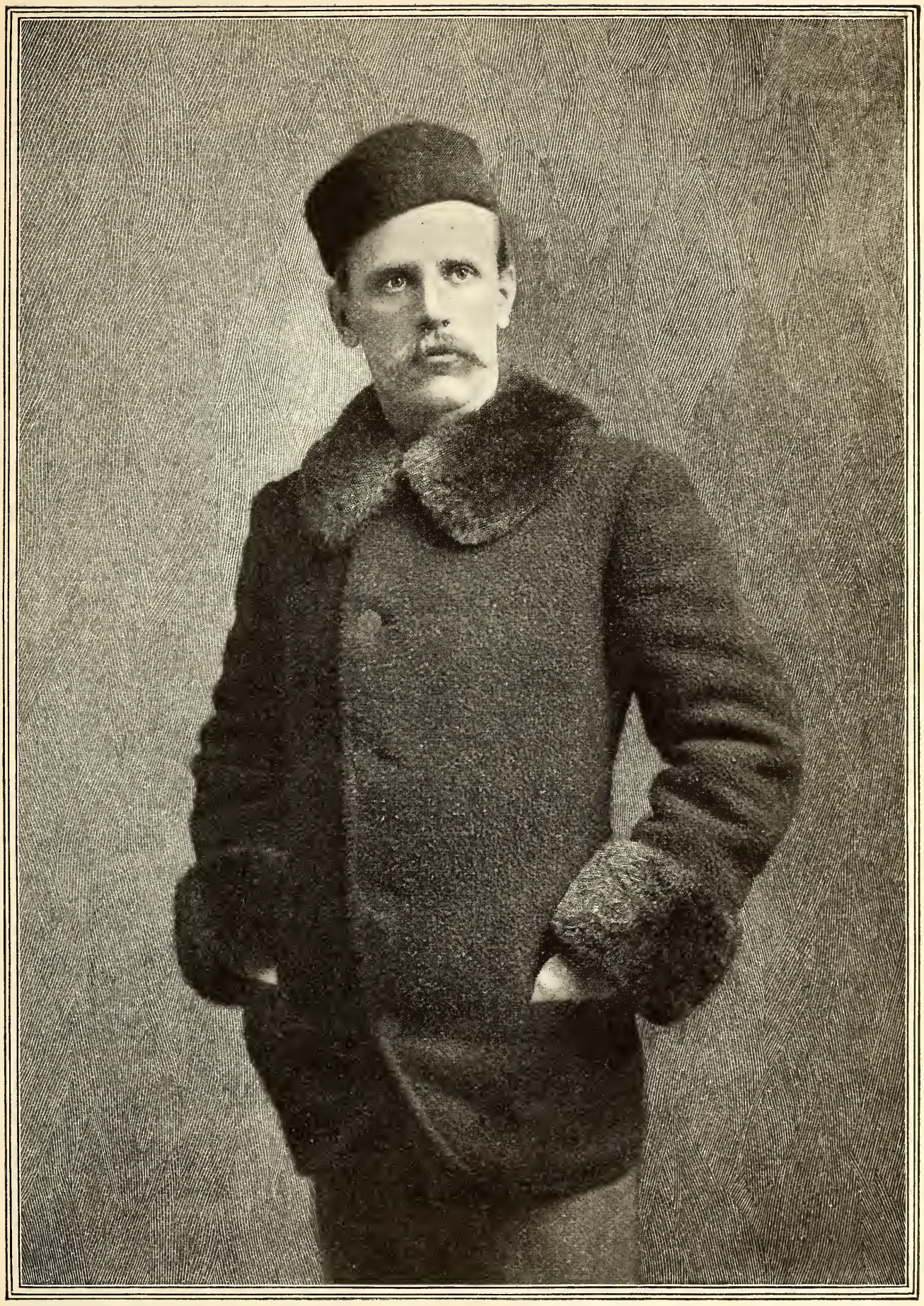
MAP SHOWING NANSEN'S PROPOSED ROUTE TO THE POLE.

A Northernmost point reached by Nansen, April 7, 1895 (86° 14′). *B* By Lockwood and Brainard of the Greely Expedition, May, 1882 (83° 24′). *C* By Markham and Parr, May, 1876 (83° 20′). *D* By Peary and Astruc, July, 1892 (81° 37′). *E* By Parry, July, 1827 (82° 45′). *G* De Long, June, 1881 (77° 15′). *O* marks Dane's Island, Andrée's point of departure on his balloon journey. The inner circle marks the latitude reached by Nansen and Johansen; the outer one, that reached by Lockwood and Brainard. The course of the "Fram" is also marked, as well as the journey of Nansen and Johansen after leaving the "Fram," first northward, and then southward to Franz Josef Land.

found not to exist, opinions went to the other extreme, and the idea became current that the Polar sea was shallow, with many lands and islands, and that the Pole itself was covered with a thick, immovable ice mantle.

But all such ideas must now be abandoned in the light of the more recent explorations, and we are able to form a more clear and sober conception of the far North.

The expedition of the "Fram" has proved that the physical conditions in the vicinity of the Pole are very much the same as we find them in the better known regions of the Arctic sea. There was neither an open sea nor an immovable ice mantle, but the whole area is an extended deep basin covered by floating ice, constantly broken up and being carried across from the Siberian side towards the Greenland side. The average depth of this basin we found to be towards 2,000 fathoms along the whole route of the "Fram," and it is evidently a continuation of the deep North Atlantic trough, stretching northwards into the unknown between Spitzbergen and Greenland. The depth of this sea is filled with comparatively warm water, warmer than that in the



DR. NANSEN.

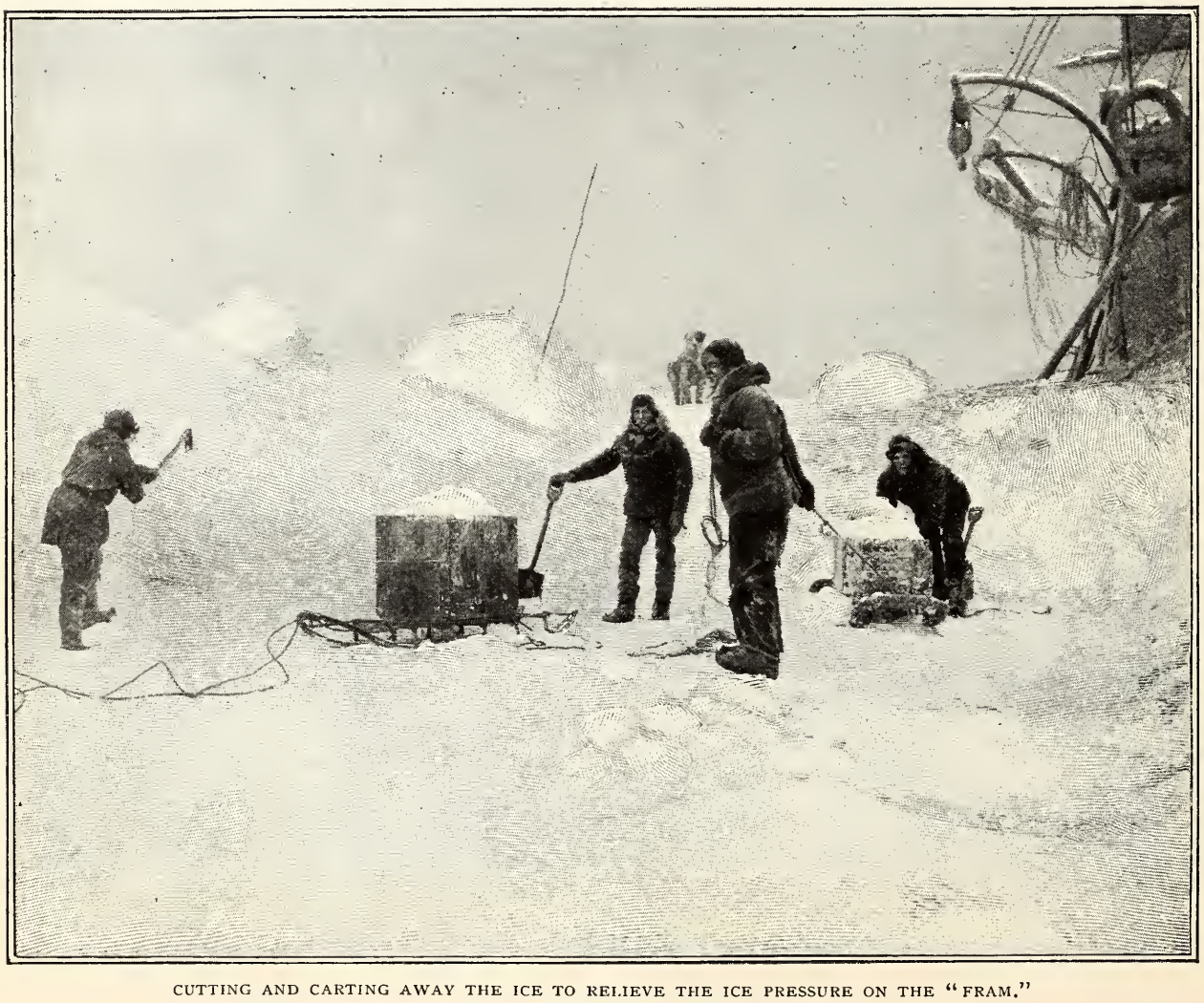
From a recent photograph taken expressly for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE by Bliss Brothers, Buffalo, New York.

depths of the north Atlantic Ocean, and it is evident that this warm water comes from the Atlantic, fills the Polar basin, is gradually cooled, and runs out again as cold water to fill the depth of the sea to the south. It is a part in the eternal circulation of the ocean.

The question now arises, What extent has this sea towards the North? In my opinion it is not doubtful that it covers the Pole itself. Had the "Fram" continued her drift in the ice, she would have been carried southwards along the east coast of Greenland; but she would have left a great distance between her and the coast, down which a vast volume of ice is carried, which must necessarily come from the region north of the track of the "Fram."

We thus see that, according to all probability, the whole area between the Pole and the Siberian coast is covered by a large and extended sea; and there cannot possibly be much unknown land on that side. It is another question, however, what we may expect to find on the other side between the Pole and the American coast. To me it seems probable that the greater part of this area also is an ice-covered sea, although there may, of course, be unknown land and islands to be discovered in this direction, as it is not probable that we have yet reached the most northern limit of land. The most important part which now remains unexplored is that extensive region which is limited by the "Fram's" route, the route of the "Jeannette," Patrick Island, Grant Land, and the most northern part of Greenland, which is yet unknown.

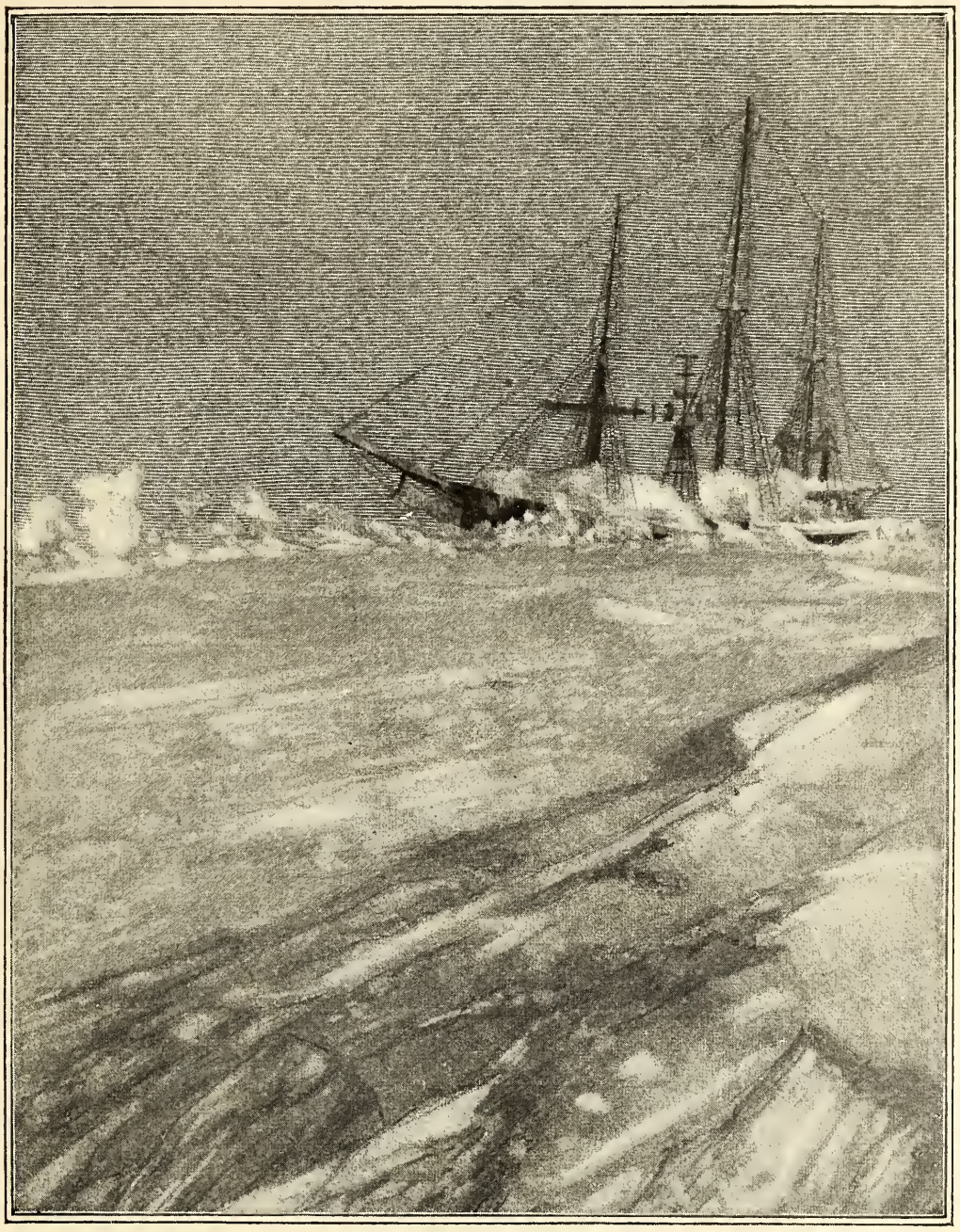
How can this unknown region be explored? I think there are various ways in which it ought to be done, as each of them will certainly bring important results. I think the drift of the "Fram" has clearly proved the efficiency of the mode of travel which we adopted. That a ship can be built able to withstand the pressure to which it would necessarily be subjected on a drift through these regions is established. It can scarcely be doubted that the "Fram" was exposed to difficulties of this kind as great as can reasonably be expected. I believe, therefore, that the Polar sea can at all times be traversed



CUTTING AND CARTING AWAY THE ICE TO RELIEVE THE ICE PRESSURE ON THE "FRAM."

From a hitherto unpublished photograph.

with sufficient safety in this manner, if only proper provision be made. Furthermore, this method of travel offers such great advantages that it certainly ought to be adopted in the future, as the drift of a ship like the "Fram" through unknown regions affords the best means of making scientific investigations of all kinds. It is only by a sojourn of years that sufficient material can be collected to enable a fully satisfactory conception of the physical conditions of these regions to be formed. A vessel like the "Fram" is, in fact, an excellent floating observatory.



THE "FRAM" IN THE ICE.

From a hitherto unpublished photograph taken by moonlight, January, 1895.

I think that such an expedition ought to go north through Bering Strait, and enter the ice in a northerly or perhaps, rather, northeasterly direction, somewhere between 160 and 170 degrees west longitude. The ship will then be closed in by the ice, and will certainly be carried across the unknown sea a great distance north of the "Fram's" route, across, or, at any rate, not far from, the Pole itself, and will emerge into open water somewhere along the east coast of Greenland. The expedition will thus bring a sum of information about the Polar region which will be of priceless benefit to many branches of science. But such a drift will take a longer time than ours did: I should say, probably five years. It might, however, be that the drift further north is more rapid than it was in the neighborhood of the "Fram's" route, as during Johansen's and my sledge journey I got the impression that there was more motion in the ice the further we went north.

It might be urged in objection to an expedition of such long duration, that it would expose its members to certain dangers, as it has been thought that a number of years in these parts would be injurious to health. From my experience, however, I must say that I found the Arctic region a very healthy place of resort. There are no diseases, and you do not even catch a cold, as there are no germs

to produce them. The malady which has hitherto been feared more than anything else in Arctic expeditions is scurvy; but that ought not to occur again, as it is undoubtedly very easily avoided when proper precautions are taken. As far as I understand, it arises from poisoning, caused especially by badly preserved meat and fish. It seems probable that, by the decomposition which takes place in the meat from bad methods of preservation (in salt meat, for instance), poisonous matter is produced which is allied to the so-called ptomaines, and this, when constantly partaken of, causes the malady we call scurvy. But at present there is no difficulty in getting well-preserved food; so that this difficulty can easily be avoided.

LIEUTENANT JOHANSEN. FROM A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY DR. NANSEN AS THEY LEFT THE WINTER HUT WHERE THEY HAD SPENT ALMOST NINE MONTHS, ON MAY 19, 1896.

It has been said that the privation and isolation during a Polar expedition must have an unwholesome effect, not only on the health, but also on the mind, and will easily cause melancholy and other mental sufferings. To this it might be answered that Johansen and I spent our third Polar winter under more lonely circumstances than most other explorers have done, and still we were in perfect health, and felt no trace of any mental suffering of the kind mentioned. If the expedition is well equipped, and consists of carefully picked men, I do not think there is any more risk connected with such a journey than with many other undertakings in life.

By such a drift a very important part of the still unknown Polar region could be explored; but there would remain a great area on the American side where exploration in this way would not be possible. The best method of exploring this area seems to me to be by dogs and sledge. Our expedition has proved that it is possible to cover comparatively long distances on the floe ice of the Polar sea by these means, and I believe that the whole of this unknown area can be so explored if

SKINNING A WALRUS. FROM A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY DR. NANSEN.

the equipment be only made carefully, and plenty of strong and well-trained sledge-dogs be taken.

This mode of travel has the advantage, compared with the one previously described, that it takes much shorter time and you are more master over your movements. As far as geographical exploration goes and the investigation of the distribution of land and water, it offers unrivalled facilities. The disadvantage is, however, that it does not allow of a sojourn of any duration in those desolate regions and does not give you the opportunity for careful scientific research which is needed for a complete knowledge of them. It is, therefore, to be hoped that both modes of travel will be employed in the future.

DR. NANSEN. FROM A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN BY LIEUTENANT JOHANSEN ON LEAVING THE WINTER HUT, MAY 19, 1896.

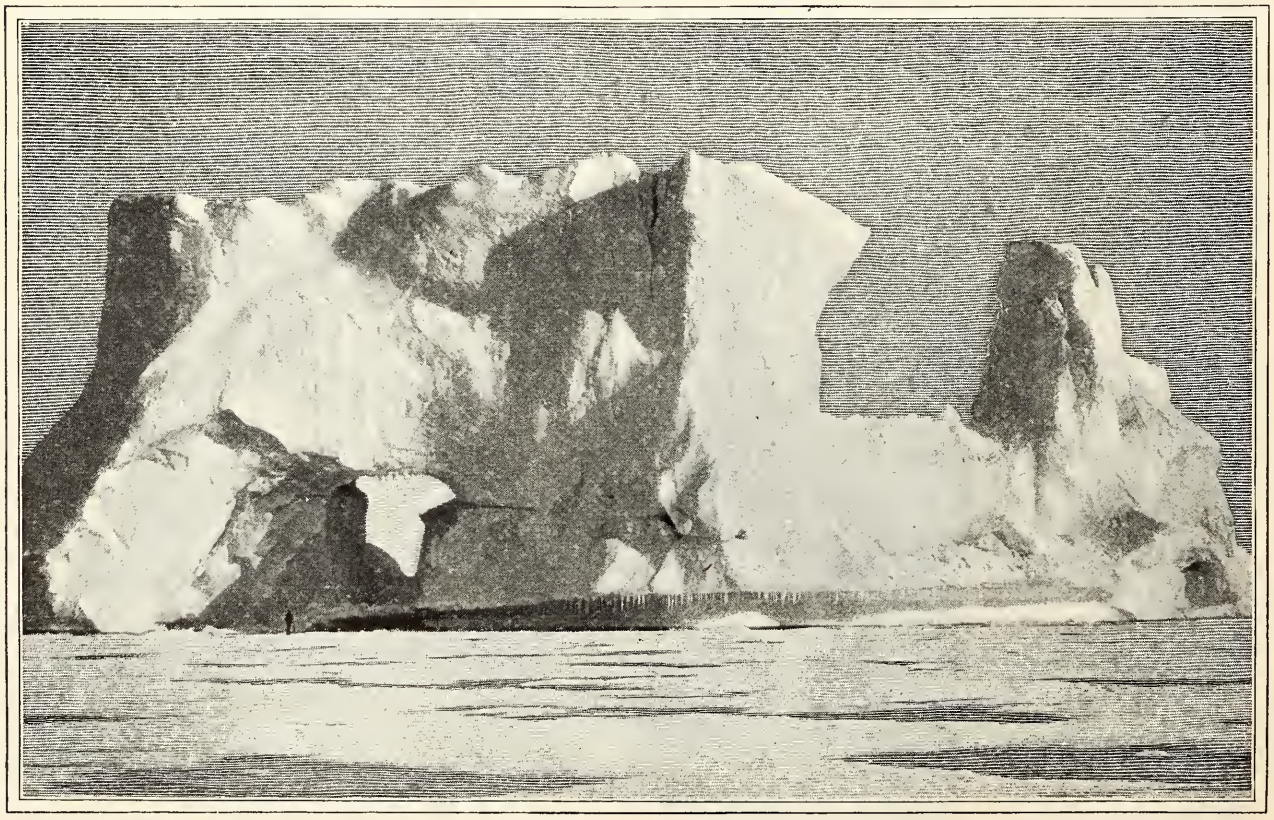
A third way of getting into the unknown is the balloon, which has been tried for the first time this year, but with what results we do not yet know. The main importance of such an expedition will be to give us information about the distribution of land and water, which it will be able to do in case it has clear weather and the surface of the sea or land is not hidden by mist. The way in which I should imagine the balloon could be of most use in future exploration would be to let it carry sledges with necessary dogs and equipment northwards, so that the expedition could leave the balloon and travel across the ice southwards. The necessity of covering the same distance twice would thus be avoided, and a more complete exploration of the region traveled through would thus be made.

What should be the aim of future exploration? It is evident that it ought to be purely scientific research, and the more the expedition is equipped for this purpose the better results there will be obtained. The first thing we want to know is the exact distribution of land and water in the whole region. It is not only for geographical purposes that we want this knowledge: it is impossible to calculate the quantity of water on the globe unless we know this and to calculate the exact relation between the sea and the continents, which count as

HAULING KAYAKS ON THE ICE. FROM A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. NANSEN.

a great influence on the conditions of the atmosphere, the circulation of ocean currents, and many other physical conditions. We also want to know the exact depth of this Polar sea in its full extent, and the water temperatures in the various strata from the surface down to the bottom. And then we must know more about the formation of the ice in that sea: the conditions which are necessary for its freezing, how the ice travels across the sea, how thick it grows, etc. A perfect knowledge of all this will not only help us to understand better the climatic conditions of the northern regions, and, we could say, of the whole surface of the globe of today, but it will perhaps throw some light on the many strange climatic changes which have taken place in the past history of the earth.

To illustrate of what importance this might be, I might mention here a discovery we made during our voyage in the "Fram." By examining the salinity of the water and its temperature in the various depths, we found that the Polar sea is covered with a layer of comparatively fresh water, with a very low temperature, about the freezing point of water of that salinity (29.3 to 29.12 degrees Fahrenheit). When, however, we penetrated this layer to a depth of one hundred fathoms, we suddenly came on water with a greater salinity, and the temperature of which would be as much as 32.9 degrees, and even 33.44 degrees, Fahrenheit. This is much warmer than we should expect the water to be in the frozen North. At a greater depth the water varied somewhat, but remained about the same to a depth of from 220 to 270 fathoms, after which it sank slowly with the depth, though without sinking to the cold temperature of the surface water. It did not, as a rule, sink below 30.65 degrees, which temperature we found at a depth of about 1,600 fathoms. Near the bottom it again rose quite slowly, I think probably on account of the internal heat of the earth. These conditions may seem somewhat astonishing, seeing that the depths of the north Atlantic Ocean north of Scotland, the Faroe Islands, and Iceland are filled with icy-cold water, the temperature of which is about 29.3 degrees Fahrenheit. The depths of the sea in the South are consequently colder than you find them near the Pole. The reason is evidently that the warm salt water from the surface of the Atlantic Ocean is carried northwards by the Gulf Stream into the Polar sea, where it, however, meets the fresher and



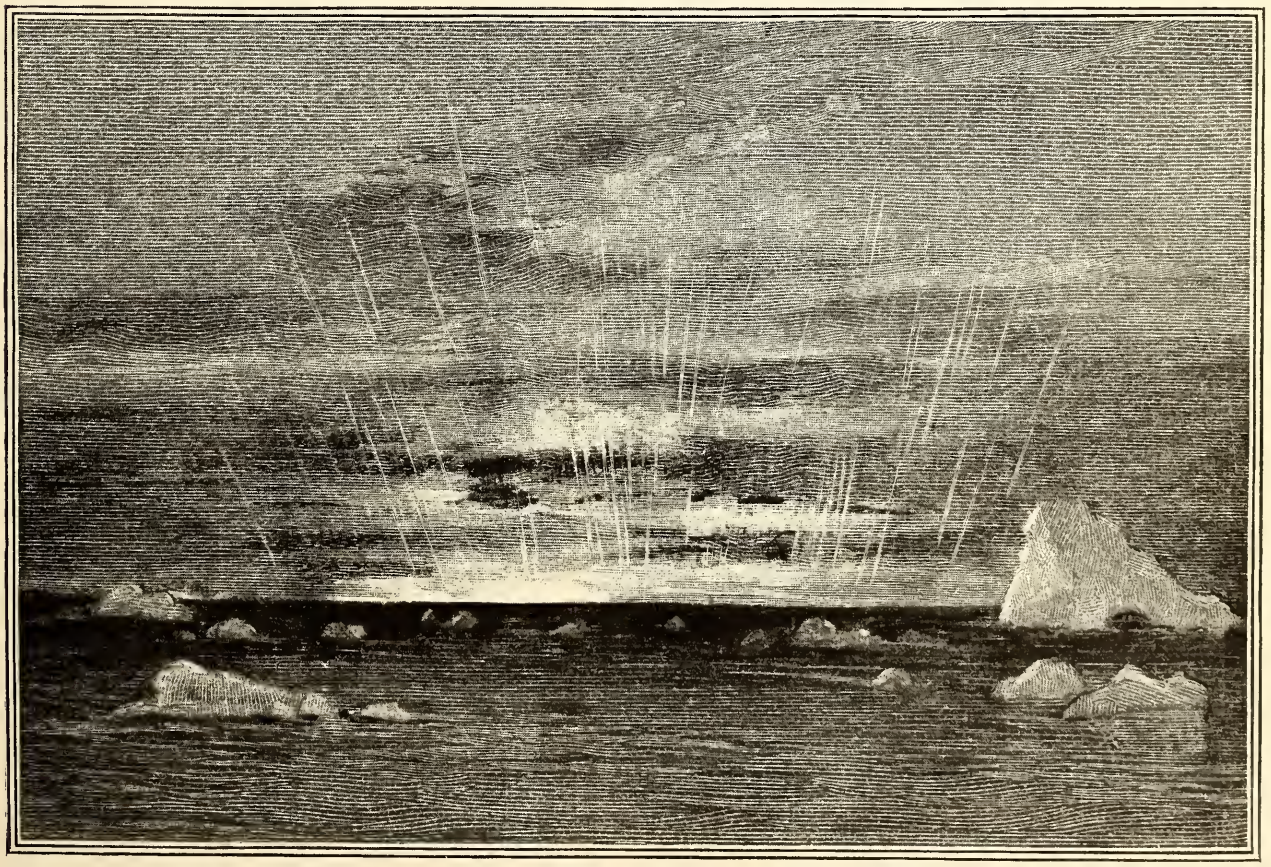
AN ICEBERG.

From a photograph taken by the late William Bradford of New Bedford, Mass., an artist who spent more than seven years in the Arctic seas, making several trips with Dr. Hayes, and once chartering a vessel of his own, for the sole purpose of painting the scenery of the far North. Some of his most important works were painted for and are owned by the Queen of England and European museums.

consequently lighter water which results from the constant outflow of fresh water from the Siberian and American rivers into the Polar basin. Being heavier on account of its salinity, the warm Atlantic water must sink under this cold but lighter layer on top, and will fill the whole depth of the Polar basin. What is the result of this? The fresher water on top prevents the warm water from approaching the surface, and consequently the formation of ice by freezing is not very much retarded by the heat which this warmer water carries into the Polar sea. It is, however, evident that, notwithstanding the protection afforded by this cold top-layer, this constant

NAVY CLIFF (81° 37′), WHERE LIEUTENANT PEARY ERECTED A CAIRN AND PLANTED THE AMERICAN FLAG ON JULY 4, 1892. LIEUTENANT PEARY'S NORTHERNMOST POINT (82° 12′) IS ON THE ICE CAP IN THE BACKGROUND OF THE PICTURE.

This photograph is reproduced by the courtesy of Lieutenant Peary and his publishers, the Frederick A. Stokes Company, from a forthcoming book.



AN EFFECT OF SUNSET AND SUNRISE. FROM THE COLOR STUDY PAINTED FROM NATURE IN BAFFIN'S BAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1896, BY A. OPERTI, THE ARTIST OF THE PEARY EXPEDITION, DURING THE HALF HOUR DISAPPEARANCE OF THE SUN, WHEN THE SUNSET LIGHT LINGERED IN THE SKY WHILE THE SUNRISE RADIANCE BEGAN TO BE FELT.

FORT CONGER, LIEUTENANT GREELY'S HEADQUARTERS FROM AUGUST, 1881, TO AUGUST, 1883.
From a photograph kindly loaned by General A. W. Greely.

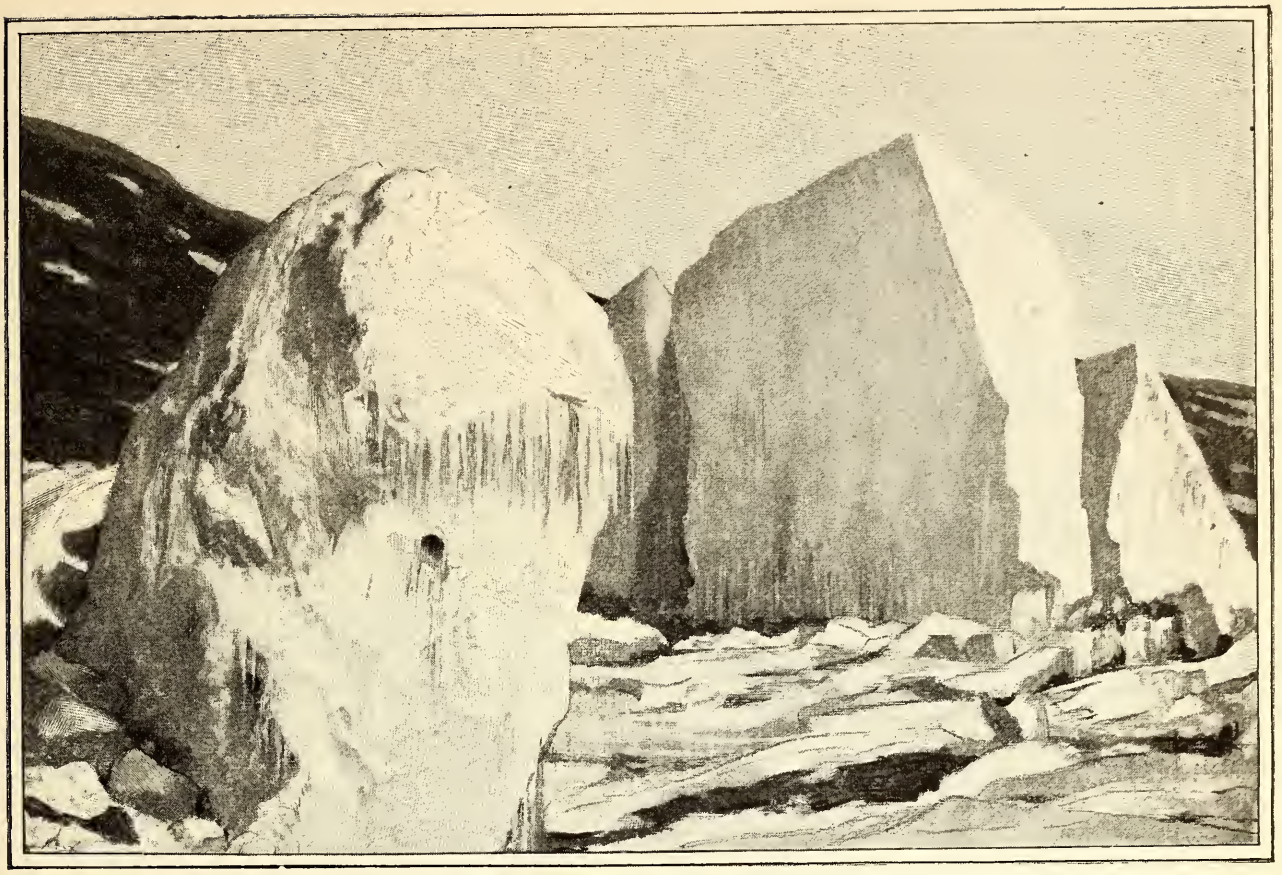
influx of warm water has some effect in heating the Polar sea and thus reducing the formation of ice on its surface.

There is also another important factor which prevents the ice which covers this sea from growing very thick; that is, that the ice is constantly carried across the Polar region by the winds and the currents and is transported southwards to lower latitudes, where it melts before it reaches the age necessary to grow above a certain thickness. The thickest floes formed directly by freezing which we measured were about fourteen feet thick.

What would, however, take place if this constant outflow of ice and cold water and the constant influx of warm water were completely stopped? If, for instance, by the upheaval of the sea-bottom, a ridge of land were formed across the Atlantic Ocean from Scotland over Shetland, the Faroe Islands, and Iceland to Greenland, such as we know there probably once has been, in some quite recent geological period? The result would be that the ice would be blocked up by this land even more completely than it is now blocked up by the north side of the islands of the American Arctic Archipelago. The drift of the ice would gradually be stopped, the floes would grow thicker and thicker, partly by freezing underneath, partly by accumulation of snow on the surface, and the Polar sea would be covered with an enormous ice-mantle, such as that which so many have believed covers the Pole.

The Gulf Stream, now running northwards between Scotland and Iceland, would also be stopped by such a land ridge, and the influx of warm water into the Polar sea would no longer take place. The result of this would necessarily be that the water in this basin would be cooled down and we would probably find the same low temperature which is now limited to the upper layer through the whole depth of the sea. But whether the result would be that the water would freeze solid to the bottom, I think is rather doubtful.

It is evident that the climatic conditions would be very much altered by the changes which are here described. The surface of the Polar sea would now be more like an enormous glacier than an ice-covered ocean. On account of the radiation of heat from the surface of this snow-covered ice-mantle, the average temperature of the year would gradually sink, and the climate would become colder than it is at present. But at the same time the Atlantic Ocean to the south of the land ridge mentioned would not be cooled down by the outflow of cold water and ice from the North, and it would not constantly give off a great

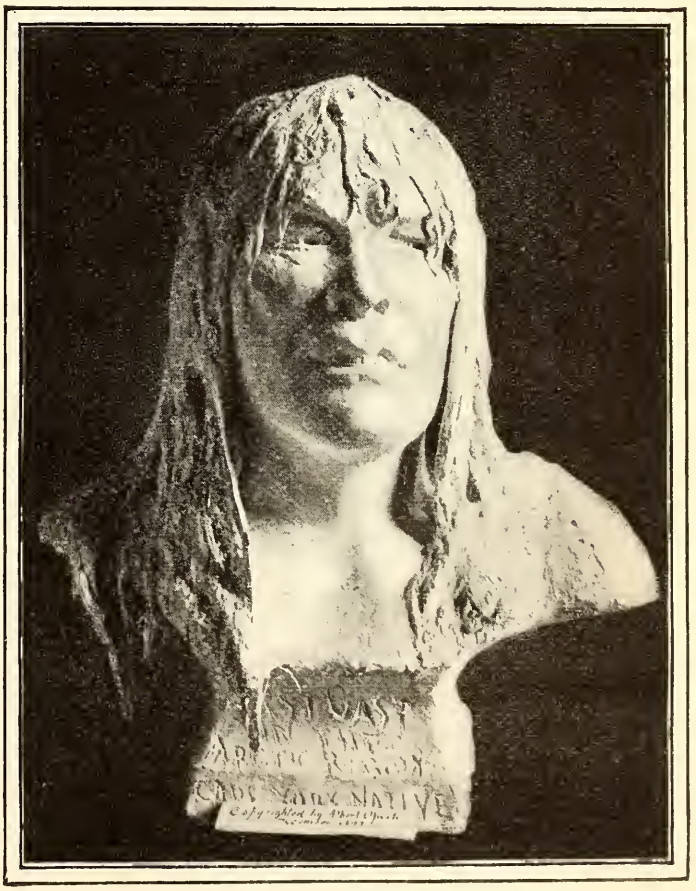


STRANDED ICE FLOES.

From photographs taken by the Greely Expedition, and kindly loaned by General A. W. Greely.

part of its heat to the Polar sea. The consequence would be that it would be warmer than it now is, and we would get a milder climate in that part of the globe than we have at present.

What, on the other hand, would be the result if we imagine that the outflow of ice and the influx of warm water were considerably enlarged? What would happen if, for instance, the Bering Strait was made very much broader and deeper than it is at present, so that the warm Japanese current, the Kurosiwo, could run into the Polar basin? It is evident that the bulk of warm water would be more considerable and warmer than it is at present, and at the same time the layer of cold water on top would be very much reduced. The result would be that the formation of ice by freezing would be still more retarded, and then the floes would be carried out of the Polar sea more rapidly and would get even less time to grow thick than is now the case. Could we, however, imagine that the Polar sea at the same time got no supply of fresh water from the Siberian and American rivers, through the water-shed being so altered that these rivers would flow into some other ocean, then the



"NUPSUAH," A CAPE YORK NATIVE.

From the first life cast ever taken in the Arctic regions, by A. Operti, artist of the Peary Expedition. These Arctic Highlanders, of the purest type of Eskimo, are the most northern tribe on the face of the earth. They were first discovered by Sir John Ross in 1818, and are now fast dying out. Copyright, 1897, by A. Operti.

RUSSIAN TYPE—NORTHEASTERN SIBERIA.

A SAMOYED—INHABITANT OF NORTHERN RUSSIA AND EASTERN SIBERIA.

These two portraits and the one on the opposite page are from photographs taken by the Tegetthoff (Austrian) Expedition of 1872.

result would be that the Polar basin would not be covered with such a layer of cold, light, and comparatively fresh water as it is at present, and the warm salt water carried into it from the south would be allowed to approach the surface. The result would necessarily be that the formation of ice would be very much reduced. During the greater part of the year we would probably find much open water in the North, and this would make the climate of the Polar region milder. But at the same time the climate in the lower latitudes would become colder, as the Southern seas would have to give off more of their heat in the shape of warm water to the Polar sea, and would in exchange receive more cold water from the North. The result would be less difference between the climates in the lower latitudes and the high northern latitudes than is the case to-day.

Whether these changes of climate caused by changes in the distribution of land and water as here described are sufficient to explain the cold climate which must have been prevailing in the Northern regions (Europe and North America) of the Northern Hemisphere during the ice age, and to explain the hot or almost subtropical climates which during other periods have been prevailing in some parts of the Polar regions, is a more complicated question. In my opinion, they will not be sufficient to account for these strange changes which we know have taken place. But at any rate I hope that what I have here mentioned is sufficient to show how Polar exploration is able to open for us glimpses into those mists which cover the previous history of this globe; glimpses into ages long before man existed. But we need to know more in order to solve these many difficult problems. Let us get full information about the Polar sea in its full extent and from the surface to the bottom; let us learn to know everything about the physical conditions in those regions, and we shall certainly advance a good step towards that goal.

There are also a good many other scientific researches which are much needed in the Polar regions. I may mention here magnetic and meteorological observations. The magnetism of the earth and its strange changes has been and is a riddle, and we do not yet know much about this mysterious force. The greatest lack in our knowledge

about it is, however, that we have not sufficient magnetic observations from the Polar regions. We need continuous observations carried on for years there. On board the "Fram" we got a continuous series for three years; other expeditions have also brought back valuable material; but this is not sufficient. We should also have it from every part of the unknown North, and we cannot possibly get too much. It is not necessary to point out the importance of knowledge of this kind. It is not only that the magnetic needle points to the sailor his way from land to land and from harbor to harbor: but the knowledge of the terrestrial magnetism has in many other ways been of great benefit to mankind; it has been one of the stepping-stones for our evolution.

LAPLAND REINDEER DRIVER.

That meteorology is a branch of science which is becoming of importance to humanity, certainly no one will doubt in this country; but meteorology is still in its childhood. In order to explain the circulation of the air in our atmosphere, to explain the changes in temperature and air pressure, explain the winds, storms, and cyclones, it is quite necessary for us to know the physical conditions of the atmosphere at the different seasons of the year in all parts of the surface of the earth. Our knowledge in this respect is being constantly enlarged in recent years, and we now have meteorological stations almost over the whole world where men are living; but there is a great and badly felt gap in the knowledge, and that is the Polar regions; and this is unfortunate, as these regions are of special importance in this respect, because the physical conditions there differ from those in all other regions. We have not yet sufficient material to know what influence those extended snow and ice covered tracts, with the long Polar day and the long Polar night, have on the atmosphere, and we shall not be able to explain the atmospheric changes in our own latitudes before we know more about this.

I shall not go any further into this matter. What I have said is perhaps sufficient to show the value of Polar exploration, to prove to the disbelievers that it is necessary for the progress of science.

Before I close, only one question more. Is it of any special use to reach the North Pole itself? I think it is. Not because this mathematical point has any special interest, or has any special scientific value different from all other points in the unknown North, but because it has for centuries been the ambition of sea-faring nations to reach this point and there plant their flag; and before this is done the race for the Pole will never cease. It also certainly is below the dignity of man to erect a goal and then give in before it is reached. I believe it can be reached without too great difficulties, not only by a ship drifting with the ice across the Polar sea, as mentioned above, but also by help of dogs and sledges from the Greenland side.

It is to be hoped that it will not be long before this point is gained. As long as we have this Holy Grail beckoning us in the North we are all of us apt to forget that it is scientific research which ought to be the sole object of all explorations. Still an expedition which shall attain this goal of centuries must yield scientific results of great importance; but the greatest result without comparison will be that the North Pole will have been trodden by human foot, and that we will forever get the quest for this mathematical point out of existence. Then the time for pure scientific exploration in the North will have to come.

"Good evenin', ladies all," says Hannah marchin' in wi' some kind of a calico affair.

THE WEE TAY TABLE.

A STORY FROM THE IRISH FIELDS.

By Shan F. Bullock,

Author of "Ring o' Rushes," "The Charmers," etc.

With Illustrations by Peter Newell.

I SLID down the side of the hay-cock, came thud upon the ground; then turned to view my handiwork. It was pitiable. This side bulged out like the belly of a slack jib, that side was flat as a wall; here was a great hollow spot, there an overhanging bump; already had the neck gone awry, and the top stood bobbing like the knob on a night-cap. It was woeful.

The master came up, snorted in his sarcastic way, and walked off. Wee James came spying, sent a te-he between his teeth, and slouched away. "Good man, Jan," came from Hal across the meadow, "it's the very image of yourself, my son, only the bump on it's not big enough." "Lie down under it," shouted Ted, "an' when it falls it'll rid the world of ye." "Och, niver heed their pranks," said James Daly, and came up sucking at his pipe; "sure it's not—sure it might ha' been worse." Without a word, I turned away, picked up a rake, and set out across the meadow.

Somewhere near the hill hedge, with their arms bare, their skirts tucked up, and their faces away back in the depths of big sunbonnets, Anne Daly and Judy Brady were gathering the hay into long, narrow rows, one raking this side of a row, the other that, and both sweetening toil with laughter and talk. Sometimes Anne leaned on her rake and chattered for a while. Now Judy said a word or two and ended with a titter; again both

bobbed heads and broke into merriment. I came nearer to them, put down my rake, and began on a fresh row.

The talk was of a woman, of her and her failings and absurdities. Anne was of opinion that it was she (Hannah, she called her) and the likes of her who brought men to drink and children to early graves. "The lazy trollop," said Anne; and "Ay, ay, indeed," assented Judy. "Wasn't it wonderful to the world the figure she cut?" asked Anne, "she and her airs and fooleries and make-believes?" Aw, but did Judy mind the last time they saw her in Bunn fair—all decked out like a draper's window with flowers and ribbons, and a wee bonnet cocked on her skull, and high-heeled boots, and the sorrow knows what? Aw, did Judy mind that? asked Anne, and laughed over her shoulder. Ah, faith, but Judy did mind it; the laughin'-stock o' the town she was. And did Judy mind the tay party she gave one time, and the wee tablecloth? Aw, heavenly hour, did Judy mind that affair? Aw, now, tittered Judy; aw, now, was it likely she'd ever forget it?

I slid down the side of the hay-cock.

"A tablecloth wi' a fringe to it, an' it not the size of an apron!" cried Anne.

"A calfskin spread on the flure, an' John's ould hat stuffed wi' flowers!" cried Judy.

"'Wid ye like three lumps or four, Mrs. Flaherty?' says she," cried Anne. "Aw, dear heart alive!"

"Then in comes big John!" cried Judy. "In he comes—an'—an'—aw, Lord, Lord!"

And Judy bowed her head and laughed, and Anne bowed hers and laughed; and I, standing watching them and taken with the infection, must needs also lift up my voice in a great guffaw.

Anne turned and looked at me.

"Aw, it's you, Mr. Jan?" said she. "Sure, I thought"—and she glanced toward the river—"that when we left ye, ye were buildin' some kind of a ruck?"

Overlooking the sly allusion, I shouldered my rake and walked up between the rows.

"I've come to help you to laugh, Anne," said I. "What friend is this of yours and Judy's that you are stripping of her character?"

"Ah, no friend is it," said Anne, and went on raking; "an' no one ye iver heard of."

"How do you know that? Come, out with it."

"Ah, what's the use? Sure it's only foolishness."

"Well, tell me, then, about the calfskin an' the wee tablecloth."

"Aw, that," said Anne. "An' did ye hear us bletherin' about that? Aw, now." She laughed a little, protested a little; after a while started on a fresh row, and with oneself facing her and Judy treading on her heels, went on with the story.

"The lassie," said Anne, "we were talkin' about is a marrit woman, one Hannah Breen, an' she lives in a big house on the side o' the hill over there towards the mountain. The husband's a farmer, an easy-goin', bull-voiced, good-hearted lump of a man, wi' a good word for ould Satan himself, an' a laugh always ready for iverythin'. But the wife, Hannah, isn't that kind. Aw, 'deed she isn't. 'Tisn't much good-speakin' or laughin' Hannah'll be doin'; 'tisn't herself 'd get many cars to follow her funeral in these parts. Aw, no. 'Tisn't milkin' the cows, an' makin' the butter, an' washin' John's

shirts, an' darnin' his socks, an' mendin' her own tatters, an' huntin' the chickens from the porridge pot, Hannah was made for. Aw, no. It's a lady Hannah must be; a real live lady. It's step out o' bed at eight o'clock in the mornin' Hannah must do, an' slither down to her tay, an' have it all in grandeur in the parlor; it's sittin' half the day she must be, readin' about the doin's o' the quality an' the goin's on o' the world, an' squintin' at fashion pictures, an' fillin' her mind wi' the height o' nonsense an' foolery; it's rise from the table in a tantrum she must do because John smacks his lips an' ates his cabbage wi' his knife; it's worry the poor man out o' his wits she'd be after because he lies an' snores on the kitchen table, an' smokes up to bed, an' won't shave more'n once a week, an' says he'd rather be hanged at once nor be choked up in a white shirt an' collar o' Sundays. An' for herself: aw, now, it'd take me from this till sunset to tell ye about all her fooleries. If ye'd only see her, Mr. Jan, stalkin' in through the chapel gates, wi' her skirts tucked up high enough to show the frillin' on her white petticoat an' low enough to hide the big tear in it; an' black kid gloves on her fists; an' a bonnet on her wi'out a string to it; an' light shoes on her; an' a big hole in the heel o' her stockin'; an' her nose in the air; an' her sniffin' at us all jist as if we were the tenants at the butter show an' herself me lady come to prance before us all an' make herself agreeable for five minutes or so. Aw, Lord, Lord," laughed Anne, "if ye could only see her, Mr. Jan. Ho, ho, childer. Ho, ho!"

"Te-he," tittered Judy Brady. "Aw, te-he!"

"Haw, haw," went I. "Haw, haw!"

"An' to see her steppin' down Bunn Street," Anne went on, as we turned at the hedge and set our faces once more toward the river, "as if the town belonged to her—a ribbon flutterin' here, an' a buckle shinin' there, an' a feather danglin' another place—steppin' along wi' her butter basket on her arm, an' big John draggin' at her heels, an' that look on her face ye'd expect to see on the face o' the Queen o' France walkin' on a goold carpet, in goold slippers, to a goold throne. An' to see the airs of her when some one'd spake; an' to see the murderin' look on her when some one'd hint at a drop o' whisky for the good of her health; an' to hear the beautuiful talk of her to the butter-buyers, that soft an' po-lite; an' to see her sittin' in the ould ramshackle of a cart goin' home, as straight in the back an' as stiff as a ramrod, an' her face set like a plaster image, an' her niver lettin' her eye fall on John sittin' beside her, an' him as drunk an' merry as a houseful o' fiddlers. Aw, sure," cried Anne, and threw up a hand, "aw, sure, it's past the power o' mortial tongue to tell about her."

"Yours, Anne, makes a good offer at the telling, for all that," said I.

"Ach, I'm only bletherin'," said Anne, "if ye only knew her—if ye only did."

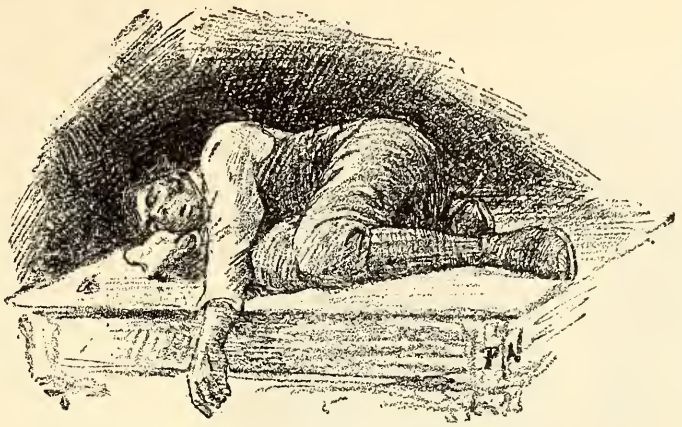
"Well, tell me about the wee tablecloth," said I, "before your tongue gets tired."

"Ah, sure an' I will," replied she, "sure an' I'll try me hand at it."

The sun was dropping fast behind the back of Emo hill; from the river a gentle breeze began to sport with the crackling hay; across the meadow came the rasp of the master's file on the knife of the mowing-machine, and the snorts of Hal's horses and the shouts of Hal himself; back near the haycock I had so laboriously builded, Ted and Johnny Brady had discovered a bee's nest, and Ted was valorously circling round it with

"I've come to help you to laugh, Anne," said I.

a rake, and Johnny crowing with delight and clapping his hands; clear out against the eastern sky, the figure of wee James stood straight on top of a ruck, his hands on his hips, his feet as close together as those of a drill sergeant; there was a great hum, a babblement, a noise of work and summer in the air; wherever one looked the hills were golden, and the fields smiling within their hedges, and the houses shining out in their gleaming whiteness.



Because he lies an' snores on the kitchen table.

"Ye'll be mindin'," said Anne, when she had loosened her bonnet strings and got her rake swinging once more, "that what I'm goin' to tell ye is hearsay, an' was told to meself, one day last year, be Jane Flaherty as we were comin' along the road from Bunn market. Mebbe I'll be tellin' ye lies; mebbe I'll not—if I do may the Lord forgive me and Jane; an' if I don't, ye may thank Jane, for it's her own words I'm goin' to tell ye.

"One day, then, some time last summer, Hannah—beggin' her ladyship's pardon," said Anne, with a fine note of scorn in her voice, "but I mean Mrs. Breen—decks herself out, ties on her bonnet, pulls on her kid gloves, an' steps out through the hall dure. Down she goes over the ruts an' stones along the lane, turns down the main road, after a while comes to the house of Mrs. Flaherty (herself that told me), crosses the street, and knocks po-lite on the dure.

An' won't shave more'n once a week.

"'Aw, is Mrs. Flaherty at home this fine day?' axes Hannah when the dure opens an' wee Nancy puts her tattered head between it an' the post. 'Is Mrs. Flaherty at home?' says she.

"'She is so,' answers Nancy; 'but she'd be out at the well,' says the wee crature.

"'I see,' says Hannah, 'I see. Then, if you please, when she comes back,' says she, 'would ye be kindly handin' her that, wi' Mrs. Breen's compliments?'—an' out of her pocket Hannah pulls a letter, gives it to Nancy, says good evenin' to the wee mortial, gathers up her skirt, an' steps off in her grandeur through the hens and ducks back to the road. Well, on she goes another piece, an' comes to the house of Mary Dolan; an' there, too, faith, she does the genteel an' laves another letter, an' turns her feet for the house of Mrs. Hogan; an' at Sally's she smiles an' bobs her head, an' pulls another letter from her pocket, an' laves it at the dure; then twists on her heel, turns back home, an' begins dustin' the parlor, an' arrangin' her trumpery an' readin' bleather from the fashion papers.

"Very well, childer. Home Jane comes from the well, an' there's Nancy wi' the letter in her fist. 'What the wourld's this?' says Jane, an' tears it open; an' there, lo an' behold ye, is a bit of a card—Jane swears 'twas a piece of a bandbox, but I'd not be disbelievin' her—an' on it an invite to come an' have tay with me bould Hannah, on the next Wednesday evenin', at five o'clock, P.M.—whativer in glory P.M. may be after meanin'; an' when Mary Dolan opens hers there's the same invite; an' when Sally Hogan opens hers out drops the same bit of a card on the flure; an' Sally laughs, an' Mary laughs, an' Jane laughs; an' the three o' them, what wi' the quareness o' the business, an' the curiosity of hem to see Hannah at her capers, puts their heads together, an' laughs again, an' settles it that, sorrow take them, but go they'll go. An' go they did. Aw, yis. Aw, Lord, Lord," laughed Anne, and turned up her eyes. "Lord, Lord."

"Aw, childer dear," giggled Judy, and

gathered up her narrow shoulders. "Aw, go they did."

"Good girl, Anne," said I, and slapped my leg; "my roarin' girl. Aw, an' go they did, Judy; go they did."

'Would ye be kindly handin' her that, wi' Mrs. Breen's compliments?"

"Well, hearts alive," Anne went on, "Wednesday evenin' comes at last, an' sharp to five o'clock up me brave Jane Flaherty steps along the lane, crosses the yard, an', mindin' her manners, knocks twice on Hannah's back dure, then turns, an', wi' the dog yelpin' at her, an' the gander hissin' like a wet stick on a fire, waits like a beggar-woman on the step. But divil a one comes to the dure; aw, not a one. An' sorrow a soul budged inside; aw, not a soul. So round turns Jane, lifts her fists again, hits the dure three thunderin' bangs, an' looks another while at the gander. Not a budge in the dure, not a move inside; so Jane, not to be done out of her tay, lifts the latch—an', sure as the sun was shinin', but the bolt was shot inside. 'Well, dang me,' says Jane, an' hits the dure a kick, 'but this is a fine way to treat company,' says she, an' rattles the latch, an' shakes it; at last, in the divil of a temper, spits on the step, whips up her skirt, an', cursin' Hannah high up an' low down, starts for home.

"'She got as far as the bend in the lane, an' there meets Mary Dolan.

"'What's up?' axes Mary. 'What's floostered ye, Jane Flaherty? Aren't ye goin' to have your tay, me dear?' says Mary.

"'Aw, may the first sup she swalleys choke the breath in her,' shouts Jane, an' goes on to tell her story, an' before she'd said ten words up comes Sally Hogan.

"'Am I too late?' says Sally. 'Or am I too early?' says she. 'Or what in glory ails the two o' ye?'

"'Ails?' shouts Jane. 'Ye may well say that, Sally Hogan. Ye may turn on your heel,' says she; an' begins her story again; an' before she was half way through it Sally laughs out, and takes Jane by the arm, an' starts back to the house.

"'Come away,' says she; 'come away an' have your tay, Jane. Sure, ye don't know Hannah yet.'

"So back the three goes then; but not through the yard. Aw, no. 'Twas through the wee green gate, an' down the walk, an' slap up to the hall dure Sally takes them; an' sure enough the first dab on the knocker brings a fut on the flags inside, an' there's Kitty, the servant-girl, in her boots an' her stockin's and her Sunday dress, an' a white apron on her, standin' before them.

"'Aw, an' is that you, Kitty Malone?' says Sally. 'An' how's yourself, Kitty, me dear? An' wid Mrs. Breen be inside?' says she.

"'She is so, Mrs. Hogan,' answers Kitty, an' bobs a kind of a courtesy. 'Wid ye all be steppin' in, please?'

"'Aw, the Lord's sake,' gasps Sally, on the durestep, at all this grandeur; 'the Lord's sake,' says she, an' steps into the hall; an' in steps Mary Dolan; an' in steps Jane Flaherty; an' away the three o' them goes at Kitty's heels up to the parlor. Aw, heavenly hour," cried Anne, and turned up her eyes. "Aw, childer, dear!"

"Te-he!" giggled Judy, and hoisted her shoulders. "Aw, te-he!"

"Haw, haw," laughed I. "Aw, Judy, dear. Haw, haw."

"Well, dears," Anne went on, "in the three walks, bonnets an' all, an' sits them down along the wall on three chairs, an' watches Kitty close the dure; then looks at each other in a puzzled kind o' way, an' after that, without openin' a lip, casts their eyes about the room. 'Twas the funniest kind of a place, Jane allowed, that iver she dropped eyes on. There was a sheepskin, lyin' woolly side up, in front o' the fireplace, an' a calfskin near the windy——"

"Ay, a calfskin," said Judy Brady; "aw, te-he!"

"An' a dog's skin over by the table, an' the flure was painted brown about three fut all round the walls. There was pieces o' windy curtain over the backs o' the chairs; there was a big fern growin' in an ould drain-pipe in the corner; there was an ould straw hat o' John's stuffed full o' flowers, hangin' on the wall, an' here an' there, all round it an' beside it, were picters cut from the papers an' them tacked on the plaster. Ye could hardly see the mantel-shelf, Jane allowed, for all the trumpery was piled on it—dinglum-danglums of glass an' chany, an' shells from the say, an' a sampler stuck in a frame, an' in the middle of all a picter of Hannah herself got up in all her finery. An' there was books an' papers an' fallals, an' the sorrow knows what, lyin' about; an' standin' against the wall, facin' the windy, was a wee table wi' a cloth on it about the size of an apron, an' it wi' a fringe on it, no less, an' it spread skewwise on it, an' lookin' for all the world like a white ace o' diamonds; an' on the cloth was a tray wi' cups an' saucers an' sugar an' milk, an' as much bread an' butter, cut as thin as glass, as ye'd give a sick child for its supper. Aw, heavenly hour," cried Anne, "heavenly hour!"

"Aw, childer dear," cried Judy; "aw, te-he!"

"Aw, women alive," said I; "aw, Judy, dear, haw, haw!"

"Well, childer, the three looks at it all, an' looks at each other, an' shifts on their chairs, an' looks at each other again; an' says Mary Dolan, at last:

"'We're in clover, me dears,' says she; 'judgin' be the spread beyant'—an' she nods at the wee table.

"'Aw, that'll do for a start,' says Sally Hogan; 'but how in glory are we all to put our legs under that wee table? Sure it'll be an ojus squeeze.'

An' hits the dure a kick.

"'It will so,' says Jane Flaherty, 'it will so. But isn't it powerful quare of Hannah to keep us sittin' so long in our bonnets an' shawls, an' us dreepin' wi' the heat?'

"'It's the quarest hole I iver was put in,' says Mary Dolan; 'an' if this is grandeur give me the ould kitchen at home wi' me feet on the hearth an' me tay on a chair. Phew,' says Mary, and squints round at the windy, 'phew, but it's flamin' hot. Aw,' says she, an' makes a dart from her chair; 'dang me, but I'll burst if I don't get a mouthful o' fresh air.' An' jist as she had her hand on the sash to lift it, the dure opens, an' in steps me darlint Hannah.

"'Good evenin', ladies all,' says Hannah, marchin' in wi' some kind of a calico affair, made like a shroud, an' frills on it, hangin' on her. 'Good evenin', ladies,' says she, an' wi' her elbow cocked up in the air as if she was strivin' to scrape it against the ceilin', goes from one to another an' shakes hands. 'It's a very pleasant afternoon' (them was the words),

says she, makin' for a chair beside the wee table; 'an' I'm very pleased to see ye all,' says she.

"'Aw, an' the same here,' says Mary Dolan, in her free way; 'the same here, an' ojus nice ye look in that sack of a calico dress, so ye do,' says Mary, wi' a wink at Jane Flaherty. 'But it's meself 'd feel obliged to ye if so be ye'd open the windy an' give us a mouthful o' fresh air,' says Mary.

"An' Hannah sits down in her shroud wi' the frills on it, an' smiles, an' says she: 'I'm rather delicate' (them were the words) 'this afternoon, Mrs. Dolan, an' afeerd o' catchin' cowld; an', forby that,' says she, 'the dust is so injurious for the parlor.'

"'Aw, just so,' answers Mary; 'just so. Sure I wouldn't for worlds have ye spoil your parlor for the likes of us. But I'll ax your leave, Mrs. Breen, seein' ye don't ax me yourself, to give me own health a chance,' says she, 'be throwin' this big shawl off me shoulders.'

"'But it's afternoon tay, Mrs. Dolan,' answers Hannah, in her cool way; 'an' it's not fashionable at afternoon tay for ladies to remove——'

"'Then afternoon tay be danged,' says Mary, an' throws her shawl off her across the back of her chair; 'an' it's meself'll not swelter for all the fashions in the world,' says she, an' pushes her bonnet back and lets it hang be the strings down her back. 'Aw, that's great,' says she, wi' a big sigh; an' at that off goes Jane's shawl an' bonnet; an' off goes Sally's; an' there the three o' them sits wi' Hannah lookin' at them as disgusted as an ass at a field of thistles over a gate. Aw, glory be," cried Anne; "aw, ho ho!"

"Aw, me bould Anne," cried Judy; "me brave girl. Te-he!"

"Good for you, Anne," said I. "Aw, me brave Judy, haw, haw!"

"Well, dears, Hannah sits her down, puts her elbow on a corner o' the ace of diamonds, rests her cheek on her hand, an' goes on talkin' about this an' that. She hoped Mrs. Flaherty an' Mrs. Dolan an' Mrs. Hogan were well an' prosperous; she hoped the crops were turnin' out well; she hoped all the childer were in the best o' good health—aw, like the Queen o' Connaught, Hannah talked, an' smiled, an' aired herself an' her beautiful English, but sorrow a move did she make to shift her elbow off the wee tablecloth, an' not a sign or smell o' tay was there to be seen. Aw, not a one. Ten minutes went, an' twenty, an' half an hour; an' at that, up Mary Dolan stretches her arms, gives a powerful big yawn, an' says she: 'Och, dear Lord,' says she, 'dear Lord, but the throat's dry in me. Och, och!' says she; an' with the hint up gets Hannah in her frilled shroud, crosses the calfskin, opens the dure, an' calls for Kitty. 'Yis, Mrs. Breen,' answers Kitty from the kitchen. 'Serve tay,' calls Hannah; then closes the dure an' steps back to her chair by the wee table.

"Aw, an' is that you, Kitty Malone?" says Sally.

"In about ten minutes here comes me darlint Kitty, boots an' stockin's an' all; carries the tay-pot on a plate over to the table, an' plants it down slap in the middle o' the ace o' diamonds. Up jumps Hannah wi' a bounce.

"'What are ye doin', Kitty?' says she, with a snap of her jaw, an' lifts the tay-pot an' glares at the black ring it had made on her brand new cloth. 'D'ye see what ye've done?' says she, lookin' as black in the eyes as the bottom o' the tay-pot. 'Stand back,' says she, pointin' her finger; 'stand back an' mend your manners, ye ignerent little baggage ye!'

"'Yis, ma'am,' answers Kitty, an' stands back; then turns her head, when she got to the calfskin, an' winks at the three sittin' by the wall; an' out Mary Dolan bursts into a splutter of a laugh.

"'Aw, Lord,' says Mary, an' holds her ribs; 'aw, dear Lord,' says she. But Hannah, standin' pourin' the tay into the wee cups, jist kept her face as straight as if Mary was a dummy; an' in a minute she turns round to Kitty.

"'Hand the cups to the ladies,' says she, an' sits her down.

"Well, childer dear, Kitty steps from the calfskin, lifts two cups an' saucers from the tray, carries them across the flure, an' offers one to Jane Flaherty wi' this hand, an' t'other to Sally Hogan wi' that hand. An' Sally looks at the cup an' then at Kitty, an' Jane looks at Kitty an' then at the cup; an' says Sally:

"'Is it take it from ye ye'd have me do, Kitty Malone?' says she.

"'It is so,' answers Kitty, wi' a grin.

"'An' where in glory wid ye have me put it, Kitty Malone?' asks Sally, an' looks here an' there. 'Sure—sure there's no table next or near me,' says she.

"'It's afternoon tay, Mrs. Hogan,' says Hannah across the flure, 'an' at afternoon tay tables aren't fashionable,' says she, an' grins to herself.

"'Well, thank God, Hannah Breen,' says Mary Dolan, 'that afternoon tay, as ye call it, has only come my way once in me life. Take the cup in your fist, Sally Hogan,' says Mary, 'an' if ye break it bad luck go with it, an' if ye don't ye've been a lady for once in your life; an' when you're done stick it there on the flure. I'm obliged to ye, Kitty Malone,' says Mary again, an' takes a cup; 'an' if so be I choke meself wi' the full o' that thimble-wi'-a-handle-on-'t,' says Mary, an' squints at the cup, 'ye'll do me the favor to tell Pat I died a fool. An' if such things go well wi' afternoon tay, Kitty agra, I'd trouble ye for a look at a spoon.' Aw, me bould Mary!" cried Anne, and laughed in her glee. "Ye were the girl for Hannah, so ye were. Aw, ho, ho!"

An' John was standin' like as if he was shot in the middle o' the flure, an' lyin' at his feet was the wee table.

"Aw, 'deed ay," cried Judy, and tittered most boisterously. "Aw, me brave Hannah. Te-he!"

"Good for you, Mary Dolan," cried I, "and good for you, Anne, my girl. Ah, haw, haw!"

"Then begins the fun, me dears. First of all, Sally Hogan, in trying to lift a bit o' bread an' butter from a plate that Kitty held before her, must spill her tay over her lap an' start screechin' that she was kilt. Then, Mary Dolan must finish her cup at a gulp, an' forgettin' it was in Hannah's parlor she was at afternoon tay, an' not at home in the kitchen, must give the dregs a swirl an' sling them over her shoulder against the wall. Then, Sally Hogan, again, in tryin' to keep back a laugh at the tay leaves on the wall an' the glare of Hannah across at them, must get a crumb in her throat an' bring the whole room to thump her on the back. Then, Jane Flaherty gets a second cup wi'

no sugar in it, an' makes a face like a monkey's an' gives a big splutter, an' sets Kitty Malone off into a fit o' laughin'; an' Kitty sets Jane off, an' Jane sets Mary off, an' Mary sets Sally off; an' there sits Hannah in her calico shroud, beside the ace o' diamonds, wi' a face on her like a child cuttin' its teeth, an' her arm out, an' her shoutin' for Kitty to take herself out o' the room. An' in the middle o' the whole hubbub the dure opens, an' in tramps big John in his dirty boots, wi' his shirt-sleeves turned up, an' hay ropes around his legs, an' his hat on the back of his head, an' his pipe in his mouth—in steps John, an' stands lookin' at them all.

"'Ho, ho,' roars John, an' marches across the calfskin; 'what have we here? A tay party,' says he, 'as I'm a livin' sinner! An' me not to know a thing about it! Well, better late nor never,' says he, then turns an' looks at Hannah. 'Aw, how d'ye do, Mrs. Breen?' says he, wi' a laugh. 'I hope I see ye well in your regimentals. An' how the blazes are the rest o' ye, me girls?' says he to the three along the wall. 'I'm glad to see ye all so hearty an' merry, so I am. But what, in glory, are ye all doin' over there away from the table? Why don't ye sit over an' have your tay like Christians?' says he. 'Come over, girls; come over this mortal minute,' says John; 'an' I'll have a cup wi' ye meself, so I will.'

"Then Hannah rises in her calico shroud. 'John,' says she, 'it's afternoon tay it'll be; an' tables——'

"'Ah, sit ye down, Hannah,' says John; 'sit ye down, woman, an' be like another for once in a way.'

"'John,' says Hannah again, an' looks knives an' forks at him, 'where's your manners the day?'

"'Ah, manners be danged,' roars John, an' throws his hat into the corner; 'give us a cup o' tay, an' quit your nonsense. Come on, girls,' says he to the women; 'come over an' have a cup in comfort wi' me here at the table.'

"'John,' says Hannah again, 'ye can't sit at this table. It's too small,' says she.

Puts their heads together, an' laughs again, an' settles it that, sorrow take them, but go they'll go.

"'Then pull it out from the wall,' roars John; 'pull it out and let us get round it. Come on,' says he, an' grips an end o' the table, 'give it a lift across the flure!'

"'No, no, John,' shouts Hannah, an' grips t'other end to keep it from goin'. 'Ye mustn't, John.'

"'Out wi' it,' roars John again.

"'No, no,' shouts Hannah, 'ye can't—aw, ye can't—aw, ye mustn't—no, no, John!'

"'Ah, to glory wi' you an' it,' shouts John. 'Here, let me at it meself.' An' the next minute Hannah was screechin' in her shroud; an' there was a clatter o' crockery as if a bull had gone slap at a dresser, an' John was standin' like as if he was shot in the middle o' the flure, an' lyin' at his feet was the wee table, an' the ace o' diamonds, an' the whole o' Hannah's cups an' saucers, an' the tay pot, an' all, in a thousand pieces. Aw, hearts alive; hearts alive!"

"What had happened, Anne?" said I.

"Happened? Sure the table was only an' ould dressin' table, an' had only three legs, an' was propped wi' the lame side against the wall; an' when John put it down in the middle of the flure—Aw, now," cried Anne, "that's enough—that's enough! Aw, childer, dear! Aw, me sides, me sides! Aw, ho, ho!"

"Aw, me sides, me sides," cried Judy, and shook below her big sunbonnet. "Aw, te-he!"

"Aw, women alive," cried I, and sank back on the hay. "Aw, haw, haw!"

From the bank of the river came a mighty shout; then a skirl from Hal; then a burst of laughter from the men, and a cry from Ted: "Look, Jan, look, quick!"

I turned and looked; and there along the meadow lay spread the haycock which at such a cost I had laboriously builded.

"Good man, Jan," shouted Hal from the mowing-machine, "is that the way they build rucks in London?"

I refrained from answering, but Anne Daly, taking pity upon me, stooped and said softly: "It jist wanted one thing, Mr. Jan, jist one thing. Like Hannah's tay table, 'twas lame of a leg."

TOBIAS LEAR, PRIVATE SECRETARY TO WASHINGTON.

From the original miniature owned by his granddaughter, Mrs. Susan Lear Eyre, of Philadelphia.

THE LAST DAYS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

FROM THE MANUSCRIPT DIARY OF HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY, COLONEL TOBIAS LEAR.

Saturday, December 14, 1799.

THIS day being marked by an event which will be memorable in the history of America, and perhaps of the world, I shall give a particular statement of it, to which I was an eyewitness.

THE LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

On Thursday, December 12th, the General rode out to his farms about ten o'clock, and did not return home till past three.

Soon after he went out the weather became very bad, rain, hail, and snow falling alternately, with a cold wind.

When he came in I carried some letters to him to frank, intending to send them to the post-office in the evening. He franked the letters; but said the weather was too bad to send a servant to the office that evening.

I observed to him that I was afraid he had got wet; he said no, his great coat had kept him dry; but his neck appeared to be wet, and the snow was hanging upon his hair. He came to dinner (which had been waiting for him) without changing his dress. In the evening he appeared as well as usual.

A heavy fall of snow took place on Friday, which prevented the General from riding out as usual. He had taken cold

Editor's Note.—Tobias Lear was born at Portsmouth, N. H., September 19, 1762, and died at Washington, D. C., October 11, 1816. He graduated at Harvard University in 1783, and in 1785 became private secretary to General Washington. In 1802 he was appointed consul general at Santo Domingo, and in 1804 consul general at Algiers. In 1805 he negotiated a treaty of peace with Tripoli. Colonel Lear was greatly trusted by Washington, and his account of Washington's last days is the one on which all of the important biographers have depended; but it has rarely, if ever, been published in full. It is printed here from the original manuscript, now in the possession of a near relative of Mrs. Lear. This manuscript has been generally supposed to be lost.

(undoubtedly from being so much exposed the day before), and complained of a sore throat. He however went out in the afternoon into the ground between the house and the river to mark some trees which were to be cut down in the improvement of that spot. He had a hoarseness, which increased in the evening, but he made light of it. In the evening the papers were brought from the post-office, and he sat in the parlor, with Mrs. Washington and myself, reading them till about nine o'clock, when Mrs. Washington went up into Mrs. Lewis's room, who was confined in childbed, and left the General and myself reading the papers. He was very cheerful, and whenever he met with anything interesting or entertaining, he read it aloud as well as his hoarseness would permit him.

He requested me to read to him the debates of the Virginia Assembly on the election of a Senator and a Governor; and, on hearing Mr. Madison's observations respecting Mr. Monroe, he appeared much affected, and spoke with some degree of asperity on the subject; which I endeavored to moderate, as I always did on such occasions. On his retiring I observed to him that he had better take something to remove his cold. He answered: "No; you know I never take anything for a cold. Let it go as it came."

Between two and three o'clock on Saturday morning, he awoke Mrs. Washington and told her he was very unwell and had had an ague. She observed that he could scarcely speak and breathed with difficulty; and would have got up to call a servant, but he would not permit her, lest she should take cold.

As soon as the day appeared, the woman (Caroline) went into the room to make a fire, and Mrs. Washington sent her immediately to call me. I got up, put on my clothes as quickly as possible, and went to his chamber. Mrs. Washington was then up, and related to me his being taken ill, as before stated.

I found the General breathing with difficulty and hardly able to utter a word intelligibly. He desired that Mr. Rawlins (one of the overseers) might be sent for to bleed him before the doctors could arrive. I despatched a servant instantly for Rawlins and another for Dr. Craik, and returned again to the General's chamber, where I found him in the same situation as I had left him.

A mixture of molasses, vinegar, and butter was prepared to try its effect in the throat, but he could not swallow a drop. Whenever he attempted it, he appeared to be distressed, convulsed, and almost suffocated. Rawlins came in soon after sunrise, and prepared to bleed him. When the arm was ready the General, observing that Rawlins appeared to be agitated, said, as well as he could speak, "Don't be afraid," and, after the incision was made, he observed, "The orifice is not large enough."

However, the blood ran pretty freely. Mrs. Washington, not knowing whether bleeding was proper or not in the General's situation, begged that much might not be taken from him, lest it should be injurious, and desired me to stop it. But when I was about to untie the string, the General put up his hand to prevent it, and, as soon as he could speak, said: "More, more." Mrs. Washington, being still very uneasy lest too much blood should be taken, it was stopped after taking about half a pint.

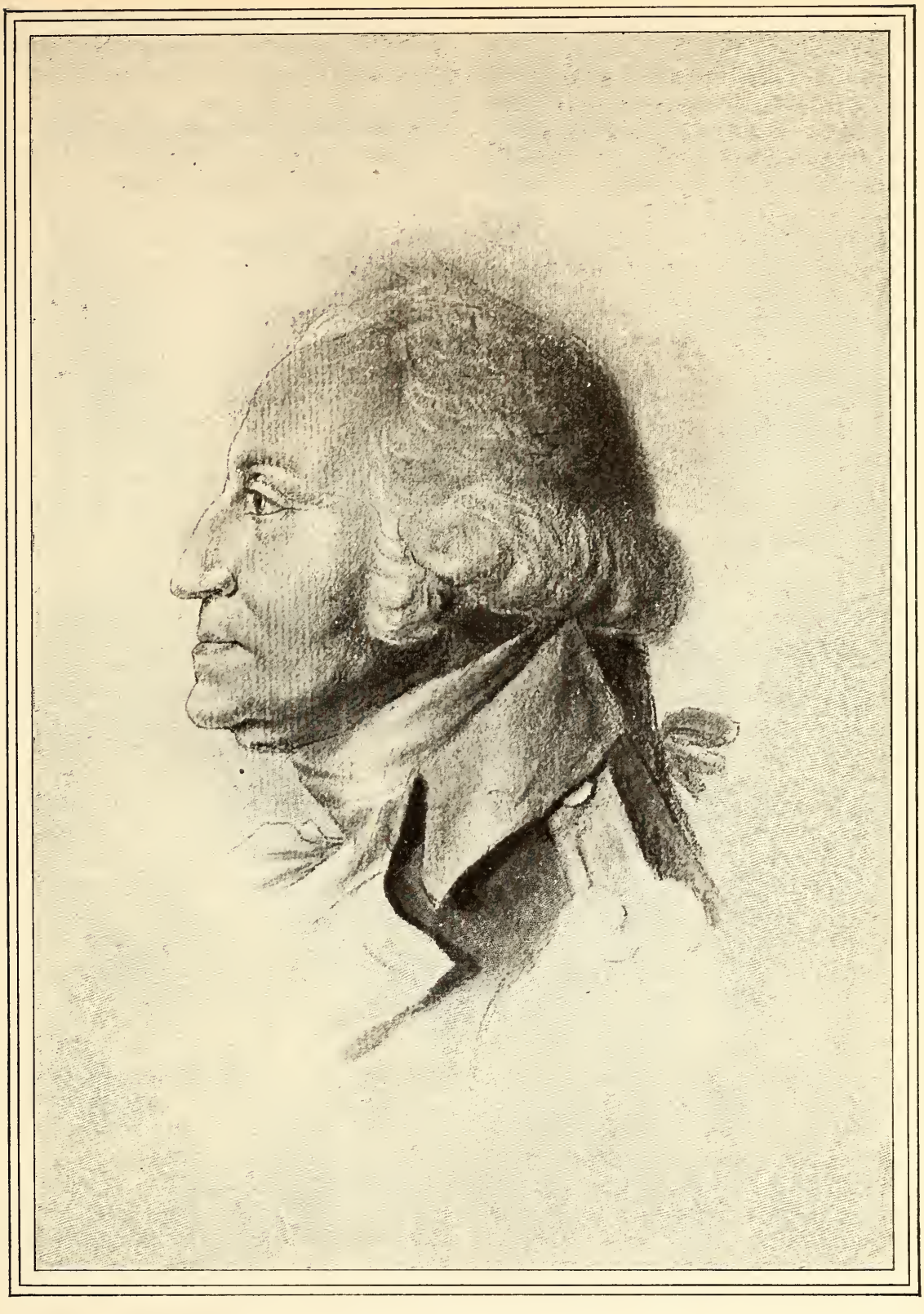
Finding that no relief was obtained from bleeding and that nothing would go down the throat, I proposed bathing it externally with "salvi latila," which was done; and in the operation, which was with the hand and in the gentlest manner, he observed, "'Tis very sore." A piece of flannel dipped in "salvi latila" was put around his neck and his feet bathed in warm water; but without affording any relief.

In the meantime, before Dr. Craik arrived, Mrs. Washington desired me to send for Dr. Brown of Port Tobacco, whom Dr. Craik had recommended to be called, if any case should ever occur that was seriously alarming.

I despatched a messenger (Cyrus) immediately for Dr. Brown (between eight and nine o'clock). Dr. Craik came in soon after, and, upon examining the General, he put a blister of cantharides on the throat, took some more blood from him, and had a gargle of vinegar and sage tea ordered, and some vinegar and hot water for him to inhale the steam, which he did; but in attempting to use the gargle he was almost suffocated.

When the gargle came from his throat some phlegm followed it, and he attempted to cough, which the doctor encouraged him to do as much as possible, but he could only attempt it.

About eleven o'clock Dr. Craik requested that Dr. Dick might be sent for, as he feared Dr. Brown would not come in time. A messenger was accordingly despatched for him. About this time the



THE LAST PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON. 1798. AGE 66.

Drawn from life by St. Memin in 1798. From the original drawing when in the possession of the late J. Carson Brevoort of Brooklyn, New York. The present location and ownership of the drawing are unknown. (See McClure's Magazine for February, 1897, page 308.)

General was bled again; no effect was, however, produced by it, and he remained in the same state, unable to swallow anything.

A blister was administered about twelve o'clock, which . . . caused no alteration in his complaint.

Dr. Dick came in about three o'clock, and Dr. Brown arrived soon after. Upon Dr. Dick's seeing the General, and consulting a few minutes with Dr. Craik, he was bled again; the blood came very slow, was thick, and did not produce any symptoms of fainting. Dr. Brown came into the chamber soon after, and upon feeling the General's pulse, etc., the physicians went out together. Dr. Craik returned soon

after. The General could now swallow a little. Calomel and tartar emetic were administered; but without any effect.

About half-past four o'clock, he desired me to call Mrs. Washington to his bedside, when he requested her to go down into his room and take from his desk two wills which she would find there and bring them to him, which she did. Upon looking at them he gave her one, which he observed was useless, as being superseded by the other, and desired her to burn it, which she did, and took the other and put it into her closet.

After this was done I returned to his bedside and took his hand. He said to me:

"I find I am going; my breath can not last long. I believed from the first that this disorder would prove fatal. Do you arrange and record all my late military letters and papers, arrange my accounts, and settle my books, as you know more about them than any one else, and let Mr. Rawlins finish recording my other letters, which he has begun."

I told him this should be done. He then asked if I recollected anything which it was essential for him to do, as he had but a very short time to continue among us. I told him I could recollect nothing, but that I hoped he was not so near his end. He observed, smiling, that he certainly was, and that as it was a debt which all must pay, he looked to the event with perfect resignation.

In the course of the afternoon he appeared to be in great pain and distress from the difficulty of breathing, and frequently changed his posture in the bed. On these occasions I lay upon the bed and endeavored to raise him and turn him with as much care as possible. He appeared penetrated with gratitude for my attentions, and often said, "I am afraid I shall fatigue you too much;" and upon my assuring him that I could feel nothing but a wish to give him care, he replied: "Well, it is a debt we must pay to each other, and I hope when you want aid of this kind you will find it."

He asked me when Mr. Lewis and Washington Custis would return (they were in New Kent). I told him about the 20th of the month.

About five o'clock Dr. Craik came again into the room, and, upon going to the bedside, the General said to him:

"Doctor, I die hard; but I am not afraid to go. I believed from my first attack that I should not survive it; my breath can not last long."

The doctor pressed his hand, but could not utter a word. He retired from the bedside, and sat by the fire absorbed in grief.

Between five and six o'clock, Dr. Dick and Dr. Brown came into the room, and with Dr. Craik went to the bed, when Dr. Craik asked him if he could sit up in the bed. He held out his hand, and I raised him up. He then said to the physicians: "I feel myself going. I thank you for your attentions; but I pray you to take no more trouble about me; let me go off quietly; I can not last long."

They found that all which had been done was without effect; he lay down again, and all retired except Dr. Craik. He continued in the same situation, uneasy and restless, but without complaining, frequently asking what hour it was. When I helped him to move at this time, he did not speak, but looked at me with strong expressions of gratitude.

About eight o'clock the physicians came again into the room, and applied blisters and cataplasms of wheat bran to his legs and feet, after which they went out (except Dr. Craik) without a ray of hope.

I went out about this time and wrote a line to Mr. Law and Mr. Peter, requesting them to come with their wives (Mrs. Washington's granddaughters), as soon as possible, to Mount Vernon.

About ten o'clock he made several attempts to speak to me before he could effect it. At length he said: "I am just going; have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead."

I bowed assent, for I could not speak. He then looked at me again and said: "Do you understand me?"

I replied, "Yes."

"'Tis well," said he.

About ten minutes before he expired (which was between ten and eleven o'clock) his breathing became easier; he lay quietly; he withdrew his hand from mine, and felt his own pulse. I saw his countenance change. I spoke to Dr. Craik, who sat by the fire. He came to the bedside. The General's hand fell from his wrist. I took it in mine, and put it into my bosom. Dr. Craik put his hands over his eyes. And he expired without a struggle or a sigh.

While we were fixed in silent grief, Mrs. Washington (who was sitting at the foot of the bed) asked, with a firm and collected voice, "Is he gone?"

I could not speak, but held up my hand as a signal that he was no more.

"'Tis well," said she, in the same voice; "all is now over, and I shall soon follow him. I have no more trials to pass through."

Occurrences not noted in the preceding narrative:

The General's servant, Christopher, was in the room through the day, and in the afternoon the General directed him to sit down, as he had been standing almost the whole day. He did so.

About eight o'clock in the morning he expressed a desire to get up; his clothes were put on, and he was led to a chair by the fire; he found no relief from that position, and lay down again about ten o'clock.

About five P.M. he was helped up again, and after sitting about half an hour, desired to be undressed and put in bed, which was done.

During his whole illness he spoke but seldom, and with great difficulty and distress, and in so low and broken a voice as at times hardly to be understood. His patience, fortitude, and resignation never forsook him for a moment. In all his distress he uttered not a sigh nor a complaint, always endeavoring (from a sense of duty, as it appeared) to take what was offered him and to do as he was desired by his physicians.

At the time of his decease, Dr. Craik and myself were in the situation beforementioned; Mrs. Washington was sitting near the foot of the bed; Christopher was standing by the bedside; Caroline, Molly, and Charlotte were in the room, standing near the door; Mrs. Forbes, the housekeeper, was frequently in the room during the day and evening.

MARTHA WASHINGTON. 1801. AGE 69.

From the original miniature painted by Robert Field in 1801. Owned by Mrs. Kate Upshur Moorhead of Washington, D. C., sixth in lineal descent from Mrs. Washington.

As soon as Dr. Craik could speak, after the distressing scene was closed, he desired one of the servants to ask the gentlemen below to come up stairs. When they came to the bedside I kissed the cold hand which I had held to my bosom, laid it down, and went to the other end of the room, where I was for some time lost in profound grief, until aroused by Christopher desiring me to take care of the General's keys and other things which were taken out of his pockets and which Mrs. Washington directed him to give me. I wrapped them in the General's handkerchief, and took them with me to my room.

About twelve o'clock the corpse was brought down stairs and laid out in the large room.

*Sunday, December 15, 1799.**

The foregoing statement, so far as I can recollect, is correct.

JAS. CRAIK.

Sunday, December 15, 1799.

Fair weather. Mrs. Washington sent for me in the morning, and desired I would send up to Alexandria and have a coffin made, which I did. Dr. Dick measured the body, the dimensions of which were as follows:

In length, six feet three and one-half inches, exact.

Across the shoulders, one foot nine inches, exact.

Across the elbows, two feet, exact.

After breakfast I gave to Dr. Dick and Dr. Brown forty dollars each, which sum Dr. Craik advised as very proper, and they left us after breakfast.

I wrote letters to the following persons, informing them of the late melancholy event: The President of the United States,

* The original reads "1800"; but this seems to be an error.—EDITOR.

General Hamilton, General Pinckney, Bushrod Washington, Colonel W. A. Washington, Lawrence Lewis, G. W. P. Custis, George S. Washington, Samuel Washington, Colonel Ball, Captain Hammond; also to John Lewis, desiring him to inform his brothers George, Robert, and Howell. The letters were sent by the following conveyances: to the President, General Hamilton, and John Lewis, by the mail; to Colonel W. A. Washington and to B. Washington, by express to Colonel Blackburn, requesting him to forward them by same conveyance; to L. Lewis, G. W. P. Custis, by express; to General Pinckney, Colonel Ball, Samuel Washington, G. S. Washington, and Captain Hammond, by my own servant Charles, with my riding horse.

Mrs. Stuart was sent for. In the morning about ten o'clock, Mr. Thomas Peter came down, and about two o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Law, to whom I had written on Saturday evening. Dr. Thornton came down with Mr. Law. Dr. Craik tarried all day and all night.

In the evening I consulted with Mr. Law, Mr. Peter, and Dr. Craik, on fixing a day for depositing the body in the vault. I wished the ceremony to be postponed until the last of the week, to give time to some of the General's relations to be here; but Dr. Craik and Dr. Thornton gave it decidedly as their opinion that considering the disorder of which the General died, being of an inflammatory nature, it would not be proper nor perhaps safe to keep the body so long; and, therefore, Wednesday was fixed upon for the funeral, to allow a day (Thursday) in case the weather should be unfavorable on Wednesday.

Monday, December 16, 1799.

I directed the people to open the family vault, clean away the rubbish from about it, and make everything decent; ordered a door to be made to the vault, instead of closing it again with brick, as had been the custom; engaged Mr. Inglis and Mr. McMunn to have a mahogany coffin made, lined with lead, in which the body was to be deposited.

Dr. Craik, Mr. Peter, and Dr. Thornton left us after breakfast, and Mrs. Stuart and her daughters came in the afternoon. Mr. Anderson went to Alexandria to get a number of things preparatory to the funeral; the mourning was ordered for the family domestics and overseers. Having received information from Alexandria that the militia, Free Masons, etc., were determined to show their respect to the General's memory by attending his body to the grave, I directed provision to be prepared for a large number of people, as some refreshment would be expected by them. Mr. Robert Hamilton wrote me a letter informing that a schooner of his would be off Mount Vernon to fire minute-guns when the body was carrying to the grave.

Gave notice of the time fixed for the funeral to the following persons, by Mrs. Washington's desire, viz., Mr. Mason and family, Mr. Peake and family, Mr. Nickols and family, Mr. McCarty and family, Miss McCarty, Mr. and Mrs. McClanahan, Lord Fairfax and family, Mr. Triplet and family, Mr. Anderson and family, Mr. Diggs, Mr. Cockburn and family, Mr. Massay and family, Mr. R. West. I wrote also to the Rev. Mr. Davis to read the service.

Tuesday, December 17, 1799.

Every preparation for the mournful ceremony was making. Mr. Diggs came here in the forenoon, also Mr. Stewart, adjutant to the Alexandria Regiment, to view the ground for the procession. About one o'clock the coffin was brought from Alexandria in a stage. Mr. Inglis and Mr. McMunn accompanied it; also Mr. Grater, with a shroud. The body was laid in the coffin, at which time I cut off some of the hair.

The mahogany coffin was lined with lead, soldered at the joints, and a cover of lead to be soldered on after the body should be in the vault; the whole was put in a case lined and covered with black cloth.

Wednesday, December 18, 1799.

About eleven o'clock numbers of people began to assemble, to attend the funeral, which was intended to have been at twelve; but as a great part of the troop expected could not get down in time, it did not take place till three. Eleven pieces of artillery were brought from Alexandria, and a schooner belonging to Mr. R. Hamilton came down and lay off Mount Vernon to fire minute-guns.

About three o'clock the procession began to move. The arrangements of the procession were made by Colonels Little, Simms, and Dencale, and Dr. Dick. The pall-holders were Colonels Little, Simms, Payne, Gilpin, Ramsey, and Marsteler. Colonel Blackburn preceded the corpse.

Colonel Dencale marched with the military. The procession moved out of the gate at the left wing of the house, and proceeded round in front of the lawn, and down to the vault on the right wing of the house—the procession as follows:

The troops, horse and foot; music playing a solemn dirge; the clergy, viz., the Reverends Mr. Davis, Mr. Muir, Mr. Moffatt, Mr. Addison.

The General's horse with his saddle, holster, pistols, etc., led by his two grooms, Cyrus and Wilson, in black.

The body borne by the Free Masons and officers.

Principal mourners, viz., Mr. Stuart and Mr. Law, Misses Nancy and Sally Stuart, Miss Fairfax, Miss Dennison, Mr. Law, Mr. Peter, Mr. Lear, Dr. Craik, Lord Fairfax, Ferdo Fairfax.

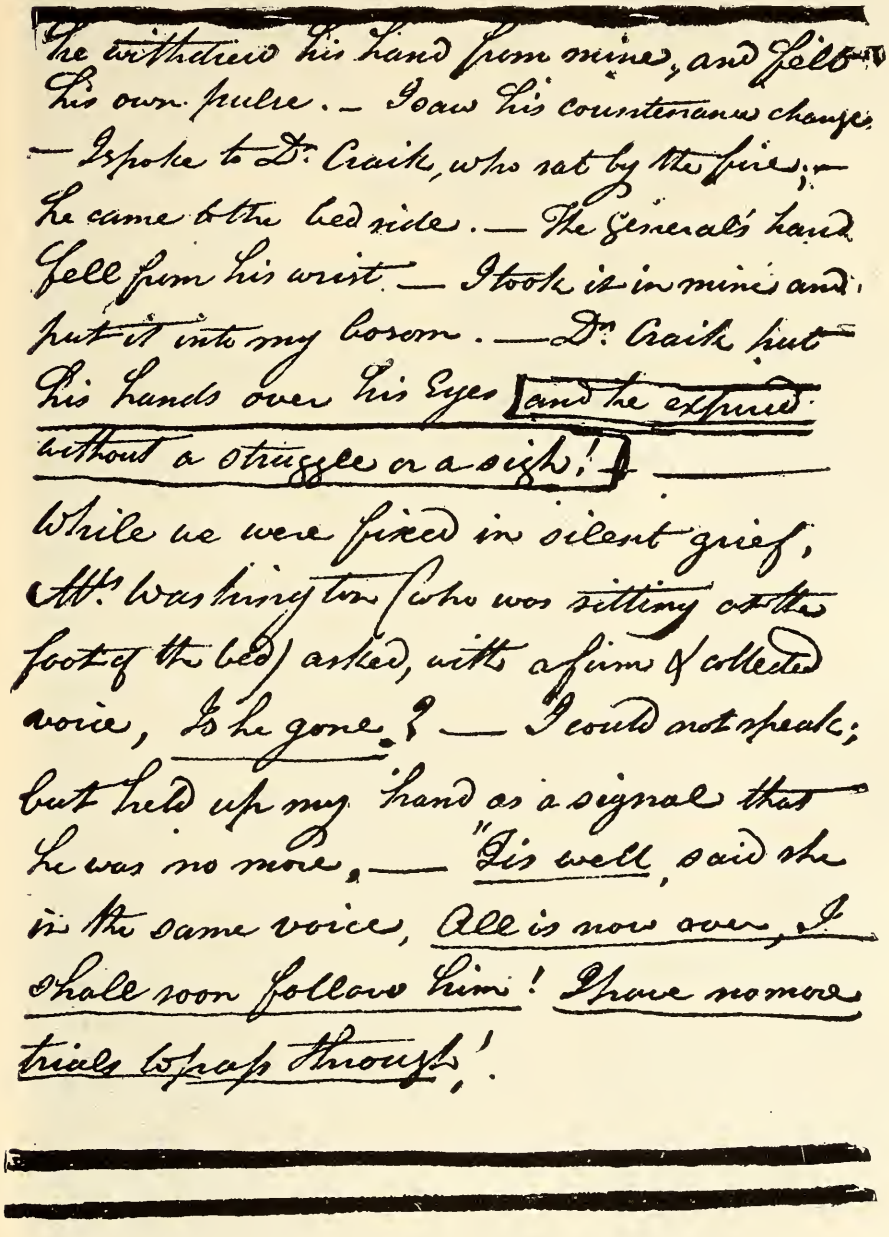
Lodge No. 23, Corporation of Alexandria, all other persons, preceded by Mr. Anderson and the overseers.

When the body arrived at the vault the Rev. Mr. Davis read the service and pronounced a short extempore speech; the Masons performed their ceremonies, and the body was deposited in the vault.

After the ceremony the company returned to the house, where they took some refreshment and retired in good order. The remains of the provisions were distributed among the blacks.

Mr. Peter, Dr. Craik, and Dr. Thornton tarried here all night.

When the ceremony was over I retired to my room (leaving to Mr. Law and Mr. Diggs the care of the company), to give a loose to those feelings which I had been able to keep under control while I found it necessary for me to give a personal attention to the preparations for interring the body of my deceased friend. What those feelings were is not to be told, if it were even possible to describe them. . . .



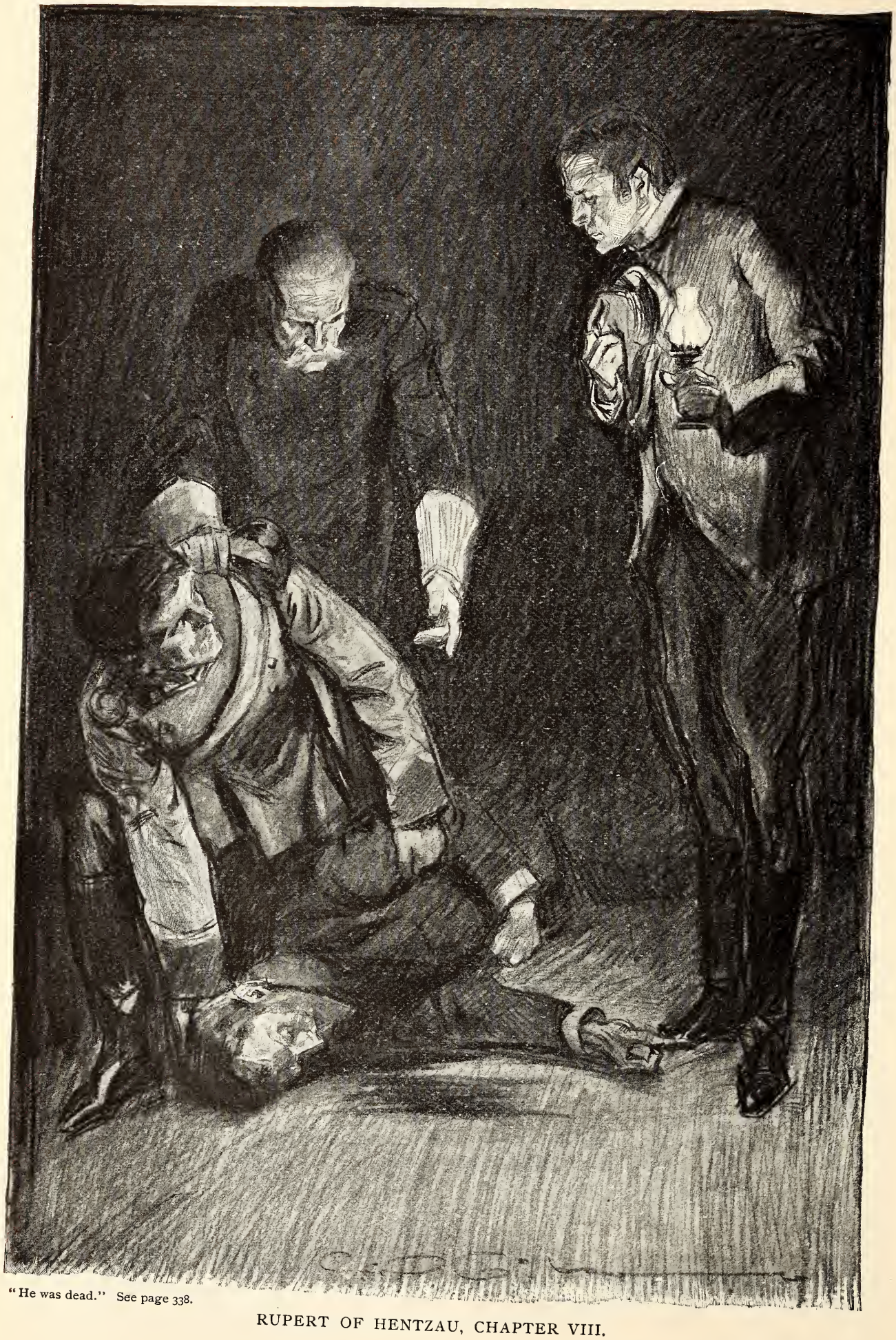
He withdrew his hand from mine, and felt His own pulse. — I saw his countenance change. — I spoke to Dr. Craik, who sat by the fire; — he came to the bed side. — The General's hand fell from his wrist. — I took it in mine and put it into my bosom. — Dr. Craik put His hands over his Eyes [and he expired without a struggle or a sigh!] — While we were fixed in silent grief, Mrs. Washington (who was sitting at the foot of the bed) asked, with a firm & collected voice, Is he gone? — I could not speak; but held up my hand as a signal that he was no more. — 'Tis well, said she in the same voice, All is now over, I shall soon follow him! I have no more trials to pass through!

FACSIMILE OF A PAGE FROM THE DIARY OF TOBIAS LEAR.

Wednesday, December 25, 1799.

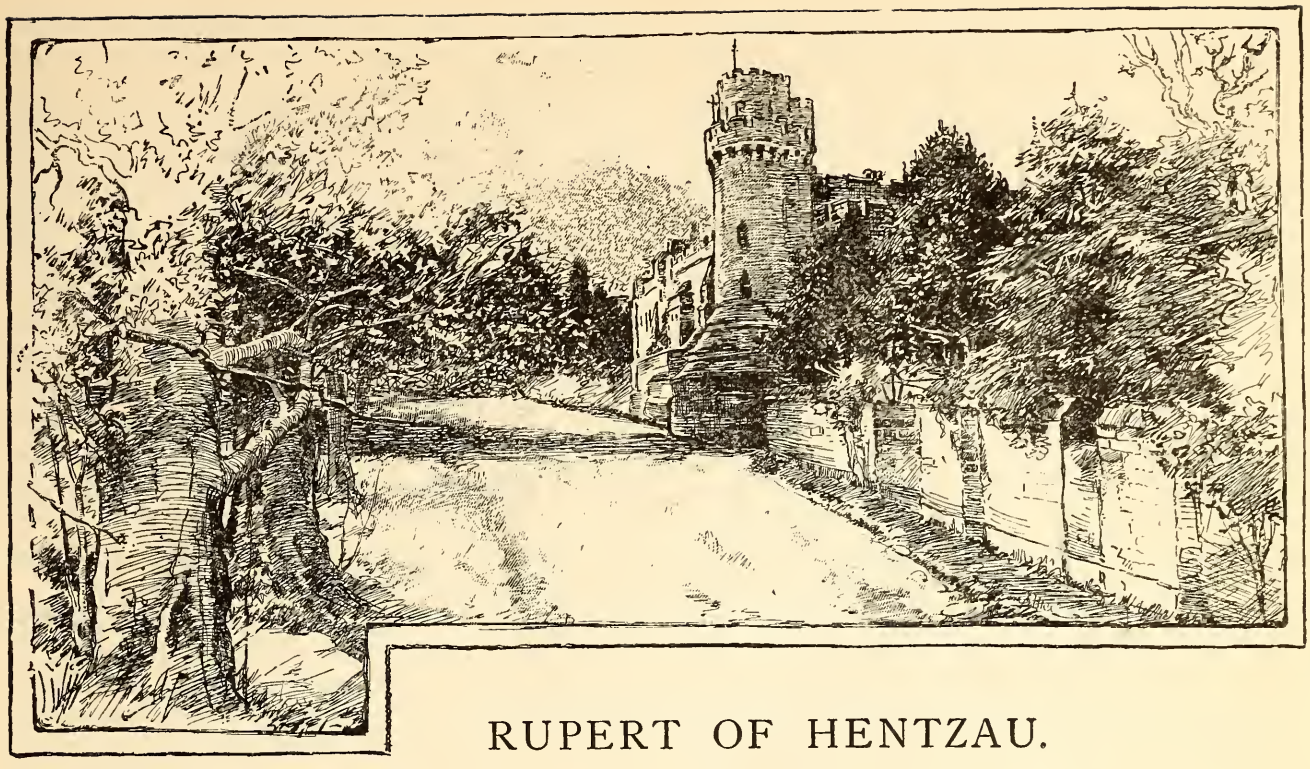
This day sent to Alexandria for the plumber to come down and close the leaden coffin containing the General's body, as Judge Washington had arrived and did not incline to see the remains. The plumbers came; I went with them to the tomb. I took a last look—a last farewell of that face, which still appeared unaltered. I attended the closing of the coffin, and beheld for the last time that face which I shall see no more here, but which I hope to meet in heaven.

Drawn by Charles Dana Gibson.



"He was dead." See page 338.

RUPERT OF HENTZAU, CHAPTER VIII.



RUPERT OF HENTZAU.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF FRITZ VON TARLENHEIM.

By Anthony Hope.

Being the sequel to a story by the same writer entitled "The Prisoner of Zenda."

With full-page illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson.

INTRODUCTION AND SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Rudolf Rassendyll, as an act of friendship to Rudolf, King of Ruritania, his distant relative, takes advantage of a close resemblance between them and impersonates the king through a grave crisis in the latter's affairs. He even plays the king's part as the prospective husband of the Princess Flavia. But in so doing he loses his heart, while the princess suddenly discovers in her lover a fervor and fascination she had not found in him before. In the end, the princess dutifully marries the real king; but thereafter, once a year, she sends a gift and a verbal message to Rassendyll in token of her remembrance of him. All this is told in the story of "The Prisoner of Zenda." The present history opens with the Princess (now Queen) Flavia come to such a pass that she dare not longer trust herself in sending the yearly message to Rassendyll. She therefore writes a letter that is to be her last word to him. The bearer, Fritz von Tarlenheim, is betrayed by his servant Bauer, and assaulted and robbed of the letter by Rupert of Hentzau. Rupert's tool, the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim, hurries to Zenda with a copy of it, to lay before the king. But he is met there by Rassendyll, is deceived for the moment into thinking him the king, and yields him the copy. He soon realizes his mistake, but is prevented by Colonel Sapt and Bernenstein from coming into private communication with the king. He is also made to discover the hiding-place of Rupert,—19 Königstrasse, Strelsau. Von Tarlenheim, the meanwhile, lies at Wintenberg, recovering from his beating, under the care of Rassendyll's servant James.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TASK OF THE QUEEN'S SERVANTS.

THE doctor who attended me at Wintenberg was not only discreet, but also indulgent; perhaps he had the sense to see that little benefit would come to a sick man from fretting in helplessness on his back, when he was on fire to be afoot. I fear he thought the baker's rolling-pin was in my mind, but at any rate I extorted a consent from him, and was on my way home from Wintenberg not much more than twelve hours after Rudolf Rassendyll left me. Thus I arrived at my own house in Strelsau on the same Friday morning that witnessed the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim's twofold interview with the king at the Castle of Zenda. The moment I had arrived, I sent James, whose assistance had been, and continued to be, in all respects most valuable, to despatch a message to the constable, acquainting him with my whereabouts, and putting myself entirely at his disposal. Sapt received this message while a council of war was being held, and the information it gave aided not a little in the arrangements that the constable and Rudolf Rassendyll made. What these were I must now relate, although, I fear, at the risk of some tediousness.

Yet that council of war in Zenda was

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held under no common circumstances. Cowed as Rischenheim appeared, they dared not let him out of their sight. Rudolf could not leave the room into which Sapt had locked him; the king's absence was to be short, and before he came again Rudolf must be gone, Rischenheim safely disposed of, and measures taken against the original letter reaching the hands for which the intercepted copy had been destined. The room was a large one. In the corner farthest from the door sat Rischenheim, disarmed, dispirited, to all seeming ready to throw up his dangerous game and acquiesce in any terms presented to him. Just inside the door, guarding it, if need should be, with their lives, were the other three, Bernenstein merry and triumphant, Sapt blunt and cool, Rudolf calm and clear-headed. The queen awaited the result of their deliberations in her apartments, ready to act as they directed, but determined to see Rudolf before he left the castle. They conversed together in low tones. Presently Sapt took paper and wrote. This first message was to me, and it bade me come to Zenda that afternoon; another head and another pair of hands were sadly needed. Then followed more deliberation; Rudolf took up the talking now, for his was the bold plan on which they consulted. Sapt twirled his moustache, smiling doubtfully.

"Yes, yes," murmured young Bernenstein, his eyes alight with excitement.

"It's dangerous, but the best thing," said Rudolf, carefully sinking his voice yet lower, lest the prisoner should catch the lightest word of what he said. "It involves my staying here till the evening. Is that possible?"

"No; but you can leave here and hide in the forest till I join you," said Sapt.

"Till we join you," corrected Bernenstein eagerly.

"No," said the constable, "you must look after our friend here. Come, Lieutenant, it's all in the queen's service."

"Besides," added Rudolf with a smile, "neither the colonel nor I would let you have a chance at Rupert. He's our game, isn't he, Sapt?"

The colonel nodded. Rudolf in his turn took paper, and here is the message that he wrote:

"Holf, 19, Königstrasse, Strelsau.—All well. He has what I had, but wishes to see what you have. He and I will be at the hunting-lodge at ten this evening. Bring it and meet us. The business is unsuspected.—R."

Rudolf threw the paper across to Sapt; Bernenstein leant over the constable's shoulder and read it eagerly.

"I doubt if it would bring me," grinned old Sapt, throwing the paper down.

"It'll bring Rupert of Hentzau. Why not? He'll know that the king will wish to meet him unknown to the queen, and also unknown to you, Sapt, since you were my friend: what place more likely for the king to choose than his hunting-lodge, where he is accustomed to go when he wishes to be alone? The message will bring him, depend on it. Why, man, Rupert would come even if he suspected; and why should he suspect?"

"They may have a cipher, he and Rischenheim," objected Sapt.

"No, or Rupert would have sent the address in it," retorted Rudolf quickly.

"Then—when he comes?" asked Bernenstein.

"He finds such a king as Rischenheim found, and Sapt, here, at his elbow."

"But he'll know you," objected Bernenstein.

"Aye, I think he'll know me," said Rudolf with a smile. "Meanwhile we send for Fritz to come here and look after the king."

"And Rischenheim?"

"That's your share, Lieutenant. Sapt, is any one at Tarlenheim?"

"No. Count Stanislas has put it at Fritz's disposal."

"Good; then Fritz's two friends, the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim and Lieutenant von Bernenstein, will ride over there to-day. The constable of Zenda will give the lieutenant twenty-four hours' leave of absence, and the two gentlemen will pass the day and sleep at the *château*. They will pass the day side by side, Bernenstein, not losing sight of one another for an instant, and they will pass the night in the same room. And one of them will not close his eyes nor take his hand off the butt of his revolver."

"Very good, sir," said young Bernenstein.

"If he tries to escape or give any alarm, shoot him through the head, ride to the frontier, get to safe hiding, and, if you can, let us know."

"Yes," said Bernenstein simply. Sapt had chosen well, and the young officer made nothing of the peril and ruin that Her Majesty's service might ask of him.

A restless movement and a weary sigh from Rischenheim attracted their attention. He had strained his ears to listen

till his head ached, but the talkers had been careful, and he had heard nothing that threw light on their deliberations. He had now given up his vain attempt, and sat in listless inattention, sunk in an apathy.

"I don't think he'll give you much trouble," whispered Sapt to Bernenstein, with a jerk of his thumb towards the captive.

"Act as if he were likely to give you much," urged Rudolf, laying his hand on the lieutenant's arm.

"Yes, that's a wise man's advice," nodded the constable approvingly. "We were well governed, Lieutenant, when this Rudolf was king."

"Wasn't I also his loyal subject?" asked young Bernenstein.

"Yes, wounded in my service," added Rudolf; for he remembered how the boy —he was little more then—had been fired upon in the park of Tarlenheim, being taken for Mr. Rassendyll himself.

Thus their plans were laid. If they could defeat Rupert, they would have Rischenheim at their mercy. If they could keep Rischenheim out of the way while they used his name in their trick, they had a strong chance of deluding and killing Rupert. Yes, of killing him; for that and nothing less was their purpose, as the constable of Zenda himself has told me.

"We would have stood on no ceremony," he said. "The queen's honor was at stake, and the fellow himself an assassin."

Bernenstein rose and went out. He was gone about half an hour, being employed in despatching the telegrams to Strelsau. Rudolf and Sapt used the interval to explain to Rischenheim what they proposed to do with him. They asked no pledge, and he offered none. He heard what they said with a dull uninterested air. When asked if he would go without resistance, he laughed a bitter laugh. "How can I resist?" he asked. "I should have a bullet through my head."

"Why, without doubt," said Colonel Sapt. "My lord, you are very sensible."

"Let me advise you, my lord," said Rudolf, looking down on him kindly enough, "if you come safe through this affair, to add honor to your prudence, and chivalry to your honor. There is still time for you to become a gentleman."

He turned away, followed by a glance of anger from the count and a grating chuckle from old Sapt.

A few moments later Bernenstein returned. His errand was done, and horses for himself and Rischenheim were at the gate of the castle. After a few final words and a clasp of the hand from Rudolf, the lieutenant motioned to his prisoner to accompany him, and they two walked out together, being to all appearance willing companions and in perfect friendliness with one another. The queen herself watched them go from the windows of her apartment, and noticed that Bernenstein rode half a pace behind, and that his free hand rested on the revolver by his side.

It was now well on in the morning, and the risk of Rudolf's sojourn in the castle grew greater with every moment. Yet he was resolved to see the queen before he went. This interview presented no great difficulties, since Her Majesty was in the habit of coming to the constable's room to take his advice or to consult with him. The hardest task was to contrive afterwards a free and unnoticed escape for Mr. Rassendyll. To meet this necessity, the constable issued orders that the company of guards which garrisoned the castle should parade at one o'clock in the park, and that the servants should all, after their dinner, be granted permission to watch the manœuvres. By this means he counted on drawing off any curious eyes and allowing Rudolf to reach the forest unobserved. They appointed a rendezvous in a handy and sheltered spot; the one thing which they were compelled to trust to fortune was Rudolf's success in evading chance encounters while he waited. Mr. Rassendyll himself was confident of his ability to conceal his presence, or, if need were, so to hide his face that no strange tale of the king being seen wandering, alone and beardless, should reach the ears of the castle or the town.

While Sapt was making his arrangements, Queen Flavia came to the room where Rudolf Rassendyll was. It was then nearing twelve, and young Bernenstein had been gone half an hour. Sapt attended her to the door, set a sentry at the end of the passage with orders that Her Majesty should on no pretence be disturbed, promised her very audibly to return as soon as he possibly could, and respectfully closed the door after she had entered. The constable was well aware of the value in a secret business of doing openly all that can safely be done with openness.

All of what passed at that interview I do not know, but a part Queen Flavia

herself told to me, or rather to Helga, my wife; for although it was meant to reach my ear, yet to me, a man, she would not disclose it directly. First she learnt from Mr. Rassendyll the plans that had been made, and, although she trembled at the danger that he must run in meeting Rupert of Hentzau, she had such love of him and such a trust in his powers that she seemed to doubt little of his success. But she began to reproach herself for having brought him into this peril by writing her letter. At this he took from his pocket the copy that Rischenheim had carried. He had found time to read it, and now before her eyes he kissed it.

"Had I as many lives as there are words, my queen," he said softly, "for each word I would gladly give a life."

"Ah, Rudolf, but you've only one life, and that more mine than yours. Did you think we should ever meet again?"

"I didn't know," said he; and now they were standing opposite one another.

"But I knew," she said, her eyes shining brightly; "I knew always that we should meet once more. Not how, nor where, but just that we should. So I lived, Rudolf."

"God bless you!" he said.

"Yes, I lived through it all."

He pressed her hand, knowing what that phrase meant and must mean for her.

"Will it last forever?" she asked, suddenly gripping his hand tightly. But a moment later she went on: "No, no, I mustn't make you unhappy, Rudolf. I'm half glad I wrote the letter, and half glad they stole it. It's so sweet to have you fighting for me, for me only this time, Rudolf—not for the king, for me!"

"Sweet indeed, my dearest lady. Don't be afraid: we shall win."

"You will win, yes. And then you'll go?" And, dropping his hand, she covered her face with hers.

"I mustn't kiss your face," said he, "but your hands I may kiss," and he kissed her hands as they were pressed against her face.

"You wear my ring," she murmured through her fingers, "always?"

"Why, yes," he said, with a little laugh of wonder at her question.

"And there is—no one else?"

"My queen!" said he, laughing again.

"No, I knew really, Rudolf, I knew really," and now her hands flew out towards him, imploring his pardon. Then she began to speak quickly: "Rudolf, last night I had a dream about you, a strange dream. I seemed to be in Strelsau, and all the people were talking about the king. It was you they meant; you were the king. At last you were the king, and I was your queen. But I could see you only very dimly; you were somewhere, but I could not make out where; just sometimes your face came. Then I tried to tell you that you were king—yes, and Colonel Sapt and Fritz tried to tell you; the people, too, called out that you were king. What did it mean? But your face, when I saw it, was unmoved, and very pale, and you seemed not to hear what we said, not even what I said. It almost seemed as if you were dead, and yet king. Ah, you mustn't die, even to be king," and she laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Sweetheart," said he gently, "in dreams desires and fears blend in strange visions, so I seemed to you to be both a king and a dead man; but I'm not a king, and I am a very healthy fellow. Yet a thousand thanks to my dearest queen for dreaming of me."

"No, but what could it mean?" she asked again.

"What does it mean when I dream always of you, except that I always love you?"

"Was it only that?" she said, still unconvinced.

What more passed between them I do not know. I think that the queen told my wife more, but women will sometimes keep women's secrets even from their husbands; though they love us, yet we are always in some sort the common enemy, against whom they join hands. Well, I would not look too far into such secrets, for to know must be, I suppose, to blame, and who is himself so blameless that in such a case he would be free with his censures?

Yet much cannot have passed, for almost close on their talk about the dream came Colonel Sapt, saying that the guards were in line, and all the women streamed out to watch them, while the men followed, lest the gay uniforms should make them forgotten. Certainly a quiet fell over the old castle, that only the constable's curt tones broke, as he bade Rudolf come by the back way to the stables and mount his horse.

"There's no time to lose," said Sapt, and his eye seemed to grudge the queen even one more word with the man she loved.

But Rudolf was not to be hurried into leaving her in such a fashion. He clapped

the constable on the shoulder, laughing, and bidding him think of what he would for a moment; then he went again to the queen and would have knelt before her, but that she would not suffer, and they stood with hands locked. Then suddenly she drew him to her and kissed his forehead, saying: "God go with you, Rudolf my knight."

Thus she turned away, letting him go. He walked towards the door; but a sound arrested his steps, and he waited in the middle of the room, his eyes on the door. Old Sapt flew to the threshold, his sword half-way out of its sheath. There was a step coming down the passage, and the feet stopped outside the door.

"Is it the king?" whispered Rudolf.

"I don't know," said Sapt.

"No, it's not the king," came in unhesitating certainty from Queen Flavia.

They waited: a low knock sounded on the door. Still for a moment they waited. The knock was repeated urgently.

"We must open," said Sapt. "Behind the curtain with you, Rudolf."

The queen sat down, and Sapt piled a heap of papers before her, that it might seem as though he and she transacted business. But his precautions were interrupted by a hoarse, eager, low cry from outside, "Quick! in God's name, quick!"

They knew the voice for Bernenstein's. The queen sprang up, Rudolf came out, Sapt turned the key. The lieutenant entered, hurried, breathless, pale.

"Well?" asked Sapt.

"He has got away?" cried Rudolf, guessing in a moment the misfortune that had brought Bernenstein back.

"Yes, he's got away. Just as we left the town and reached the open road towards Tarlenheim, he said, 'Are we going to walk all the way?' I was not loath to go quicker, and we broke into a trot. But I—ah, what a pestilent fool I am!"

"Never mind that—go on."

"Why, I was thinking of him and my task, and having a bullet ready for him, and——"

"Of everything except your horse?" guessed Sapt, with a grim smile.

"Yes; and the horse pecked and stumbled, and I fell forward on his neck. I put out my arm to recover myself, and—I jerked my revolver on to the ground."

"And he saw?"

"He saw, curse him. For a second he waited; then he smiled, and turned, and dug his spurs in and was off, straight across country towards Strelsau. Well, I was off my horse in a moment, and I fired three times after him."

"You hit?" asked Rudolf.

"I think so. He shifted the reins from one hand to the other and wrung his arm. I mounted and made after him, but his horse was better than mine and he gained ground. We began to meet people, too, and I didn't dare to fire again. So I left him and rode here to tell you. Never employ me again, Constable, so long as you live," and the young man's face was twisted with misery and shame, as, forgetting the queen's presence, he sank despondently into a chair.

Sapt took no notice of his self-reproaches. But Rudolf went and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"It was an accident," he said. "No blame to you."

The queen rose and walked towards him; Bernenstein sprang to his feet.

"Sir," said she, "it is not success but effort that should gain thanks," and she held out her hand.

Well, he was young; I do not laugh at the sob that escaped his lips as he turned his head.

"Let me try something else!" he implored.

"Mr. Rassendyll," said the queen, "you'll do my pleasure by employing this gentleman in my further service. I am already deep in his debt, and would be deeper."

There was a moment's silence.

"Well, but what's to be done?" asked Colonel Sapt. "He's gone to Strelsau."

"He'll stop Rupert," mused Mr. Rassendyll.

"He may or he mayn't."

"It's odds that he will."

"We must provide for both."

Sapt and Rudolf looked at one another.

"You must be here?" asked Rudolf of the constable. "Well, I'll go to Strelsau." His smile broke out. "That is, if Bernenstein 'll lend me a hat."

The queen made no sound; but she came and laid her hand on his arm. He looked at her, smiling still.

"Yes, I'll go to Strelsau," said he, "and I'll find Rupert, aye, and Rischenheim too, if they're in the city."

"Take me with you," cried Bernenstein eagerly.

Rudolf glanced at Sapt. The constable shook his head. Bernenstein's face fell.

"It's not that, boy," said old Sapt, half in kindness, half in impatience. "We

want you here. Suppose Rupert comes here with Rischenheim!"

The idea was new, but the event was by no means unlikely.

"But you'll be here, Constable," urged Bernenstein, "and Fritz von Tarlenheim will arrive in an hour."

"Aye, young man," said Sapt, nodding his head; "but when I fight Rupert of Hentzau, I like to have a man to spare," and he grinned broadly, being no whit afraid of what Bernenstein might think of his courage. "Now go and get him a hat," he added, and the lieutenant ran off on the errand.

But the queen cried:

"Are you sending Rudolf alone, then —alone against two?"

"Yes, madam, if I may command the campaign," said Sapt. "I take it he should be equal to the task."

He could not know the feelings of the queen's heart. She dashed her hand across her eyes, and turned in mute entreaty to Rudolf Rassendyll.

"I must go," he said softly. "We can't spare Bernenstein, and I mustn't stay here."

She said no more. Rudolf walked across to Sapt.

"Take me to the stables. Is the horse good? I daren't take the train. Ah, here's the lieutenant and the hat."

"The horse 'll get you there to-night," said Sapt. "Come along. Bernenstein, stay with the queen."

At the threshold Rudolf paused, and, turning his head, glanced once at Queen Flavia, who stood still as a statue, watching him go. Then he followed the constable, who brought him where the horse was. Sapt's devices for securing freedom from observation had served well, and Rudolf mounted unmolested.

"The hat doesn't fit very well," said Rudolf.

"Like a crown better, eh?" suggested the colonel.

Rudolf laughed as he asked, "Well, what are my orders?"

"Ride round by the moat to the road at the back; then through the forest to Hofbau; you know your way after that. You mustn't reach Strelsau till it's dark. Then, if you want a shelter——"

"To Fritz von Tarlenheim's, yes! From there I shall go straight to the address."

"Aye. And——Rudolf!"

"Yes?"

"Make an end of him this time."

"Please God. But if he goes to the lodge? He will, unless Rischenheim stops him."

"I'll be there in case, but I think Rischenheim will stop him."

"If he comes here?"

"Young Bernenstein will die before he suffers him to reach the king."

"Sapt!"

"Aye?"

"Be kind to her."

"Bless the man, yes!"

"Good-by."

"And good luck."

At a swift canter Rudolf darted round the drive that led from the stables, by the moat, to the old forest road behind; five minutes brought him within the shelter of the trees, and he rode on confidently, meeting nobody, save here and there a yokel, who, seeing a man ride hard with his head averted, took no more notice of him than to wish that he himself could ride abroad instead of being bound to work. Thus Rudolf Rassendyll set out again for the walls of Strelsau, through the forest of Zenda. And ahead of him, with an hour's start, galloped the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim, again a man, and a man with resolution, resentment, and revenge in his heart.

The game was afoot now; who could tell the issue of it?

CHAPTER VII.

THE MESSAGE OF SIMON THE HUNTSMAN.

I RECEIVED the telegram sent to me by the Constable of Zenda at my own house in Strelsau about one o'clock. It is needless to say that I made immediate preparations to obey his summons. My wife indeed protested—and I must admit with some show of reason—that I was unfit to endure further fatigues, and that my bed was the only proper place for me. I could not listen; and James, Mr. Rassendyll's servant, being informed of the summons, was at my elbow with a card of the trains from Strelsau to Zenda, without waiting for any order from me. I had talked to this man in the course of our journey, and discovered that he had been in the service of Lord Topham, formerly British Ambassador to the Court of Ruritania. How far he was acquainted with the secrets of his present master, I did not know, but his familiarity with the city and the country made him of great use to me. We discovered, to our annoyance, that no train left

till four o'clock, and then only a slow one; the result was that we could not arrive at the castle till past six o'clock. This hour was not absolutely too late, but I was of course eager to be on the scene of action as early as possible.

"You'd better see if you can get a special, my lord," James suggested; "I'll run on to the station and arrange about it."

I agreed. Since I was known to be often employed in the king's service, I could take a special train without exciting remark. James set out, and about a quarter of an hour later I got into my carriage to drive to the station. Just as the horses were about to start, however, the butler approached me.

"I beg your pardon, my lord," said he, "but Bauer didn't return with your lordship. Is he coming back?"

"No," said I. "Bauer was grossly impertinent on the journey, and I dismissed him."

"Those foreign men are never to be trusted, my lord. And your lordship's bag?"

"What, hasn't it come?" I cried. "I told him to send it."

"It's not arrived, my lord."

"Can the rogue have stolen it?" I exclaimed indignantly.

"If your lordship wishes it, I will mention the matter to the police."

I appeared to consider this proposal.

"Wait till I come back," I ended by saying. "The bag may come, and I have no reason to doubt the fellow's honesty."

This, I thought, would be the end of my connection with Master Bauer. He had served Rupert's turn, and would now disappear from the scene. Indeed it may be that Rupert would have liked to dispense with further aid from him; but he had few whom he could trust, and was compelled to employ those few more than once. At any rate he had not done with Bauer, and I very soon received proof of the fact. My house is a couple of miles from the station, and we had to pass through a considerable part of the old town, where the streets are narrow and tortuous and progress necessarily slow. We had just entered the Königstrasse (and it must be remembered that I had at that time no reason for attaching any special significance to this locality), and were waiting impatiently for a heavy dray to move out of our path, when my coachman, who had overheard the butler's conversation with me, leant down from his box with an air of lively excitement.

"My lord," he cried, "there's Bauer—there, passing the butcher's shop!"

I sprang up in the carriage; the man's back was towards me, and he was threading his way through the people with a quick, stealthy tread. I believe he must have seen me, and was slinking away as fast as he could. I was not sure of him, but the coachman banished my doubt by saying, "It's Bauer—it's certainly Bauer, my lord."

I hardly stayed to form a resolution. If I could catch this fellow or even see where he went, a most important clue as to Rupert's doings and whereabouts might be put into my hand. I leapt out of the carriage, bidding the man wait, and at once started in pursuit of my former servant. I heard the coachman laugh: he thought, no doubt, that anxiety for the missing bag inspired such eager haste.

The numbers of the houses in the Königstrasse begin, as anybody familiar with Strelsau will remember, at the end adjoining the station. The street being a long one, intersecting almost the entire length of the old town, I was, when I set out after Bauer, opposite number 300 or thereabouts, and distant nearly three-quarters of a mile from that important number nineteen, towards which Bauer was hurrying like a rabbit to its burrow. I knew nothing and thought nothing of where he was going; to me nineteen was no more than eighteen or twenty; my only desire was to overtake him. I had no clear idea of what I meant to do when I caught him, but I had some hazy notion of intimidating him into giving up his secret by the threat of an accusation of theft. In fact, he had stolen my bag. After him I went; and he knew that I was after him. I saw him turn his face over his shoulder, and then bustle on faster. Neither of us, pursued or pursuer, dared quite to run; as it was, our eager strides and our carelessness of collisions created more than enough attention. But I had one advantage. Most folk in Strelsau knew me, and many got out of my way who were by no means inclined to pay a like civility to Bauer. Thus I began to gain on him, in spite of his haste; I had started fifty yards behind, but as we neared the end of the street and saw the station ahead of us, not more than twenty separated me from him. Then an annoying thing happened. I ran full into a stout old gentleman; Bauer had run into him before, and he was standing, as people will, staring in resentful astonishment at his first assailant's retreating figure. The

second collision immensely increased his vexation; for me it had yet worse consequences; for when I disentangled myself, Bauer was gone! There was not a sign of him; I looked up: the number of the house above me was twenty-three; but the door was shut. I walked on a few paces, past twenty-two, past twenty-one—and up to nineteen. Nineteen was an old house, with a dirty, dilapidated front and an air almost dissipated. It was a shop where provisions of the cheaper sort were on view in the window, things that one has never eaten but has heard of people eating. The shop-door stood open, but there was nothing to connect Bauer with the house. Muttering an oath in my exasperation, I was about to pass on, when an old woman put her head out of the door and looked round. I was full in front of her. I am sure that the old woman started slightly, and I think that I did. For I knew her and she knew me. She was old Mother Holf, one of whose sons, Johann, had betrayed to us the secret of the dungeon at Zenda, while the other had died by Mr. Rassendyll's hand by the side of the great pipe that masked the king's window. Her presence might mean nothing, yet it seemed at once to connect the house with the secret of the past and the crisis of the present.

She recovered herself in a moment, and curtseyed to me.

"Ah, Mother Holf," said I, "how long is it since you set up shop in Strelsau?"

"About six months, my lord," she answered, with a composed air and arms akimbo.

"I have not come across you before," said I, looking keenly at her.

"Such a poor little shop as mine would not be likely to secure your lordship's patronage," she answered, in a humility that seemed only half genuine.

I looked up at the windows. They were all closed and had their wooden lattices shut. The house was devoid of any signs of life.

"You've a good house here, mother, though it wants a splash of paint," said I. "Do you live all alone in it with your daughter?" For Max was dead and Johann abroad, and the old woman had, as far as I knew, no other children.

"Sometimes; sometimes not," said she. "I let lodgings to single men when I can."

"Full now?"

"Not a soul, worse luck, my lord."

Then I shot an arrow at a venture.

"The man who came in just now, then, was he only a customer?"

"I wish a customer had come in, but there has been nobody," she replied in surprised tones.

I looked full in her eyes; she met mine with a blinking imperturbability. There is no face so inscrutable as a clever old woman's when she is on her guard. And her fat body barred the entrance; I could not so much as see inside, while the window, choked full with pigs' trotters and such-like dainties, helped me very little. If the fox were there, he had got to earth and I could not dig him out.

At this moment I saw James approaching hurriedly. He was looking up the street, no doubt seeking my carriage and chafing at its delay. An instant later he saw me.

"My lord," he said, "your train will be ready in five minutes; if it doesn't start then, the line must be closed for another half-hour."

I perceived a faint smile on the old woman's face. I was sure then that I was on the track of Bauer, and probably of more than Bauer. But my first duty was to obey orders and get to Zenda. Besides, I could not force my way in, there in open daylight, without a scandal that would have set all the long ears in Strelsau aprick. I turned away reluctantly. I did not even know for certain that Bauer was within, and thus had no information of value to carry with me.

"If your lordship would kindly recommend me—" said the old hag.

"Yes, I'll recommend you," said I. "I'll recommend you to be careful whom you take for lodgers. There are queer fish about, mother."

"I take the money beforehand," she retorted with a grin; and I was as sure that she was in the plot as of my own existence.

There was nothing to be done; James's face urged me towards the station. I turned away. But at this instant a loud, merry laugh sounded from inside the house. I started, and this time violently. The old woman's brow contracted in a frown, and her lips twitched for a moment; then her face regained its composure; but I knew the laugh, and she must have guessed that I knew it. Instantly I tried to appear as though I had noticed nothing. I nodded to her carelessly, and bidding James follow me, set out for the station. But as we reached the platform, I laid my hand on his shoulder, saying:

"The Count of Hentzau is in that house, James."

He looked at me without surprise; he was as hard to stir to wonder as old Sapt himself.

"Indeed, sir. Shall I stay and watch?"

"No, come with me," I answered. To tell the truth, I thought that to leave him alone in Strelsau to watch that house was in all likelihood to sign his death warrant, and I shrank from imposing the duty on him. Rudolf might send him if he would; I dared not. So we got into our train, and I suppose that my coachman, when he had looked long enough for me, went home. I forgot to ask him afterwards. Very likely he thought it a fine joke to see his master hunting a truant servant and a truant bag through the streets in broad daylight. Had he known the truth, he would have been as interested, though, maybe, less amused.

I arrived at the town of Zenda at half-past three, and was in the castle before four. I may pass over the most kind and gracious words with which the queen received me. Every sight of her face and every sound of her voice bound a man closer to her service, and now she made me feel that I was a poor fellow to have lost her letter and yet to be alive. But she would hear nothing of such talk, choosing rather to praise the little I had done than to blame the great thing in which I had failed. Dismissed from her presence, I flew open-mouthed to Sapt. I found him in his room with Bernenstein, and had the satisfaction of learning that my news of Rupert's whereabouts was confirmed by his information. I was also made acquainted with all that had been done, even as I have already related it, from the first successful trick played on Rischenheim to the moment of his unfortunate escape. But my face grew long and apprehensive when I heard that Rudolf Rassendyll had gone alone to Strelsau to put his head in that lion's mouth in the Königstrasse.

"There will be three of them there—Rupert, Rischenheim, and my rascal Bauer," said I.

"As to Rupert, we don't know," Sapt reminded me. "He'll be there if Rischenheim arrives in time to tell him the truth. But we have also to be ready for him here, and at the hunting-lodge. Well, we're ready for him wherever he is: Rudolf will be in Strelsau, you and I will ride to the lodge, and Bernenstein will be here with the queen."

"Only one here?" I asked.

"Ay, but a good one," said the constable, clapping Bernenstein on the shoulder. "We shan't be gone above four hours, and those while the king is safe in his bed. Bernenstein has only to refuse access to him, and stand to that with his life till we come back. You're equal to that, eh, Lieutenant?"

I am, by nature, a cautious man, and prone to look at the dark side of every prospect and the risks of every enterprise; but I could not see what better dispositions were possible against the attack that threatened us. Yet I was sorely uneasy concerning Mr. Rassendyll.

Now, after all our stir and runnings to and fro, came an hour or two of peace. We employed the time in having a good meal, and it was past five when, our repast finished, we sat back in our chairs enjoying cigars. James had waited on us, quietly usurping the office of the constable's own servant, and thus we had been able to talk freely. The man's calm confidence in his master and his master's fortune also went far to comfort me.

"The king should be back soon," said Sapt at last, with a glance at his big, old-fashioned silver watch. "Thank God, he'll be too tired to sit up long. We shall be free by nine o'clock, Fritz. I wish young Rupert would come to the lodge!" And the colonel's face expressed a lively pleasure at the idea.

Six o'clock struck, and the king did not appear. A few moments later, a message came from the queen, requesting our presence on the terrace in front of the *château*. The place commanded a view of the road by which the king would ride back, and we found the queen walking restlessly up and down, considerably disquieted by the lateness of his return. In such a position as ours, every unusual or unforeseen incident magnifies its possible meaning, and invests itself with a sinister importance which would at ordinary times seem absurd. We three shared the queen's feelings, and forgetting the many chances of the chase, any one of which would amply account for the king's delay, fell to speculating on remote possibilities of disaster. He might have met Rischenheim—though they had ridden in opposite directions; Rupert might have intercepted him—though no means could have brought Rupert to the forest so early. Our fears defeated common sense, and our conjectures outran possibility. Sapt was the first to recover from this foolish

mood, and he rated us soundly, not sparing even the queen herself. With a laugh we regained some of our equanimity, and felt rather ashamed of our weakness.

"Still it's strange that he doesn't come," murmured the queen, shading her eyes with her hand, and looking along the road to where the dark masses of the forest trees bounded our view. It was already dusk, but not so dark but that we could have seen the king's party as soon as it came into the open.

If the king's delay seemed strange at six, it was stranger at seven, and by eight most strange. We had long since ceased to talk lightly; by now we had lapsed into silence. Sapt's scoldings had died away. The queen, wrapped in her furs (for it was very cold), sat sometimes on a seat, but oftener paced restlessly to and fro. Evening had fallen. We did not know what to do, nor even whether we ought to do anything. Sapt would not own to sharing our worst apprehensions, but his gloomy silence in face of our surmises witnessed that he was in his heart as disturbed as we were. For my part I had come to the end of my endurance, and I cried, "For God's sake, let's act! Shall I go and seek him?"

"A needle in a bundle of hay," said Sapt with a shrug.

But at this instant my ear caught the sound of horses cantering on the road from the forest; at the same moment Bernenstein cried, "Here they come!" The queen paused, and we gathered round her. The horse-hoofs came nearer. Now we made out the figures of three men: they were the king's huntsmen, and they rode along merrily, singing a hunting chorus. The sound of it brought relief to us; so far at least there was no disaster. But why was not the king with them?

"The king is probably tired, and is following more slowly, madam," suggested Bernenstein.

This explanation seemed very probable, and the lieutenant and I, as ready to be hopeful on slight grounds as fearful on small provocation, joyfully accepted it. Sapt, less easily turned to either mood, said, "Aye, but let us hear," and raising his voice, called to the huntsmen, who had now arrived in the avenue. One of them, the king's chief huntsman Simon, gorgeous in his uniform of green and gold, came swaggering along, and bowed low to the queen.

"Well, Simon, where is the king?" she asked, trying to smile.

"The king, madam, has sent a message by me to your majesty."

"Pray, deliver it to me, Simon."

"I will, madam. The king has enjoyed fine sport; and, indeed, madam, if I may say so for myself, a better run——"

"You may say, friend Simon," interrupted the constable, tapping him on the shoulder, "anything you like for yourself, but, as a matter of etiquette, the king's message should come first."

"Oh, aye, Constable," said Simon. "You're always so down on a man, aren't you? Well, then, madam, the king has enjoyed fine sport. For we started a boar at eleven, and——"

"Is this the king's message, Simon?" asked the queen, smiling in genuine amusement, but impatiently.

"Why, no, madam, not precisely his majesty's message."

"Then get to it, man, in heaven's name," growled Sapt testily. For here were we four (the queen, too, one of us!) on tenterhooks, while the fool boasted about the sport that he had shown the king. For every boar in the forest Simon took as much credit as though he, and not Almighty God, had made the animal. It is the way with such fellows.

Simon became a little confused under the combined influence of his own seductive memories and Sapt's brusque exhortations.

"As I was saying, madam," he resumed, "the boar led us a long way, but at last the hounds pulled him down, and his majesty himself gave the *coup de grâce*. Well, then it was very late——"

"It's no earlier now," grumbled the constable.

"And the king, although indeed, madam, his majesty was so gracious as to say that no huntsman whom his majesty had ever had, had given his majesty——"

"God help us!" groaned the constable.

Simon shot an apprehensive apologetic glance at Colonel Sapt. The constable was frowning ferociously. In spite of the serious matters in hand I could not forbear a smile, while young Bernenstein broke into an audible laugh, which he tried to smother with his hand.

"Yes, the king was very tired, Simon?" said the queen, at once encouraging him and bringing him back to the point with a woman's skill.

"Yes, madam, the king was very tired; and as we chanced to kill near the hunting-lodge——"

I do not know whether Simon noticed

any change in the manner of his audience. But the queen looked up with parted lips, and I believe that we three all drew a step nearer him. Sapt did not interrupt this time.

"Yes, madam, the king was very tired, and as we chanced to kill near the hunting-lodge, the king bade us carry our quarry there, and come back to dress it to-morrow; so we obeyed, and here we are—that is, except Herbert, my brother, who stayed with the king by his majesty's orders. Because, madam, Herbert is a handy fellow, and my good mother taught him to cook a steak and——"

"Stayed where with the king?" roared Sapt.

"Why, at the hunting-lodge, Constable. The king stays there to-night, and will ride back to-morrow morning with Herbert. That, madam, is the king's message."

We had come to it at last, and it was something to come to. Simon gazed from face to face. I saw him, and I understood at once that our feelings must be speaking too plainly. So I took on myself to dismiss him, saying:

"Thanks, Simon, thanks: we understand."

He bowed to the queen; she roused herself, and added her thanks to mine. Simon withdrew, looking still a little puzzled.

After we were left alone, there was a moment's silence. Then I said:

"Suppose Rupert——"

The Constable of Zenda broke in with a short laugh.

"On my life," said he, "how things fall out! We say he will go to the hunting-lodge, and—he goes!"

"If Rupert goes—if Rischenheim doesn't stop him!" I urged again.

The queen rose from her seat and stretched out her hands towards us.

"Gentlemen, my letter!" said she.

Sapt wasted no time.

"Bernenstein," said he, "you stay here as we arranged. Nothing is altered. Horses for Fritz and myself in five minutes."

Bernenstein turned and shot like an arrow along the terrace towards the stables.

"Nothing is altered, madam," said Sapt, "except that we must be there before Count Rupert."

I looked at my watch. It was twenty minutes past nine. Simon's cursed chatter had lost a quarter of an hour. I opened my lips to speak. A glance from Sapt's eyes told me that he discerned what I was about to say. I was silent.

"You'll be in time?" asked the queen, with clasped hands and frightened eyes.

"Assuredly, madam," returned Sapt with a bow.

"You won't let him reach the king?"

"Why, no, madam," said Sapt with a smile.

"From my heart, gentlemen," she said in a trembling voice, "from my heart——"

"Here are the horses," cried Sapt. He snatched her hand, brushed it with his grizzly moustache, and—well, I am not sure I heard, and I can hardly believe what I think I heard. But I will set it down for what it is worth. I think he said, "Bless your sweet face, we'll do it." At any rate she drew back with a little cry of surprise, and I saw the tears standing in her eyes. I kissed her hand also; then we mounted, and we started, and we rode, as if the devil were behind us, for the hunting-lodge.

But I turned once to watch her standing on the terrace, with young Bernenstein's tall figure beside her.

"Can we be in time?" said I. It was what I had meant to say before.

"I think not, but, by God, we'll try," said Colonel Sapt.

And I knew why he had not let me speak.

Suddenly there was a sound behind us of a horse at the gallop. Our heads flew round in the ready apprehension of men on a perilous errand. The hoofs drew near, for the unknown rode with reckless haste.

"We had best see what it is," said the constable, pulling up.

A second more, and the horseman was beside us. Sapt swore an oath, half in amusement, half in vexation.

"Why, is it you, James?" I cried.

"Yes, sir," answered Rudolf Rassendyll's servant.

"What the devil do you want?" asked Sapt.

"I came to attend on the Count von Tarlenheim, sir."

"I did not give you any orders, James."

"No, sir. But Mr. Rassendyll told me not to leave you, unless you sent me away. So I made haste to follow you."

Then Sapt cried: "Deuce take it, what horse is that?"

"The best in the stables, so far as I could see, sir. I was afraid of not overtaking you."

Sapt tugged his moustaches, scowled, but finally laughed.

"Much obliged for your compliment," said he. "The horse is mine."

"Indeed, sir?" said James with respectful interest.

For a moment we were all silent. Then Sapt laughed again.

"Forward!" said he, and the three of us dashed into the forest.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TEMPER OF BORIS THE HOUND.

LOOKING back now, in the light of the information I have gathered, I am able to trace very clearly, and almost hour by hour, the events of this day, and to understand how chance, laying hold of our cunning plan and mocking our wiliness, twisted and turned our device to a predetermined but undreamt-of issue, of which we were most guiltless in thought or intent. Had the king not gone to the hunting-lodge, our design would have found the fulfilment we looked for; had Rischenheim succeeded in warning Rupert of Hentzau, we should have stood where we were. Fate or fortune would have it otherwise. The king, being weary, went to the lodge, and Rischenheim failed in warning his cousin. It was a narrow failure, for Rupert, as his laugh told me, was in the house in the Königstrasse when I set out from Strelsau, and Rischenheim arrived there at half-past four. He had taken the train at a roadside station, and thus easily outstripped Mr. Rassendyll, who, not daring to show his face, was forced to ride all the way and enter the city under cover of night. But Rischenheim had not dared to send a warning, for he knew that we were in possession of the address and did not know what steps we might have taken to intercept messages. Therefore he was obliged to carry the news himself; when he came his man was gone. Indeed Rupert must have left the house almost immediately after I was safe away from the city. He was determined to be in good time for his appointment; his only enemies were not in Strelsau; there was no warrant on which he could be apprehended; and, although his connection with Black Michael was a matter of popular gossip, he felt himself safe from arrest by virtue of the secret that protected him. Accordingly he walked out of the house, went to the station, took his ticket to Hofbau, and, traveling by the four o'clock train, reached his destination about half-past five. He must have passed the train in which Rischenheim traveled; the first news the latter had of his departure was from a porter at the station, who, having recognized the Count of Hentzau, ventured to congratulate Rischenheim on his cousin's return. Rischenheim made no answer, but hurried in great agitation to the house in the Königstrasse, where the old woman Holf confirmed the tidings. Then he passed through a period of great irresolution. Loyalty to Rupert urged that he should follow him and share the perils into which his cousin was hastening. But caution whispered that he was not irrevocably committed, that nothing overt yet connected him with Rupert's schemes, and that we who knew the truth should be well content to purchase his silence as to the trick we had played by granting him immunity. His fears won the day, and, like the irresolute man he was, he determined to wait in Strelsau till he heard the issue of the meeting at the lodge. If Rupert were disposed of there, he had something to offer us in return for peace; if his cousin escaped, he would be in the Königstrasse, prepared to second the further plans of the desperate adventurer. In any event his skin was safe, and I presume to think that this weighed a little with him; for excuse he had the wound which Bernenstein had given him, and which rendered his right arm entirely useless; had he gone then, he would have been a most inefficient ally.

Of all this we, as we rode through the forest, knew nothing. We might guess, conjecture, hope, or fear; but our certain knowledge stopped with Rischenheim's start for the capital and Rupert's presence there at three o'clock. The pair might have met or might have missed. We had to act as though they had missed and Rupert were gone to meet the king. But we were late. The consciousness of that pressed upon us, although we evaded further mention of it; it made us spur and drive our horses as quickly, aye, and a little more quickly, than safety allowed. Once James's horse stumbled in the darkness and its rider was thrown; more than once a low bough hanging over the path nearly swept me, dead or stunned, from my seat. Sapt paid no attention to these mishaps or threatened mishaps. He had taken the lead, and, sitting well down in his saddle, rode ahead, turning neither to right nor left, never slackening his pace,

sparing neither himself nor his beast. James and I were side by side behind him. We rode in silence, finding nothing to say to one another. My mind was full of a picture—the picture of Rupert with his easy smile handing to the king the queen's letter. For the hour of the rendezvous was past. If that image had been translated into reality, what must we do? To kill Rupert would satisfy revenge, but of what other avail would it be when the king had read the letter? I am ashamed to say that I found myself girding at Mr. Rassendyll for happening on a plan which the course of events had turned into a trap for ourselves and not for Rupert of Hentzau.

Suddenly Sapt, turning his head for the first time, pointed in front of him. The lodge was before us; we saw it looming dimly a quarter of a mile off. Sapt reined in his horse, and we followed his example. All dismounted, we tied our horses to trees and went forward at a quick, silent walk. Our idea was that Sapt should enter on pretext of having been sent by the queen to attend to her husband's comfort and arrange for his return without further fatigue next day. If Rupert had come and gone, the king's demeanor would probably betray the fact; if he had not yet come, I and James, patrolling outside, would bar his passage. There was a third possibility; he might be even now with the king. Our course in such a case we left unsettled; so far as I had any plan, it was to kill Rupert and try to convince the king that the letter was a forgery—a desperate hope, so desperate that we turned our eyes away from the possibility which would make it our only resource.

We were now very near the hunting-lodge, being about forty yards from the front of it. All at once Sapt threw himself on his stomach on the ground.

"Give me a match," he whispered.

James struck a light, and, the night being still, the flame burnt brightly: it showed us the mark of a horse's hoof, apparently quite fresh, and leading away from the lodge. We rose and went on, following the tracks by the aid of more matches till we reached a tree twenty yards from the door. Here the hoof-marks ceased; but beyond there was a double track of human feet in the soft black earth; a man had gone thence to the house and returned from the house thither. On the right of the tree were more hoof-marks, leading up to it and then ceasing. A man had ridden up from the right, dismounted, gone on foot to the house, returned to the tree, remounted, and ridden away along the track by which we had approached.

"It may be somebody else," said I; but I do not think that we any of us doubted in our hearts that the tracks were made by the coming of Hentzau. Then the king had the letter; the mischief was done. We were too late.

Yet we did not hesitate. Since disaster had come, it must be faced. Mr. Rassendyll's servant and I followed the constable of Zenda up to the door, or within a few feet of it. Here Sapt, who was in uniform, loosened his sword in its sheath; James and I looked to our revolvers. There were no lights visible in the lodge; the door was shut; everything was still. Sapt knocked softly with his knuckles, but there was no answer from within. He laid hold of the handle and turned it; the door opened, and the passage lay dark and apparently empty before us.

"You stay here, as we arranged," whispered the colonel. "Give me the matches, and I'll go in."

James handed him the box of matches, and he crossed the threshold. For a yard or two we saw him plainly, then his figure grew dim and indistinct. I heard nothing except my own hard breathing. But in a moment there was another sound—a muffled exclamation, and the noise of a man stumbling; a sword, too, clattered on the stones of the passage. We looked at one another; the noise did not produce any answering stir in the house; then came the sharp little explosion of a match struck on its box; next we heard Sapt raising himself, his scabbard scraping along the stones; his footsteps came towards us, and in a second he appeared at the door.

"What was it?" I whispered.

"I fell," said Sapt.

"Over what?"

"Come and see. James, stay here."

I followed the constable for the distance of eight or ten feet along the passage.

"Isn't there a lamp anywhere?" I asked.

"We can see enough with a match," he answered. "Here, this is what I fell over."

Even before the match was struck I saw a dark body lying across the passage.

"A dead man!" I guessed instantly.

"Why, no," said Sapt, striking a light: "a dead dog, Fritz."

An exclamation of wonder escaped me as I fell on my knees. At the same in-

stant Sapt muttered, "Aye, there's a lamp," and, stretching up his hand to a little oil lamp that stood on a bracket, he lit it, took it down, and held it over the body. It served to give a fair, though unsteady, light, and enabled us to see what lay in the passage.

"It's Boris, the boar-hound," said I, still in a whisper, although there was no sign of any listeners.

I knew the dog well; he was the king's favorite, and always accompanied him when he went hunting. He was obedient to every word of the king's, but of a rather uncertain temper towards the rest of the world. However, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum;* there he lay dead in the passage. Sapt put his hand on the beast's head. There was a bullet-hole right through his forehead. I nodded, and in my turn pointed to the dog's right shoulder, which was shattered by another ball.

"And see here," said the constable. "Have a pull at this."

I looked where his hand now was. In the dog's mouth was a piece of gray cloth, and on the piece of gray cloth was a horn coat-button. I took hold of the cloth and pulled. Boris held on even in death. Sapt drew his sword, and, inserting the point of it between the dog's teeth, parted them enough for me to draw out the piece of cloth.

"You'd better put it in your pocket," said the constable. "Now come along;" and, holding the lamp in one hand and his sword (which he did not resheathe) in the other, he stepped over the body of the boar-hound, and I followed him.

We were now in front of the door of the room where Rudolf Rassendyll had supped with us on the day of his first coming to Ruritania, and whence he had set out to be crowned in Strelsau. On the right of it was the room where the king slept, and farther along in the same direction the kitchen and the cellars. The officer or officers in attendance on the king used to sleep on the other side of the dining-room.

"We must explore, I suppose," said Sapt. In spite of his outward calmness, I caught in his voice the ring of excitement rising and ill-repressed. But at this moment we heard from the passage on our left (as we faced the door) a low moan, and then a dragging sound, as if a man were crawling along the floor, painfully trailing his limbs after him. Sapt held the lamp in that direction, and we saw Herbert the forester, pale-faced and wide-eyed, raised from the ground on his two hands, while his legs stretched behind him and his stomach rested on the flags.

"Who is it?" he said in a faint voice.

"Why, man, you know us," said the constable, stepping up to him. "What's happened here?"

The poor fellow was very faint, and, I think, wandered a little in his brain.

"I've got it, sir," he murmured; "I've got it, fair and straight. No more hunting for me, sir. I've got it here in the stomach. Oh, my God!" He let his head fall with a thud on the floor.

I ran and raised him. Kneeling on one knee, I propped his head against my leg.

"Tell us about it," commanded Sapt in a curt, crisp voice, while I got the man into the easiest position that I could contrive.

In slow, struggling tones he began his story, repeating here, omitting there, often confusing the order of his narrative, oftener still arresting it while he waited for fresh strength. Yet we were not impatient, but heard without a thought of time. I looked round once at a sound, and found that James, anxious about us, had stolen along the passage and joined us. Sapt took no notice of him, nor of anything save the words that dropped in irregular utterance from the stricken man's lips. Here is the story, a strange instance of the turning of a great event on a small cause.

The king had eaten a little supper, and, having gone to his bedroom, had stretched himself on the bed and fallen asleep without undressing. Herbert was clearing the dining-table and performing similar duties, when suddenly (thus he told it) he found a man standing beside him. He did not know (he was new to the king's service) who the unexpected visitor was, but he was of middle height, dark, handsome, and "looked a gentleman all over." He was dressed in a shooting-tunic, and a revolver was thrust through the belt of it. One hand rested on the belt, while the other held a small square box.

"Tell the king I am here. He expects me," said the stranger.

Herbert, alarmed at the suddenness and silence of the stranger's approach, and guiltily conscious of having left the door unbolted, drew back. He was unarmed, but, being a stout fellow, was prepared to defend his master as best he could. Rupert—beyond doubt it was Rupert—laughed lightly, saying again, "Man, he expects me. Go and tell him," and sat

himself on the table, swinging his leg. Herbert, influenced by the visitor's air of command, began to retreat towards the bedroom, keeping his face towards Rupert. "If the king asks more, tell him I have the packet and the letter," said Rupert. The man bowed and passed into the bedroom. The king was asleep; when roused he seemed to know nothing of letter or packet, and to expect no visitor. Herbert's ready fears revived; he whispered that the stranger carried a revolver. Whatever the king's faults might be—and God forbid that I should speak hardly of him whom fate used so hardly—he was no coward. He sprang from his bed; at the same moment the great boar-hound uncoiled himself and came from beneath, yawning and fawning. But in an instant the beast caught the scent of a stranger: his ears pricked and he gave a low growl, as he looked up in his master's face. Then Rupert of Hentzau, weary perhaps of waiting, perhaps only doubtful whether his message would be properly delivered, appeared in the doorway.

The king was unarmed, and Herbert in no better plight; their hunting weapons were in the adjoining room, and Rupert seemed to bar the way. I have said that the king was no coward, yet I think that the sight of Rupert, bringing back the memory of his torments in the dungeon, half cowed him; for he shrank back crying, "You!" The hound, in subtle understanding of his master's movement, growled angrily.

"You expected me, sire?" said Rupert with a bow; but he smiled. I know that the sight of the king's alarm pleased him. To inspire terror was his delight, and it does not come to every man to strike fear into the heart of a king and an Elphberg. It had come more than once to Rupert of Hentzau.

"No," muttered the king. Then, recovering his composure a little, he said angrily, "How dare you come here?"

"You didn't expect me?" cried Rupert, and in an instant the thought of a trap seemed to flash across his alert mind. He drew the revolver half-way from his belt, probably in a scarcely conscious movement, born of the desire to assure himself of its presence. With a cry of alarm Herbert flung himself before the king, who sank back on the bed. Rupert, puzzled, vexed, yet half-amused (for he smiled still, the man said), took a step forward, crying out something about Rischenheim—what, Herbert could not tell us. "Keep back," exclaimed the king. "Keep back." Rupert paused; then, as though with a sudden thought, he held up the box that was in his left hand, saying:

"Well, look at this, sire, and we'll talk afterwards," and he stretched out his hand with the box in it.

Now the thing stood on a razor's edge, for the king whispered to Herbert, "What is it? Go and take it."

But Herbert hesitated, fearing to leave the king, whom his body now protected as though with a shield. Rupert's impatience overcame him: if there were a trap, every moment's delay doubled his danger. With a scornful laugh he exclaimed, "Catch it, then, if you're afraid to come for it," and he flung the packet to Herbert or the king, or which of them might chance to catch it.

This insolence had a strange result. In an instant, with a fierce growl and a mighty bound, Boris was at the stranger's throat. Rupert had not seen or had not heeded the dog. A startled oath rang out from him. He snatched the revolver from his belt and fired at his assailant. This shot must have broken the beast's shoulder, but it only half arrested his spring. His great weight was still hurled on Rupert's chest, and bore him back on his knee. The packet that he had flung lay unheeded. The king, wild with alarm and furious with anger at his favorite's fate, jumped up and ran past Rupert into the next room. Herbert followed; even as they went Rupert flung the wounded, weakened beast from him and darted to the doorway. He found himself facing Herbert, who held a boar-spear, and the king, who had a double-barreled hunting-gun. He raised his left hand, Herbert said—no doubt he still asked a hearing—but the king leveled his weapon. With a spring Rupert gained the shelter of the door, the bullet sped by him, and buried itself in the wall of the room. Then Herbert was at him with the boar-spear. Explanations must wait now: it was life or death; without hesitation Rupert fired at Herbert, bringing him to the ground with a mortal wound. The king's gun was at his shoulder again.

"You damned fool!" roared Rupert, "if you must have it, take it," and gun and revolver rang out at the same moment. But Rupert—never did his nerve fail him—hit, the king missed; Herbert saw the count stand for an instant with his smoking barrel in his hand, looking at the king, who lay on the ground. Then Ru-

pert walked towards the door. I wish I had seen his face then! Did he frown or smile? Was triumph or chagrin uppermost? Remorse? Not he!

He reached the door and passed through. That was the last Herbert saw of him; but the fourth actor in the drama, the wordless player whose part had been so momentous, took the stage. Limping along, now whining in sharp agony, now growling in fierce anger, with blood flowing but hair bristling, the hound Boris dragged himself across the room, through the door, after Rupert of Hentzau. Herbert listened, raising his head from the ground. There was a growl, an oath, the sound of the scuffle. Rupert must have turned in time to receive the dog's spring. The beast, maimed and crippled by his shattered shoulder, did not reach his enemy's face, but his teeth tore away the bit of cloth that we had found held in the vise of his jaws. Then came another shot, a laugh, retreating steps, and a door slammed. With that last sound Herbert woke to the fact of the count's escape; with weary efforts he dragged himself into the passage. The idea that he could go on if he got a drink of brandy turned him in the direction of the cellar. But his strength failed, and he sank down where we found him, not knowing whether the king were dead or still alive, and unable even to make his way back to the room where his master lay stretched on the ground.

I had listened to the story, bound as though by a spell. Half-way through, James's hand had crept to my arm and rested there; when Herbert finished I heard the little man licking his lips, again and again slapping his tongue against them. Then I looked at Sapt. He was as pale as a ghost, and the lines on his face seemed to have grown deeper. He glanced up, and met my regard. Neither of us spoke; we exchanged thoughts with our eyes. "This is our work," we said to one another. "It was our trap, these are our victims." I cannot even now think of that hour, for by our act the king lay dead.

But was he dead? I seized Sapt by the arm. His glance questioned me. "The king," I whispered hoarsely. "Yes, the king," he returned. Facing round, we walked to the door of the dining-room. Here I turned suddenly faint, and clutched at the constable. He held me up, and pushed the door wide open. The smell of powder was in the room; it seemed as if the smoke hung about, curling in dim coils round the chandelier which gave a subdued light. James had the lamp now, and followed us with it. But the king was not there. A sudden hope filled me. He had not been killed then! I regained strength, and darted across towards the inside room. Here too the light was dim, and I turned to beckon for the lamp. Sapt and James came together, and stood peering over my shoulder in the doorway.

The king lay prone on the floor, face downwards, near the bed. He had crawled there, seeking for some place to rest, as we supposed. He did not move. We watched him for a moment; the silence seemed deeper than silence could be. At last, moved by a common impulse, we stepped forward, but timidly, as though we approached the throne of Death himself. I was the first to kneel by the king and raise his head. Blood had flown from his lips, but it had ceased to flow now. He was dead.

I felt Sapt's hand on my shoulder. Looking up, I saw his other hand stretched out towards the ground. I turned my eyes where he pointed. There, in the king's hand, stained with the king's blood, was the box that I had carried to Wintenberg and Rupert of Hentzau had brought to the lodge that night. It was not rest, but the box that the dying king had sought in his last moment. I bent, and lifting his hand unclasped the fingers, still limp and warm.

Sapt bent down with sudden eagerness.

"Is it open?" he whispered.

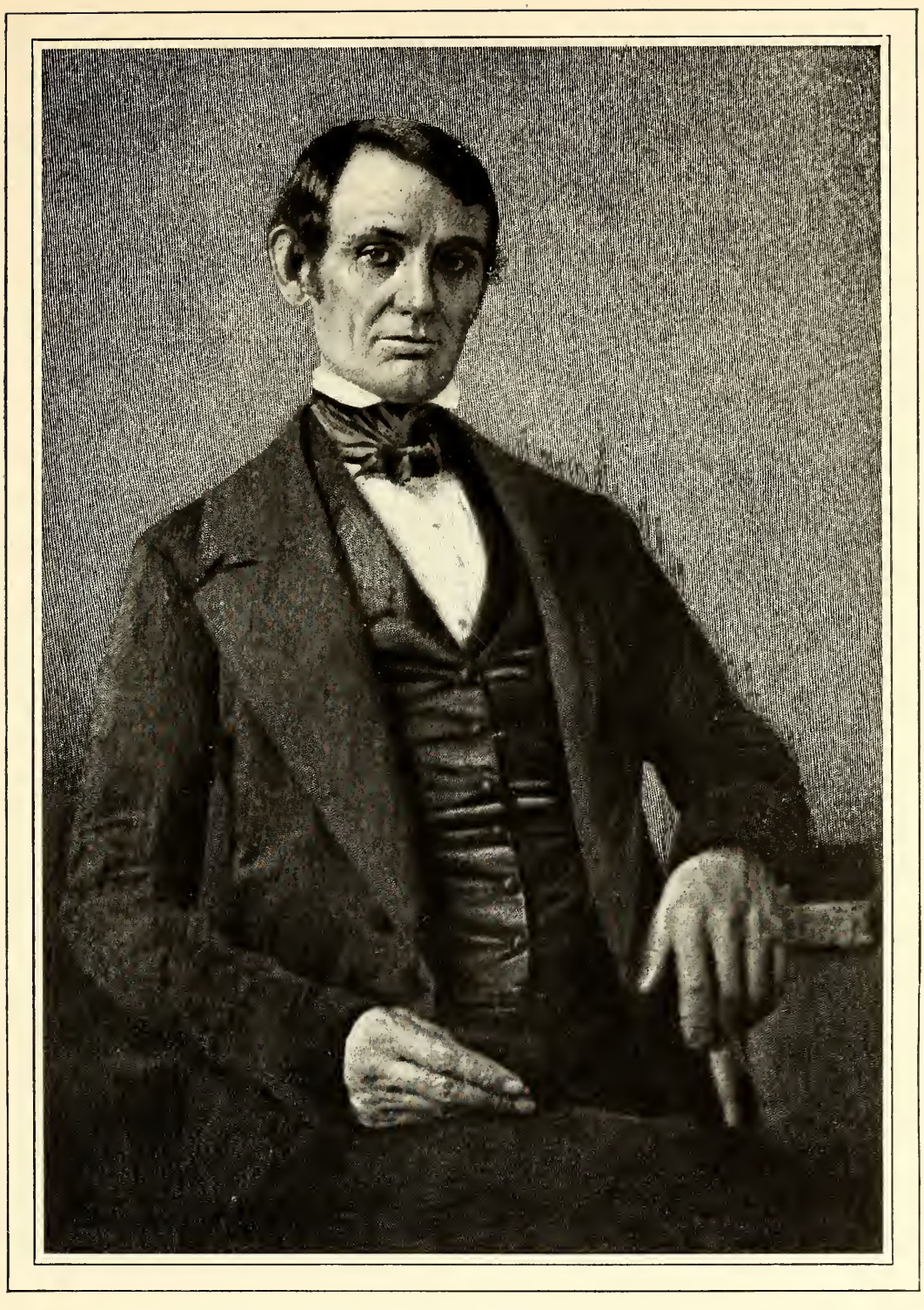
The string was round it; the sealing-wax was unbroken. The secret had outlived the king, and he had gone to his death unknowing. All at once—I cannot tell why—I put my hand over my eyes; I found my eyelashes were wet.

"Is it open?" asked Sapt again, for in the dim light he could not see.

"No," I answered.

"Thank God!" said he. And, for Sapt's, the voice was soft.

(To be continued.)

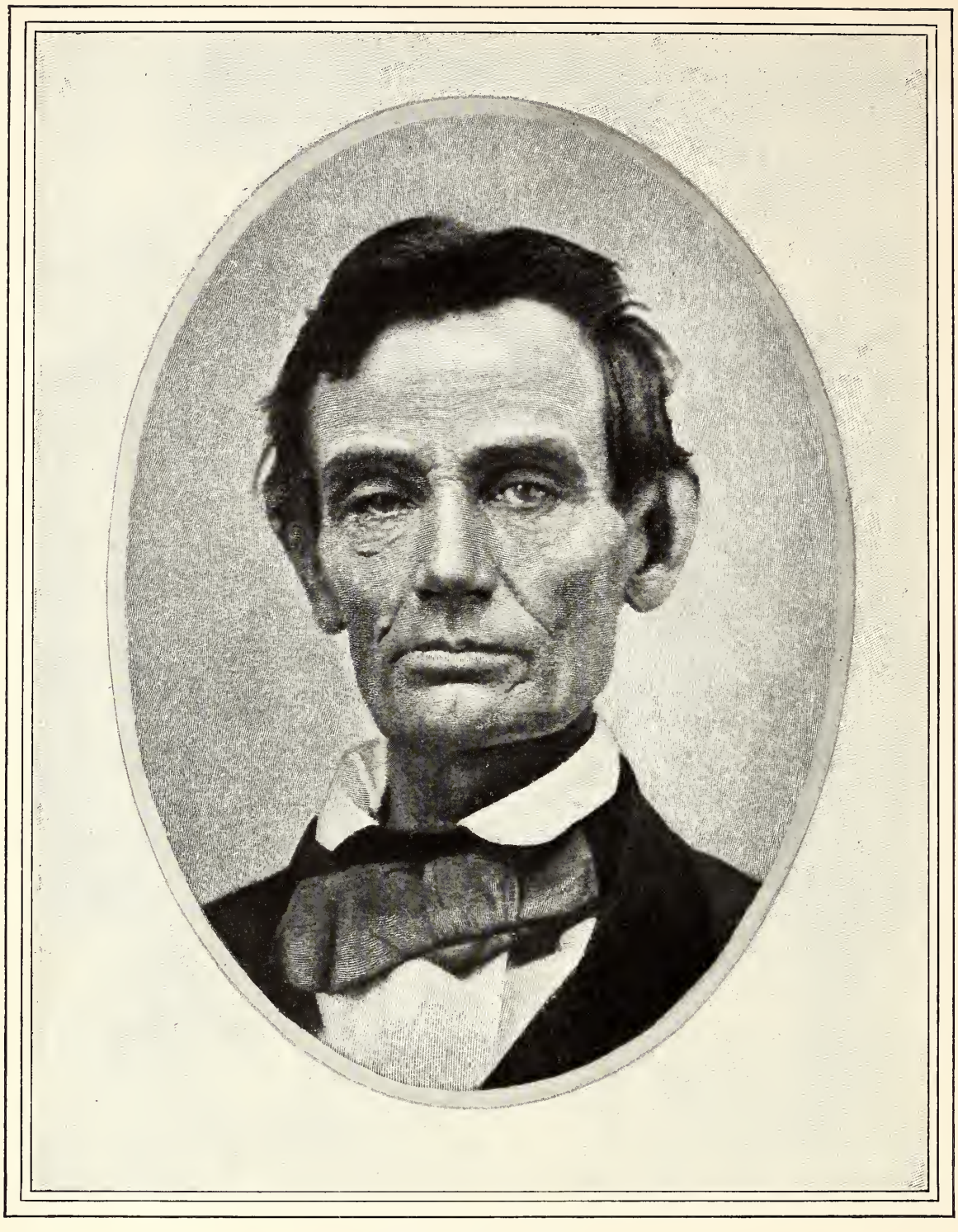


THE EARLIEST PORTRAIT OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. ABOUT 1848. AGE 39.

From the original daguerreotype, owned by Mr. Lincoln's son, the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, through whose courtesy it was first published in McClure's Magazine for November, 1895. It was afterwards republished in the McClure "Life of Lincoln," and in the "Century Magazine" for February, 1897.

SOME GREAT PORTRAITS OF LINCOLN.

THE known portraits of Abraham Lincoln cover a period of seventeen years, the earliest being a daguerreotype supposed to have been taken in 1848. No picture of him exists which can be said with certainty to have been produced in the first half of the fifties; but in the latter half of that decade many were taken, particularly after his debates with Douglas made him so prominent a figure. After Mr. Lincoln's election to the Presidency the number of his portraits multiplied rapidly, for he seems to have yielded with great good-nature to the applications for sittings made by photographers and artists. From the large number of por-

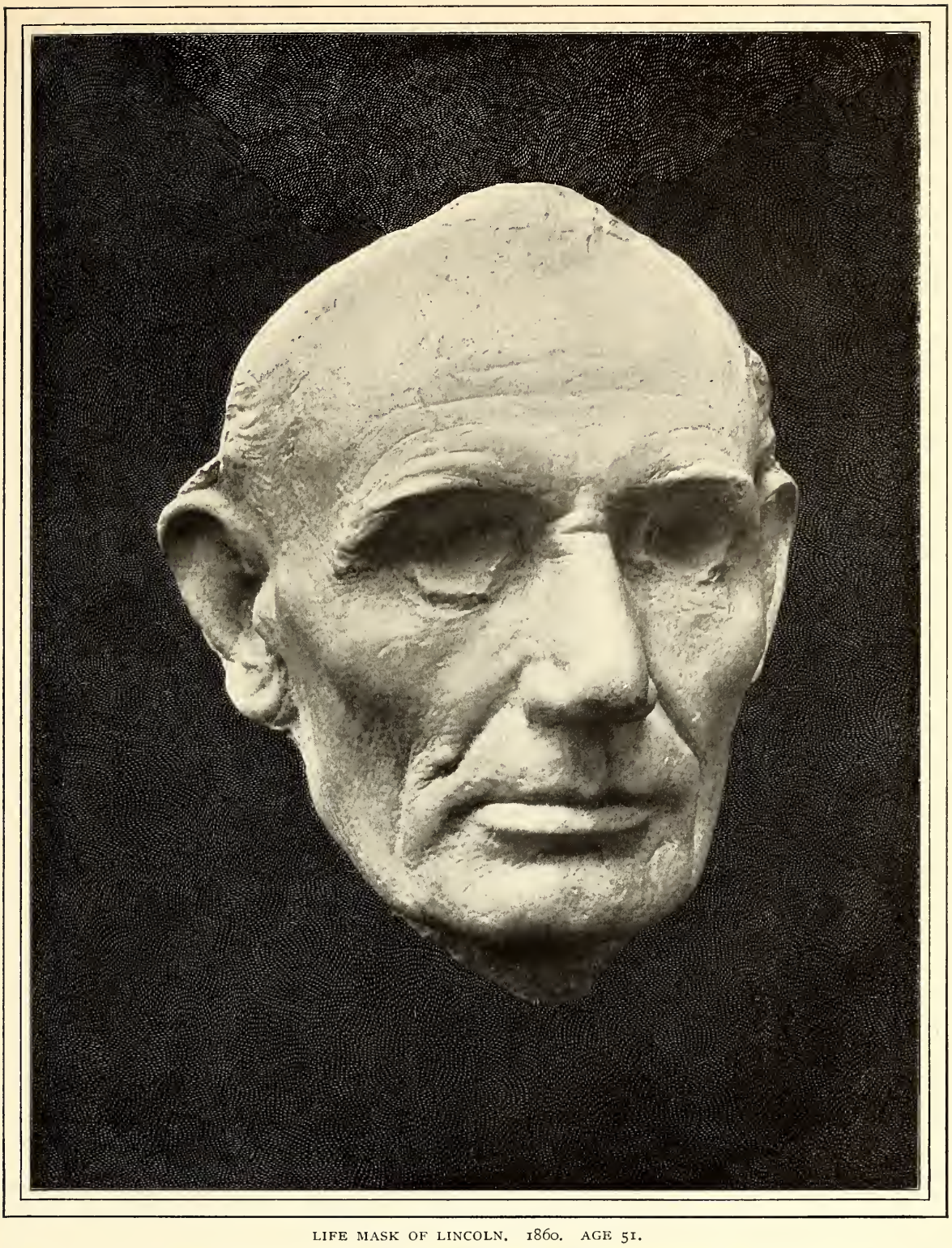


LINCOLN IN 1858. AGE 49.

From a photograph loaned by W. J. Franklin of Macomb, Illinois, and taken in 1866 from an ambrotype made in 1858 at Macomb, Illinois.

traits gathered by this magazine a series of eight are published herewith. Representing Mr. Lincoln at intervals in the seventeen last and most fruitful years of his life, they give trustworthy and interesting data for a study both of the man's appearance and of his character.

I.—The earliest portrait (page 339) was taken when Lincoln was about forty years old; that is, when he was serving his only term in Congress. Indeed, it is not impossible that this daguerreotype was made in Washington, since at that time one of the rooms of the capitol was set aside for a daguerreotyper, and most of the members of Congress had their portraits made by what was still a new process and one regarded with curiosity. The Lincoln of this daguerreotype is a curious contradiction to the Lincoln in the popular mind. His dress, instead of being "uncouth," as tradition represents it,

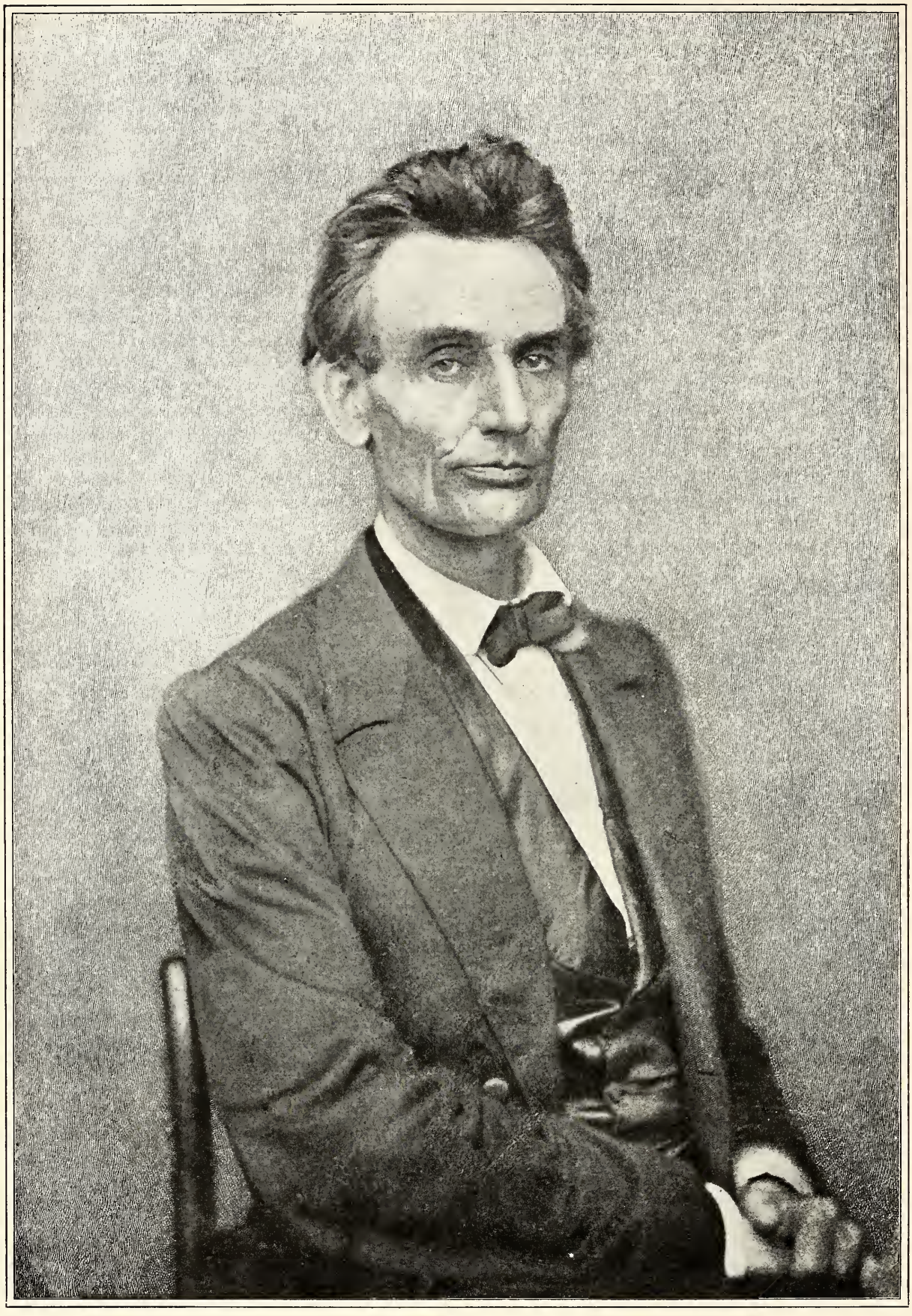


LIFE MASK OF LINCOLN. 1860. AGE 51.

Made in 1860 by Leonard W. Volk of Chicago. From a photograph taken expressly for McClure's Magazine.

is almost elegant; his form, if stiff and evidently braced by the archaic head-rest, is neither ungainly nor awkward, while his face is interesting and winning. You would call it the face of a poet rather than that of a statesman, and more than one person, on first examining it, has pronounced it the face of Emerson.

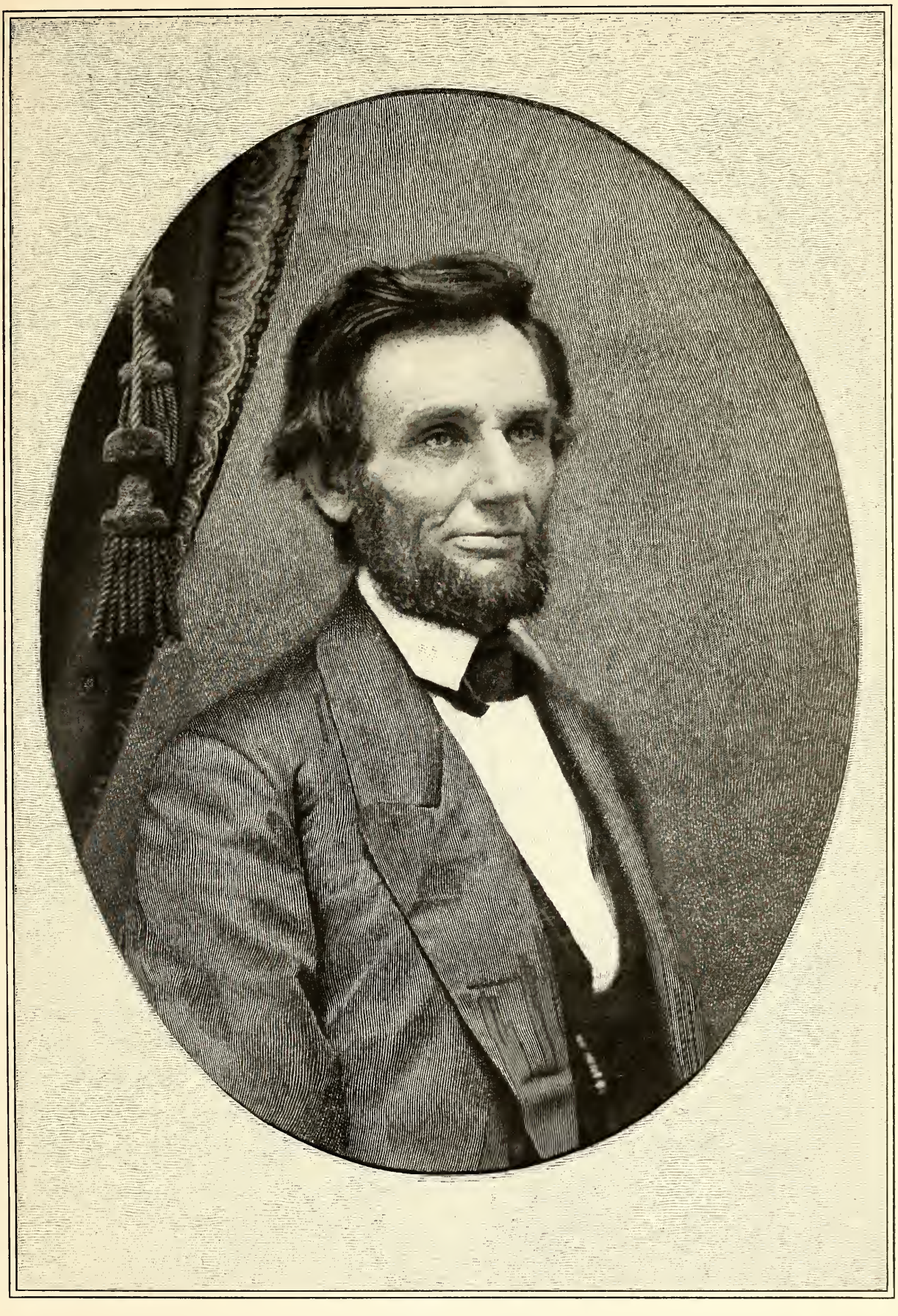
II.—The second portrait in the series (page 340) was taken ten years later—in 1858. The contrast is almost violent. The gentleness of the expression has given way to cold intelligence; the almost diffident pose of the head is replaced by one of positively regal determination. Instead of careful brushing and dressing, we see the hair bristling, the necktie awry. When the history of the portrait is known, the contrast is explained. It was taken at one of the most difficult and daring moments of Lincoln's career; at an hour when he had decided to take a course in his debates with Douglas against which all his friends and political associates advised him, and which he himself knew would probably cost him the



LINCOLN IN 1860. AGE 51. HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.

From a photograph found in the collection of the late J. Henry Brown of Philadelphia, who painted a portrait of Lincoln in 1860.

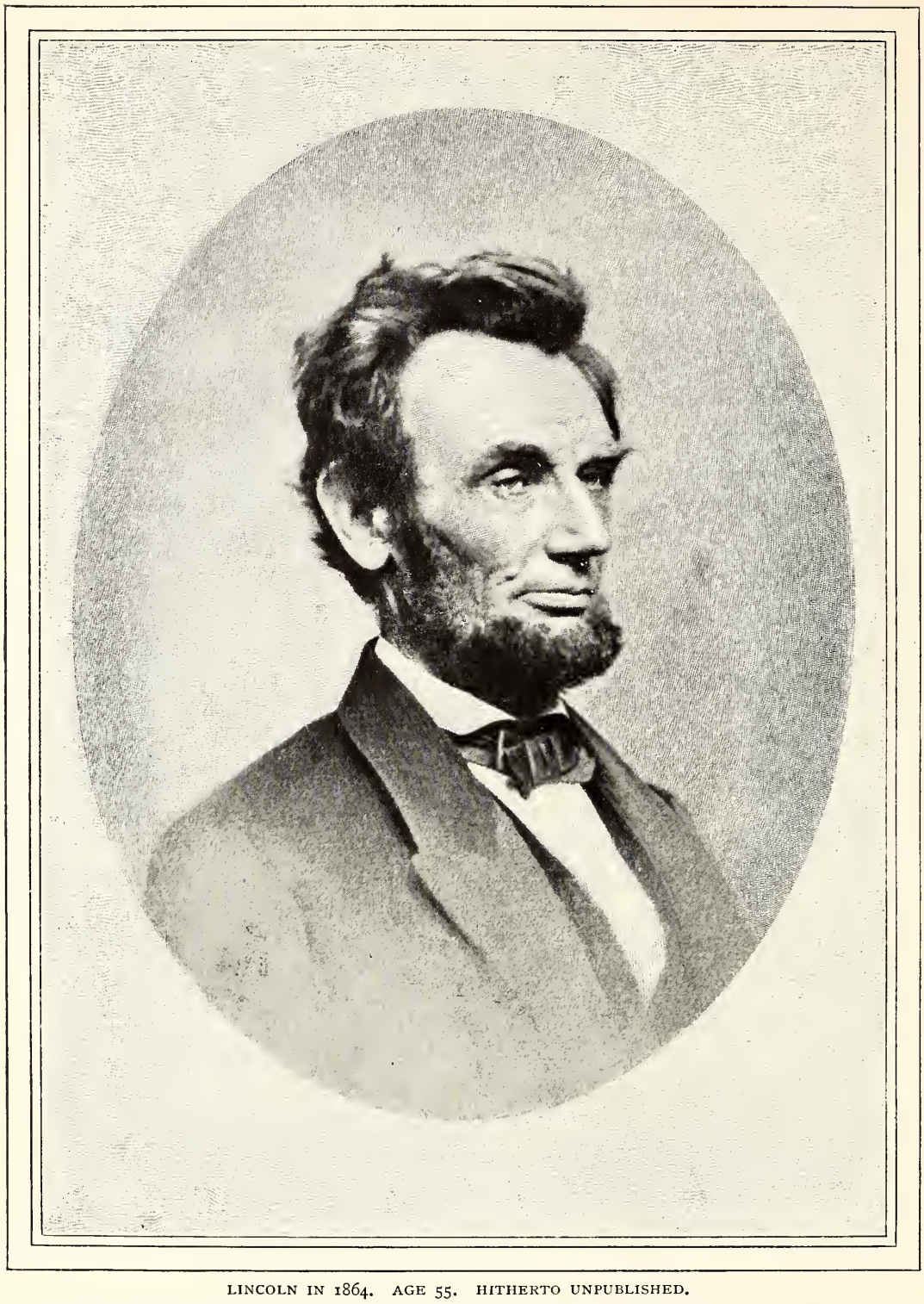
election to the senatorship of the United States, for which he was striving. His reason for following this course was that he believed it would expose the essential



LINCOLN IN 1861. AGE 52. FIRST PUBLISHED IN McCLURE'S MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY, 1896.

From a photograph taken at Springfield, Illinois, early in 1861, by C. S. German, and owned by Allen Jasper Conant.

weakness of Douglas's position, and in the long run would help the general cause. Two days before the debate in which he was to take this bold step, he was at Macomb, Illinois, and there the portrait was made. It reflects, as no other por-



LINCOLN IN 1864. AGE 55. HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.

From "Hannibal Hamlin: Life and Times of the War Vice-President and a Senator from Maine for a Quarter of a Century," by Charles Eugene Hamlin—not yet published.

trait we have of Lincoln, the unbending determination of which he was capable, the force he had for doing that which seemed to him right, though he had to do it alone and in the face of his strongest supporters.

Whatever suggestion of the unkempt there is in Lincoln's appearance in this picture is explained if we remember the difficulty of the life he lead during his debates with Douglas. For weeks he was traveling from place to place, now on horseback or in carriage, now by rail. He was exposed to heat and cold, rain and dust. Even a man fastidious as to his appearance would have found it difficult to keep himself trim under these circumstances. It is worth noting, that in all of the other portraits here given there is not a hint of that uncouthness of dress so often charged upon Lincoln.

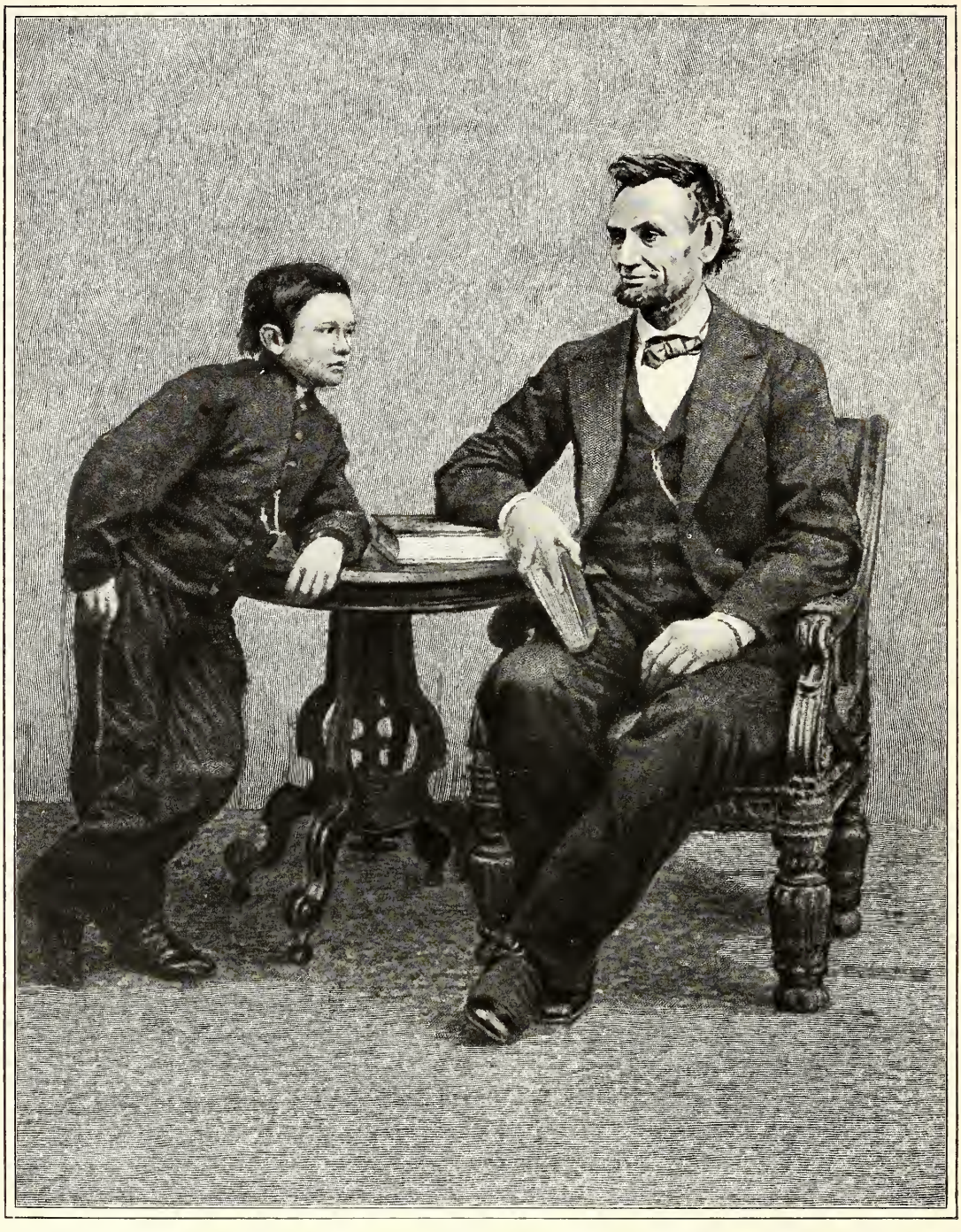
III.—The Volk life mask (reproduced in profile as the frontispiece of the magazine, and in full-view on page 341) is

LINCOLN IN 1864. AGE 55.

From a photograph by Brady, in the War Department Collection.

the only portrait we have of Lincoln which compares in the loftiness and resolution of its expression with the Macomb picture. This mask Mr. Volk made in Chicago in 1860, only a short time before Mr. Lincoln's nomination to the Presidency, and it must be considered the most perfectly characteristic portrait we have of Lincoln when first elected President of the United States. Although it gives with perfect truthfulness the rugged features which, when considered separately, led people to pronounce his face "ugly," these features are not what strike one in the mask. We see rather the kindliness of its lines, the splendid thoughtfulness of the brow, the firm yet sweet curve of the lips, and, particularly, the fine expression of dignity and power. It is, in fact, a face of the truest distinction and the profoundest interest.

IV.—The portrait which follows the mask (page 342) was taken in August, 1860, for Mr. J. Henry Brown, a miniature painter of Philadelphia, who had gone to Springfield to paint a portrait of Mr. Lin-



MR. LINCOLN AND HIS SON THOMAS, FAMILIARLY KNOWN AS "TAD." ABOUT 1864. BY BRADY.

coln. It has never been reproduced before. It is particularly interesting because it shows an expression not common in Lincoln's portraits, although one frequent in his face—a look of patient melancholy which overtook him when weary, discouraged, or even uninterested. The expression vanished at once when his thoughts or emotions were aroused.

V.—The portrait on page 343 was probably taken early in February, 1861. It is one of the first portraits in which Lincoln wears a beard. The beard certainly softened the ruggedness of his face somewhat, and hid slightly the deep hollow of his cheeks; but it is not this which gives the charm to this particular portrait; it is, instead, the gentleness of the expression and the steady kindness of the deep-set eyes. There is not in existence, perhaps, another portrait of Mr. Lincoln in which the tenderness of his nature is so perfectly expressed.

VI.—One of the finest of the many photographs of the Presidential period is that on page 344, which is now first published. General Charles Hamlin of Bangor, Maine, to whom Lincoln gave the picture, says of the incident:

"Mr. Lincoln gave me this photograph one day in the spring of 1864. The picture, with several others, stood on his desk, in the room at the White House where he received visitors, apparently for the purpose of examination and comparison. During the conversation over our business matters, my eye was resting continually on these pictures, struck with the differences that existed between them. As I was about to retire, I remarked to Mr. Lincoln that of all the portraits of him that I had seen this one gave me the best impression—was the best likeness. Without making any direct reply he handed it to me, saying, 'You are welcome to it.'"

VII. and VIII.—The last two portraits in the series (pages 345 and 346) were made by Brady in Washington, probably in 1864. They are especially interesting as showing that the popular notion of Lincoln's ungainliness is exaggerated. Indeed these two pictures confirm entirely what Mr. T. H. Bartlett, the sculptor, says of Lincoln's person: "Lincoln sat down with great dignity, and sitting down is a very extreme test of the character of physical construction. Lincoln sat well, superbly. . . . He stood well, and, above all, unassumingly and naturally. In nearly all of his full-length portraits there is seen a physical and mental concentration very rare; that is, his body, hips, and arms kept together. Whenever there is an articulation in action, like the bend of the wrist, ankle, or arm, there is inevitably grace and strength, effects never produced by mean joints or uncouth physical construction. Lincoln's joints were elastic, easy, and strong in make and movements."

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND EVENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

By Charles A. Dana,

Assistant Secretary of War from 1863 to 1865.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT COLLECTION OF CIVIL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS.

IV.

IN COUNCIL AND IN BATTLE WITH ROSECRANS AND THOMAS.—A VISIT TO BURNSIDE AT KNOXVILLE.

FROM Vicksburg I went early in July to Washington to report to the Secretary of War. I was the first man to reach the capital from Vicksburg, and everybody wanted to hear the story and to ask questions. I was anxious to get home and see my family, however, and left for New York as soon as I could get away. A few days after I arrived in New York, I received an invitation to go into business there with Mr. Ketchum, a banker, and with George Opdyke, the merchant. I wrote Mr. Stanton of the opening, but he urged me to remain in the War Department as one of his assistants, which I consented to do.*

The first commission with which Mr. Stanton charged me after my appointment as his assistant was one similar to that which I had just finished—to go to Tennessee to observe and report the movements of Rosecrans against Bragg. My orders were to report directly to Rosecrans's headquarters. I carried the following letter of introduction to that general:

War Department,
Washington City, *August* 30, 1863.

Major-General Rosecrans,
Commanding, etc.

General: This will introduce to you Charles A. Dana, Esq., one of my assistants, who visits your command for the purpose of conferring with you upon any subject which you may desire to have brought to the notice of the department. Mr. Dana is a gentleman of distinguished character, patriotism, and ability, and possesses the entire confidence of the department. You will please afford to him the courtesy and

* Although appointed some months before, Mr. Dana was not nominated in the Senate as Second Assistant Secretary of War until January 20, 1864; the nomination was confirmed January 26th.—Editor.

consideration which he merits, and explain to him fully any matters which you may desire, through him, to bring to the notice of the department.

Yours truly,

EDWIN M. STANTON.

As soon as my papers arrived, I left for my post, going by Cincinnati and Louisville to Nashville, where I found General Robert S. Granger in command. As he and Governor Johnson were going to the front in a day or two, I waited to go with them. The morning after my arrival at Nashville, I went to call on Johnson. I had never met him before. He was a short and stocky man, of dark complexion, smooth face, dark hair, and dark eyes, and of great determination of appearance. When I went to see him in his office, the first thing he said was:

"Will you have a drink?"

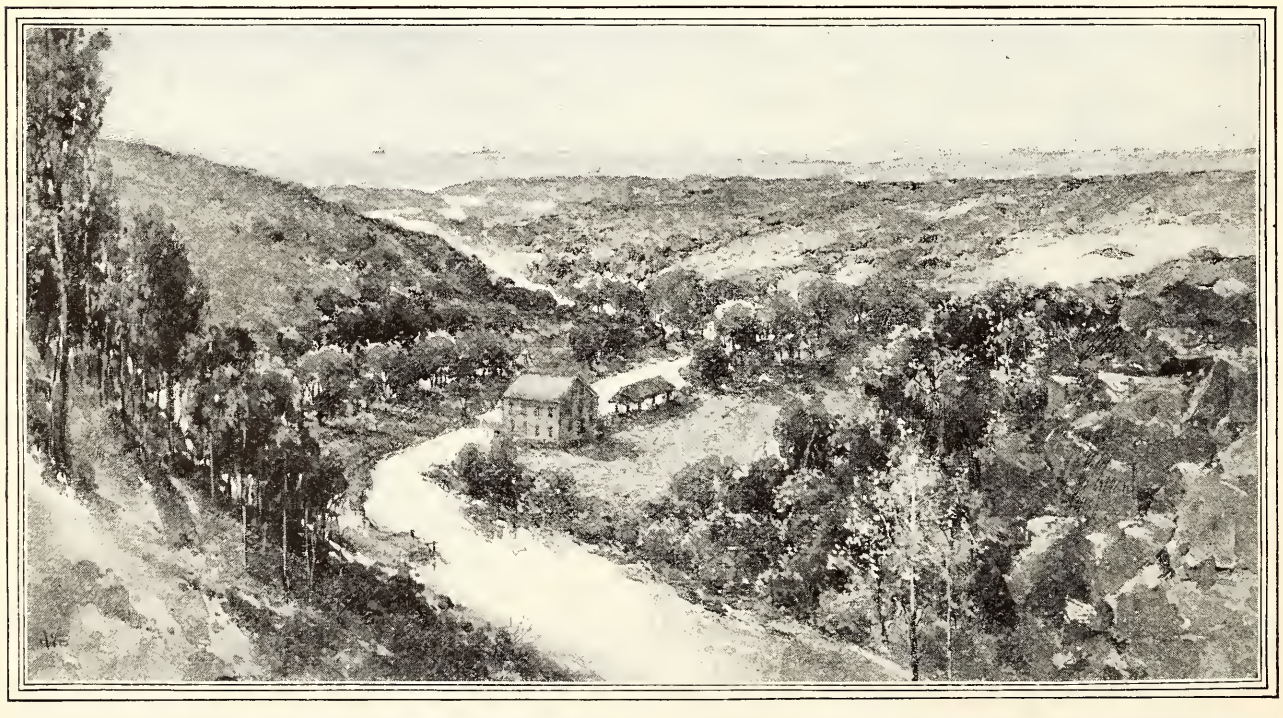
"Yes, I will," I answered. So he brought out a jug of whisky, and poured out as much as he wanted in a tumbler, and then made it about half and half water. The theoretical, philosophical drinker pours out a little whisky and puts in almost no water at all—drinks it pretty nearly pure; but when a man gets to taking a good deal of water in his whisky, it shows he is in the habit of drinking a good deal. I noticed that the Governor took more whisky than most gentlemen would have done, and I concluded that he took it pretty often.

I had a prolonged conversation that morning with Governor Johnson, who expressed himself in cheering terms in regard to the general condition of Tennessee. He regarded the occupation of Knoxville by Burnside as completing the permanent expulsion of Confederate power, and said he should order a general election for the first week in October. He declared that slavery was destroyed in fact, but must be abolished legally. Johnson was thoroughly in favor of immediate emancipation, both as a matter of moral right and as an indispensable condition of the large immigration of industrious freemen which he thought necessary to repeople and regenerate the State.

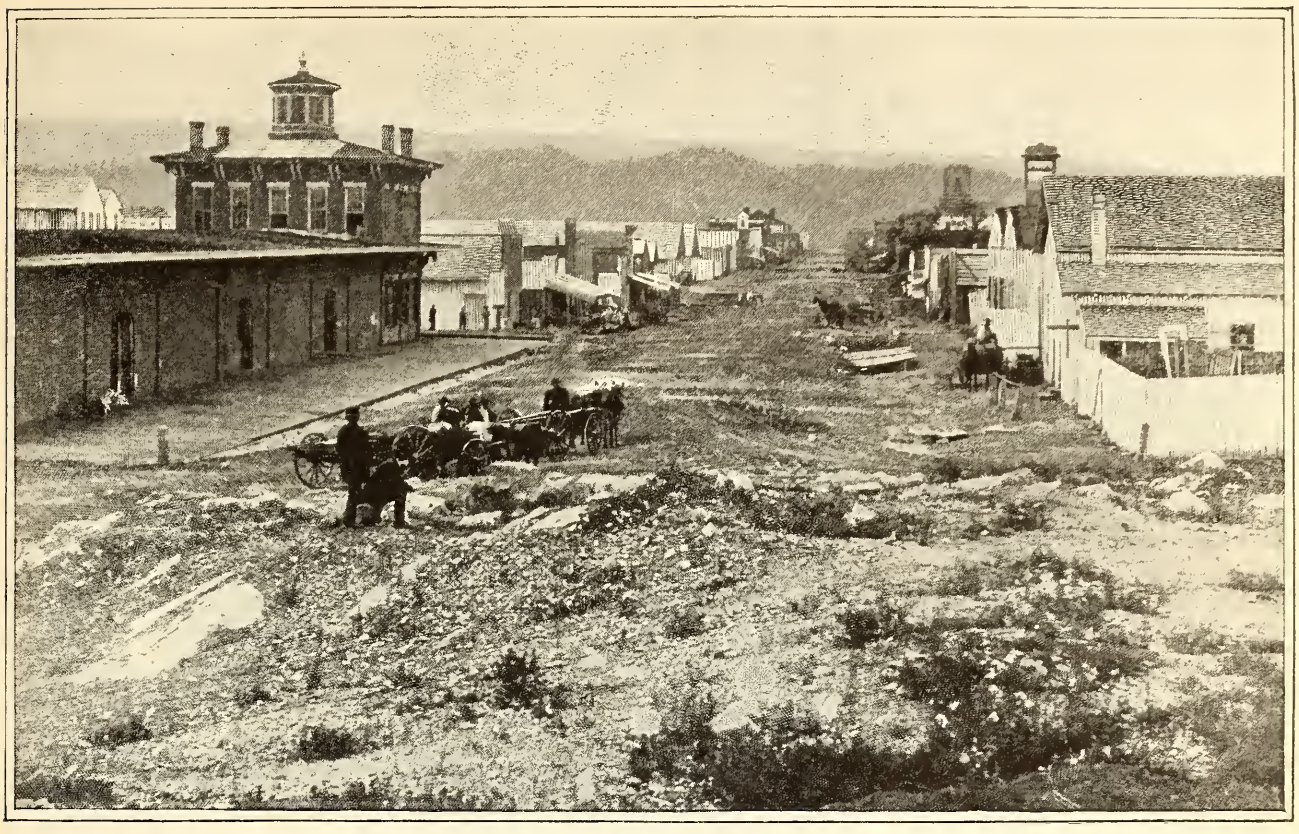
On the 10th of September we started for the front, going by rail to Bridgeport, on the Tennessee River. On reaching the town, we heard that Chattanooga had been occupied by Crittenden's Corps of Rosecrans's army the day before, September 9th; so the next day, September 11th, I pushed on there by horseback, past Shellmound and Wauhatchie. The country through which I passed is a magnificent region of rocks and valleys, and I don't believe there is anywhere a finer view than that I had from Lookout Mountain as I approached Chattanooga.

AT CHATTANOOGA WITH ROSECRANS.

When I reached Chattanooga, I at once went to General Rosecrans's headquarters



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE COUNTRY LOOKING NORTH FROM LEE AND GORDON'S MILLS ALONG THE WEST CHICKAMAUGA CREEK. CHATTANOOGA LIES NORTH AND A TRIFLE TO THE WEST OF LEE AND GORDON'S MILLS. THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA WAS FOUGHT ON THE WOODED SLOPES ON THE WEST BANK OF THE STREAM.



A STREET IN CHATTANOOGA IN 1864.

and presented my letter. He read it, and then burst out in angry abuse of the Government at Washington. He had not been sustained, he said; his requests had been ignored, his plans thwarted. Both Stanton and Halleck had done all they could, he declared, to prevent his success.

"General Rosecrans," I said, "I have no authority to listen to complaints against the Government. I was sent here for the purpose of finding out what the Government could do to aid you, and have no right to confer with you on other matters."

He at once quieted down and explained his situation to me. He had reached Chattanooga, he said, on the 10th, with the last of Crittenden's (the Twenty-first) Corps, the town having been evacuated the day before by the Confederates. As all the reports brought in seemed to indicate that the Confederates under Bragg were in full retreat towards Rome, Georgia, Crittenden had immediately started in pursuit, and had gone as far as Ringgold. On the night before (September 11th), it had seemed evident that Bragg had abandoned his retreat on Rome, and behind the curtain of the woods and hills had returned.

This was a serious matter for Rosecrans, if true, for at that moment his army was scattered over a line about fifty miles long, extending from Chattanooga on the north to Alpine on the south. This wide separation of the corps had been necessary, Rosecrans told me, because of the character of the country, there being no way for an army to get through but by the gaps in the mountain, and these were far apart. He pointed out to me the positions on the map: Crittenden, with the Twenty-first Corps, was in the valley of the West Chickamauga, near a place known as Lee and Gordon's Mills; Thomas, who commanded the Fourteenth Corps, was perhaps twenty-five miles south of Chattanooga, at Stevens's Gap, having crossed his troops over Lookout Mountain; while McCook, with the Twentieth Corps, was at Alpine, fully thirty-five miles south of Crittenden. The reserve, under Gordon Granger, was still north of the Tennessee, but rapidly coming up.

AT GENERAL THOMAS'S HEADQUARTERS.

The next day (the 13th) I left Chattanooga with Rosecrans and his staff for Thomas's headquarters at Stevens's Gap. We found everything progressing favorably there. The movements for the concentration of the three corps were going forward with energy. Scouts were coming in constantly, who reported that the enemy had withdrawn from the basin

where our army was assembling; that he was evacuating Lafayette and moving toward Rome. It seemed as if at last the Army of the Cumberland had practically gained a position from which it could effectually advance upon Rome and Atlanta, and deliver there the finishing blow of the war. The difficulties of gaining this position, of crossing the Cumberland Mountains, passing the Tennessee, turning and occupying Chattanooga, traversing the mountain ridges of northern Georgia, and seizing the passes which led southward, had been enormous. It was only when I came personally to examine the region that I appreciated what had been done. These difficulties were all substantially overcome. The army was in the best possible condition, and was advancing with all the rapidity which the nature of the country allowed. Our left flank, toward East Tennessee, was covered by Burnside, and the only disadvantage which I could see was that a sudden movement of the enemy to our right might endanger our long and precarious line of communications and compel us to retreat again beyond the Tennessee. I felt this so keenly that I urged Mr. Stanton, in a despatch sent to him on the 14th from Thomas's headquarters, to push as strong a column as possible eastward from Corinth in northeastern Mississippi. It seemed to me that it would be better to recall the troops from the West rather than to risk a check here, where the heart of the rebellion was within reach and the final blow all prepared. But after all there was something of a mystery about the real location of Bragg's army, its strength, and the designs of its chief. At any rate it was soon manifest that Bragg was not withdrawing to the southward, as at first supposed. Some queer developments down the Chickamauga on the 16th and 17th caused Rosecrans considerable anxiety for Chattanooga. The impression began to grow, too, that Bragg had been playing 'possum, and had not retreated at all. Rosecrans at once abandoned all idea of operations against the Confederate line of retreat and supply, drew his army in rapidly, and began to look sharply after his own communications with Chattanooga, which had now become his base.

By noon of September 18th this concentration of the army at and above Crawfish Spring, on the creek, was practically complete. The troops then lay up and down the valley, with West Chickamauga Creek in front of the greater part of our lines. The left was held by Crittenden, the center by Thomas, the right by McCook, whose troops were now all in the valley, except one brigade. The army had not concentrated any too soon, for that very afternoon (the 18th) the enemy appeared on our left, and a considerable engagement occurred. It was said at headquarters that a battle was certain the next day, and the only point Rosecrans had not determined at five o'clock on the afternoon of the 18th was whether to make a night march and fall on Bragg at daylight, or to await his onset.

SEPTEMBER 19TH AT CHICKAMAUGA.

But that night it became pretty clear to all that Bragg's plan was to push by our left into Chattanooga. This compelled another rapid movement by the left down the Chickamauga. By a tiresome night march Thomas moved down past Crittenden and below Lee and Gordon's Mills, taking position in the vicinity of a little house known as the Widow Glenn's and below, covering the Rossville road, and now forming the left of the Union army. Crittenden followed, connecting with Thomas's right, thus taking position in the center. McCook's corps also extended down stream to the left, but still covered the creek as high up as Crawfish Spring, while part of his troops acted as a reserve. These movements were hurriedly made, and the troops, especially those of Thomas, were very much exhausted by their efforts to get into position.

Rosecrans had not been mistaken in Bragg's intention. About nine o'clock the next morning, at Crawfish Spring, where the general headquarters were, we heard firing on our left, and reports at once came in that the battle had begun there. Thomas had barely headed the Confederates off from Chattanooga. We remained at Crawfish Spring on this day until after one o'clock, waiting for the full proportions of the conflict to develop. When it became evident that the battle was being fought entirely on our left, Rosecrans removed his headquarters to the Widow Glenn's house. Although closer to the battle, we could see no more of it here than at Crawfish Spring, the conflict being fought altogether in a thick forest and being invisible to outsiders. The nature of the firing and the reports from the commanders alone enabled us to follow its progress. That we were able to keep as thoroughly informed as we were was due

to our excellent telegraphic communications. By this time the military telegraph had been so thoroughly developed that it was one of the most useful accessories of an army, even on a battlefield. For instance, after Rosecrans had taken Crawfish Spring as his headquarters, he had given orders, on September 17th, to connect the place with Chattanooga, thirteen miles to the northwest. The line was completed after the battle began on the 19th, and we were in communication, not only with Chattanooga, but with Granger at Rossville and with Thomas at his headquarters. When Rosecrans removed to the Widow Glenn's, the telegraphers went along, and in an hour had connections made and an instrument clicking away in Mrs. Glenn's house. We thus had constant information of the way the battle was going, not only from the orderlies, but from the wires. This excellent arrangement enabled me also to keep the Government at Washington informed of the progress of the battle. I sent eleven despatches that day to Mr. Stanton. They were very brief, but they reported all that I, near as I was to the scene, knew of the battle of September 19th at Chickamauga.

It was not until after dark that firing ceased and final reports began to come in. From these we found that the enemy had been defeated in his attempt to turn and crush our left flank and secure possession of the Chattanooga roads; but that he was not wholly defeated, for he still held his ground in several places, and was preparing, it was believed, to renew the battle the next day.

GENERAL WILLIAM STARKE ROSECRANS. BORN IN 1819.

He was a native of Ohio, graduated at West Point in 1842, but resigned from the army in 1854. He entered the war as a volunteer aide to General McClellan, and served to the close. His most decisive victory was Corinth, October 3 and 4, 1862, which caused his elevation to the command of the Army of the Cumberland, with which he fought the battles of Stone's River and Chickamauga. Since the war he has been Minister to Mexico, four years a Congressman from California, and Register of the Treasury. He is now a resident of California.

A COUNCIL OF WAR.

That evening Rosecrans decided that, if Bragg did not retreat, he would renew the fight at daylight, and a council of war was held at our headquarters at the Widow Glenn's, to which all the corps and division commanders were summoned. There must have been ten or twelve general officers present. Rosecrans began by asking each of the corps commanders for a report of the condition of his troops and of the positions they occupied, and also for his opinion of what was to be done. Each proposition was discussed by the entire council as it was made. General Thomas was so tired—he had not slept at all the night before, and he had been in battle all day—that he kept falling asleep. Every time Rosecrans spoke to him, he would straighten up and answer, but he always said the same thing: "I would strengthen the left;" and then he would be asleep, sitting up in his chair. General Rosecrans, to the proposition to strengthen the left, made always the same reply: "Where are we going to take it from?"

After the discussion was ended, Rosecrans gave his orders for the disposition of the troops on the following day. Thomas's corps was to remain on the left, with his line somewhat drawn in and refused, but substantially as he was at the close of the day; McCook was to close on Thomas, and cover the position at Widow Glenn's; and Crittenden was to have two divisions in reserve near the junction of McCook's and Thomas's lines, to be able to succor either. These orders were written for each corps commander. They were also read in the presence of all, and the plans fully explained. Finally, after everything had been said, hot coffee was brought in, and then McCook was called upon by Rosecrans to sing "The Hebrew Maiden." McCook sang the song, and then the council broke up, and the generals went away. This was about midnight; and as I was very tired, I lay down on the floor to sleep beside Captain Horace Porter, who was at that time Rosecrans's Chief of Ordnance. But we would hardly be asleep before the wind would blow up so cold through the cracks in the floor of the Widow Glenn's house that it would wake us up, and we would have to turn over together to keep warm.

SEPTEMBER 20TH AT CHICKAMAUGA.

At daybreak we at headquarters were all up and on our horses ready to go with the commanding general to inspect our lines. We rode past McCook, Crittenden, and Thomas to the extreme left, Rosecrans giving, as he went, the orders he thought necessary to strengthen the several positions. The general intention of these orders was to close up on the left, where it was evident the attack would begin. We then rode back to the extreme right, Rosecrans stopping at each point to see if his orders had been obeyed. In several cases they had not been, and he made them more peremptory. When we found that McCook's line had been elongated so that it was a mere thread, Rosecrans was very angry, and sent for the general, rebuking him severely; although, as a matter of fact, General McCook's position had been taken under the written orders of the commander-in-chief, given the night before.

About half-past eight or nine o'clock the battle began again on the left, where Thomas was. At that time Rosecrans, with whom I always remained, was on the right, directing the movements of the troops there. I had not slept much for two nights, and as it was warm, I dismounted about noon, and giving my horse to my orderly, lay down on the grass and went to sleep. I was wakened by the most infernal noise I ever heard. Never in any battle I had witnessed was there such a discharge of cannon and musketry. I sat up on the grass, and the first thing I saw was General Rosecrans crossing himself—he was a very pious Catholic. "Hello," I said to myself, "if the general is crossing himself, we are in a desperate situation."

I was on my horse in a moment. I had no sooner collected my thoughts and looked around toward the front, where all this din came from, than I saw our lines break and melt away like leaves before the wind. Then the headquarters around me disappeared. The gray-backs came through with a rush, and soon the musket balls and the cannon shot began to reach the place where we stood. The whole right of the army had apparently been routed. My orderly stuck to me like a veteran, and we drew back for greater safety into the woods a little way. There I came upon General Porter (Captain Porter it was then) and Captain Drouillard—an aide-de-camp infantry officer attached to General Rosecrans's staff—halting fugitives. They would halt a few of them, get them into some sort of a line, and make a beginning of order among them; and then there would come a few rounds of cannon shot through the treetops over their heads, and the men would break and run. I saw Porter and Drouillard plant themselves in front of a body of these stampeding men and command them to halt. One man charged with his bayonet, menacing Porter, but Porter held his ground, and the man gave in. That was the only case of real mutiny that I ever saw in the army, and it was under such circumstances that the man was excusable. The cause of all this disaster was the charge of the Confederates though a hiatus in our line, caused by the withdrawal of Wood's division, under a misapprehension of orders, before its place could be filled.

I attempted to make my way from this point in the woods to Sheridan's division, but when I reached the position where I knew it had been placed a little time before, I found it had been swept from the field. Not far away, however, I stumbled on a body of organized troops. This was a brigade of mounted riflemen under Colonel John T. Wilder, of Indiana. "Mr. Dana," asked Colonel Wilder, "what is the situation?"

"I do not know," I said, "except that this end of the army has been routed. There is still heavy fighting on the left front, and our troops seem to be holding their ground there yet."

GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS. BORN IN 1816; DIED IN 1870.

From a photograph taken at Nashville in 1865, and now owned by William H. Lambert. General Thomas, a native of Virginia, graduated at West Point in 1840; served through the Seminole and Mexican wars and the Civil War, and remained in the army until his death. He distinguished himself especially in the battles of Mill Springs, Murfreesborough, Chickamauga, and Nashville. He commanded the Army of the Cumberland from the retirement of Rosecrans, October, 1863, to the close of the war.

"Will you give me any orders?" he asked.

"I have no authority to give orders," I replied; "but if I were in your situation, I should go to the left, where Thomas is."

Then I turned my horse, and making my way over Missionary Ridge, struck the Chattanooga valley and rode to Chattanooga, twelve or fifteen miles away. Everything on the route was in the greatest disorder. The whole road was filled with flying soldiers, and here and there were piled up pieces of artillery, caissons, and baggage wagons. When I reached Chattanooga, a little before four o'clock, I found Rosecrans there. In the helter-skelter to the rear, he had escaped by the Rossville road. He was expecting every moment that the enemy would arrive before the town, and was doing all he could to prepare to resist his entrance. Soon after I arrived, the two corps commanders, McCook and Crittenden, both came into Chattanooga.

The first thing I did on reaching the town was to telegraph to Mr. Stanton. I had not sent him any telegrams in the morning, for I had been in the field with Rosecrans, and part of the time at some distance from the Widow Glenn's, where the operators were at work. The boys kept at their post there until the Confederates swept them out of the house. When they had to run, they went instruments and tools in hand, and as soon as out of reach of the enemy set up shop on a stump. It was not long before they were driven out of this. They next attempted to establish an office on the Rossville road, but before they had succeeded in making connections, a battle was raging around them, and they had to retreat to Granger's headquarters at Rossville.

Having been swept bodily off the battlefield, and having made my way into Chattanooga through a panic-stricken rabble, the first telegram I sent to Mr. Stanton was naturally colored by what I had

seen and experienced. I remember that I began the despatch by saying, "My report to-day is of deplorable importance. Chickamauga is as fatal a name in our history as Bull Run." By eight o'clock that evening, however, I found I had given too dark a view of the disaster.

THE ROCK OF CHICKAMAUGA.

Early the next morning things looked still better. Rosecrans received a telegram from Thomas at Rossville, to which point he had withdrawn after nightfall, saying that his troops were in high spirits and that he had brought off all his wounded. A little while before noon, General James A. Garfield, who was chief of Rosecrans's staff, arrived in Chattanooga and gave us the first connected account we had of the battle on the left after the rout. Thomas, finding himself cut off from Rosecrans and the right, at once marshaled the remaining divisions for independent fighting. Refusing both his right and left, his line assumed the form of a horseshoe, posted along the slope and crest of a partly wooded ridge. He was soon joined by Gordon Granger from Rossville, with Steedman and most of the reserve, and with these forces, more than two-thirds of the army, he firmly maintained the fight till after dark. Our troops were as immovable as the rocks they stood on. Longstreet hurled against them repeatedly the dense columns which had routed Davis and Sheridan in the early afternoon, but every onset was repulsed with dreadful slaughter. Falling first on one and then another point of our lines, for hours the rebels vainly sought to break them. Thomas seemed to have filled every soldier with his own unconquerable firmness; and Granger, his hat torn by bullets, raged like a lion, wherever the combat was hottest, with the electrical courage of a Ney. When night fell this body of heroes stood on the same ground they had occupied at the outset, their spirit unbroken, but their numbers greatly diminished.

PREPARING TO DEFEND CHATTANOOGA.

All the news we could get of the enemy's movements on the 21st seemed to show that the Confederates were concentrating on Chattanooga. Accordingly Rosecrans gave orders for all our troops to gather in the town at once and prepare for the attack which would probably take place within a day or two. By midnight the army was in Chattanooga. The troops were in wonderful spirits, considering their excessive fatigues and heavy losses, and the next morning went to work with energy on the fortifications. All the morning of the 22d the enemy were approaching, resisted by our advance parties, and by the middle of the afternoon the artillery firing was so near that it seemed certain that the battle would be fought before dark. No attack was made that day, however, nor the next, and by the morning of the 24th the herculean labors of the army had so fortified the place that it was certain that it could only be taken by a regular siege or a turning movement. The strength of our forces was about 45,000 effective men, and we had ten days' full rations on hand. Chattanooga could hold out, but it was apparent that no offensive operations were possible until reinforcements came. These we knew had been hurried towards us as soon as the news of the disaster of the 20th reached Washington. Burnside was coming from Knoxville, we supposed; Hooker had been ordered from Washington by rail, Sherman from Vicksburg, and some of Hurlbut's troops from Memphis.

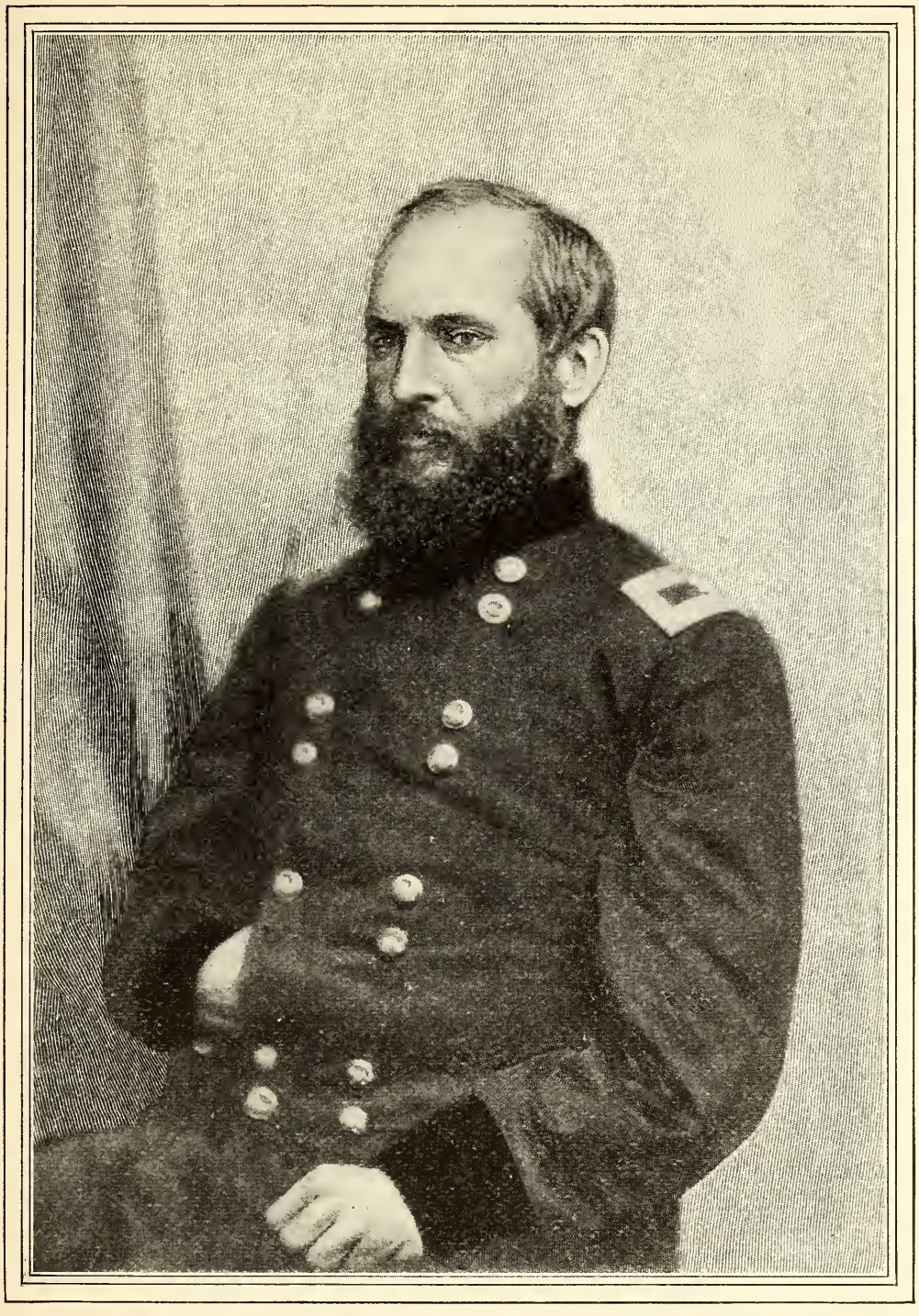
EFFECT ON THE ARMY OF THE DISASTER OF SEPTEMBER 20TH.

As soon as we felt reasonably sure that Chattanooga could hold out until reinforcements came, the disaster of the 20th of September became the absorbing topic of conversation in the Army of the Cumberland. At headquarters, in camp, in the street, on the fortifications, officers and soldiers and citizens wrangled over the reasons for the loss of the day. By the end of the first week after the disaster a serious fermentation reigned in the Twentieth and Twenty-first Army Corps, growing out of events connected with the battle.

There was at once a manifest disposition to hold McCook and Crittenden, the commanders of the two corps, responsible because they had left the field of battle amid the rout of the right wing and made their way to Chattanooga.* It was not

* The feeling of the army towards McCook and Crittenden was afterwards greatly modified. A court of inquiry examined their cases, and in February, 1864, gave its final finding and opinion. McCook it relieved entirely from responsibility for the reverse of September 20th, declaring that the small force at his disposal was inadequate to defend, against greatly superior numbers, the long line he had taken under instructions, and adding that, after the line was broken, he had done everything he could to rally and hold his troops, giving the necessary orders to his subordinates. General Crittenden's conduct, the court likewise declared, showed no cause for censure, and he was in no way responsible for the disaster to the right wing.

generallv understood or appreciated at that time that because of Thomas's repeated calls for aid, and Rosecrans's consequent alarm for his left, Crittenden had been stripped of all his troops and had no infantry whatever left to command, and that McCook's lines also had been reduced to a fragment by similar orders from Rosecrans and by fighting. A strong opposition to both sprang up, which my telegrams to Mr. Stanton immediately after the battle fully reflect. The generals of division and of brigade felt the situation deeply, and said that they could no longer serve under such superiors, and that, if this was required of them, they must resign. This feeling was universal among them, including men like Major-Generals Palmer and Sheridan and Brigadier-Generals Wood, Johnson, and Hazen.



GENERAL JAMES A. GARFIELD. BORN IN 1831; DIED IN 1881.

Entering the army as a lieutenant-colonel of volunteers in 1861, Garfield was promoted to brigadier-general in 1862 and to major-general in 1863. He served as chief of staff to General Rosecrans from February, 1863, to October, 1863. Meanwhile he had been elected to Congress. He served there until March 4, 1880, when he went to the Senate. March 4, 1881, he became President. He was shot July 2, 1881, by Guiteau, and died September 19.

The feeling of these officers did not seem in the least to partake of a mutinous or disorderly character; it was rather conscientious unwillingness to risk their men and the country's cause in hands which they thought to be unsafe. No formal representation of this unwillingness was made to Rosecrans, but he was made aware of the state of things by private conversations with several of the parties. The defects of his character complicated the difficulty. He abounded in friendliness and approbativeness, and was greatly lacking in firmness and steadiness of will. In short, he was a temporizing man; he dreaded so heavy an alternative as was now presented, and hated to break with McCook and Crittenden.

It was the same in regard to Negley. Rosecrans claimed that Negley had withdrawn his division from the battle on Sunday without orders and with his ranks undisturbed. When this was stated to me

by Rosecrans as a fact, I said then Negley ought to be shot; and he answered, "That is my opinion." He added that he should have him punished; yet he determined to do nothing more than apply to have him relieved and ordered elsewhere.

Besides, there was a more serious obstacle to Rosecrans's acting decisively in the fact that, if Crittenden and McCook had gone to Chattanooga, he had gone also. It might be said in his excuse, that, under the circumstances of the sudden rout, it was perfectly proper for the commanding general to go to the rear to prepare the next line of defence; still Rosecrans felt that that excuse could not entirely clear him either in his own eyes or in those of the army. In fact, it was perfectly plain that, while the subordinate commanders would not resign if he was retained in the chief command, as I believe they certainly would have done if McCook and Crittenden had not been relieved, their respect for him as a general had received an irreparable blow.

The dissatisfaction with Rosecrans seemed to me to put the army into a very dangerous condition; and, in writing to Mr. Stanton on September 27th, I said that, if it was decided to change the chief commander, I would suggest that some Western commander of high rank and great prestige, like Grant, would be perferable as Rosecrans's successor to one who had hitherto commanded in the East alone.

POPULARITY OF GENERAL THOMAS.

The army, however, had its own candidate for Rosecrans's position. General Thomas had risen to the highest point in their esteem, as he had in that of everyone cognizant of his conduct on that unfortunate and glorious day; and I saw that, should there be a change in the chief command, there was no other man whose appointment would be so welcome. I earnestly recommended Mr. Stanton that, in event of a change, Thomas's merits be considered. He was certainly an officer of the very highest qualities, soldierly and personally. He was a man of the greatest dignity of character. He had more the character of George Washington than any other man I ever knew. At the same time, he was a delightful man to be with; there was no artificial dignity about Thomas. He was a West Point graduate and very well educated. He was very set in his opinions, yet he was not impatient with anybody—a noble character.

In reply to my recommendation of Thomas, I received a telegram from the Secretary of War, saying: "I wish you to go directly to see General Thomas, and say to him that his services, his abilities, his character, his unselfishness, have always been most cordially appreciated by me, and that it is not my fault that he has not long since had command of an independent army."

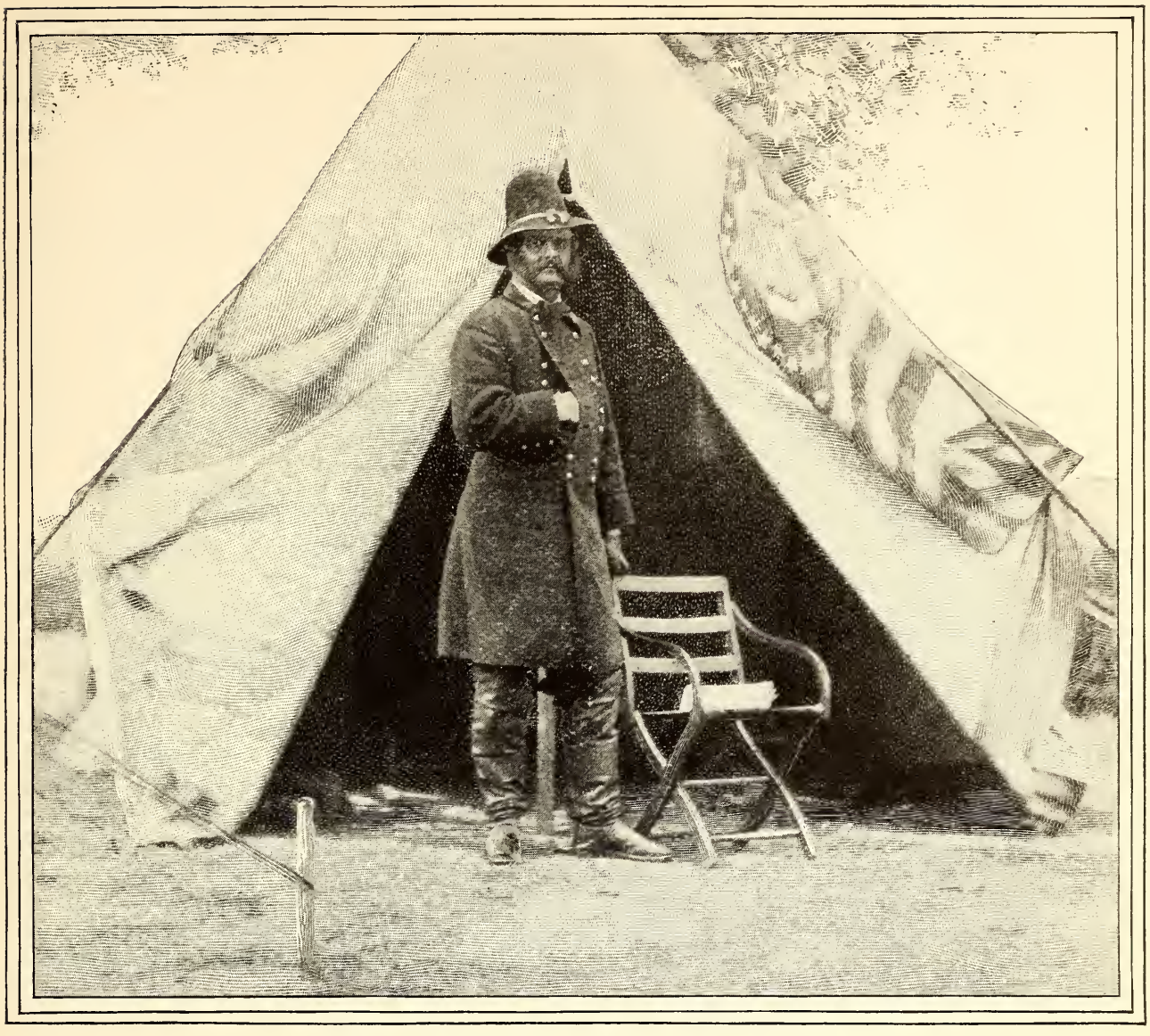
I went at once over to General Thomas's headquarters with the message. I remember that I got there just after they had finished dinner; the table was not cleared off, but there was nobody in the dining-room. When General Thomas came in, I read to him the telegram from the Secretary. He was too much affected by it to reply immediately. After a moment he said:

"Mr. Dana, I wish you would say to the Secretary of War that I am greatly affected by this expression of his confidence; that I should have long since liked to have an independent command; but what I should have desired would have been the command of an army that I could myself have organized, disciplined, distributed, and combined. I wish you would add also that I would not like to take the command of an army where I should be exposed to the imputation of having intrigued or of having exercised any effort to supplant my previous commander."

This was on October 4th. Four days later General Thomas sent a confidential friend to me, saying rumors had come to him that he was to be put in Rosecrans's place; that, while he would gladly accept any other command to which Mr. Stanton should see fit to assign him, he could not consent to become the successor of General Rosecrans. He would not do anything to give countenance to the suspicion that he had intrigued against his commander's interest. He declared that he had perfect confidence in the fidelity and capacity of General Rosecrans.

A CHANGE IN THE ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY.

The first change in the Army of the Cumberland was an order from Washington consolidating the Twentieth and Twenty-first Corps, and placing the heroic Granger in command. The news reached Chattanooga on October 5th, in the Nashville newspaper, and, not having been previously promulgated, it caused a sensation. The consolidation of the two



GENERAL A. E. BURNSIDE. BORN IN 1824; DIED IN 1881.

Burnside, a native of Indiana, graduated at West Point in 1847, and served throughout the Civil War. He commanded the Army of the Potomac at the battle of Fredericksburg; was besieged at Knoxville in 1863, while in command of the Army of the Ohio; and in 1864 joined Grant in Virginia. He was Governor of Rhode Island from 1867 to 1869, and United States Senator from 1875 to 1881. Died September 13, 1881.

corps was generally well received, and as it was to be followed by a general reorganization of the army it seemed as if the most happy consequences would be produced. The only serious difficulty which followed the change was that the men in the consolidated corps were troubled by letters from home showing that their friends regarded the consolidation as a token of disgrace and punishment.

THREATENED WITH STARVATION.

Although the reorganization of the army was going on, there was no real change in our situation, and by the middle of October it began to look as if we were in a helpless and precarious position. No reinforcements had yet reached us; the enemy was growing stronger every day; and, worse still, we were threatened with starvation. On September 24th, in spite of the protest of Granger and Garfield, Rosecrans had abandoned Lookout Mountain to the enemy. His error was now apparent. Our supplies came by rail from Nashville to Bridgeport; but the enemy controlled the south shore of the Tennessee between us and Bridgeport, and thus prevented us rebuilding the railroad from Bridgeport to Chattanooga, and with their shore batteries stopped the using of our steamboats. They even made the road on the north shore impassable, the sharpshooters on the south bank being able to pick off our men on the north. The forage and supplies which we had drawn from the country within our reach were now exhausted, and we were dependent upon what could be gotten us over the roads north of the river. These were not only disturbed by the enemy, but were so bad in places that

the mud was up to the horses' bellies. The animals themselves had become too weak to haul the empty train up the mountain, while many had died of starvation. On October 15th the troops were on half rations, and officers as they went about where the men were working on the fortifications frequently heard the cry of "Crackers." As I saw it was soon going to be necessary that all persons except soldiers leave the place, I asked Mr. Stanton where I should go.

In the midst of these difficulties General Rosecrans seemed to be insensible to the impending danger, and dawdled with trifles in a manner which scarcely can be imagined. With plenty of zealous and energetic officers ready to do whatever needed to be done, precious time was lost because our dazed and mazy commander could not perceive the catastrophe that was close upon us, nor fix his mind upon the means of preventing it. I never saw anything which seemed so lamentable and hopeless. Our animals were starving, the men had starvation before them, and the enemy was bound soon to make desperate efforts to dislodge us. Yet the commanding general devoted that part of the time which was not employed in pleasant gossip to the composition of a long report to prove that the Government was to blame for his failure on the 20th.

While few persons exhibited more estimable social qualities, I have never seen a public man possessing talent with less administrative power, less clearness and steadiness in difficulty, and greater practical incapacity than General Rosecrans. He had inventive fertility and knowledge, but he had no strength of will and no concentration of purpose. His mind scattered; there was no system in the use of his busy days and restless nights, no courage against individuals in his composition, and, with great love of command, he was a feeble commander. He was conscientious and honest, just as he was imperious and disputatious; always with a stray vein of caprice, and an overweening passion for the approbation of his personal friends and the public outside.

ROSECRANS IS RELIEVED.

My opinion of Rosecrans and my fears that the army would soon be driven from Chattanooga by starvation, if not by the Confederates, I had reiterated in my letters to Mr. Stanton. On the morning of October 19th I received my reply—a despatch from the Secretary sent from Washington on October 16th, asking me to meet him that day (the 19th) at the Galt House, Louisville. I wired him that unless he ordered to the contrary, Rosecrans would retreat at once from Chattanooga, and then I started for Louisville. It was a hard trip by horseback over Walden's Ridge and through Jasper to Bridgeport, and the roads were not altogether safe. Ten days before this, in riding along the edge of a bank near the river shore, the earth had given away under my horse's hind feet, and he and I had been tumbled together down a bank about fourteen feet high, and had rolled over each other in the sand at the bottom. I got off with no worse injury than a bruise on my left shoulder, and a slight crack on the back of my head from the horse's hind foot, which made the blood run a little. The roads over Walden's Ridge and along the river were even worse now than when I got my tumble, and, besides, they were filled with wagons trying to get supplies to Chattanooga. It took at that time ten days for wagon teams to go from Stevenson, where we had a depot, to Chattanooga. Though subsistence stores were so nearly exhausted, the wagons were compelled to throw overboard portions of their precious cargo in order to get through. The returning trains were, on the other hand, stopped. On the 17th of October 500 teams were halted between the mountain and the river without forage for the animals, and unable to move in any direction, and the whole road was strewn with dead animals.

The railway from Bridgeport to Nashville was not much more comfortable or safer than the road. Early in the month I had gone to Nashville on business, and had come back in a tremendous storm, in a train of eighteen cars loaded with soldiers, and was twenty-six hours upon the road instead of ten. On the present trip, however, I got along very well until within about eight miles of Nashville, when our train narrowly escaped destruction. A tie had been inserted in a cattle-guard, to throw the train down an embankment; but it had been calculated for a train going south, so that ours simply broke it off. From what we learned afterward, we thought it was intended for a train on which it was supposed General Grant was going to Bridgeport.

My train was bound through to Louisville. Indeed, I think there was no one with me except the train hands and the en-

gineer. We reached Nashville about ten o'clock on the night of October 20th, and there were halted. Directly there came in an officer, I think it was Lieutenant-Colonel Bowers of General Grant's staff, who said:

"General Grant wants to see you."

This was the first that I knew Grant was in Tennessee. I got out of my train, and went over to his. I hadn't seen him since we parted at Vicksburg.

"Mr. Dana," he said, as soon as I came in, "I am going to interfere with your journey. I have got the Secretary's permission to take you back with me to Chattanooga. I want you to dismiss your train and get into mine; we will give you comfortable quarters."

"General," I said, "did you ask the Secretary to let me go back with you?"

"I did," he said. "I wanted to have you."

So, of course, I went. On the way down he told me that he had been appointed to the command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, with permission to leave Rosecrans in command of the Department of the Cumberland, or to assign Thomas in his place. He had done the latter, he said, and had telegraphed Thomas to take charge of the army the night after Stanton, at Louisville, had received my despatch of the 19th saying Rosecrans would retreat from Chattanooga unless ordered to remain. Rosecrans was assigned to the Department of the Missouri, with headquarters at St. Louis.

GRANT REACHES CHATTANOOGA.

We left Nashville on the morning of the 21st, and arrived safe in Bridgeport in the evening. The next morning, October 22d, we left on horseback for Chattanooga by way of Jasper and Walden's Ridge. The roads were in such a condition that it was impossible for Grant, who was on crutches from an injury to his leg received by the fall of a horse in New Orleans some time before, to make the whole distance of fifty-five miles in one day; so I pushed on ahead, running the rebel picket lines and reaching Chattanooga in the evening in company with Colonel Wilson, Grant's inspector-general.

The next morning I went to see General Thomas; it was not an official visit, but a friendly one—visits which I very often made on the generals. When we had shaken hands he said:

"Mr. Dana, you have got me this time. There is nothing for a man to do in such a case as this but to obey orders."

This was in allusion to his assignment to the command of the Army of the Cumberland. The change in command was received with satisfaction by all intelligent officers, so far as I could ascertain; though, of course, Rosecrans had many friends who were unable to conceive why he was relieved. They reported that he was to be put in command of the Army of the Potomac. The change at headquarters was already strikingly perceptible, order prevailing instead of universal chaos.

On the evening of the 23d Grant arrived, as I stated in my despatch to Mr. Stanton, "wet, dirty, and well." The next morning he was out with the leading officers of the army, reconnoitering. He took hold of the situation with such energy and decision, and he received such hearty coöperation from the army, that within a week we again held Lookout valley, controlled the Tennessee from Bridgeport to Chattanooga, and were receiving supplies daily. There was no further danger —which had been the only one—of the Army of the Cumberland being starved out of Chattanooga. The Confederates themselves at once recognized this, for a copy of the Atlanta "Appeal" of November 3d which reached me said, that if we were not dislodged from Lookout valley, our possession of Chattanooga was secure for the winter.

A VISIT TO BURNSIDE.

It was now certain that we could hold Chattanooga; but until Sherman, who had been ordered to join us from Vicksburg, reached us, we could do nothing against the enemy and nothing to relieve Burnside, who had been ordered to unite with Rosecrans in August, but had never gotten beyond Knoxville. He was shut up there much in the same way that we were in Chattanooga, and it was certain that the Confederates were sending forces against him.

Grant was so anxious to know the real condition of Burnside that he asked me to go to Knoxville and find out. So, on November 9th, I started, accompanied by Colonel Wilson of Grant's staff. The way in which such a trip as this of Wilson and mine was managed in those days is told in this letter to my little daughter, written just before we left Chattanooga for Knoxville:

I expect to go all the way on horseback, and it will take about five days. About seventy horsemen will go along, with their sabers and carbines, to keep

off the guerrillas. Our baggage we shall have carried on pack-mules. These are funny little rats of creatures, with the big panniers fastened to their sides, to carry their burdens in. I will put my bed in one pannier and my carpet-bag and India rubber things in the other. Colonel Wilson, who is to go with me, will have another mule for his traps, and a third will carry the bread and meat and coffee that we are to live on. At night we will halt in some nice shady nook where there is a spring, build a big roaring fire, cook our supper, spread our blankets on the ground, and sleep with our feet toward the fire, while half a dozen of the soldiers, with their guns ready loaded, watch all about, to keep the rebels at a safe distance. Then in the morning we will first wake up, then wash our faces, get our breakfasts, and march on, like John Brown's soul, toward our destination. How long I shall stay at Knoxville is uncertain, but I hope not very long—though it must be very charming in that country of mountains and rivers—and then I shall pray for orders that will take me home again.

We were not obliged to camp out every night on this trip. One evening, just about supper time, we reached a large white frame house, the home of a farmer. The man, we found, was a strong Unionist, and he gave us a hearty invitation to occupy his premises. Our escort took possession of the barn for sleeping, and we cooked our supper in the yard, the family lending us a table and sending us out fresh bread. After supper Wilson and I were invited into the house, where the farmer listened eagerly to the news of the Union army. There were two or three young and very pretty girls in the farmer's family, and while we talked they "dipped" snuff, a peculiar custom that I had never seen but once or twice before.

We reached Knoxville on the 13th, and I at once went to headquarters to talk over the situation with Burnside. This was the first time I had met that general. He was rather a large man physically, about six feet tall, with a large face and a small head, and heavy side-whiskers. He was an energetic, decided man—frank, manly, and well-educated. He was a very showy officer—not that he *made* any show, he was naturally that. When he first talked with you, you would think he had a great deal more intelligence than he really had. You had to know him some time before you took his measure.

After a detailed conversation with Burnside, I concluded that there was no reason to believe that any force had been sent from Lee's army to attack him on the northeast, as we had heard in Chattanooga, but that it was certain that Longstreet was approaching from Chattanooga with 30,000 troops. Burnside said that he would be unable long to resist such an attack, and that if Grant did not succeed in making a demonstration which would compel Longstreet to return, he must retreat.

After getting as clear an idea of Burnside's position as I could, I left about six o'clock on the morning of the 14th. We found later that our departure from Knoxville had been none too soon; so completely were the Confederates taking possession of the country between Knoxville and Chattanooga that had we delayed a single day we could only have got out through Cumberland Gap or that of Big Creek. We were four days returning, and Mr. Stanton became very uneasy, as I learned from this despatch received soon after my return:

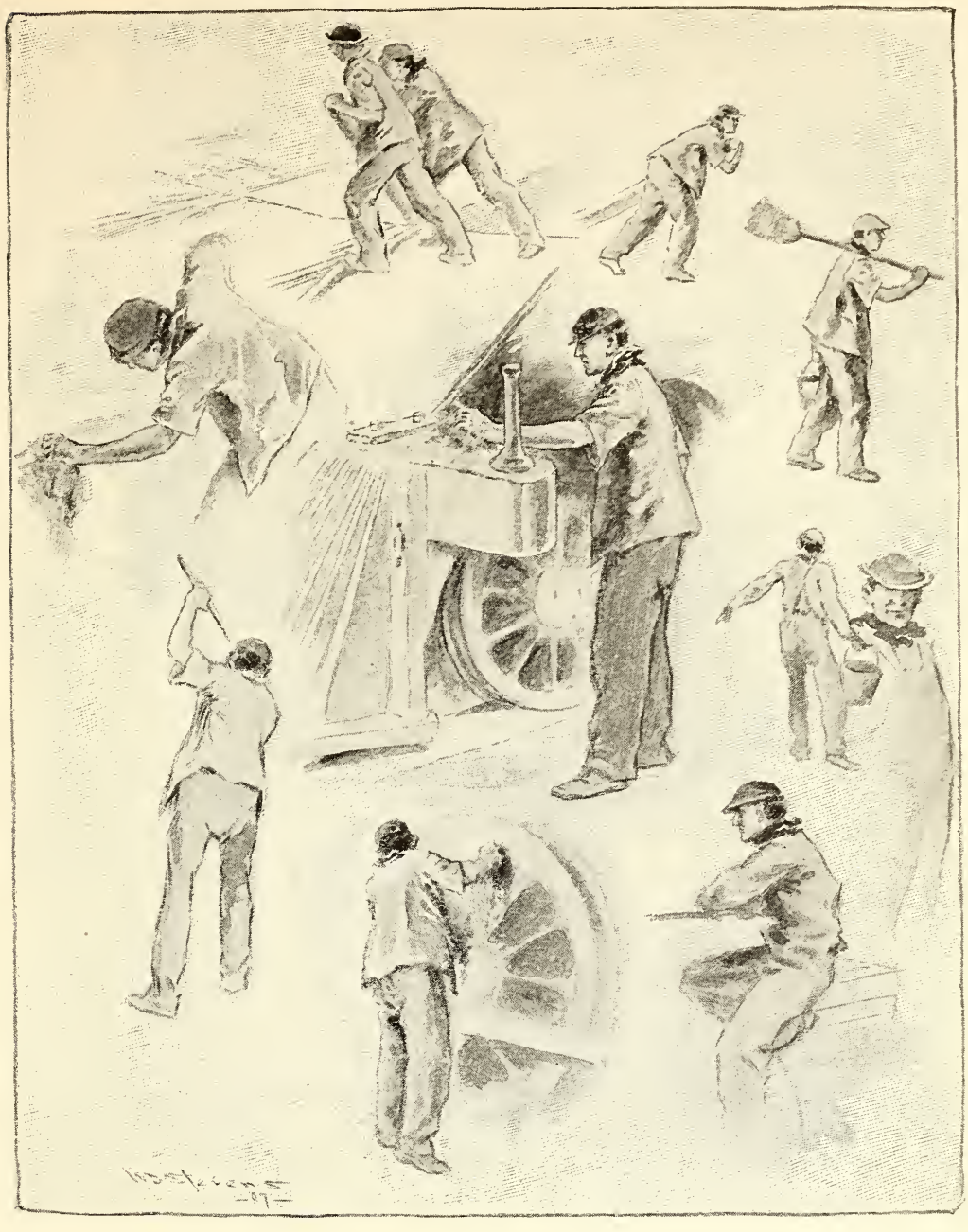
WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *Nov.* 19, 1863.

HON. C. A. DANA,
Chattanooga.

Your despatches of yesterday are received. I am rejoiced that you have got safely back. My anxiety about you for several days had been very great. Make your arrangements to remain in the field during the winter. Continue your reports as frequently as possible, always noting the hour.

EDWIN M. STANTON.

"For fifteen months I wiped engines, turned the table, . . . and in fact did all manner of the dirtiest and hardest work that was to be done about a railroad roundhouse."



[*THE GENERAL MANAGER'S STORY.*]

FIRING A LOCOMOTIVE.

By Herbert E. Hamblen ("Fred. B. Williams"),

Author of "On Many Seas."

HARD AND EASY ENGINEERS.—AN APPEAL TO THE GENERAL MANAGER.—STOPPING AN EXPRESS WITH A YARD ENGINE.—A RUNAWAY LOCOMOTIVE.

Illustrated with Drawings from Life by W. D. Stevens.

ONE day, as I was strolling rather listlessly through a certain roundhouse, I overheard a conversation between the foreman and caller which told me that there was a fireman wanted in a hurry. As I was now at that stage in the game where any job was a good job, I stepped up to the man and asked if he was the roundhouse foreman. He said he was.

"I'm looking for a job, sir," said I.

"Can you fire?"

"Yes, sir."

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"Where have you fired?"

"On the —— road."

"All right; go over to the master mechanic's office and ask for Mr. Seely, tell him Phelps sent you, and, if he hires you, come right back to me. I want you to go out on that engine right away. Hurry up, now!"

My business with the head of the mechanical department was briefly and satisfactorily settled, and he told me to report to Phelps at once.

Phelps told me to "git right on to 227; there's the oil-room," pointing to a low, dingy structure. "Hurry up, now; git yer supplies, an' git out o' here!" So I was hired.

FIRST RUN AS A FIREMAN.

As I stepped up on the tender and opened the oil-box to get the cans, the most disagreeable-looking face that I ever saw presented itself at the opposite gangway, and a thin, squeaky voice called out:

"Hey! what are ye up to? What ye doin' there?"

I asked him if he was the engineer.

"Who d'ye s'pose I be, ye blamed fool? The president of the road?"

"No," said I; "I thought you was the board of directors."

"Oh, you *did!* Well, now, you git down out o' there, and direct yourself somewheres else."

"Say, Pop," said I, "I don't know nor care who you are; but I'm going to fire this engine to-night."

He shoved his oil-can and wrench up into the tender, and away he went across the yard, shouting, "Hey, Phelps!" But Phelps kept out of his way. When I got back from the oil-room, he was in the cab waiting for me, and the instant I set the cans upon the footboard he rang the bell and gave her a vicious jerk back; but I had climbed too many flying freight cars to be disturbed by that. I swung myself lightly aboard, and gave him a black look, which didn't mend matters any.

Well, at last we got our train and got out on the road. We didn't have a very heavy train, and I was satisfied that I could keep her hot without any trouble; and so I could, if he hadn't worked against me in every way. He would let her blow all her steam and water away, until he struck a heavy grade, and then put on his pump full head, and drown her, running the steam down so that we stalled and had to "double" up every little hill, and thereby "laid out" the "fast mail" fifteen minutes—an unpardonable sin.

He also "dropped her down a notch" for me, so that she threw a constant stream of sky-rockets out of her stack, and, as I told the master mechanic when he had me on the carpet the next day, a steam-shovel couldn't have kept coal in her that night.

Consequently we ran out of fuel before reaching the end of the division, and had to stop at the freight coaling-station and coal up—a thing that had never happened to that train before.

That was a tough run for me, and I found out the reason for it afterwards. Old Joe had powerful influence in high quarters, which made him, to a certain extent, independent of the master mechanic, so that he did pretty much as he pleased, and, being of a low, mean disposition, he pleased to abuse everybody who came in his way.

The first time she "dropped her bundle,"—which occurred less than half way up the first hill, and before we had gone five miles on our way,—he shut her off, slammed the reverse lever down in the corner with a bang, and, folding his arms, leaned back in his seat, and ripped out a string of profanity, every word of which was a curse at me personally.

I, being a stranger on the road, and not having the fear of old Joe's displeasure properly engrafted on my mind, waited until he got through; then, stepping over to his side, I grabbed him roughly by the shoulder, and twisting him half round on his seat, I said:

"See here, I've got something to say to *you* now. In the first place, it's your fault and not mine that we're stalled here, because you don't know your business a little bit; and now one thing more, if you open your head to me again while I am on this engine, I'll split you wide open with this shovel."

He didn't say another word to me; but, as I said before, the trip was a record-breaker. We got to the end of the division nine hours late, had four hours lay over, and returned, doing even worse than on the up trip; for, as part of this run occurred during the forenoon, when the inward-bound passenger trains were thick on the road, he managed to lay out three of them.

Before we started on the return trip, the conductor came up to the engine while I was taking water, and said:

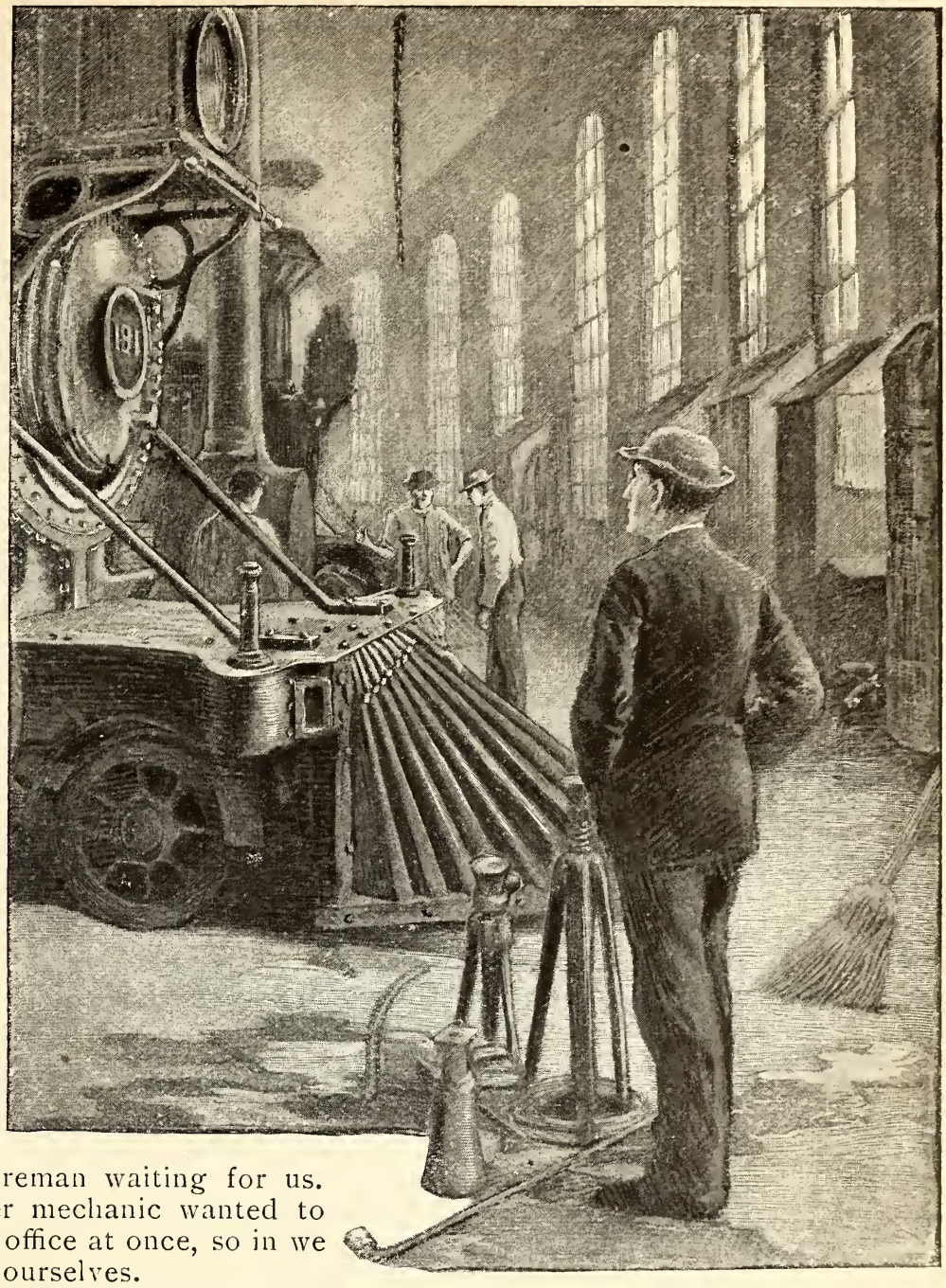
"Say, young feller, the head 'brakey' tells me that you set old Joe's packin'

out for him in mighty good shape last night. Is that so?"

"Oh, I don't know," said I. "Why?"

"Why? Well, I'll tell you why: because if you did, you've made a friend of every man on the division except Joe himself; and as you couldn't make a friend of him anyway, that's no loss. But, of course, I s'pose you know you're discharged; no man could lay the whole road out the way you did and go out again. But don't you be in any hurry to leave town; for maybe some of us can do something for you."

When we got back we both got off the engine and found the roundhouse foreman waiting for us. He said the master mechanic wanted to see us both in the office at once, so in we went and reported ourselves.



"ONE DAY, AS I WAS STROLLING RATHER LISTLESSLY THROUGH A CERTAIN ROUNDHOUSE. . . ."

"Well, Mr. Grinnell," said the master mechanic, "I have a report here from the division superintendent in which he informs me that the road wasn't big enough for the 227 last trip. What was the matter with her?"

"Nawthin'," said Grinnell.

"Nothing? What do you mean by that? Something must have been the matter."

"Yes, somethin' was the matter, an' a sight the matter, too. Look here, Mr. Seely, I want you to understand that the 227 is a first-class engine in every respect, an' that I'm a first-class engineer; but Phelps has got a notion of fishin' up all sorts of canallers, an' truck-drivers, an' sendin' 'em out to fire for me, an' I'm jist about sick of it, 'n' don't want no more."

"Do you mean to tell me, then, that you laid out the whole road just because the fireman didn't suit you?"

"No, I don't. What I mean to say is, that I didn't hev no fireman; only a cowboy that never fired an engine before, an' threatened to split me wide open with the scoop jest because I told him he'd hev to keep her hot, or we'd never git there."

"Did you threaten Mr. Grinnell?" said Mr. Seely to me.

"Yes, sir," said I.

"Oho! you did, hey? Is that the way firemen talk to their engineers where you came from?"

"No, sir," said I. "But our engineers were men, while this old brute is a——"

"There! there! that will do. I don't

want any quarreling in my office; you can call in to-morrow and get your time."

RELATIONS BETWEEN FIREMEN AND ENGINEERS.

No fireman can keep an engine "hot," except with the strictest coöperation on the part of the engineer. In order that the engine shall steam, it is imperative that the engineer shall cut his steam off as short as possible and run his pump according to certain rules well known to the fraternity. In other words, it is no trouble at all to the engineer to "knock out" the best fireman that ever handled a shovel.

Not only do all engineers invariably depend on him to perform many of the duties properly belonging to themselves, but he it is who bends his back and hustles to make steam to get the train in on time, frequently with miserable fuel and an engine that ought to be in the scrap-heap. When time is lost for the want of steam, it is on the fireman's devoted head that the wrath of the engineer, master mechanic, and superintendent falls; no excuse being accepted, even though it be evident to anybody that the coal is seventy per cent. slate and the valves and pistons blow like sieves.

Though all the train-despatchers, brass-bound conductors, and engineers do their level best, no train can make time or break a record unless the grimy, unheard-of, and unthought-about fireman, down there in his black hole, knows his business and *does* it.

I went to the roundhouse, washed up, and then went to get something to eat. I ran across the conductor, who was bound on the same errand, and told him what had occurred in the master mechanic's office, and also gave him a short account of myself. He was quite friendly, and invited me to sleep in his caboose during its stay at that end of the division and get acquainted with the boys. "For," said he, "railroad men when looking for a job are not apt to be very rich, and there's no use of paying for lodgings while the yard is half full of cabooses."

I accepted his invitation thankfully, and found that I was quite a hero. The men took delight in introducing me as the fellow who had bearded old Joe in his cab and yet survived to tell the tale.

The result of their hospitality was, that three days passed before I returned to the master mechanic's office for the bill of my time. On leaving the office I ran across Mr. Phelps, who asked me to accompany him to the roundhouse. He took me away round out of sight and hearing, behind a big freight engine, and asked what was the trouble between Grinnell and me.

I told him all that happened on the trip, but before I got through he said, "Never mind all that; I want to know what it was that you said to him."

When I told him, a broad smile spread over his face. "I'd have been willin' to lose a month's pay to have seen ole Joe then," said he. "Say, young feller, I can't give you a job firin' just yet; Joe's queered you for a bit; but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll set you to wipin', an' give you the first chance. What do you say?"

I didn't care to wipe engines, as that is the very lowest rung in the ladder, besides being extremely dirty and disagreeable work.

He assured me, however, that both the master mechanic and himself, as well as nearly all the engineers on the road, had begun as wipers. He said that was the proper way for a man to learn any trade, to begin at the bottom; and, in fine, he said so much, and seemed so anxious to have me take the job, that I accepted, and have never regretted it to this day.

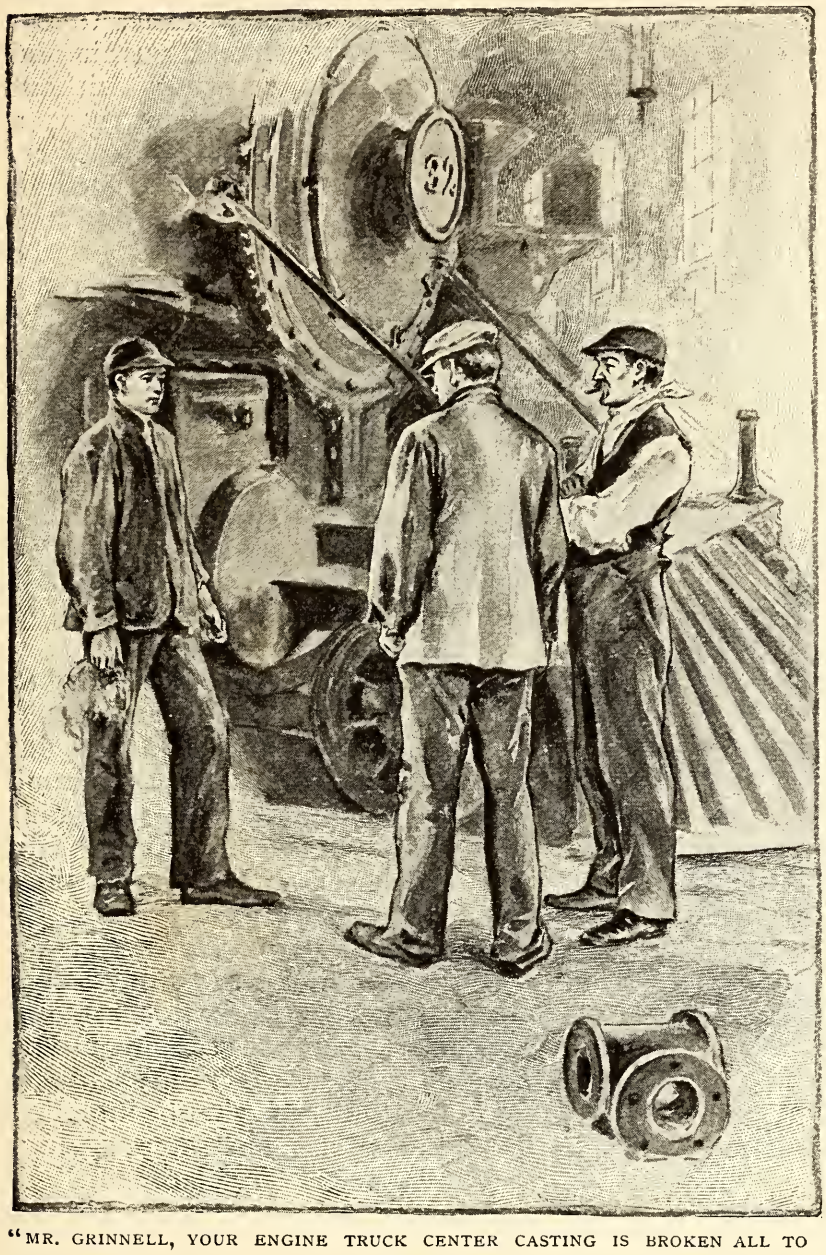
FIFTEEN MONTHS AS A WIPER.

For fifteen months I wiped engines, turned the table, shoveled ashes, washed out boilers and tanks, helped the machinists to lug and lift, and in fact did all manner of the dirtiest and hardest work that has to be done about a railroad roundhouse. For the wipers are everybody's helpers. Is a particularly hard job to be done, get one of the wipers to do it; if a sewer gets clogged, send a wiper in to clear it; and who ever heard of a wiper complaining? They seem to glory in and thrive on dirt.

During those fifteen months I became, from constant association, perfectly familiar with all the outward and visible parts of the locomotive, as I saw them taken to pieces by the mechanics; and as I was blessed with a good-sized bump of inquisitiveness, I also learned enough of the mysterious properties of the slide valve to enable me to take part in the deeply erudite discussions which frequently took place among the firemen.

The wipers are severe critics of the engineers; they know whose engine is always in first-class order, nuts and bolts all in place and tight, wedges never down, and everything where it ought to be.

It seemed as if some engineers depended on the wipers to look out for broken spring leaves and hangers, cracked equalizers and eccentric straps, and nearly everything else; but there were some who looked their engines over with the greatest care, and one of these was old Joe Grinnell. He didn't want any help from anybody, and was quite free in saying so, too; but one day I noticed that the male center casting was broken in such a way that but one bolt held it at all, and that very slightly. I supposed, of course, that he had reported it, and expected every minute to see the men come along with the jacks and jack her up to put in a new one; for though there is a king-pin down through both castings, still no man would ever trust to that alone, for she would be apt, in rounding some curve, to shear it off, and, shooting off at a tangent, leave the track.



"MR. GRINNELL, YOUR ENGINE TRUCK CENTER CASTING IS BROKEN ALL TO PIECES."

What was my surprise, then, as the time drew near for her to leave the house, to see that no attempt was made to repair the damage, until at last the hostler took her out across the table. I had been long enough in the roundhouse now to get the hang of things pretty well, so I hunted up Mr. Phelps and told him what I had discovered on the 227.

"Is that so?" said he; "are you sure?"

"Yes, sir," said I; "there's no doubt about it."

We walked rapidly round the house, and came to the hook on which the machinists hang the engineers' work reports after finishing the job and marking them O. K.

He hunted the hook over until he found the 227's report signed, Grinnell, O. K'd., and signed by the man who had done the work. There were several petty jobs reported, but not a word appeared about the center casting.

Mr. Phelps's eyes sparkled with pleasure, as he saw that old Joe had tripped at last.

From where we stood we could see Joe oiling around. No time was to be lost, for we didn't want him to discover it; though, even if he did, it would be too late now to save himself from censure—still we desired to catch him as foul as possible.

Turning to me, Mr. Phelps said, "I'll get the old man out, an' walk him past the engine, an' you be close by, an' just as we get to Joe, you tell him his center castin's broke."

"All right, sir," said I, and away he went post-haste after the master mechanic, while I sauntered out in the direction of the 227.

Directly I saw Mr. Seely and Mr. Phelps coming rapidly in our direction from the office, I got within about ten feet of old Joe, and just as they were passing, called out loud enough for everybody to hear:

"Mr. Grinnell, your engine truck center casting is broken all to pieces, and just about ready to fall off."

Joe's face was like a thunder-cloud as

he told me to mind my own business, if I had any.

The officials had heard my report, and stopping short, Mr. Seely asked Joe what was the matter with his center casting.

"Nawthin'," said Joe; "only this wiper's found a mare's nest. I guess I'm competent to look after my own engine without any help from the wipers."

Mr. Seely, however, looked under the engine himself, and seeing that I was right, ordered her back into the house, and a spare engine got ready in a hurry, and then he read the riot act to Mr. Joseph H. Grinnell in a manner that the oldest "plug-puller" on the road had never heard equalled.

At first Joe answered back pretty stiffly, but as he knew he was dead wrong, he couldn't say much.

The engineers, firemen, wipers, and, in fact, everybody about the place, came running from all directions to hear. As a grand finale, the old man, after calling him everything but a "first-class engineer," sent him home for ten days, charged with *incompetency*.

FIRING A SWITCH ENGINE.—A FATAL "DOUBLE CUT."

The next morning when I came to work, Mr. Phelps told me to go home again and return at six P.M. to relieve a fireman on one of the switch engines. My wiping days were now over, and once more I found myself on the left side of a locomotive. On the second day, the engineer asked me if I thought I could handle her. I said I guessed so; and stepping out from alongside the boiler, he said, "All right, then; get hold o' this bat, an' let's see ye shape yerself."

I was somewhat nervous at first. It startled me to feel her go the instant that I touched the throttle, and though I knew perfectly *how* she ought to be handled, yet I found it confusing when I came to do it myself. The throttle, reverse lever, and brake seemed to be in each other's way, and I couldn't find them with my hands without looking for them—an act that is rankly unprofessional. Then again, I would catch myself just in the act of giving her steam when I should have reversed her first, calling forth profane and jeering remarks from the engineer, which were extremely mortifying. The engineer stayed with me about an hour, watching me sharply, and giving me lots of advice. I soon gained confidence, and as I kept a sharp lookout for signals, and obeyed them promptly, the engineer—satisfied that I could do the work—stepped off and went into the yard-master's office to "chin."

He had not been off the engine ten minutes when the conductor undertook to make a "double cut," that is, to cut off two sections of the moving train and send each into its proper switch without stopping. When properly done, it is a neat manœuver, and a great time-saver. There should be a man at each switch, one to pull the pin, and one to watch the performance and give signals to the engineer. The pin may be pulled on the first section before commencing to back; then the pin-puller stands by to make the second cut. The engine starts back until there is way enough on the first cut to carry it into its switch; then at a signal the engineer shuts off, and the dead engine, acting as a drag, holds back the main part of the train, while the cut-off cars roll on ahead to their switch, which the man who is stationed there opens, allowing them to run in, and closes it after them. The engineer, on signal, now gives her another jerk back, the pin-puller pulls the pin, and when there is way enough on the second cut to carry it to its destination, the same performance is gone through with again, this time the whole of the remaining train and engine passing over the closed switch to its destination further up the yard.

With men enough—provided there is no grade to stop the cars from rolling—cars could be sent into all the switches along the line, without the engine stopping at all; but in this case the conductor only had one man, and when he told him what he intended to do, the "brakey" remonstrated, saying, "Ye'll have them all over the carpet."

The conductor, however, told him to mind his own business, and ordered him to open the first switch, and then run to the next, saying that he would close it himself after pulling the pin. But when he ran in a hurry to close it, he stumbled over the end of a tie, so that before he got it closed, the forward truck of the leading car had entered the siding, and the switch being closed, the cars went off the track. Seeing them going in all directions, he desired to set a brake to hold them, when, in jumping up between two flat cars, one corner rose above the other, and shearing across it clipped him in two, as a lady snips a thread with her scissors.

The engineer was discharged for allowing me to handle the engine, and for many

a night after that I saw the poor conductor in my dreams. He had been looking straight in my eyes, when his light went out.

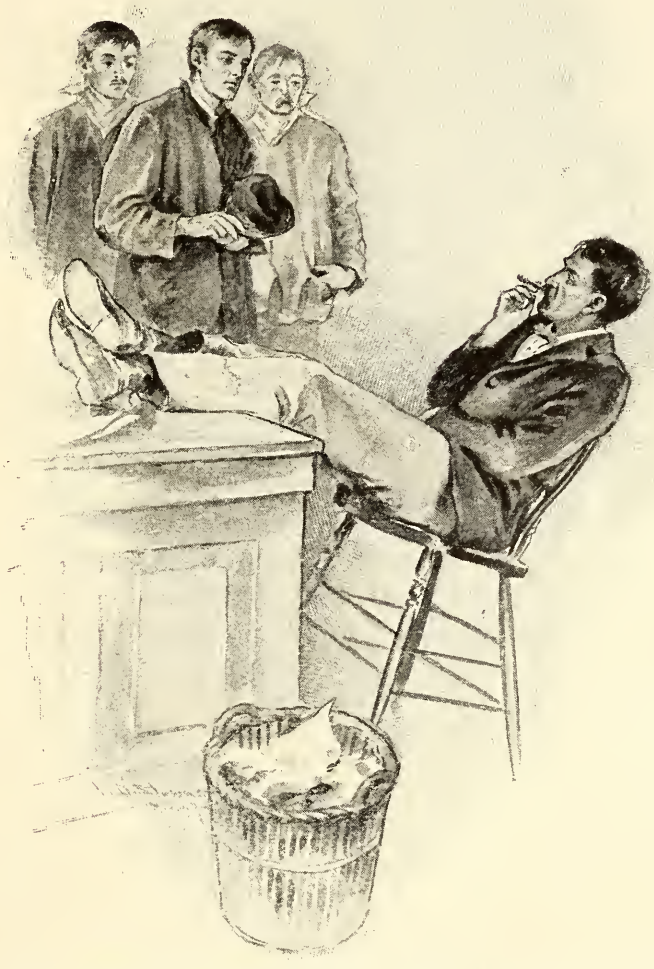
THE DIFFERENCES IN ENGINEERS.

I fired nearly four years; and though firing is the hardest kind of work, I look back to those four years as the happiest of my life.

I never came across quite such another crank as old Joe Grinnell, for, as a rule, the engineers were fine fellows. Every man jack of them, having served his apprenticeship at the scoop-shovel, realized the drawbacks and discomforts of the fireman's position, and tried to make it as endurable as possible.

Some, while meaning well, had failed during their apprenticeship to learn from their engineers how to run and feed (pump) the machine to the best advantage, so they made it hard work for the firemen to keep steam. Those we called "pounders," and as a rule they were the very ones who would take no hints from their firemen, but instantly became dignified and talked loftily about how *I* pump and run *my* engine.

Shortly after I was appointed, I was sent to fire for old Pop Fickett. He was a jolly old soul, easy-going as an old shoe, and would often on a cold night get down and fire himself for a dozen or twenty miles to get warm, while I sat on his seat and played engineer, blowing for crossings and watching the water.



"AND I ASKED, IN A VOICE WHICH I FEAR WAS SLIGHTLY TREMULOUS, IF WE COULD SPEAK TO HIM."

Old Pop was a hard man to fire for, because he was a pounder; but I hadn't been long enough at the business to know that, so I shoveled away for dear life and was ignorant and happy.

One trip Pop reported sick, and an extra engineer took her out. As a rule, firemen hate to see an extra man get on the engine, as he has different ways from the man you are used to, and railroad men of all degrees get set in their ways and don't like to have them disturbed.

This extra man, however, was a genuine and pleasant surprise to me. With old Pop at the throttle I always had to bend my back as soon as he pulled her out and keep the shovel and the firebox door on the swing as regular as the pendulum of a clock.

No need to hook the fire; for, as Pop said, he'd keep it from freezing up on me, and so he did, too; for I wouldn't have a chance to stop shoveling until he shut her off. No need to worry myself by looking at the steam gauge; for, as Pop said again, he could take care of all the steam I could make.

There were two coaling stations on the division, each about twenty miles from either terminus, for the convenience of engines that needed more coal to take them in. We never passed them,—indeed, we sometimes had trouble to reach them,—although Pop had sideboards put on the tender, saying he liked to have plenty of coal; and when other engineers bragged about how many water-plugs they passed and how many cars they hauled without

"I'LL MAKE NO REPORTS TO ANYBODY; BUT I'LL LICK YOU EVERY DAY FOR A YEAR, AS BIG AS YOU ARE."

taking coal, Pop would remark sagely that he "allus liked to have coal an' water enough,"—and he did too.

Well, when the extra man started I began as usual to "ladle in the lampblack" until we were about five miles out, when he called me up to him and asked me if there was a hole through the front end of the fire-box.

"No," said I. "Why?"

"What is the trouble, then? Is there somebody buried back there, an' you're trying to dig him out?"

I stared at him, wondering what he was talking about. Seeing that I didn't understand, he said: "For heaven's sake, man, get up there on your seat an' sit down! I never saw anybody shovel coal like you do; you've got enough in there to run to the next water-plug now. I can't put any more water into her till we get there; so crack your door an' let's have a smoke."

I did as he told me to; and yet, though I saw by the gauge that we had, as the boys say, "a hundred an' enough," I was worried; and, at last, when I could stand it no longer, fearing that my fire would go entirely out, I stepped down and picked up my scoop again.

"Say," said he, "hand me that scoop a minute."

I did so, wondering what he wanted of it.

He threw it on the footboard in front of him, and told me if I didn't sit down and rest myself until we got to the water-plug, he would report me for wasting the company's fuel.

That trip was a revelation to me. We not only ran by half the water-plugs and the coal-station, but made the run in two hours' less time than usual, arriving with nearly half a tank of coal left, although we had our regular train of forty-five loads.

The next day I asked him how it was done. He took me to his side of the cab and showed me a notch in the quadrant that was worn smooth and bright.

"That," said he, "is the notch Pop runs her in." Then he showed me where he ran her, and gave me the most lucid explanation of early cutting off and running expansively, and of its effect on the coal-pile and water-tank, that I had ever heard.

Pop was laid up a week with rheumatism, and during that week I gained several pounds in weight. I had such an easy time of it that, although I was very fond of the old man, I dreaded to see him come back, and said as much to the engineer.

"Why don't you tell him how to run her?" said he. "Pop's a good old feller. He won't get mad; and even if he does, you'd be a blamed fool to keep heaving coal in there for him to throw out the stack. I wouldn't do it, an' don't you."

Well, at last the day came when the old man returned to work. He looked poorly, and I could hardly find it in my heart to speak to him on a subject which I knew to be a delicate one, for he was a very old engineer, and had been running just that way probably long before I ever thought of railroading.

Still, I had lots of sympathy for my own back. So at last I broached the subject, before we started—I would have no chance afterward—and made up my mind to fight it out with him if necessary.

I spoke rather diffidently, but told him the whole story, to which he listened very patiently, and when I got through, he said:

"My boy, I don't want to break your back. I know there's something in what you say, for I've had firemen kick before, but none of them in such a decent way as you have; now I'll tell you something that no man on this road knows but me. I am a machinist by trade, and never fired but six months in my life. When this road opened, I had a little influence and got a job; all I asked for was a job, but as I had a letter from a big man and applied to the mechanical department, I was presumed to be an engineer and given an engine at once. Of course, I wasn't fool enough to decline, and I've been running here ever since. That's twenty years ago, and you're the first fireman I ever had that I would trust enough to tell that to. Now, show me how Laws ran her, and, by gum, I'll do the same; then we'll see if we can't run by water-plugs and coal stations as well as some others."

I showed him, and away we went. At first he was afraid she wouldn't make time cut back so fine, but when he saw how she was going past the stations, he was as pleased as a child with a new toy. When we neared the first water-plug, he sent me back to measure the water. We had nearly half a tank, and he wanted to stop; but I assured him that it was perfectly safe to go on, and so it proved.

He was as pleased as Punch when we wheeled into the end of the division after the fastest trip he had ever made in all those twenty years; and he never relapsed into his old style of running, and for the remainder of my time with him no fireman on the road had an easier time of it than I.

A CONTEST WITH A BRUTAL SUPERIOR.

About this time, an engineer who had left the road a couple of years before returned, and was appointed traveling engineer by the master mechanic. We soon found that he had full authority to hire engineers to fill vacancies, and that he improved his opportunities. A new branch connecting with an important mining and manufacturing locality was opened, calling for half a dozen more engineers. The firemen had been longing for the opening, and figuring for the past three years on who would be promoted; but when the time drew near, it was observed that several new engineers were riding on the engines, learning the road. The firemen became alarmed at once, and discussed the matter quite freely.

I became intensely interested in the controversy; and though I could not expect to be promoted at this time, yet I saw that if the engineers were all to be hired, our chances of ever running on that road were slim indeed. As no one seemed to have any idea of demanding better treatment from the company, or to consider that we had any thing that could be termed *rights* in the matter, I made it my business to preach a new doctrine to my companions. I finally got three of the oldest men, three who had felt sure of promotion, to go with me as a committee to the traveling engineer and ask that the firemen's rights to promotion be recognized, provided I would agree to do all the talking.

So one fine day I marshaled my committee in the anteroom of the master mechanic's office, resolved to beard the lion in his den. We were all trembling in our shoes at the audacity of our action, and wished that we hadn't been so valiant; however, it was too late now to turn back, as all the firemen knew what we were about, and a number were waiting in the roundhouse to receive our report. So in we went, our caps in our hands, and asked to see Mr. Hussey. A clerk stepped into his office, and returning directly, bade us enter.

We found the gentleman sitting with his feet cocked up on his desk, smoking; we walked round so as to face him, and I asked, in a voice which I fear was slightly tremulous, if we could speak to him. He gave me a quick, disagreeable glance from his cold, gray eye, and answered in a most discouraging manner, "Ya—as, go on."

After once having broken the ice, I found but little difficulty in talking. I stated the case to him, as I had done to the boys dozens of times already.

When I got through he gave me another one of those wicked leers, and said, "Are you done?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"Got no instructions for the master mechanic or superintendent?"

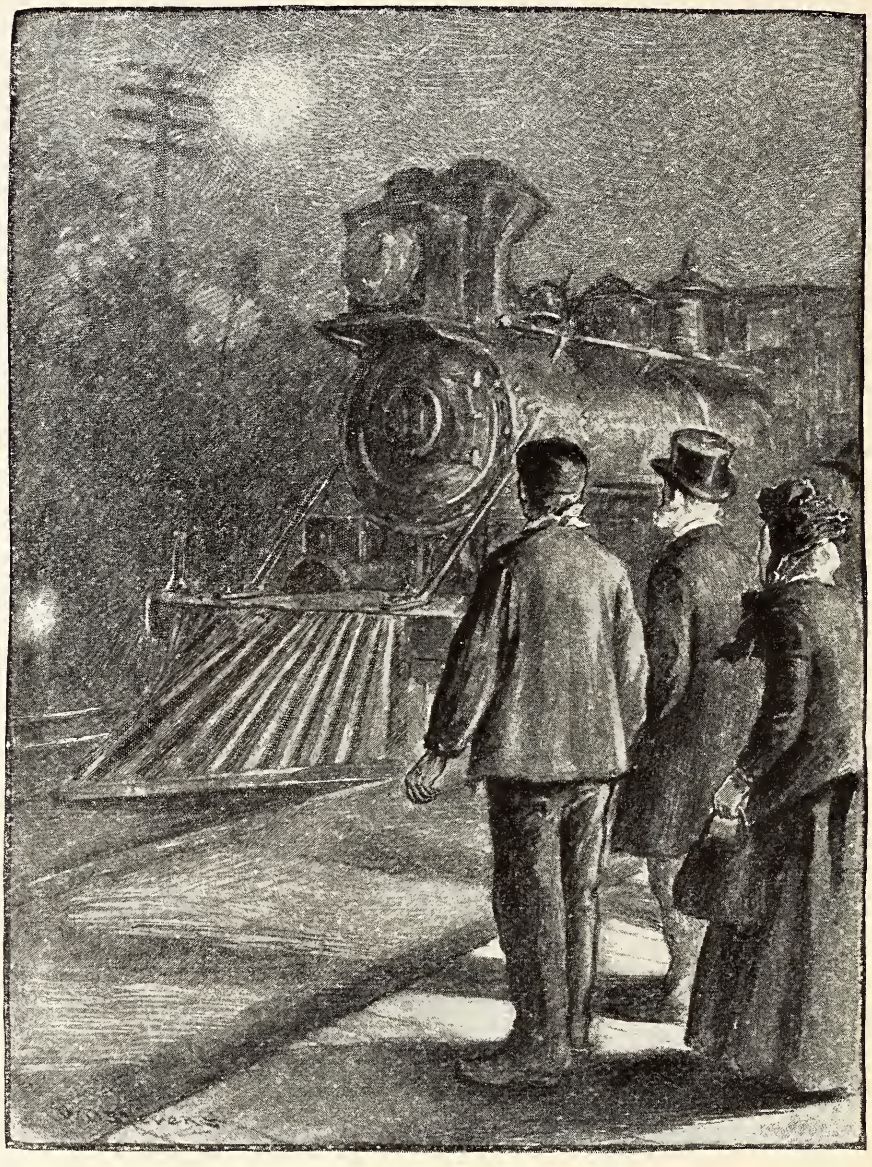
"No, sir; we've got no instructions for anybody; we are simply asking for what we think we are entitled to."

"Oho! you're mighty mild all of a sudden! Well, now look here, my young agitator, I've had my eye on you for some time, and I've heard a good deal about you, too; going round among the firemen,

talking and criticizing my business. You want what you're entitled to, hey ? Well, you shall have it, and that's a bill of your time. Does any of the rest of you want what he's entitled to ?"

Glancing hastily at the boys, I saw they were badly rattled; so, thinking it useless to sacrifice any more of them, I told him that I was the only one to blame for the action we had taken, and got them out of the office as quickly as I could.

We were no sooner outside than two of my gallant supporters sneaked off to the roundhouse, thankful to have escaped with their lives; but one, Frank Manly, a smart, bright young fellow of about twenty-one, slightly red-headed, tall, and straight as an arrow, Manly by name and manly by nature, brought his right fist down in his left palm with a bang, and swore that it was a shame. "I'll tell you what we'll do," said he; "it wouldn't do any good to go to the master mechanic, because he'd uphold Hussey; and the super's no better. I won't fire on the blamed road any more, as long as that's to be the rule; so let's you and me go straight to the general manager. They say he's a mighty fine old fellow; been all through the mill himself, an' believes in giving the boys a fair show. We've got nothing to lose, anyway, so he can't hurt us. What do you say ?"



"THE CROWD STOOD SILENT AND BREATHLESS AS SHE PASSED."

A SURPRISING INTERVIEW WITH THE GENERAL MANAGER.

I told him I was willing; so the next day we marched into the general manager's office, as large as life. His private secretary, a fussy little fellow, told us to be seated, that the general manager was very busy, but would see us directly.

In about half an hour a man came out, and we were told to step inside. Neither of us had ever seen the general manager before, so we were pleasantly surprised to find that august person a very mild-mannered and affable gentleman. He welcomed us cordially, asked us to be seated, and read from a slip of paper, "Two of the firemen."

"It should be ex-firemen, sir," said I; "we are no longer employed on your road."

He raised his eyebrows slightly and said: "In that case I hardly see how you can have any business with me. It was on the supposition that you were employees that I granted you this audience."

I asked if he would allow us to state our case.

"Certainly," said he. "Proceed; but be as brief as you can, for my time is valuable."

I told him the whole story, how we had

been disappointed in our promotion, how we had respectfully protested to Mr. Hussey, and I, as spokesman, had been peremptorily discharged. He seemed interested, and heard me through without interruption, and when I had finished, he asked, "Who is Mr. Hussey?" I told him.

"And he discharged you both?"

"No, sir," said Frank. "I wasn't discharged; but as I don't intend to fire all my life, I have quit."

"And quite right, too. If I knew that I had a man on my road that hadn't ambition enough to aspire to the highest position on it, I'd discharge him myself. Now, you boys understand that you have made a grave charge to me against your superior officer. If I bring him here, will you repeat the charge in his presence?"

"Yes, sir, we will."

"Have you any witnesses?"

"We have the other two firemen who were on the committee; but perhaps they wouldn't care to testify."

"What are their names?"

We told him their names, and he took them down. He then told us to be in his office again at ten o'clock next morning. Frank asked if we should notify our witnesses to appear. "They will be notified," said he, "and will be here, or I am very much mistaken." I remarked that one of them was to go out at four P.M. "Ah!" said he, "that's well thought of." He then told his clerk to tell the master mechanic's office to relieve fireman Voorhees until further orders; and dismissed us, with a warning to talk to no one about the matter.

The next day we arrived at the office on time, where we found Mr. Hussey, who paid not the slightest attention to us and our two committeemen, who were in what Frank called a "blue funk," wondering what was to be done to them. The general manager arrived shortly after us, bowed comprehensively to the crowd, said, "Good morning, gentlemen; step inside, please," and when we were all in, asked us to be seated.

"Now," said he, "which is Mr. Hussey?"

"I am Mr. Hussey," said that gentleman, disguising as much as possible his naturally surly manner, out of deference to his superior officer.

"I have received a very grave charge, Mr. Hussey, from one, or perhaps I should say two, of our firemen, one of whom you have discharged, as I understand, for having preferred a request on behalf of himself and others. Is that correct?"

"I discharged that feller," said Hussey, indicating me by a jerk of his head, "because he's an agitator: he's been organizin' the firemen, an' tryin' ter make trouble on the road. I should have discharged him at the first chance, anyway; so, when he came into my office an' tried to dictate to me who I should hire an' who I should promote, I let 'im go. I don't want no firemen, nor engineers neither, dictatin' to me, an' I won't have it!"

"Be seated a moment, please," said the general manager.

He then called the members of the committee up, one after another, and, after warning them to be careful to state the exact facts, drew from them the conversation that had passed between Hussey and me in the office. He asked Hussey if it was correct, and he admitted that it was. He then said that it was his wish that all employees on the road should be considered as standing in the line of promotion in their several departments; that he had always supposed such to be the case, and was surprised to find it otherwise, as he had certainly made his views known on that subject. He said that promotions should be governed by seniority of service, unless the senior employee could be shown to be unfit for the position; favoritism he would not tolerate under any disguise whatsoever. He gave Mr. Hussey a very plain lecture on the autocratic position which he had assumed toward us, saying that he desired all employees to discuss among themselves matters pertaining to their own interests, and to suggest such changes as they thought would be beneficial to themselves, guaranteeing that all such questions should receive his personal attention, and any concessions that could be made without injury to the interests of the road he would gladly make. He told us that any employee could always obtain an audience with him, and said that the right of appeal from the decisions of inferior officers should be the rule while he remained in the company's employ.

He then told Frank and me to return to work, and was about to dismiss us, when Hussey, who had been getting red in the face and showing signs of increasing uneasiness, rose, and said in a somewhat insolent tone:

"Do you mean to say, Mr. General Manager, that that feller's reinstated over my head?"

"You can call it that, if you choose."

"Well, I'll tell you one thing: I don't

care if you're general manager, or what you are, you can't run no railroad that way——"

"There! there!" said the old gentleman, knocking on his desk with a pencil, "that will do. I think I understand you, and let me give you a little piece of advice,—when talking to a gentleman, be as gentlemanly as you can, and when addressing your superior officer, try and remember that a certain modicum of respect is due to his position——"

"Gentleman be blowed!" roared Hussey. "What are ye? Ye're nothin' but an old ex-freight brakeman, an' ye're so old that whatever little sense ye might have had once is all gone now. To blazes with you an' yer ole streak of rust! I wouldn't work on a road that's got such an old-woman fool for a general manager, if it was the only road on earth!" And he started for the door just as it was opened by a burly attendant, who quietly, but firmly, and with an air of dexterity which proved familiarity with the method, took Mr. Hussey by the wrist and elbow and escorted him, swearing uproariously, to the outer world.

We bade the general manager good day, thanking him for his kindness, and withdrew. Frank and I kept a little in advance of the others on our return, though they tried to fraternize; but we looked upon them coldly, and so discouraged their advances.

FORCING PROMOTION.

The magnitude of our success dazed and almost frightened us. Our visit to the general manager had been undertaken merely as a forlorn hope, and with hardly any expectation of being granted even an interview. We were lionized by the firemen, and looked upon with sincere dislike by the engineers; as it was for their interest to have all railroads hire engineers. Even old Pop told me, with the utmost gravity, that I might as well quit, and go along with Hussey; for he said the master mechanic would now be down on me for having been instrumental in getting Hussey discharged and interfering with the management of his department. He predicted that my stay on the road would be very limited, but I remembered what the general manager had said to us about the right of appeal, and made up my mind that if the master mechanic did me an injustice, I would fight it out as I had in the last instance.

I had occasion several times to remember Pop's words; for though I was not discharged, a system of petty annoyances was started against me in the effort to tire me out, so that I would leave of my own accord. It became a frequent occurrence now for me to be called to the office, to receive reprimands and warnings for all sorts of unimportant matters; and as I knew the method pursued on railroads, I understood the meaning of these actions on the master mechanic's part.

A strict record is kept of the service of every employee. A report is filed with the head of the department of all violations of the rules, and the punishments awarded for the same; so that when at any time a serious offense is committed, the superintendent can call for the man's record, and base his decision to a great extent upon it, and as it is a practical impossibility to obey all orders and at the same time perform one's duty, a prejudiced official can ruin the record of any man.

Hussey having retired before he had succeeded in filling all of the vacancies with hired men, a couple of the old firemen were promoted, and their places on passenger trains filled by promoting firemen from the freight department. Although there were three older men than I on freight, one of those promoted was younger; so I went to the two men older than myself and reminded them of what the general manager had promised us, asking them if they didn't intend to kick for their promotion. At first they said, "Ah, what's the use? The engineer asked for that man; and if we make a fuss, we might get the place, but both the master mechanic and the engineer would be down on us, and it would not do us any good."

Finally they said that if I would go with them, they would request the master mechanic to do the right thing.

"No, sir," said I; "I'll head no more committees for you fellows; but if you are not going to demand your rights, I am mine. I'll not permit a man to be promoted over my head if I can help it."

I marched directly to the master mechanic's office. He was in, and looking up, as I fancied, rather suspiciously—or shall I say guiltily?—demanded to know my business. I told him that I understood that it was the policy of the road to promote men according to their seniority, and as a younger man than I had been promoted, I had come in to see him about it.

"Who is it?" said he.

"Peterson, sir."

"Is Peterson a younger man than you?"

"Yes, sir."

He called for a book, which he looked over, and then said: "Yes, he is; but Whitworth and Collins are both your seniors, so I don't see as you are entitled to anything."

I told him they were the only two ahead of me; but that if he put Peterson ahead, that made three; that I had fired over two years, and didn't see why I should forfeit promotion in favor of another. He closed the book with a bang, asked me if I wanted that train, and when I said I did, he answered: "All right, sir; you can have it."

"Shall I take her next trip, sir?"

"Yes; or you can pay your fare to ——, and fire her back to-night if you like"—savagely.

I thanked him as humbly as I could and went out; my heart somewhat misgiving me. Whitworth and Collins asked me how I made out.

"I got the train," said I.

'Bully for you!" said Whitworth.

"You won't keep it a week," said Collins.

"Well, I've got it, anyway, and I'll keep it as long as I can, and I won't be put off it for nothing, either," said I, my courage returning now that I was clear of the office.

SUBDUING AN UNFRIENDLY ENGINEER.

The next day I came down to the roundhouse bright and early, so as to be sure and have my engine ready on time and in good shape, for I knew I would not be apt to get a very cordial reception from the engineer, and I didn't want to give him cause for complaint. I had her shining like a glass bottle full of pitch when he came along. He was a surly, important fellow, very unpopular with the firemen, as he was one of those who believed that a locomotive engineer was little, if any, lower than the gods, and firemen were especially created to be their servants. When he climbed aboard and saw me busily at work, he stopped short, and said:

"What are you doin' on this engine?"

"Getting her ready to go out."

"What's the matter with Billy?"

"Nothing as I know of. This train don't belong to him, so he's been put back on freight."

"Oho! So you've worked him out of his job, hey?"

"No, I have got him out of my job, that's all."

"Your job, hey? You can't fire this train."

"How do you know?"

"Because you never fired a passenger train, an' this is an almighty hard train. I got Billy Peterson put on here because I wanted him, an' now you've got his job away from him. Things are coming to a fine pass when firemen run the road. I'll tell you one thing, my young buck: you've bit off more'n you can chew this time; if I don't give you a belly-full before you see this roundhouse again, you can call me a Quaker!"

"See here, Mr. Simpson," said I; "I don't know of any firemen that are running the road, but I do know that no engineers are running it. The day when firemen had no rights on this road is past, and you may as well admit that fact. This train belongs to me. I can fire it as well as anybody; and if you work against me to knock me out, I'll beat you at your own game and get you discharged."

He sat and stared at me, with his mouth open in amazement, while I uttered this pure bluff; then regaining his senses, he jumped down off the engine in a rage, saying, "Well, I won't take you if I have to go out alone." And off he went to the office, but came back again directly, and without a word pulled out for the train-shed. After we got coupled on, and while waiting for the conductor's signal, he turned to me and said: "You've forced yourself on here where you're not wanted, and now mind what I tell you, you'll keep this engine hot, or I'll do a little reporting to the general manager myself; then we'll see who'll get discharged."

"All right," said I; "I can keep her hot if you run her right; and now let me tell you something: I'm entitled to this job, and I'm going to have it, in spite of you, and if I lose it for any reason, whether it's my fault or not, I'll make no reports to anybody; but I'll lick you every day for a year, as big as you are."

I heard the conductor call out "All aboard," saw Simpson look back, and as he jerked the throttle wide open, I rang the bell with one hand, and opened the fire door with the other, keeping it open until he got through slipping her.

Not another word passed between us during the trip. I kept her good and hot. He ran her correctly, and on the return run he told me he didn't blame me any for the stand I had taken, as a man would be a

fool not to get what belonged to him on a railroad if he could.

I fired for him nearly two years; and though I could never quite forget the attitude he had assumed toward me at first, we became eventually quite good friends. He understood his business thoroughly, and could make time easily with a train that would have kept some of the old runners on the anxious seat. He would insist on having his engine kept in first-class repair, even though he had to have a stand-up row with the master mechanic to get the work done, all of which made my work much easier. The natural consequence was that we made a name for fast runs, and were frequently sent out with specials.

IGNORING THE RULES IN ORDER TO MAKE TIME.

There was a fast express from the East which seldom arrived on time during the winter, being delayed by snow. As it was an early morning train into Chicago, and of a somewhat local nature on our division, business men were continually complaining of the delay and inconvenience caused them by its being late; so one winter, in order to satisfy them, a first section was run over the division, hauled by the regular engine, to do the local work, and we were stationed with our engine at the other end of the division, to take the regular train when it came along, and run it as a second section, making no stops unless there were passengers to get off, which seldom occurred. It was an open secret that this job was given to Simpson on account of his record-breaking proclivities, and the superintendent would usually meet us on the station platform and congratulate him on his lightning run; for we would frequently make up an hour and a half, following the first section right in. Now, of course, the superintendent knew that, in order to make such flying trips as that, it was necessary to disregard yard-limit rules and slow-downs, but he was so pleased with the record the road was making in delivering its Eastern train on time, that he said never a word.

Some eighty miles out from Chicago there was a small city where we had a large freight-yard nearly three miles long. The yard-limit rule required all engines to reduce speed to six miles an hour when running within the limits of any railroad yard—a rule that was never respected by any one, nor enforced; it was merely a hole for the company to crawl out of in case of a collision in the yard. No train could make time if the engineer observed that rule, for there were miles and miles of yards on the division. It is also a rigid rule that the main track must not be used between sections of a first-class train, for the sections are all regarded as one train; consequently the train has not passed until the last section has gone. But on a certain unfortunate morning a freight crew were doing some switching in the yard I speak of, and before they went to work the conductor had learned from the operator that "Second Four" was an hour and fifteen minutes late; so as it was reasonable to suppose that she would be at least half an hour late at the yard, he instructed his flagman to hold her, unless he was called in before she arrived. This would give him a chance to use that track for a few minutes if he needed it, as he knew that even if the miraculous happened, and Second Four made up more time than it was in human power to do, he would be protected until he could get off her track, close the switch, and call his flag. In fact, he did the unpardonable in railroading,—he "took chances."

It so happened that after First Four passed, he had occasion to cross to the other side of the yard; so he told his engineer of the precautions he had taken and asked him to cross over. The engineer declined, saying he knew better than to cross over between sections of a first-class train. They argued the question awhile, and finally the conductor persuaded him that he would be foolish to lay there half an hour or more waiting for her, when it was only a minute's work to slip across,—and they were protected anyhow. At last, being over-persuaded, the engineer said: "All right; get your switches open, and I'll cross over." During this conversation more minutes than they thought had gone by. Everything having been favorable, we had made a most extraordinary run; and the flagman, knowing that his conductor would not dare hold a first-class train, had not gone out very far, and was listening for the whistle signal which should tell him to let Second Four come, when we came wheeling round the curve sixty-five miles an hour.

He frantically waved his red flag as we flew by. Jack shut off, reversed, applied the air-brake, and blew a blast on his whistle that made that freight crew's hair stand on end. Their engine was squarely out on the track ahead of us, backing over.

The engineer pulled his throttle wide open in the effort to get across, but he hadn't time. We hit her right on the back drive; both engines rolled over on their sides, and both engineers and firemen were thrown out of their cabs and rolled around the yard. Luckily no one was seriously injured, though several passengers were bruised and cut by flying glass, and the tracks were pretty well torn up.

While Jack and I were busy getting the fire out of our engine, the conductor went up to the telegraph office and reported the wreck, and inside of an hour a new train was backed down on one of the yard tracks, our passengers and baggage transferred, and we went on. Next day all hands were called to the office, and from the mass of lies we told the superintendent sifted the truth. The conductor, engineer, and flagman of the freight were discharged at once, and Jack was suspended.

After he had loafed over thirty days and heard nothing from the superintendent, he called on the gentleman, and asked what he was going to do with him. The superintendent blazed out wrathfully: "I don't know what to do with you. If the law allowed me to, I'd hang you; a man who would go through a yard as you did ought to be hung." To which Jack replied in righteous indignation: "Well, I wish you'd do something with me. I can't afford to lay round here all summer waiting for you to make up your mind."

"You needn't lay round one minute. Do you understand that? Not one minute."

Jack wasn't discharged—he was too good a man to let go; but after he got back to work he said that if they wanted any more records broken they might get somebody else to do it; he was going to run according to the rules.

ENCOUNTER WITH A RUNAWAY ENGINE.

One evening, just as the conductor gave the signal and we had started from the water-plug, the operator came flying out of his office, waving an order and shouting like mad. We were four minutes late, and as I shouted "whoa" to Jack, I could see that he was mad. But that same four minutes was our salvation; for if we had got away from that station on time, we would have met with a very large surprise party a little later. The operator handed up an order to the effect that engine 96 had run away from —— and was coming east on the west-bound track. That was all, and enough, too; we knew she was coming, heading for us, but how far away she was, or how fast she was coming, we didn't know. It was a time to think and act quickly. Right behind us was an iron bridge eighty feet above the rocky bed of a mountain stream; an eighth of a mile beyond the bridge was a cross-over switch. As there was no siding on our track, our only way was to back over this. Although we were tolerably sure that there was nothing coming behind us on our track, still it is a grave violation of the rules to back up without first sending a flag back to protect you. There was nothing else for it, however, so Jack, shouting to the operator to hold everything east-bound, as he was going to back over, commenced backing right away, telling me to notify the conductor and get back on the engine as quickly as possible.

When I got back, he told me to watch out ahead, and if I saw her coming, to sing out, so as we could get off if she was coming too fast. It was an anxious moment; the rear brakeman was giving the signal, and when we got near the switch it was necessary to slack up so he could get off, unlock, and open it. I don't suppose that switch had been used much; that was the only time I ever saw it used. And passenger brakemen are proverbially slow at such matters, for they hate to soil their white hands and good clothes. It seemed as if he would never get it open. Jack had to come to a full stop to keep from running over it, and I could hear him muttering curses on the unfortunate brakeman, who, I have no doubt, was doing his level best and at last got the switch open. Then it appeared that the conductor had not had sufficient forethought to send another man to the other one; but the same fellow had to go and fumble with it, calling forth more anathemas from us. At last we got the welcome signal to back up, and he gave her a jerk back that made all the passengers bob their heads. The way we went over those cross-over switches was a flagrant violation of all railroad precedent, but we got across all right, and I jumped off and closed the head switch.

"Now, let her come!" said Jack.

It was getting dark. We got off and walked up to the station to find out as many particulars as we could. All the agent knew was that she had passed the first station, eight miles out, in less than seven minutes after it was discovered that she had gone off on her own hook. As she

should have passed by some time ago at that rate of going, we judged that she had either slowed up or ditched herself, and Jack and I were arguing the advisability of asking permission to cut our engine loose and run down on the opposite track in search of her, when a chorus of "Here she comes!" from the crowd of passengers and countrymen who had gathered at the station called our attention to the track.

It was a strange and weird sight that met our gaze. The crowd stood silent and breathless as she passed. She had slowed down to about twenty miles per hour, and as she was hooked up to within one short notch of the center, the steam had gone down, and her cylinder cocks were open, and there was no perceptible exhaust from the stack, but only a slight phit! phit! from the cylinder cocks, as she loomed up in the dusk. Big, black, and indistinct she crept up to us, all hands drawing back as though she was something uncanny. Not a sound of whistle or bell heralded her approach; not a glimmer of light showed her the way; but like an apparition she appeared to us for an instant, and was gone; swallowed up in the night so quickly and silently that we could hardly believe our own eyes.

For an instant we stood like a lot of dummies, looking at the blackness where she had been; then Jack broke the spell by calling to the conductor to cut our engine off and open the switches, saying that as she was so nearly out of steam we could easily catch her and bring her back. So we crossed over and started after her, and this was a ticklish job. As we were backing, our headlight didn't show, while she had no lights at all, and no man could tell where she might stop or leave the track; so it was a case of guess. If we ran too slow, we might chase her for miles; or we might run into her unexpectedly at any moment, wrecking both tenders.

A brakeman and myself stood on the rear of our tender, holding lanterns aloft, and watching with all our eyes, while the conductor rode in my side of the cab, unconsciously ringing the bell as if to warn her not to get herself run down. We went carefully around the curve and up a slight grade, and—there she stood, spent, her picnicking done. We towed her back to the yard, I dumped what remained of her fire, and we went on.

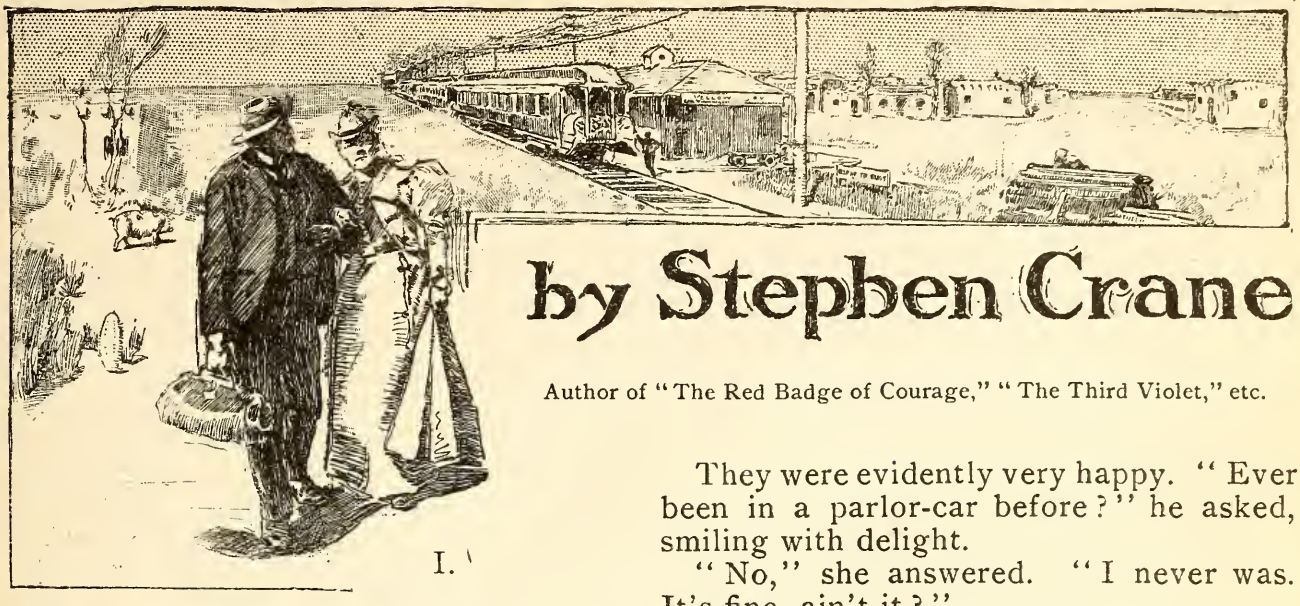
Now what do you suppose caused that engine to run away? A weak throttle latch-spring, which had been reported over and over again, and which would have cost to replace probably from three to four cents! Of course it was attended to at once after this? Not at all. I ran her a year afterwards with the same flimsy spring, and I had a set of blocks made to chock her wheels, in order to prevent a recurrence of the adventure while she was in my charge. Why didn't I report it? I did, daily, until I got tired of doing so.

On the evening when she headed us, the hostler had cleaned her fire and backed her down into "the hole"; he was in a hurry,—that was his normal condition. He should have had two helpers, but didn't have any; so he shut her off, pulled the lever up on the center (approximately), and opened the cylinder cocks, thereby complying with the rules. Then he jumped off and went after another engine. The weak spring failed to latch the throttle shut, it worked open a little way, and being light, not yet coaled or watered, she crawled up out of "the hole" in spite of her open cylinder cocks, and started off down the yard. In cleaning the fire a spark had ignited the waste on top of the back driving-box. The blaze attracted the attention of my old friend Pop, who was oiling his engine and talking with a couple of firemen as she passed. Thinking that the hostler was taking her out to the coal-pockets, he shouted: "Hey! yer back drivin'-box is afire." As no one answered, they all looked carefully at her and saw that she was alone. A shout went up,—"That engine's runnin' away!" The fireman of a nearby switch engine leaped to the ground and sprinted after her. In the meantime old 96, having passed all the switches, and got upon the main track, was gaining speed with every revolution of her big drivers. The fireman touched the back of her tank with the tips of his outstretched fingers, and then with a derisive wiggle of her drawhead she glided away.

He was directly in front of the telegraph office when he realized that the race was lost, and rushed into the office, told the operator what had happened, and advised him to tell Wilson, eight miles away, to side-track her. Wilson got the message all right, and started on the run. As he opened the door, a meteor shot by, and glancing up the line, a faint glimpse of the back end of a tender with a big yellow 96 on it, disappearing round the curve in a cloud of dust, told him she had gone.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Hamblen will follow this with a paper relating his experiences as an engineer.

THE BRIDE COMES TO YELLOW SKY.



by Stephen Crane

Author of "The Red Badge of Courage," "The Third Violet," etc.

I.

THE great Pullman was whirling onward with such dignity of motion that a glance from the window seemed simply to prove that the plains of Texas were pouring eastward. Vast flats of green grass, dull-hued spaces of mesquite and cactus, little groups of frame houses, woods of light and tender trees, all were sweeping into the east, sweeping over the horizon, a precipice.

A newly married pair had boarded this coach at San Antonio. The man's face was reddened from many days in the wind and sun, and a direct result of his new black clothes was that his brick-colored hands were constantly performing in a most conscious fashion. From time to time he looked down respectfully at his attire. He sat with a hand on each knee, like a man waiting in a barber's shop. The glances he devoted to other passengers were furtive and shy.

The bride was not pretty, nor was she very young. She wore a dress of blue cashmere, with small reservations of velvet here and there and with steel buttons abounding. She continually twisted her head to regard her puff sleeves, very stiff, straight, and high. They embarrassed her. It was quite apparent that she had cooked, and that she expected to cook, dutifully. The blushes caused by the careless scrutiny of some passengers as she had entered the car were strange to see upon this plain, under-class countenance, which was drawn in placid, almost emotionless lines.

They were evidently very happy. "Ever been in a parlor-car before?" he asked, smiling with delight.

"No," she answered. "I never was. It's fine, ain't it?"

"Great! And then after a while we'll go forward to the diner and get a big lay-out. Finest meal in the world. Charge a dollar."

"Oh, do they?" cried the bride. "Charge a dollar? Why, that's too much —for us—ain't it, Jack?"

"Not this trip, anyhow," he answered bravely. "We're going to go the whole thing."

Later, he explained to her about the trains. "You see, it's a thousand miles from one end of Texas to the other, and this train runs right across it and never stops but four times." He had the pride of an owner. He pointed out to her the dazzling fittings of the coach, and in truth her eyes opened wider as she contemplated the sea-green figured velvet, the shining brass, silver, and glass, the wood that gleamed as darkly brilliant as the surface of a pool of oil. At one end a bronze figure sturdily held a support for a separated chamber, and at convenient places on the ceiling were frescoes in olive and silver.

To the minds of the pair, their surroundings reflected the glory of their marriage that morning in San Antonio. This was the environment of their new estate, and the man's face in particular beamed with an elation that made him appear ridiculous to the negro porter. This individual at times surveyed them from afar with an amused and superior grin. On other occasions he bullied them with skill in ways that did not make it exactly plain to them that they were being bullied. He subtly used all the manners of the most unconquerable kind of snobbery. He op-

pressed them, but of this oppression they had small knowledge, and they speedily forgot that infrequently a number of travelers covered them with stares of derisive enjoyment. Historically there was supposed to be something infinitely humorous in their situation.

"We are due in Yellow Sky at 3.42," he said, looking tenderly into her eyes.

"Oh, are we?" she said, as if she had not been aware of it. To evince surprise at her husband's statement was part of her wifely amiability. She took from a pocket a little silver watch, and as she held it before her and stared at it with a frown of attention, the new husband's face shone.

"I bought it in San Anton' from a friend of mine," he told her gleefully.

"It's seventeen minutes past twelve," she said, looking up at him with a kind of shy and clumsy coquetry. A passenger, noting this play, grew excessively sardonic, and winked at himself in one of the numerous mirrors.

At last they went to the dining-car. Two rows of negro waiters, in glowing white suits, surveyed their entrance with the interest and also the equanimity of men who had been forewarned. The pair fell to the lot of a waiter who happened to feel pleasure in steering them through their meal. He viewed them with the manner of a fatherly pilot, his countenance radiant with benevolence. The patronage, entwined with the ordinary deference, was not plain to them. And yet, as they returned to their coach, they showed in their faces a sense of escape.

To the left, miles down a long purple slope, was a little ribbon of mist where moved the keening Rio Grande. The train was approaching it at an angle, and the apex was Yellow Sky. Presently it was apparent that, as the distance from Yellow Sky grew shorter, the husband became commensurately restless. His brick-red hands were more insistent in their prominence. Occasionally he was even rather absent-minded and far-away when the bride leaned forward and addressed him.

As a matter of truth, Jack Potter was beginning to find the shadow of a deed weigh upon him like a leaden slab. He, the town marshal of Yellow Sky, a man known, liked, and feared in his corner, a prominent person, had gone to San Antonio to meet a girl he believed he loved, and there, after the usual prayers, had actually induced her to marry him, without consulting Yellow Sky for any part of the transaction. He was now bringing his bride before an innocent and unsuspecting community.

Of course, people in Yellow Sky married as it pleased them, in accordance with a general custom; but such was Potter's thought of his duty to his friends, or of their idea of his duty, or of an unspoken form which does not control men in these matters, that he felt he was heinous. He had committed an extraordinary crime. Face to face with this girl in San Antonio, and spurred by his sharp impulse, he had gone headlong over all the social hedges. At San Antonio he was like a man hidden in the dark. A knife to sever any friendly duty, any form, was easy to his hand in that remote city. But the hour of Yellow Sky, the hour of daylight, was approaching.

"He sat with a hand on each knee, like a man waiting in a barber's shop."

He knew full well that his marriage was an important thing to his town. It could only be exceeded by the burning of the new hotel. His friends could not forgive him. Frequently he had reflected on the advisability of telling them by telegraph, but a new cowardice had been upon him.

"— and at the moment that the old man fell down stairs with the bureau in his arms, the old woman was coming up with two scuttles of coal, and, of course—"

He feared to do it. And now the train was hurrying him toward a scene of amazement, glee, and reproach. He glanced out of the window at the line of haze swinging slowly in towards the train.

Yellow Sky had a kind of brass band, which played painfully, to the delight of the populace. He laughed without heart as he thought of it. If the citizens could dream of his prospective arrival with his bride, they would parade the band at the station and escort them, amid cheers and laughing congratulations, to his adobe home.

He resolved that he would use all the devices of speed and plains-craft in making the journey from the station to his house. Once within that safe citadel, he could issue some sort of a vocal bulletin, and then not go among the citizens until they had time to wear off a little of their enthusiasm.

The bride looked anxiously at him. "What's worrying you, Jack?"

He laughed again. "I'm not worrying, girl. I'm only thinking of Yellow Sky."

She flushed in comprehension.

A sense of mutual guilt invaded their minds and developed a finer tenderness. They looked at each other with eyes softly aglow. But Potter often laughed the same nervous laugh. The flush upon the bride's face seemed quite permanent.

The traitor to the feelings of Yellow Sky narrowly watched the speeding landscape. "We're nearly there," he said.

Presently the porter came and announced the proximity of Potter's home. He held a brush in his hand and, with all his airy superiority gone, he brushed Potter's new clothes as the latter slowly turned this way and that way. Potter fumbled out a coin and gave it to the porter, as he had seen others do. It was a heavy and muscle-bound business, as that of a man shoeing his first horse.

The porter took their bag, and as the train began to slow they moved forward to the hooded platform of the car. Presently the two engines and their long string of coaches rushed into the station of Yellow Sky.

"They have to take water here," said Potter, from a constricted throat and in mournful cadence, as one announcing death. Before the train stopped, his eye had swept the length of the platform, and he was glad and astonished to see there was none upon it but the station-agent, who, with a slightly hurried and anxious air, was walking toward the water-tanks. When the train had halted, the porter

alighted first and placed in position a little temporary step.

"Come on, girl," said Potter hoarsely. As he helped her down they each laughed on a false note. He took the bag from the negro, and bade his wife cling to his arm. As they slunk rapidly away, his hang-dog glance perceived that they were unloading the two trunks, and also that the station-agent far ahead near the baggage-car had turned and was running toward him, making gestures. He laughed, and groaned as he laughed, when he noted the first effect of his marital bliss upon Yellow Sky. He gripped his wife's arm firmly to his side, and they fled. Behind them the porter stood chuckling fatuously.

Jack Potter.

II.

The California Express on the Southern Railway was due at Yellow Sky in twenty-one minutes. There were six men at the bar of the "Weary Gentleman" saloon. One was a drummer who talked a great deal and rapidly; three were Texans who did not care to talk at that time; and two were Mexican sheep-herders who did not talk as a general practice in the "Weary Gentleman" saloon. The barkeeper's dog lay on the board walk that crossed in front of the door. His head was on his paws, and he glanced drowsily here and there with the constant vigilance of a dog that is kicked on occasion. Across the sandy street were some vivid green grass plots, so wonderful in appearance amid the sands that burned near them in a blazing sun that they caused a doubt in the mind. They exactly resembled the grass mats used to represent lawns on the stage. At the cooler end of the railway station a man without a coat sat in a tilted chair and smoked his pipe. The fresh-cut bank of the Rio Grande circled near the town, and there could be seen beyond it a great, plum-colored plain of mesquite.

Scratchy Wilson.

Save for the busy drummer and his companions in the saloon, Yellow Sky was dozing. The new-comer leaned gracefully upon the bar, and recited many tales with the confidence of a bard who has come upon a new field.

"——and at the moment that the old man fell down stairs with the bureau in his arms, the old woman was coming up with two scuttles of coal, and, of course——"

The drummer's tale was interrupted by a young man who suddenly appeared in the open door. He cried: "Scratchy Wilson's drunk, and has turned loose with both hands." The two Mexicans at once set down their glasses and faded out of the rear entrance of the saloon.

The drummer, innocent and jocular, answered: "All right, old man. S'pose he has. Come in and have a drink, anyhow."

But the information had made such an obvious cleft in every skull in the room that the drummer was obliged to see its importance. All had become instantly solemn. "Say," said he, mystified, "what is this?" His three companions made the introductory gesture of eloquent speech, but the young man at the door forestalled them.

"It means, my friend," he answered, as he came into the saloon, "that for the next two hours this town won't be a health resort."

The barkeeper went to the door and locked and barred it. Reaching out of the window, he pulled in heavy wooden shutters and barred them. Immediately a solemn, chapel-like gloom was upon the place. The drummer was looking from one to another.

"But, say," he cried, "what is this, anyhow? You don't mean there is going to be a gun-fight?"

"Don't know whether there'll be a fight or not," answered one man grimly. "But there'll be some shootin'—some good shootin'."

The young man who had warned them waved his hand. "Oh, there'll be a fight fast enough, if anyone wants it. Anybody

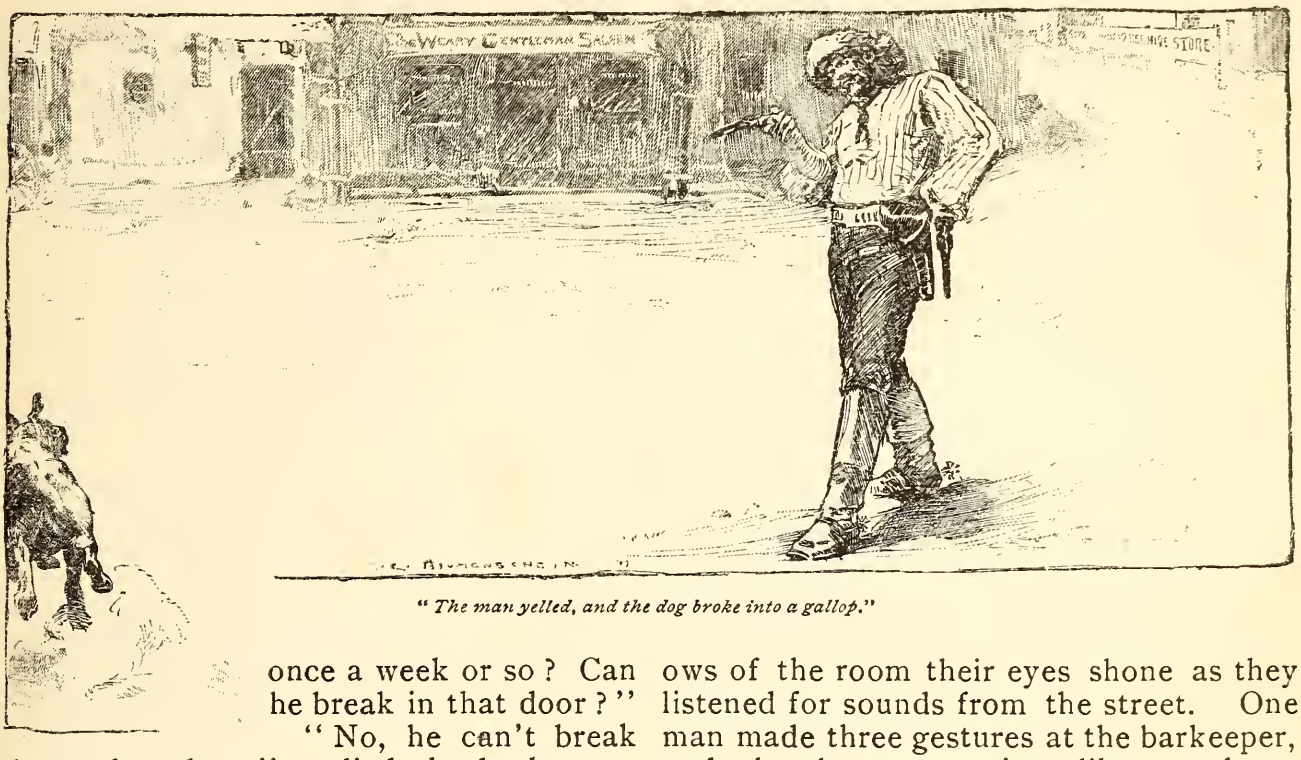
can get a fight out there in the street. There's a fight just waiting."

The drummer seemed to be swayed between the interest of a foreigner and a perception of personal danger.

"What did you say his name was?" he asked.

"Scratchy Wilson," they answered in chorus.

"And will he kill anybody? What are you going to do? Does this happen often? Does he rampage around like this once a week or so? Can he break in that door?"



"The man yelled, and the dog broke into a gallop."

"No, he can't break down that door," replied the barkeeper. "He's tried it three times. But when he comes you'd better lay down on the floor, stranger. He's dead sure to shoot at it, and a bullet may come through."

Thereafter the drummer kept a strict eye upon the door. The time had not yet been called for him to hug the floor, but, as a minor precaution, he sidled near to the wall. "Will he kill anybody?" he said again.

The men laughed low and scornfully at the question.

"He's out to shoot, and he's out for trouble. Don't see any good in experimentin' with him."

"But what do you do in a case like this? What do you do?"

A man responded: "Why, he and Jack Potter——"

"But," in chorus, the other men interrupted, "Jack Potter's in San Anton'."

"Well, who is he? What's he got to do with it?"

"Oh, he's the town marshal. He goes out and fights Scratchy when he gets on one of these tears."

"Wow," said the drummer, mopping his brow. "Nice job he's got."

The voices had toned away to mere whisperings. The drummer wished to ask further questions which were born of an increasing anxiety and bewilderment; but when he attempted them, the men merely looked at him in irritation and motioned him to remain silent. A tense waiting hush was upon them. In the deep shadows of the room their eyes shone as they listened for sounds from the street. One man made three gestures at the barkeeper, and the latter, moving like a ghost, handed him a glass and a bottle. The man poured a full glass of whisky, and set down the bottle noiselessly. He gulped the whisky in a swallow, and turned again toward the door in immovable silence. The drummer saw that the barkeeper, without a sound, had taken a Winchester from beneath the bar. Later he saw this individual beckoning to him, so he tiptoed across the room.

"You better come with me back of the bar."

"No, thanks," said the drummer, perspiring. "I'd rather be where I can make a break for the back door."

Whereupon the man of bottles made a kindly but peremptory gesture. The drummer obeyed it, and finding himself seated on a box with his head below the level of the bar, balm was laid upon his soul at sight of various zinc and copper fittings that bore a resemblance to armor-plate. The barkeeper took a seat comfortably upon an adjacent box.

"You see," he whispered, "this here Scratchy Wilson is a wonder with a gun—a perfect wonder—and when he goes on the war trail, we hunt our holes—naturally. He's about the last one of the old gang that used to hang out along the river here. He's a terror when he's drunk. When he's sober he's all right—kind of simple—wouldn't hurt a fly—nicest fellow in town. But when he's drunk—whoo!"

There were periods of stillness. "I wish Jack Potter was back from San Anton'," said the barkeeper. "He shot Wilson up once—in the leg—and he would sail in and pull out the kinks in this thing."

Presently they heard from a distance the sound of a shot, followed by three wild yowls. It instantly removed a bond from the men in the darkened saloon. There was a shuffling of feet. They looked at each other. "Here he comes," they said.

III.

A MAN in a maroon-colored flannel shirt, which had been purchased for purposes of decoration and made, principally, by some Jewish women on the east side of New York, rounded a corner and walked into the middle of the main street of Yellow Sky. In either hand the man held a long, heavy, blue-black revolver. Often he yelled, and these cries rang through a semblance of a deserted village, shrilly flying over the roofs in a volume that seemed to have no relation to the ordinary vocal strength of a man. It was as if the surrounding stillness formed the arch of a tomb over him. These cries of ferocious challenge rang against walls of silence. And his boots had red tops with gilded imprints, of the kind beloved in winter by little sledding boys on the hillsides of New England.

The man's face flamed in a rage begot of whisky. His eyes, rolling and yet keen for ambush, hunted the still doorways and windows. He walked with the creeping movement of the midnight cat. As it occurred to him, he roared menacing information. The long revolvers in his hands were as easy as straws; they were moved with an electric swiftness. The little fingers of each hand played sometimes in a musician's way. Plain from the low collar of the shirt, the cords of his neck straightened and sank, straightened and sank, as passion moved him. The only sounds were his terrible invitations. The calm adobes preserved their demeanor at the passing of this small thing in the middle of the street.

There was no offer of fight; no offer of fight. The man called to the sky. There were no attractions. He bellowed and fumed and swayed his revolvers here and everywhere.

The dog of the barkeeper of the "Weary Gentleman" saloon had not appreciated the advance of events. He yet lay dozing in front of his master's door. At sight of the dog, the man paused and raised his revolver humorously. At sight of the man, the dog sprang up and walked diagonally away, with a sullen head, and growling. The man yelled, and the dog broke into a gallop. As it was about to enter an alley, there was a loud noise, a whistling, and something spat the ground directly before it. The dog screamed, and, wheeling in terror, galloped headlong in a new direction. Again there was a noise, a whistling, and sand was kicked viciously before it. Fear-stricken, the dog turned and flurried like an animal in a pen. The man stood laughing, his weapons at his hips.

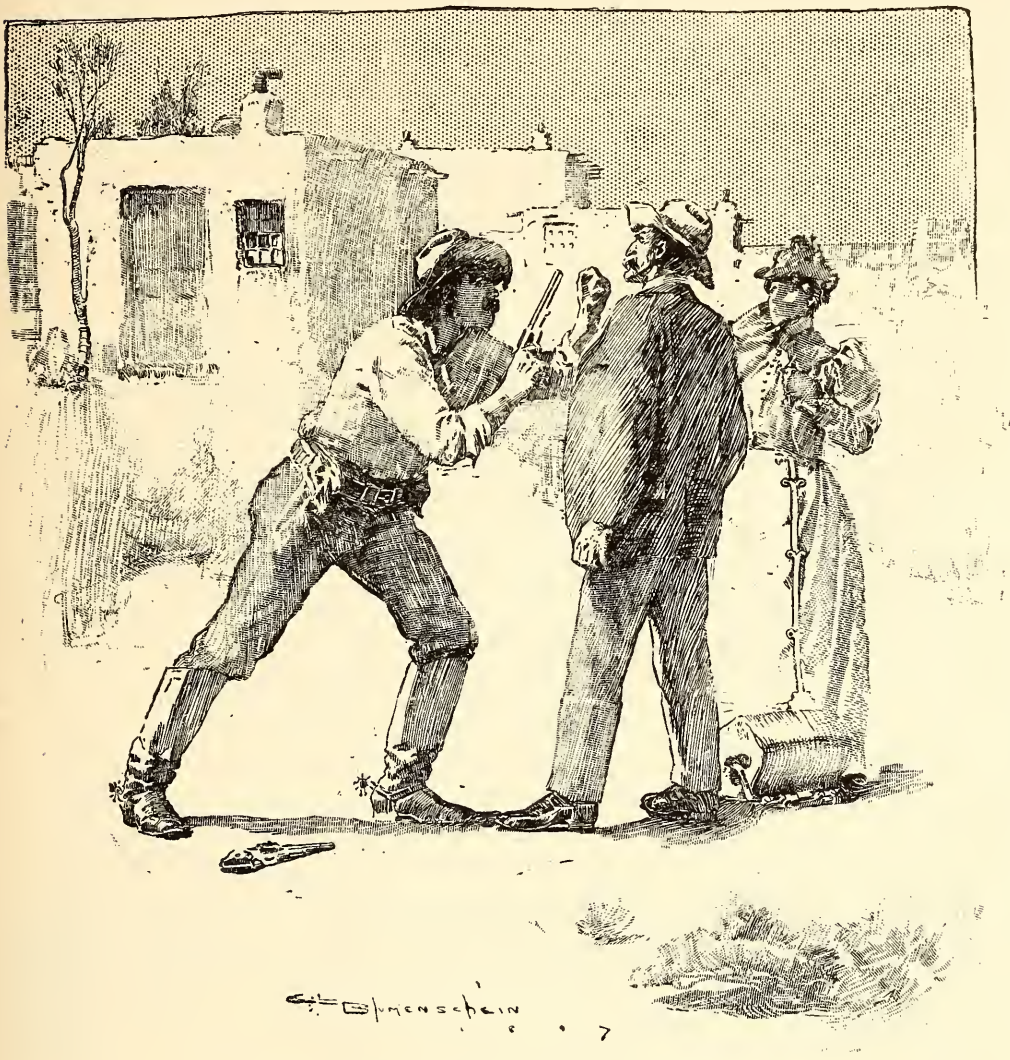
Ultimately the man was attracted by the closed door of the "Weary Gentleman" saloon. He went to it, and hammering with a revolver, demanded drink.

The door remaining imperturbable, he picked a bit of paper from the walk and nailed it to the framework with a knife. He then turned his back contemptuously upon this popular resort, and walking to the opposite side of the street, and spinning there on his heel quickly and lithely, fired at the bit of paper. He missed it by a half inch. He swore at himself, and went away. Later, he comfortably fusilladed the windows of his most intimate friend. The man was playing with this town. It was a toy for him.

But still there was no offer of fight. The name of Jack Potter, his ancient antagonist, entered his mind, and he concluded that it would be a glad thing if he should go to Potter's house and by bombardment induce him to come out and fight. He moved in the direction of his desire, chanting Apache scalp-music.

When he arrived at it, Potter's house presented the same still front as had the other adobes. Taking up a strategic position, the man howled a challenge. But this house regarded him as might a great stone god. It gave no sign. After a decent wait, the man howled further challenges, mingling with them wonderful epithets.

Presently there came the spectacle of a man churning himself into deepest rage over the immobility of a house. He fumed at it as the winter wind attacks a prairie cabin in the North. To the distance there should have gone the sound of a tumult like the fighting of 200 Mexicans. As necessity bade him, he paused for breath or to reload his revolvers.



"I ain't got a gun on me, Scratchy, . . . Honest, I ain't."

IV.

POTTER and his bride walked sheepishly and with speed. Sometimes they laughed together shamefacedly and low.

"Next corner, dear," he said finally.

They put forth the efforts of a pair walking bowed against a strong wind. Potter was about to raise a finger to point the first appearance of the new home when, as they circled the corner, they came face to face with a man in a maroon-colored shirt who was feverishly pushing cartridges into a large revolver. Upon the instant the man dropped his revolver to the ground, and, like lightning, whipped another from its holster. The second weapon was aimed at the bridegroom's chest.

There was a silence. Potter's mouth seemed to be merely a grave for his tongue. He exhibited an instinct to at once loosen his arm from the woman's grip, and he dropped the bag to the sand. As for the bride, her face had gone as yellow as old cloth. She was a slave to hideous rites gazing at the apparitional snake.

The two men faced each other at a distance of three paces. He of the revolver smiled with a new and quiet ferocity.

"Tried to sneak up on me," he said. "Tried to sneak up on me!" His eyes grew more baleful. As Potter made a slight movement, the man thrust his revolver venomously forward. "No, don't you do it, Jack Potter Don't you move a finger toward a gun just yet. Don't you move an eyelash. The time has come for me to settle with you, and I'm goin' to do it my own way and loaf along with no interferin'. So if you don't want a gun bent on you, just mind what I tell you."

Potter looked at his enemy. "I ain't got a gun on me, Scratchy," he said. "Honest, I ain't." He was stiffening and steadying, but yet somewhere at the back of his mind a vision of the Pullman floated, the sea-green figured velvet, the shining brass, silver, and glass, the wood that gleamed as darkly brilliant as the surface of a pool of oil—all the glory of the marriage, the environment of the new estate. "You know I fight when it comes to fighting, Scratchy Wilson, but I ain't got a gun on me. You'll have to do all the shootin' yourself."

His enemy's face went livid. He stepped forward and lashed his weapon to and fro before Potter's chest. "Don't you tell me you ain't got no gun on you, you whelp. Don't tell me no lie like that. There ain't a man in Texas ever seen you without no gun. Don't take me for no kid." His eyes blazed with light, and his throat worked like a pump.

"I ain't takin' you for no kid," answered Potter. His heels had not moved an inch backward. "I'm takin' you for a ——— fool. I tell you I ain't got a gun, and I ain't. If you're goin' to shoot me up, you better begin now. You'll never get a chance like this again."

So much enforced reasoning had told on Wilson's rage. He was calmer. "If you ain't got a gun, why ain't you got a gun?" he sneered. "Been to Sunday-school?"

"I ain't got a gun because I've just come from San Anton' with my wife. I'm married," said Potter. "And if I'd thought there was going to be any galoots like you prowling around when I brought my wife home, I'd had a gun, and don't you forget it."

"Married!" said Scratchy, not at all comprehending.

"Yes, married. I'm married," said Potter distinctly.

"Married?" said Scratchy. Seemingly for the first time he saw the drooping, drowning woman at the other man's side. "No!" he said. He was like a creature allowed a glimpse of another world. He moved a pace backward, and his arm with the revolver dropped to his side. "Is this the lady?" he asked.

"Yes, this is the lady," answered Potter.

There was another period of silence.

"Well," said Wilson at last, slowly, "I s'pose it's all off now."

"It's all off if you say so, Scratchy. You know I didn't make the trouble." Potter lifted his valise.

"Well, I 'low it's off, Jack," said Wilson. He was looking at the ground. "Married!" He was not a student of chivalry; it was merely that in the presence of this foreign condition he was a simple child of the earlier plains. He picked up his starboard revolver, and placing both weapons in their holsters, he went away. His feet made funnel-shaped tracks in the heavy sand.

"Married!"

EDITORIAL NOTES.

MR. DANA'S NEW VIEW OF MEN AND EVENTS OF THE WAR.

In the chapter of his "Reminiscences" printed in this number, Mr. Dana changes the field of his activities from Vicksburg to Chattanooga. He is the same keen observer and frank reporter as before. On the way he has a curious meeting with Andrew Johnson, which he describes with full appreciation of its picturesqueness; and at his new post he comes into the closest relations with Rosecrans, Thomas, and Garfield. Again his story proves that but for the publication of these "Reminiscences," which Mr. Dana himself regarded so indifferently, most important and interesting parts of the history of the war would never have been told. Indeed, no such contribution has been made to it since the publication of Grant's "Memoirs." Mr. Dana was, as Lincoln said, "the eyes of the government at the front." Whatever these eyes saw, Mr. Dana's pen at once recorded, without distortion or reservation; and Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton placed the greatest dependence on his reports, often shaping their policy regarding the most important matters in accordance with them. "Your telegrams," wrote Mr. Stanton to him on June 5, 1863, when Mr. Dana was reporting from Vicksburg, "are a great obligation, and are looked for with deep interest. I can not thank you as much as I feel for the service you are now rendering." The following passage from a letter written recently to the editor of the Magazine by General James H. Wilson, Mr. Dana's intimate friend during and since the war, shows how close Mr. Dana's acquaintance always was with the men and matters of which he wrote:

"It was my good fortune to serve with the armies Mr. Dana visited as special commissioner. We told him the worst, but the whole truth, of everybody and everything that could be found out, and then showed him the strength and the virtue of Grant, and the vital importance of strengthening his hands and of supporting and assisting him in the great work he had undertaken. We rode thousands of miles together. In his own field of work during the great rebellion he rendered the most valuable service to the government, and especially to the meritorious generals of the army. His services to Grant were, in my judgment, decisive as to his career, inasmuch as they secured for him the unhesitating support of the Secretary of War and the President at a time when, if it had gone against him, his career must have ended. He was not merely a commissioner to headquarters, but was willing at every cost and every risk, whether of death in battle or capture by the enemy, to go with me to see and learn for himself. No government was ever more ably or gallantly represented than ours was by Charles A. Dana, and the worthy men of the army never had a better friend or a more earnest advocate than he was. Finally, he enjoyed the absolute respect and confidence of every surviving officer of merit who came in contact with him in the days of the rebellion.

"His reminiscences cannot fail to be a most valuable contribution to the history of the period in which he played such an important part, and I congratulate McClure's Magazine on its good fortune in obtaining them."

Colonel A. K. McClure, editor of the Philadelphia "Times," is another man who was thoroughly acquainted with Mr. Dana and his work during the war. We received from him, on the first announcement of Mr. Dana's papers, the following note:

"I am delighted to notice that you have got from Dana some chapters on his connection with the War Department during the Civil War. He is the one man who knows most about the inside war movements and has said least of all the men connected with the government, and I have many times urged him to write his recollections."

A MEMORIAL EDITION OF THE WORKS OF HENRY GEORGE.

The friends of the late Henry George have felt that the best monument that could be raised to his memory would be a fine and dignified edition of his works, one which would preserve his writings in lasting and fitting form. Such an edition has now been undertaken by Mr. George's publishers, the Doubleday and McClure Co., in coöperation with Mrs. George. Besides the books already published and "The Science of Political Economy" (the last work written by Mr. George), the edition will include a volume of hitherto uncollected miscellaneous writings and the authorized biography, the latter to be written by Mr. George's son, Mr. Henry George, Jr. There will be ten volumes in all (printed by the DeVinne Press), with several photogravure portraits, etc., including a fine reproduction of the bust by Richard F. George. Only 1,000 sets will be issued, each one numbered.

"THE POET NANSEN."

A recent article in the Chicago "Inter-Ocean" bearing the above title says: "Certain words and phrases will cling tenaciously in the memory of thousands who have heard Dr. Nansen recount the thrilling story of his expedition as evidence of the poetic strain in the hardy scientific explorer.

"The inspiring ring with which he pronounced 'Forward' as the English translation of the name of his ship gave an uplift to his auditors. Then, when the company feared lest the ice pressure would crush the good ship's sides and so slept upon the ice, there was a wealth of suggestion in the simple statement: 'But the ship was stronger than our faith in her.' No picture of the solemn white stillness of the North could be more vivid than the words, 'The peace of a thousand years rests there.'

"A climax to the stirring story was the motto, fit for all humanity, or to be graven in stone at the base of a statue to the son of the vikings: 'To struggle and seek, to find, and never to yield.'"

HENRY GEORGE'S LAST BOOK.

By Hamlin Garland.

IT is unfortunate that the necessary title of this last great book by a great teacher of justice and humanity in the world should sound so like the names of the books which it will supersede. "The Science of Political Economy" is not a taking title; but let no one mistake. As "Progress and Poverty" delighted men with its clearness, eloquence, and lofty spirit, so will this final work affect its readers.

It has great elements. It is, first of all, a profoundly religious book—religious in the broadest and purest sense, and the first part is taken up with a discussion of man in the universe, of civilization, its cause and what it should be. This section has the noblest quality. The second element of greatness in the work is its fearlessness. It shows no evasions. Nothing is miscalled out of respect to conventions. It is forthright, searching, and utterly candid. If all the world loves a fight, here is the basis of a keen controversy. Mr. George levels his lance at every confident economist, but is never ill-humored, and his opponents will do well if they emulate him in the manner of his joust.

A third element of strength lies in the perfect clarity of his statement. He pierces quite to the fundamental simplicity of things. Having no master to serve and only the true God to worship, he finds the world less complicate than certain professors of political economy who are component parts of some institution held it to be. He points out, kindly, how a man is too often warped in his judgment by surroundings; how, indeed, the whole "science" of social economics has been rendered false or evasive at the most vital points by the pressure of institutionalism. A science of political economy was not possible so long as writers apologized for human slavery; so now it is impossible so long as the injustice of private ownership of public values is ignored or openly condoned.

It is a great book by reason also of its research. It shows the most conscientious and catholic reading. Mr. George pored faithfully over the huge tomes of most evasive and apologetic "masters." He sets their confused and confusing terms over against each other, and if he smiles at the end, we can hardly help smiling with him. If schoolmen cannot agree on the three words, *wealth*, *capital*, and *value*, how shall they agree on theories? No wonder the world wanders darkling while its leaders grope.

Henry George is the natural reasoner. He starts with the world of natural things and man. He moves from the simple to the complex, naturally. He appeals to the common sense of his readers. He is not engaged in showing his learning, his orthodoxy; he is seeking the simple solution which lies at the bottom of the problem. He wishes to enlighten, to convince, to do justice, and so a mighty power goes out from his writings. His aim is truth; his standard, justice. The ranked power of the world could not daunt him when he walked the earth, and all the powers visible and invisible cannot prevail against the spirit of his message of light.

The book is less of a fragment than has been supposed. Taken in connection with "Progress and Poverty," the omissions will scarcely be observable to the reader. It is a noble book. As I read it I seem to hear his voice once more and see his face glow and lighten as in the days when his presence on the platform was a menace to every wrong, a terror to every tyranny, and the hope of every robbed and cheated man who faced him. He made the world better. He fought unremittingly till his slight material self gave way. Now here are his books—including the last and greatest of them all. They and the men he inspired must carry forward his work.

"If political economy is a science—and if not, it is hardly worth the while of earnest men to bother themselves with it—it must follow the rules of science, and seek in natural law the causes of the phenomena which it investigates. It is concerned with the permanent, not the transient; with the laws of nature, not with the laws of man."

"Injustice cannot live where justice rules. If there can be no poor in the kingdom of heaven, clearly there can be no rich."

"And so it is utterly impossible in this or in any other conceivable world to abolish unjust poverty, without at the same time abolishing unjust possessions. This is a hard word to those who would like to get on the good side of God without angering the devil, but it is a true word nevertheless."

Injustice will find a most formidable force in Henry George's "Science of Political Economy."

Drawn by Charles Dana Gibson.

"Diving into his pocket, I got the letter." See page 458.

"RUPERT OF HENTZAU," CHAPTER IX.

McClure's Magazine.

Vol. X. MARCH, 1898. No. 5.

[*THE GENERAL MANAGER'S STORY.*]

ADVENTURES OF A FREIGHT ENGINEER.

A NARRATIVE OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

By Herbert E. Hamblen ("Fred. B. Williams"), Author of "On Many Seas."

WEARING OUT A NEW ENGINE IN ONE TRIP.—A MIRACULOUS RUN DOWN A MOUNTAIN.—FIFTY-TWO HOURS ON THE ROAD WITHOUT REST.

Illustrated with Drawings from Life by W. D. Stevens.

WE had been having very poor coal; nearly all trains were losing some time, and the master mechanic had firemen "on the carpet" daily, jacking them up for a week or ten days, on account of their inability to make steam with material which, however suitable for roadbed ballast, was never intended by the Almighty for fuel. Owing to the expert skill of my engineer, I had not yet been put through that ordeal; we had managed to crawl in on time every day. But it was all we could do; an extra car or a hard-hauling train would surely have dumped us. Finally we made our first break, and it was a bad one. I couldn't keep her hot to save my soul. Jack favored her, and helped me all he could, but it was no use; she would lag in spite of all that I could do. I was ashamed and mad clean through, for we dropped twenty minutes.

Twenty minutes on the limited, and every minute of it for the want of steam! I foresaw a very interesting interview with the master mechanic when I should get back; my pride was hurt. I had been the only fireman so far who had not "dropped his bundle," and now I had done worse than any of them. I feared that I should be taken off the train altogether; suspended I knew I should be, possibly for thirty days. So it was with a heavy heart that I fired the old engine back, for I knew that excuses, however valid, didn't go with the "old man," his invariable reply to all such being, "That don't make any difference." I believe he would have said that if you had told him that the reason you didn't make time was because you lost all the wheels off the engine, and the way he said it was extremely aggravating; for he was boss, and it would do no good to talk back.

When we got to the round-house, my heart sank as I saw the foreman approaching me, looking grave, as though he didn't half like the errand he was on; for I had always been rather a favorite with him, and an example to be held up to the other firemen.

"The old man wants to see you in the office," said he.

"All right."

He was standing with his back to me, looking out the window, when I entered, but turned at once, and said:

"Well, sir?"

I told him I had been ordered to report to him.

"Oh, yes," said he; "freight is picking up now, and since Mr. Kimball's death we are rather short-handed; do you think you can run an engine?"

Heavens and earth, promotion! This was an agreeable surprise, with a vengeance. I knew the stereotyped question,

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"Do you think you can run an engine?" I had heard so many of the boys tell of it as part of their experience when they were promoted, and I knew, too, the stereotyped answer: "I dunno, sir; I never tried." I had always promised myself that when it came my turn to answer the all-important question I wouldn't say *that* anyhow; so after catching my breath a bit, I answered as bold as brass, "Yes, sir."

"Yes, I have no doubt that you can; I've had my eye on you ever since you came here, and with one or two exceptions your conduct has been very satisfactory."

AN EXAMINATION FOR THE POSITION OF ENGINEER.

He then proceeded to examine me on the locomotive: as to how it was constructed, and what I would do in various emergencies, the idea being to show how in case of a breakdown I would temporarily repair my engine, so as to get the train home with as little delay to the traffic of the road as possible; and although he suggested several mishaps the like of which I had never heard discussed before, I kept my wits about me, and satisfied him that I was to be trusted. He gave me some advice concerning my deportment towards the employees in the other departments of the service, assured me that as long as I was right he would stand by me,—which I am afraid made me open my eyes rather wide, for nobody ever heard of him standing by his men,—and then handing me a note to the train-master, told me to go and pass his examination and hurry back. "For," said he, "I shall want you to go out to-night."

The train-master tangled me up a little once or twice with his conundrums, and I feared I wasn't making a very good showing. He asked, for one question, what I would do if, when running a first-class train on a single-track branch, I had orders to meet and pass another first-class train at the junction of the double-track main line, and on arriving there, found that she had not yet arrived.

I answered that I would wait until she did.

"Suppose she was an hour late?"

"That's none of my business."

"What! would you hold those passengers there an hour with a double track ahead of you?"

I wasn't quite sure, but answered desperately, "Certainly, if I had orders to wait there."

He brought down his fist with a bang on the table, and roared out, "That's right; I want you always to remember that when an order is given to you, it's good until fulfilled, and is to be obeyed. I'll run the trains from here—that's what I'm hired for; I won't have conductors and engineers running trains.

"Now suppose you was running a first-class train, and you got a regardless order to run the opposite track to the next station, what would you do when you got there?"

"Cross back again, and proceed on my rights."

"What rights?"

"My time-table rights."

"Good agin! Some o' these fellers would wait there twenty-four hours for an order to put 'em on the time-table."

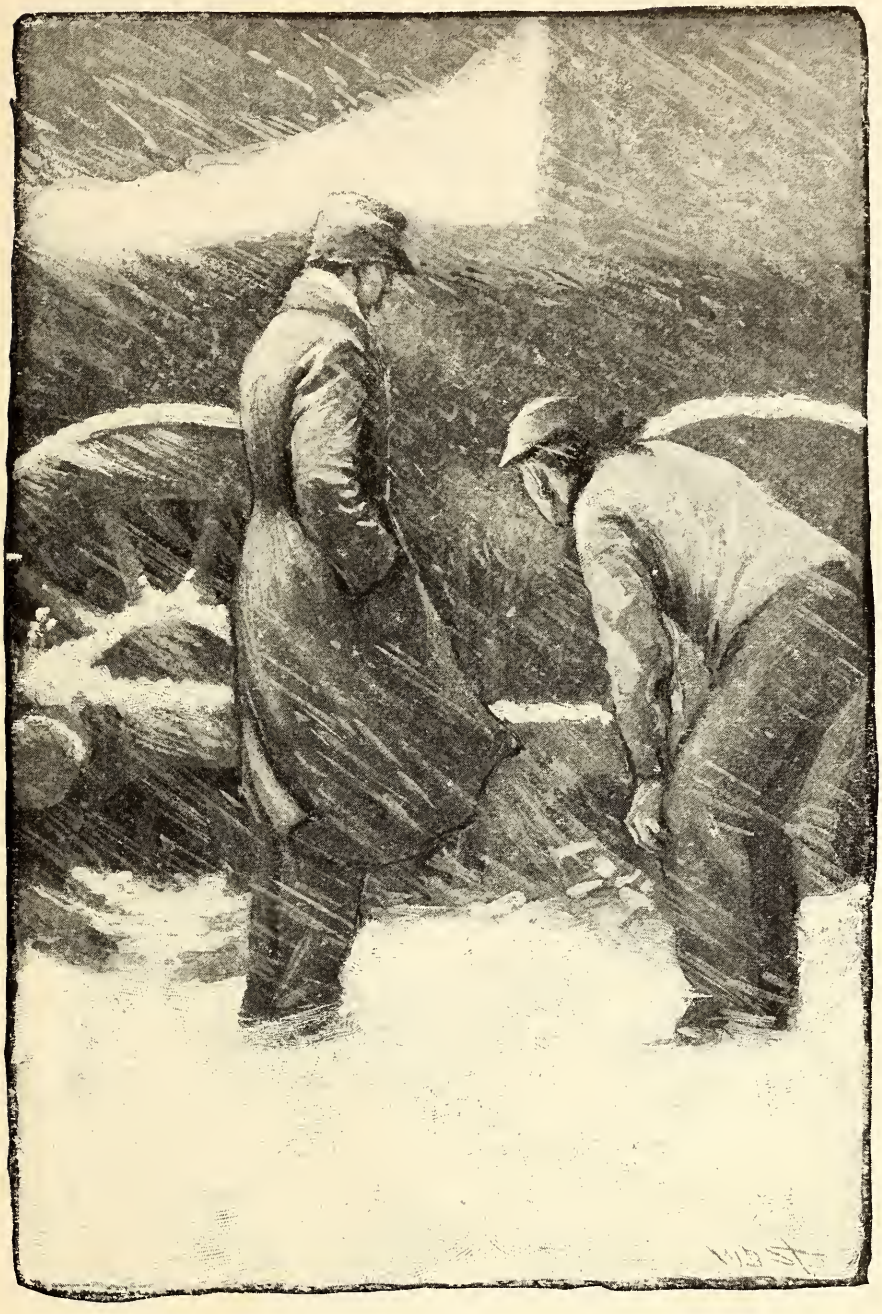
He kept this kind of thing up for a good hour, sometimes puzzling me considerably, but, on the whole, I didn't make any very bad breaks. At last, looking at his watch, he said, "It's dinner time. You can tell Mr. Seely that I'm satisfied."

At last! I had reached the goal for which I had toiled so long and so hard; and when I went back, reported to Mr. Seely, and got orders to take engine 80 at nine P.M., I was the proudest and happiest young fellow in the State.

STOP WHEN FLAGGED, WHATEVER HAPPENS.

It was the first winter after I was promoted; there had been a heavy fall of snow, and I was ordered to couple in ahead of a west-bound passenger train, to help the regular engine drag her through the big drifts. I had a brand-new engine, right out of the shop. It is desired that a locomotive's driving-wheel tires shall make if possible a hundred thousand miles before they are worn out. They become grooved by the wear on the rails, requiring to be turned off in the lathe twice, and occasionally three times. As this turning-off process is equivalent to many miles of legitimate wear, it is to be avoided as long as possible, and as there is always rivalry between the division master mechanics, the engineer who reduces the life of a set of tires is not to be envied. The division superintendent had the snow-plow out, and as it was working on our track, we got an order to run on the east-bound track to the next station, regardless of all opposing

trains, which means that the track was clear for us. The snow-plow crew had a flag out to protect themselves. The flagman heard me blow for a road crossing, and as all the landmarks were obliterated by snow, he was unable to say on which track we were coming, so, to be on the safe side, he flagged us anyway. The snow not being so very deep here, we were coming at a pretty good gait, and when he saw that the engines continued to use steam, he realized that the blinding snow made his signal invisible to the engineer, and jumped to the other side of the track, waving his flag frantically, and yelling at the top of his voice. My fireman happening just then to glance ahead, saw his gymnastics, and judging that collision must be imminent, yelled "Whoa!" and jumped off.



"WE FOUND GROOVES NEARLY A QUARTER OF AN INCH DEEP . . . IN THEM."

As I could see nothing, I shut off, blew brakes to the other engineer, applied my own, and then, as he had not heard me, and was still using steam, shoving me into I knew not what, I whistled to him again, reversed, and gave her sand, he still shoving me ahead as hard as he could.

My driver-brake being set and engine reversed, the big wheels were held stationary as in a vise, while she skated, grating and grinding along on the sanded rails. I knew I was playing havoc with those new tires; but what could I do? I expected every instant to have the end of a car come smashing into my cab. Again and again I blew the brake signal; the grade was in our favor, so that my partner was able to keep them going in spite of me, and he shoved the whole business clear by the snow-plow. Her crew, hearing my signals and seeing my wheels locked, managed to attract his attention, and at last we got stopped.

The superintendent climbed into my cab, and asked me if that fellow flagged me. I told him he did, and explained the whole affair. He understood, and said, "All right; there's no harm done. Go on." But I told him I believed there had been a good deal of harm done, and explained what I had done.

"Blow off brakes and turn her over," said he, "and let's see how she goes."

I did so, and you would have sworn that she had square wheels. When she came to the "flat spots" she seemed to drop a foot and come down on the rails like a house falling over; and then, when she went over them, she would raise herself bodily again as she came up on to the round surface.

"Stop," said the superintendent, "and let's get down and look at these tires."

We found grooves nearly a quarter of

"WHEN WE CAME POUNDING AND BANGING INTO THE YARD AT TEN O'CLOCK THE NEXT DAY, A RECEPTION COMMITTEE . . . WAS AWAITING OUR ARRIVAL."

an inch deep and six or seven inches long in them. After a little consultation the superintendent ordered us to go on slowly to a junction ten miles ahead, where another engine could be procured to help the train, while I should ask for orders to dead-head home.

"And don't you run this train over six miles an hour," said he, "or you'll break all the rails and knock down all the bridges between here and M——."

I ventured to remark that I supposed I was done.

"What for?" said he, looking at me in evident surprise.

"For gouging those new tires," said I.

"No, sir; you're not done for that. You got a flag, didn't you?"

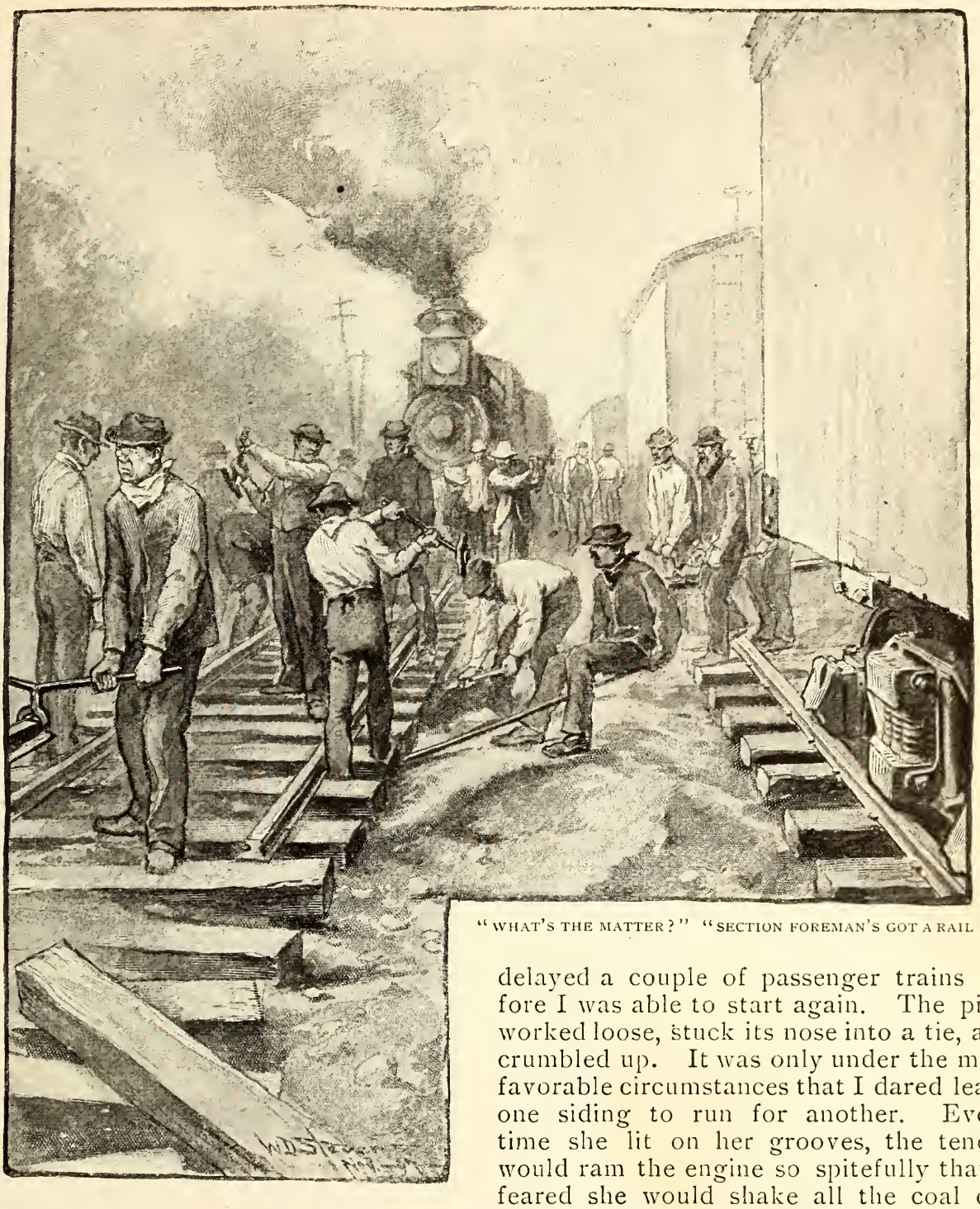
"Yes, sir."

"Well, let me tell you one thing. While I'm superintendent of this division, if you ever fail to use every means in your power to stop when you are flagged, I'll discharge you. These engines are to be used in two ways—to haul the trains, and to help stop them when necessary. I wouldn't care if you'd tied a hard knot in her, as long as it was done in an effort to stop when flagged. Go on now, an' get out o' here."

A ROUGH RIDE TO AN UNJUST DISCHARGE.

My fireman having returned, we started again, and of all the tough riding I ever did, the worst was done on that engine before I got her back to the yard. I used all the spare nuts and bolts that we had on both engines, replacing what she shook out and broke off before we got to M——. Then I gathered up all I could find in the round-house, and the fireman and I got

under her and riveted all the bolts down so the nuts couldn't get off; and having received orders to return "wild," we started. It was only thirty miles, but it was the longest and worst ride by all odds that I ever experienced; and I don't believe there are a dozen railroad men in the country that ever went through a similar experience—the antics that she cut up when coupled to the train were not a mark to her actions now.



"WHAT'S THE MATTER?" "SECTION FOREMAN'S GOT A RAIL UP."

We tied the bell fast "on the center." Before we had gone a mile, the sand-box cover left us somewhere, and before we had covered half the distance, the stack and head-lamp were both tied fast on the back of the tender. The whistle pipe broke short off in the dome, and before I got the hole plugged with a piece of broomstick, she had blown her steam down to thirty pounds; and as the injector would only work when standing still, I delayed a couple of passenger trains before I was able to start again. The pilot worked loose, stuck its nose into a tie, and crumbled up. It was only under the most favorable circumstances that I dared leave one siding to run for another. Every time she lit on her grooves, the tender would ram the engine so spitefully that I feared she would shake all the coal out of the gangways before we got home, for the fireman was about as badly used up as I was, and hadn't ambition enough to try to keep it back.

We were all night on the road, and when we came pounding and banging into the yard at ten o'clock the next day, a reception committee, composed of the master mechanic and every man in the department under him who could

possibly get there, was awaiting our arrival.

Within ten feet of where I intended to stop, the coupling-pin of the tender broke, and on her next leap ahead she tore loose from safety-chains and feed-hoses, leaving it behind. I got down the best way I could; for besides being killed, I was starved to death; and telling the round-house foreman he had better get the fire out of her, as the water was rather low in the boiler, I started to look her over, but seeing a broken equalizer, and immediately afterwards a break in the frame, I gave it up, and simply wrote on the slip, "Engine 207 wants to go in the back shop," filed my report, and went home. I stayed home two days, recuperating, and when I returned, I found an order in the engineer's box for me to call at the office and get my time.

I met the master mechanic coming out as I was going in. He didn't even look at me, but I called him by name, and asked why I was discharged. He stopped, looked at me a moment in superlative contempt, and said:

"I don't know, I'm sure. I don't see how this company can afford to dispense with the services of such a valuable man as you are."

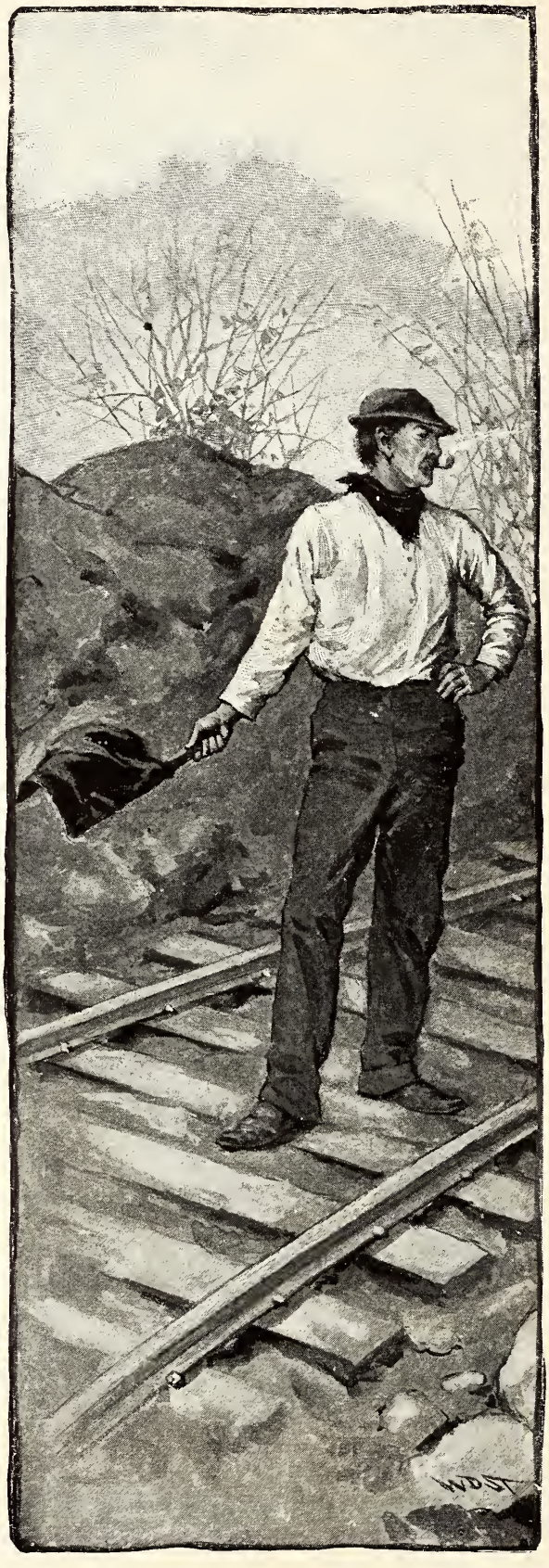
I said no more to him, but went at once to the superintendent's office. Fortunately, I found him in, and, for a wonder, unoccupied. When I presented myself, he looked up inquiringly, and without a word I laid the bill of my time on his desk. He looked at it, and said, "Well, what's wrong with this? Isn't your account all right?"

"Oho!" thought I, "he sings a different tune from what he did the other day." So I reminded him that he had promised me that I should not be discharged for what I had done.

"I don't know that you are discharged for that," said he, coldly, as he handed me back my bill; "what did Mr. Seely say he discharged you for?"

I told him the answer Mr. Seely had made to my request for information, and he promised to inquire into it, saying that he would be as good as his word and that I should not be discharged on that account. I asked him when I might expect to hear from him, and he said he couldn't tell, was very busy just now, but as soon as he had time.

I waited in suspense three weeks, and as it would soon be pay-day, I thought I had better find out if I was to sign the pay-roll for the last time or not. So again I called on the gentleman, and he told



"I SAW AHEAD OF ME A MAN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE TRACK, LANGUIDLY WAVING A RED FLAG."

me, with a surprised look, that he had sanctioned my discharge ten days ago. He said the master mechanic reported that I brought the engine in a total wreck and

absented myself two days without leave, all of which I was obliged to admit; and as he considered that sufficient, I was graciously allowed to depart, with my hopes and aspirations suffering from a severe frost.

MERCY FROM THE GENERAL MANAGER.

As I was walking down the office stairs, I contrasted the superintendent's and master mechanic's manners with those of the general manager. I remembered that he had said to us, "Employees shall certainly have the right of appeal." I had appealed to him once, and got justice; why not try it again? As before, I had all to gain, and nothing to lose, and I would do it. I went to his office at once, and learned that he was out of town. But ten days later I called again. He greeted me with extended hand, and a hearty "Ah! good morning, Mr. M——. Fine morning; what can I do for you?"

I told him as rapidly and clearly as I could the whole story. He listened carefully without once interrupting, and when I had finished, he asked me what I wanted him to do. I was rather nonplussed at that, for I had hoped he would offer to do something himself; so I answered, somewhat sheepishly, that I didn't think I ought to be discharged, as I didn't consider myself to blame for what had happened.

"No," said he, "from your standpoint you certainly are not; but I suppose you know the old saying that one story is good until another is told. Not that I doubt your statement for a moment; but you know your conception of the affair is apt to be colored by your interest. It certainly is a very serious matter for an engineer to take out a brand-new engine and bring her back wrecked; still, it is quite within the bounds of possibility that you are not altogether to blame. I will look over the master mechanic's and superintendent's reports; and if I find that they do not conflict materially with your story, you will hear from me, probably through one or the other of them. Will that be satisfactory?"

Considering that it was all I had hoped to accomplish, I told him that it would indeed; bade him good-by, and withdrew, hope once more springing in my breast.

Two days later, on returning to the boarding-house for dinner, I was informed that the caller had left word that the master mechanic wished to see me in his office; so down I went, wondering what the verdict would be.

"Well, sir," said he when I entered, "have you got rested?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you think you can manage now to double the division with one engine?"

"Well, yes, sir, except under very extraordinary circumstances."

"Better not have any more extraordinary circumstances for a while; they don't pay. I don't believe you are any richer for the last one, and I know the company isn't. And now a word of advice: when you get in a tight place and have an engine with a power brake, don't reverse after setting your brake; or if you think she will hold more with the lever than with the brake, reverse her, and release your brake. When you have done either, you have done all that you can do, and sliding the wheels don't do any good, but just the reverse."

Being in the freight service, I got into those tight places, and experienced those hair-raising accidents, which are the particular property of freight crews. For the passenger trains run on schedule time; the road is theirs on their time; their engines and cars receive the most careful attention; station agents, switchmen, telegraph operators, track-gangs, and watchmen, and, in fact, all employees know when they are due, and look out for them —for to delay a passenger train for any cause is a serious offense; and then, too, the superintendent is apt to be riding on any train, and each and every employee, no matter how lowly his position, firmly believes that the "super" cannot possibly ride over the road without seeing him and noting just how he is performing his duties; so that the passenger trains are well looked out for, and it is very seldom that anything happens to them.

But the poor fellows on freight,—they are the ones that get all the hard knocks. Obliged to pick their way over the road between trains, they have no rights at all; they must get to their destination as soon as possible, or there is trouble; *but* they must not exceed the regular schedule of freight-train speed, no matter how good a chance they may have to do so; they must not run by slow signals faster than the rules allow, nor through yards, nor go by a passenger train at a station, even on the *off* side; and, over and above all things, they must never get themselves, or allow themselves to be put, in such a position that they will have to flag a passenger

train even for an instant. Track repair men and drawbridge tenders all commence to work as soon as the passenger train has gone, when along comes a poor fellow on a freight who has been twenty-four hours on the road and is trying to get home. He has barely time enough to get to the next siding to clear the following passenger train, and here's a red flag.

"What's the matter?"

"Section foreman's got a rail up," or "Drawbridge is open," or "Construction train is plowing off a load of gravel," or, in fact, anything. Consequently the freight, being unable to go, delays the passenger, the freight engineer is called to the super's office, all his explanations go for naught, and he is lucky if he gets off with a jawing and being told that he had no business there right ahead of a first-class train. And these are by no means a hundredth part of the little pleasantnesses that tend to turn a man's hair gray and make him wish he had been born a king.

A "BROKE IN TWO" ON A MOUNTAIN SIDE.

There was on our division a mountain, and the track down this mountain was about seven miles long, and at the top was a tunnel half a mile long, opening out on the down-hill side on a short curve, handy to look back on and see if your train was all together. The road down the mountain was quite crooked, as such places always are, and so steep that to take a train up its entire length without "doubling" was a feat to brag about. Halfway down, and hidden by a curve from both directions, were a station on one side and a freight-house on the other, and nearly all inward-bound trains had cars for the freight-house, which compelled them to cross over the outward-bound track to get to the freight-house siding. The switch to this siding was a "head-on" switch to the outward or down-hill track; and as that place came under the "yard-limit" rule, all freight trains were obliged to come in there dead slow, which they did. Consequently conductors had become careless, and were in the habit of leaving this head-on switch open after they went in, so as to be handy to get out again, and the flagman would go barely around the curve, so he could show his flag to any on-coming train, and stop them before they ran through the open switch.

On the day of which I speak, I had a heavy mixed train, among them being four cars of railroad iron just about in the middle, and when my engine plunged into the tunnel I shut her off; for she would roll all too fast after that and need a few brakes set. It was early on a summer morning, and I knew the crew were apt to be asleep in the caboose, so I called for brakes to wake them up, but it didn't have the desired effect. I looked back as I came out of the tunnel, and watched the cars following each other out until about half the train was through; then there came no more. I pulled out at once, and blew the "broke in two" signal again and again, all the time watching back for the rear end of my train. They must have parted just on the crest of the mountain, and the rear section must have nearly stopped before it pitched over and concluded to follow us; for I opened out a good train length, and began to think that the crew must have got their end stopped, when they shot out of that tunnel like a comet, the railroad iron in the lead. Again I pulled out for dear life, and blew my signal—not a man was out on the train, and as it all came through, the caboose (a little four-wheeled affair) was flirted off the track by the whip-like motion of the train in straightening out, and flying through the air, dropped into a river more than five hundred feet below. Now I was in a tight box, not a living soul to set a brake on those cars; for the entire crew, head brakeman and all, went down to death in their caboose.

A RIDE NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN.

I shall never forget that wild ride down the mountain if I live to be a thousand years old. When she struck a reverse curve about two miles from the tunnel, the fireman was thrown clear through the cab window, and literally torn limb from limb as he came in contact with the ground. I thought she had left the track altogether, for she rolled almost over, hurling me across the cab and back again as she struck the reverse end of the curve, and came down on her wheels with a crash that shivered every pane of glass and loosened every bolt and joint in the cab, until it was like an old basket, and rolled around with every roll of the engine—a new source of danger to me, for if it left her, it must surely take me with it.

I grabbed the whistle cord again as soon as I was able to steady myself enough,

". . . AND THEN I SWEPT BY LIKE A CYCLONE. HE HAD GOT THE SWITCH CLOSED JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME, . . ."

and frantically blew the "broke in two" signal, hoping that it would warn any one who might be in the switch that I was coming and couldn't stop.

I couldn't see ahead very well; for it seemed as if the wind was blowing a hurricane, and behind me I raised such a cloud of dust that I couldn't even see the rear car of the section I had. So I just hung on desperately, blew my warning signal, and watched the steam-gauge; and as the steam went down, I pulled the throttle out a notch at a time, until at length I had her wide open, hooked up within a couple of notches of the center, and the exhaust sounded like a continuous roar. And now I saw ahead of me a man in the middle of the track, languidly waving a red flag. Yes; it was all over with me now—the freight-house switch was open.

"THE CONDUCTOR CAME RUNNING OVER THE TRAIN, WAVING HIS HAT, AND YELLING FOR ME TO STOP."

Mechanically I again blew the signal; then realizing that I had not above half a dozen more breaths to draw in this world, a kind of demoniac frenzy seemed to seize me—a desire to do all the damage possible with my dying breath, to annihilate everything from the face of the earth, as it were. Clutching the reverse lever with both hands, I with difficulty unhooked her, and dropped her down a couple of notches, and, fast as she was going before, I felt her leap ahead under the impetus of the longer point of cut-off, and a fierce joy surged over me to think what a world-beater my wreck would be.

Looking ahead again, I saw that the flagman had dropped his flag and was running at a breakneck speed for the switch. For a wonder they hadn't sent out the biggest dunce on the train to flag. He had sense enough, on seeing me coming and hearing my signal, to comprehend the situation, and wit enough to know the only right thing to do. To spur him on, I again blew what then sounded to me like the despairing death shriek of the iron devil I rode, and to give him every second of time possible I shut off my throttle, with the immediate result that the cars bumped up against the tender with a shock that nearly threw me over backwards; but I hung on, and watched that man eagerly as he flew with all the speed that was in him for that switch. What if he should stub his toe, as men so often do under like circumstances? It would mean death for me before I could close my eyes; and, even then, I remember thinking how fortunate it was for me, that owing to the proverbial laziness of flagmen, he hadn't gone out as far as the rules required, but had stayed near the switch.

I saw him reach it, and stoop down, clutch the handle, and at the first effort fail to lift it out of the notch in which it lies when the switch is open; and then I swept by like a cyclone. He had got the switch closed just in the nick of time, and the rush of wind from the passing train hurled him down a fifty-foot embankment, bruising him and tearing his clothes, but fortunately doing him no serious injury.

I saw in the siding the engine that I came so near hitting, and the engine and train crew out in the field, staring with blanched faces; one laggard just tumbling over the fence as I whirled by. I heard a crash, and, looking back, saw that the corner of the head car had rolled over far enough to break off the water-crane that stood alongside the track, resulting in a bad washout before they could get the water shut off. I breathed much easier now, and it was with a light heart that I pulled up the lever again and gradually opened her out. I was running through a yard where the rules required me to reduce speed to six miles an hour, but a train going sixty-six could not have kept up with me.

There was a passenger station at the foot of the mountain, and looking at my watch, I saw that a train was just about

due there; so again I began to blow my signal to warn them to look out for themselves, for the station was on my side of the road, so that passengers and baggage had to cross my track. Yes, there she stood as I came in sight—a little three-car local. Again I blew to them to make sure that they understood what was going on, although I could see that the track ahead of me was clear, for the operator at the preceding station, with rare presence of mind, had telegraphed ahead that I was coming, "broke in two;" and fast as I went, the message beat me, and though I couldn't hear it for the infernal roar and clatter, yet I saw, in answer to my own signal, two short puffs of white steam from the engine's whistle, which meant "All right, come along." And come along I did, I have no doubt to the amazement of those passengers, who certainly never saw a freight train wheeled at that rate before. The agent had a truck-load of baggage ready to take across as soon as I passed, but the suction of the train drew the whole business under the wheels, and it disappeared. He was discharged because the superintendent said he was a fool.

The engineer of the local told me afterwards that all he saw was the front end of the engine, with my face at the window; then there came a big cloud of dust and a roar, followed directly by another roar as the rear section passed him, and that was all he knew about it.

I was now down the mountain, thank heaven, and on level ground, but the rear section wasn't, and I hadn't the least idea how far it was behind me; so I kept the old girl waltzing as fast as I could—which wasn't very fast, as my steam was down to sixty pounds. I didn't dare get down and look at my fire, for fear of being killed in case the rear section caught me, which was now more imminent than ever; as, while I was losing way on the level ground, their speed would hardly be checked at all.

Suddenly rounding a curve, I saw a man standing by the switch of a long siding, giving me a frantic "go ahead" signal. At that sight my spirits rose about two thousand per cent., for I knew I was saved.

Giving him an answering toot toot, I dropped my reverse lever down in the corner, and pulled her wide open to get as

"THE SUCTION OF THE TRAIN DREW THE WHOLE BUSINESS UNDER THE WHEELS, AND IT DISAPPEARED."

far from the rear section as possible, and give him all the chance I could to throw the switch, after I had passed on the main track, and throw the rear section in on the siding.

This siding itself was on a large curve, and I found before I had gone a quarter of its length that it was partly occupied by a number of loaded coal cars. Now here arose another new combination. There was going to be a wreck on that siding, and I might get caught in it yet; for if I didn't get far enough away from the point of collision, some of the cars would be apt to pile over on top of me; and then again, if, in my haste to get out of the way, I got to the further switch at just the right time, they might be shoved out, and ram me. You see, it frequently happens on the railroad that you have to think of several things at once, and not be very long about it, either; and the result of my rapid thinking on this occasion was that I had done enough towards saving the company's property for one day, and that now was a good time to look out for myself a bit.

I pulled her over and "plugged" her; but as my steam was low, I concluded she would stop herself quicker shut off, so I shut her off; and while I was waiting for her to slow up enough to give me a chance to jump on the left side, the crash came.

There was a great smashing and grinding and piling up round the curve behind me; but where I was, the cars merely ran together with a great ker-bump and rattling of links and pins, which I could hear continuing on round the curve ahead as the lost motion between the cars was violently taken up. After the noise stopped a bit I started to back up, when remembering that in all probability the opposite track was blocked by the wreckage, I ran ahead, instead, to the next station, and notified the agent to hold all trains until further orders.

I then reported to the train-despatcher by wire, and he ordered me to cross over to the other track and run back to the wreck, find out how the tracks were, and report to him from this station, the agent keeping the track open for my return.

The agent, a bright, ambitious young fellow, who is now a division superintendent on the same road, helped me to fire up, and back I went. I found, as I had expected, that both tracks were blocked, the wrecked cars being piled in heaps, mixed and tangled with the railroad iron that had composed part of my train, while coal, flour, agricultural machinery, and all sorts of merchandise were scattered all over the ground.

FIFTY-TWO HOURS ON DUTY.

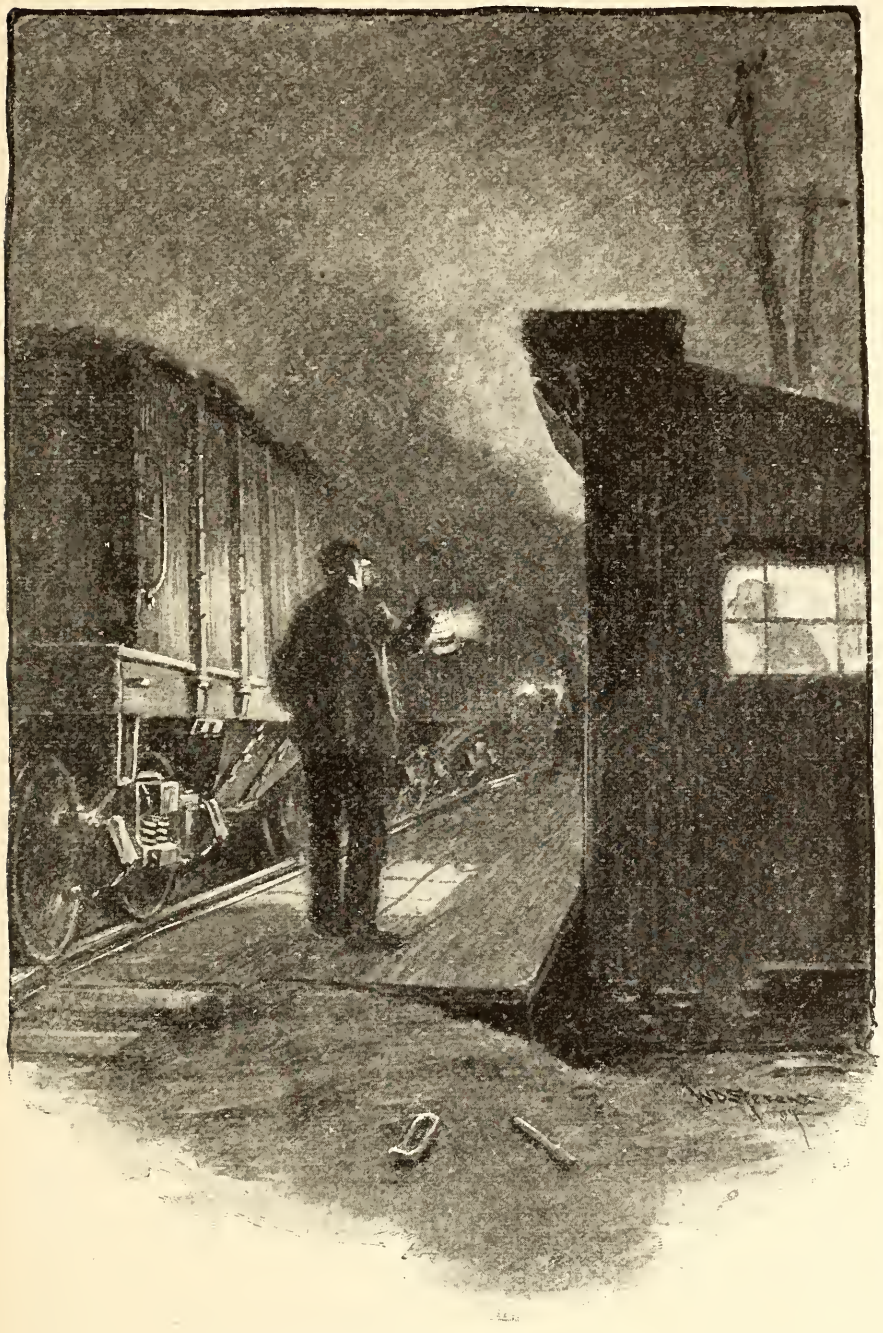
Our lives were not, as you may have been led to suppose, all made up of accidents, by any means. They were varied by long spells of semi-idleness when freight was slack, or being worked to death when it was running heavy, for at such times it is not admitted that men need rest or sleep. On one occasion, on arriving at the end of the division, after a particularly tedious trip, I was ordered to return at once sixty miles down the road to bring up thirty cars of coal as fuel for the engines. "And hurry up with it; we want it." I protested that I was tired and unfit to go, but was told there was nobody else; so I coaled, watered, and oiled up, got the caboose, and started.

When I got there, I found four hours' switching (for which you don't get paid) to get my train together; but at last we got started. On my trip back I had a hard hill to climb. No one had ever taken thirty cars of coal up that hill, but I didn't know that; for if I had, I would have allowed for the contingency of doubling the hill, both in my water calculation and in estimating my time ahead of the passenger trains. I knew, of course, that it would be a hard tug up there, so I cautioned the fireman to get a good welding heat on her. I got as much water into her as she would stand, and, after oiling the cylinders, took a run for the hill.

We had just taken the hill nicely when the conductor came running over the train, waving his hat, and yelling for me to stop. Not knowing what might be the matter, I shut off; when he came up and said he had a hot box on the last car. Perhaps I didn't read the riot act to that conductor, to stop me right at the foot of the hill for a hot box, when, if he knew anything, he knew that long before I could get up there he would be able to walk alongside the car and pack it.

The damage was done, though; so I told him to cut the train in two, and I would take my end up while he packed his box. By the time I got my train together again on top of the hill, I had barely water enough to reach the next plug; the fire was in bad shape, and not so very many miles behind us there was a mail train. So the situation resolved itself into this: that with barely water and time enough, and a poor fire, I needed to make an extra

good run of fifteen miles. I was far from happy, especially as I could see the steam dropping with the regularity of clockwork, though the fireman was working like a slave. About half-way to where I had to go was a little station, with a cross-over switch, and a slight grade against me. I humored her all I could to get over that little lump, for then my immediate troubles would be about over. It was not to be, however; she gave one expiring gasp and died before reaching the summit.



"I WOULD . . . MOVE THE CARS HALF AN INCH TOO FAR, SO I WOULD GET A SIGNAL TO GO AHEAD A BIT."

The thing to do now was to back across out of the way of the mail, which was nearly due, but there was also a train due on the other track; and as their time of passing this station was only about five minutes apart, the conductor, in obedience to the rule made for just exactly such emergencies, went into the telegraph office to find out if either of the trains was late; for if one was late, we might take advantage of that fact to avoid delaying them both.

They were both on time, and while he was telegraphing both ways to ascertain that fact, the mail came up behind us and stopped.

In a big hurry now the switches were opened, and I was signalled back. As it was slightly down grade, I merely gave them a little kick, and away they rolled. As I went past the conductor, I asked him if he had a man on the rear car to set a brake and stop them after I got across. He said yes; but he lied, and I thought so at the time.

When the engine was over all clear, I called for brakes, but I got no brakes; and they were rolling faster than ever, and, in the meantime, the other passenger train had arrived and stood facing me. It was now dark, so that all I could see was lamp signals; again and again I called for brakes, but there was no one on the train to set them; the mail had gone, and I ought now to be crossing back again out of the other fellow's way. If I stopped them with the engine, the chances were ninety-nine to a hundred that I should break them in two. It was the only thing to do, though; so as gently as I could I checked them, and, as I fondly hoped, pulled my whole train across out of the way. But, alas! the caboose and two cars had broken off and rolled away down the grade, no one could say how far. So I had to back up again, clear of the switch, cut off the engine, and go back after those cars. There was nobody on them, and the caboose lights had not been lit, consequently it was a hunt in the dark; and as

one of the things you mustn't do is to run into and wreck your rear end when going back after it, I had to go very carefully, while all this time the passenger train stood there waiting. At last I got them, pulled them across in a hurry—although, to be sure, it was hardly worth while to hurry now—and after the passenger train had gone, I shoved them back over the switch again, pulled up the train, shoved it over and coupled them all together, and pulled them back on to my track again.

OUT OF WATER, AND THE LIMITED COMING.

I was now nearly out of water, and in less than an hour the limited would be on top of us. The next water-plug was five miles away; I cut the engine loose and ran for it, took half a tank as quickly as possible, and started back after my train. Though I came back whistling for a signal, the first thing I saw was the station lights. The crew were all in there having a smoke; "didn't expect me back so soon," they said. I tried my best to stop, knowing that I must be close to the train, but I hit it hard enough to break the draw-bar in the car, and by the time they got that fixed up there was no earthly hope of getting to the next siding ahead of the limited. So once more I backed over that cross-over, but not until I saw a man swinging a lantern on the last car.

After the limited got by, we pulled across once more, and by this time it was doubtful if I had water enough to get to the siding; but as we had all night before us now, I let her take it easy, and got there after a while, with the tank dry and the boiler not much better. I got down to oil while the fireman was taking water, and discovered that the link lifting-spring was broken; and while I was looking at it and wondering how that could have happened without my knowing it, the head brakeman came up with an order for me to weigh that coal.

My back was almost broken, and I was more than half dead with fatigue and worry, and now I had to weigh thirty cars of coal without a lifting-spring.

There was a way freight engine lying in a spur back of the station, so I telegraphed to the train-despatcher, telling him how I was fixed, and asking permission to use that engine to weigh the coal with. The answer I got was short, but not sweet: "Use the engine you have." Back I went to the yard and weighed that coal. In order to back her, I had to brace both feet against the front of the cab, and, pulling with all my might, raise the heavy links; then, perhaps, I would have the misfortune to move the cars half an inch too far, so I would get a signal to go ahead a bit, and on unhooking the lever it would fly forward with such force as nearly to jerk me through the front windows.

I got the coal weighed sometime and somehow, coupled on to them, and the conductor, coming ahead, began to tell how far we could go if we hurried up and got out ahead of train 12; but I cut him short by telling him to go in the office and tell Chicago that I couldn't go another foot until I got five or six hours' sleep. Off he went grumbling, but came back in a few minutes. "Chicago says, 'All right. Go to sleep.'"

I pulled them into a convenient siding, picked as smooth a lump of coal as I could find in the tender, upholstered it with waste, and spreading my coat on the foot-board for a mattress, dropped the curtain, and curled myself in the short, inconvenient, hot, and dirty cab for a few hours' rest (?) to the tune of the fireman's grumbling. After some time I dozed off —as it seemed, for about a minute. Then somebody was shaking my shoulder and calling, "Hey!" I looked up dazed into the face of the fireman. "Seven's just gone, an' if we follow her, we can go right in."

Seven was the midnight train out of Chicago, and if she had gone, there would certainly be ample time for us to get in before the first morning train arrived. I was too dead to look at my watch, so I took the fireman's word for it, and we were soon jouncing along at a fairly good gait. I was still sleepy and dead; had to keep my head out in the sharp morning air to keep awake at all. Arrived at a water-station about half-way, I told the fireman he had better fill the tank, as there could hardly be enough in it to take us through. While I was oiling, the conductor came up and asked if I was going to sidetrack there. I looked at him a full minute before I could get it through my head what he was driving at. Then I told him, "No, certainly not; why should I sidetrack here?"

"How fur ye goin' fer Seven?"

"All the way."

"What time's she due here?"

"Fifty-seven."

"What time ye got now!"

I looked at my watch; it was forty-eight. I asked the conductor if we were clear of the switch.

"Yes."

"Have you got it open?"

"Yes."

"Well, gimme a signal."

I jumped on the engine, and with the conductor giving a back-up signal, I jolted those cars into the siding fully as fast as it is safe to back over a frog, and called the flag just in time to prevent Seven's engineer from getting a sight of it, though he saw the man, and told me afterwards that he "guessed" I hadn't been in the switch "more'n a week."

Then the fireman and I had a little argument as to what it was that he saw when he thought Seven had passed us in the yard. The only passenger train on the road at that time was one going the other way. After I had proved it by the time-table, the fireman finally admitted that I was right. He had been boring the flues while I was asleep, and he had also been figuring in his mind as to what would be the best time for us to leave, and decided that if we followed Seven we would be all right, which was perfectly correct; then, with his mind full of Seven, he got down to put away his flue-rod, and hearing a train go by, thought, of course, it must be Seven.

After Seven got away, we proceeded to our destination without further mishap, shoved the train away, and gave up the engine to the hostler. Having been fifty-two hours on her without rest (for the short term of comparative quiet in the yard could not be so termed), I entered on the register this request: "Have been fifty-two hours on duty. Do not call me until I have had eight hours' sleep,—9.30 A.M."

I had just dropped off when I was rudely shaken by the caller, and saluted with "Hey! hey! are ye awake now? Come, I've been callin' ye fer ten minutes; you're wanted for a stock train. Hurry up now; your engine is all ready; train's standing on main track waiting fer ye." When I got my wits collected so as to realize who I was, and who he was, and what he was talking about, I asked him the time. "Ten-fifteen."

"What! have I only been forty-five minutes off that engine?"

"That's all."

Without another word I tumbled back on the pillow and pulled the bedclothes over my head, but he understood his business; he had been calling unwilling railroaders for four years, and wouldn't be denied. For a while he shook and pleaded with me, and then realizing the seriousness of the case, he snatched off the bedclothes. That was the last straw. I jumped out of bed and made a dive for him; but he had often seen that done before, and was outside the door before I could reach him; and with a parting shot through the crack of the door, "Hurry up now, they're waitin' fer ye," he left.

I gathered up my bedclothes and again crawled uncomfortably into bed, but just as I was beginning to get my ideas into a pleasant state of haziness once more, the door was fired open with a bang, an Indian yell greeted my outraged sense of hearing, and rolling over, I beheld the exultant countenance of mine enemy, safely outside the door this time, and holding up for my inspection a sheet of dirty yellow-colored paper, which I knew was a telegraph form. "Read that, now, an' see if ye'll get up or not."

I took the paper and read: "Engineer M——, don't you delay this stock train. W. S. B."

A combined order and threat from the train-despatcher, signed with the division superintendent's initials, which are always used by the despatcher on duty,—a peremptory order, to be unquestioningly obeyed. I borrowed the caller's pencil and wrote underneath the order: "W. S. B.,—I have been fifty-two hours on duty, am unfit to take stock train or any other train. J. B. M." I handed it to the caller, and telling him that if he disturbed me again, even though the house should be afire, I would brain him, I once more retired; and although I had no doubt that I had signed my death-warrant, I slept the sleep of the utterly weary.

In answer to the expected letter, I called on the superintendent when I returned, and got my medicine,—thirty days' suspension for refusing to obey an order. I was lucky to get off so. He told me that all that saved my job was the fact that an engine came in off the branch opportunely and brought the stock train through. The fact that I was physically incapacitated did not justify me in refusing that order *with his initials attached.* I have always had an idea, however, that my troublesome habit of appealing to the general manager had as much to do with preventing my discharge as the arrival of the engine off the branch.

Copyright, 1897, by Herbert E. Hamblen. Mr. Hamblen's next paper will relate his experiences as a passenger engineer.—EDITOR.

AN EXPERIMENT IN BURGLARY.

By H. Hobart Nichols.

I PUT aside my morning paper as the breakfast bell rang.

"Well, dear, what is the news?" inquired my wife when we were seated at table.

"Nothing very startling," I replied, "except that the burglars were at it again last night; the police think they are an organized gang, and not local thieves."

Washington had been the scene, for a fortnight past, of a series of daring robberies. The police were mystified and seemed to be unable to get the slightest clue to their movements.

"I think, my dear," I continued, "that we had better put our silver in a safe deposit until these fellows let up, for it seems that they are too much for the authorities; I should not like to lose it, and the fact that we have quite a tempting lot was well advertised in the society columns at the time of our marriage."

"Nonsense, George," replied my wife, who is not easily alarmed. "Do you suppose those men ever read of what is going on in society? At any rate, no one could enter this house in the night without arousing me; and, if they did, they would never find the silver in that clever little device of yours—how could they?"

"My dear, you don't seem to understand how clever these professional burglars are; and as for your hearing them, that's absurd. You have always labored under the delusion that you are a light sleeper, I know; but you are mistaken. Why, I'll wager I could break in and rifle the house myself from top to bottom without your knowing it."

"I THINK, MY DEAR, . . . THAT WE HAD BETTER PUT OUR SILVER IN A SAFE DEPOSIT."

This last statement naturally piqued my better half.

"I'll wager you a new silk hat that you could not," she retorted positively.

"I accept the challenge," I replied, lightly; "what do you want if I lose?"

"Oh, as far as that goes, the satisfaction of being right will be quite enough for me, George."

"Nevertheless," I laughed, although at the time I had not the slightest intention of trying the experiment, "nevertheless, I agree to add another piece of silver to your collection if I lose the wager."

After breakfast I went to my office as usual, thinking no more of the conversa-

tion just related. Very likely it would not have occurred to me again, preoccupied as I was with work that would keep me until late that night, if my wife had not alluded to it as I was about to leave the house after dinner.

"I have been thinking over our conversation at breakfast," she said, "and I am more positive than ever that we need not worry about our valuables. The slightest sound is heard all over the house, and one of us would be sure to hear if anyone attempted to enter in the night. Good-by, dear. Don't work too late; it isn't good for one with your nervous temperament, you know," she added teasingly.

I smiled at her pleasantry, and went my way.

As I put down my pen that night, with the satisfaction one feels when conscious of having performed a duty well, I glanced at my watch, only to discover that it had stopped at three minutes past midnight. How much later it was I could only infer. It was no unusual thing, however, for me to remain out late, and Alice, being as amiable as she was sensible, never made me feel uncomfortable by sitting up for me, as is the custom of some doting young wives. So I had no misgivings on her account as I started to return home.

It was later than I had supposed, for the cars had stopped, and I had to walk the half mile or so to my house. It was a warm October night, and a fine mist had settled over the city, obscuring the faint light of the stars. The street lamps made great ghostly blurs as they melted in the distance, and the buildings grew more and more vague and shapeless, until they became part of the haze. The silence was profound, the streets almost deserted, and the houses I passed dark and gloomy as so many tombs.

"What a perfect night for a burglar!" I reflected; and with the thought came the recollection of my conversation with Alice at breakfast and her complacent boast. Why not put her to the test?

"I'LL WAGER YOU A NEW SILK HAT . . ."

"By George," I exclaimed, half aloud, as the suggestion materialized into a plan, "I'll do it; and if I succeed, won't I have the laugh on Alice in the morning!"

I had once, having mislaid my keys, managed to effect an entrance through one of the dining-room windows. I would do the same to-night, remove the silver from its hiding-place, conceal it elsewhere, let Alice herself discover its absence, and, after enjoying her discomfiture, tell her the whole story and claim the victory.

To be sure, there was the possibility of failure. I might awaken Alice and frighten her out of her wits, for I had all a man's skepticism as to a woman's courage in the face of danger. Still, I would not admit that it was more than a shadow of a possibility. The more I thought of it, the surer I felt of myself.

As I walked on I found myself entering into my *rôle* with zest and enthusiasm. As detail after detail presented itself, an unholy delight in my own cleverness possessed me; and as I reached my house and tiptoed around the gravel walk to the side and rear, all my senses were keenly on the alert, and my heart beat with a lawless excitement not felt since the days when robbing corn-fields and watermelon patches formed the chief joys of my innocent boyhood.

Trying the blinds of the dining-room windows, I at last found one that was not merely loose, but unlatched.

"What carelessness!" I reflected; "but so much the easier for me."

Opening it noiselessly, I was further surprised to discover that the window was raised. Plainly, I reflected, the servants must not be trusted to lock up the house hereafter. Glancing into the room, I saw that everything was as usual; the drop-light burning dimly on the table, as was always the case when I was out late, in view of the nocturnal luncheon with which I endeavored to repair my wasted energies. After listening a moment, I pulled myself up, thrust one leg over the window-sill, and was half way in the room, when I was confronted by a

"'WHAT A PERFECT NIGHT FOR A BURGLAR!' I REFLECTED."

man—a burly fellow—who loomed suddenly out of the semi-darkness, and, leveling a revolver at me, brought me to a standstill. To say that I was astonished is putting it mildly; and I have no idea what I should have said or done had not the ruffian inadvertently given me my cue, which I am proud to say I was quick-witted enough to follow.

"Git hout o' this, yer bloat!" he growled, in a deep, low voice, and with a decidedly Cockney accent. "This his my game, hand I don't need hany o' yer hassistance. When I git through yer can 'ave wat's left."

I saw in a flash that the fellow mistook me for one of his own craft. My first impulse was to obey his injunction to "git hout" as speedily as possible, and return promptly with a policeman or two. Then I thought of Alice. Suppose the fellow went up-stairs before I got back and she should see him. With all her boasted nerve the shock would be terrible. No, I must not leave the rascal. He was probably one of the gang who had been operating in Washington lately. If I were only cool enough and clever enough I might be instrumental in lodging him, and possibly his pals, in jail, where I certainly wished him at the moment. To do this I must fall into the *rôle* of real burglar, to which the fellow had assigned me, and in some way bend circumstances to my purpose. But though I had never in my life thought so rapidly or so much to the point as I did in the ten seconds I was looking into the barrel of that revolver, I confess I could not see my way clear; however, something must be done, and quickly. So with a wink and a swagger I motioned the revolver aside, and, pulling myself into the room, remarked in a cautious tone:

"Come now, my lad, don't be a fool. I've been watching my chance to crack this crib for some time, and now that I am here I don't mean that you shall stop me."

The fellow glared at me for a moment, then lowered his weapon and hoarsely responded:

"Well, don't 'rouse the 'ouse. I suppose we'd better do the job t'gether than git jugged."

Evidently no doubt of my belonging to his noble profession had yet occurred to him; but I realized perfectly that the smallest mistake on my part might arouse his suspicion. I saw at a glance that he was of a low, brutal type, and that my only chance lay in convincing him that I was the superior cracksman of the two.

"Never mind who I am," I replied to his inquiry as to my identity. "If you weren't a stranger in these parts I think you'd know me. Been taking a nap?" I continued, noting that he had secured nothing so far. "Where's your swag?"

"I jest got hin, but I'm 'anged if I sees hanythink now's I'm 'ere," he replied sullenly.

I glanced about, remarking that there didn't seem to be much in sight, and suggested that perhaps the house contained nothing worth taking, hoping that I might discourage him so that he would leave without further search.

"None o' your Yankee tricks with me," he growled, and his tone was threatening; "yer knows there's a good 'awl to be made, or yer wouldn't be 'ere. Didn't I see in th' papers that these young uns were jest marrit an' they got a 'eap o' silver give 'em?"

Even in my perturbed state of mind I felt a satisfaction in knowing that I was again right—burglars did read the society

column. I made a mental note of the remark for the further humiliation of my wife.

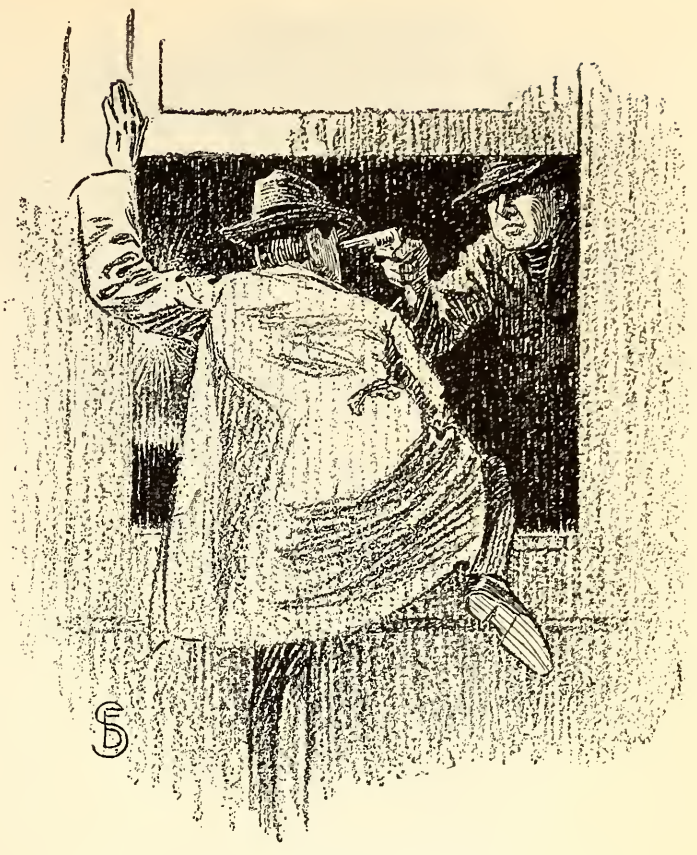
"You're right," I whispered, with a sly grin that cost me a tremendous effort (and I may as well add that my enjoyment of the *rôle* had ceased from the moment when the amateur became the professional), "they've got plenty of stuff, and we've only got to find it."

He began pulling open drawers and closets, tossing the table linen into a heap on the floor and upsetting things generally. For some moments he worked on stealthily, I apparently assisting him, my mind revolving plan after plan for bringing the situation to a desirable end, without, however, arriving at any decision.

I felt perfectly easy as far as our silver was concerned; no one not in the secret could possibly discover its hiding-place. But another anxiety was sending the blood to my brain. Suppose, finding nothing, the fellow should propose going up-stairs? Scarcely had the thought entered my mind when, with an oath, he turned from the open drawers and growled:

"They hain't nothink down 'ere; we'll 'ave to go hup."

For a moment I was staggered; then,



"GIT HOUT 'O THIS, YER BLOAT!"

"I guess you're right," I said. "But you'd better let me go alone; I'm lighter on my feet."

In our upper hall there is a messenger call; it was in the house when we moved in. Regarding it as a disfigurement to the wall, we had meant to have it removed; but how glad I now was that we had procrastinated can be imagined.

Breathlessly I awaited the villain's answer. He fixed his beady eyes on me; then, with a cunning leer:

"I'll go halong too," he said; "yer might need protection, yer see."

He was troubled by no misgivings regarding my knavery, but evidently he did not believe in the adage that there is honor even among thieves; he was fearful lest I cheat him out of what he considered his share of the plunder. It seemed clear that the only way to keep him down-stairs was to give up my cherished plate. Perhaps if I had had more time I might have thought of another plan; but there stood the burglar, eying me suspiciously, and

"HE BEGAN PULLING OPEN DRAWERS . . ."

"HE APPEARED . . . WITH A PIECE OF PIE IN HIS HAND."

"You har a rum 'un, you har! Was goin' to keep hit all to yerself too. Say! 'owd yer git hon to it?" he asked, with a touch of deference in his manner.

"Oh, I'll divvy the silver, but I'll keep my knowledge to myself," I replied jocosely, for I wanted to keep him in a good humor.

So far so good; but what I was to do next I had not the slightest idea. Ideas came and went confusedly as I watched him stowing away our silver in a sack which he drew from beneath his waistcoat. Again the man unwittingly suggested my course.

"Say, you tap the top o' the crib while I stow haway this swag."

At last, though he had the silver, it was evident that I had his confidence. Perceiving my opportunity, I was quick to seize it.

"All right; but how do I know that you won't skip with the silver while I'm at it?" I replied.

"Do yer take me for a bloomin' hinnocent in harms?" he grinned. "Dimons an' watches his worth 'avin'."

I felt convinced of his sincerity; so, slipping off my shoes, I pushed aside the portière and went into the hall. At the foot of the stairs I paused; if I the crisis was at hand. I am a small man, more of a student than an athlete; the burglar was a big fellow, with fists like sledge hammers—and a revolver. So, inwardly cursing, but assuming a patronizing and reckless air, I said:

"Well, I guess I'll have to let you into this, after all. You English chaps are a thousand years behind the times. You're not onto our Yankee notions, I see."

I began moving along the wall, feeling the paneling, until I came to the corner near the door; here I stopped and looked at him; he was watching me intently. I pressed one of the beads in the molding, and instantly two of the panels slid apart, disclosing a tempting array of household silver.

"Well, I be blowed!" ejaculated my colleague aloud, forgetting caution; and without delay he deftly began pulling out piece after piece.

"'I'M NOT THE ONE,' I GASPED."

aroused Alice she would suppose rightly that it was I, and would certainly speak; the fellow would hear her and bolt with the silver. I dared not risk it. Instead, I went through the library into a little room where my telephone is located. Closing both doors behind me, and putting my hand on the bell to muffle the sound, I rang up Central.

"What is it?" came the answer.

"Give me the Sixth Precinct quickly," I whispered.

I waited an interminable time as it seemed to me, then the same voice said:

"Can't get them; the wire's out of order."

My heart sank within me; but I stated the circumstances as briefly as possible to the operator, requesting that he send word to the police. I knew that there was nothing left for me to do but keep the fellow occupied until the officers arrived, but I had small hope of succeeding. Stealing back to the dining-room, I was bewildered to find that the burglar had vanished; but there on the floor lay the bag of silver. Presently, however, I heard him in the pantry, and a moment later he appeared in the doorway with a piece of pie in his hand.

"Where do they keep the liquor?" he grumbled; then, seeing my hands empty, he inquired:

"What luck hup-stairs?"

I shook my head. "Nothing there worth taking."

His brows knitted in a way that expressed plainly that he doubted me. "I——"

"Hist!" I interrupted. "What's that?"

There was certainly a noise outside.

My surprise was genuine, for it did not seem possible that my summons could have been answered so quickly.

The burglar sprang forward and turned out the light, at the same time making a grab for the silver. I was there before him, however, and, bag in hand, made a rush for the hall, threw open the front door, only to find myself seized instantly by two officers of the law.

"IT REQUIRED ONLY A FEW WORDS FROM HER TO CONVINCE THE OFFICERS OF MY IDENTITY."

"What's your hurry?" coolly remarked one of them, snapping a pair of handcuffs on my wrists.

"I'm not the one," I gasped; "he's in the dining-room."

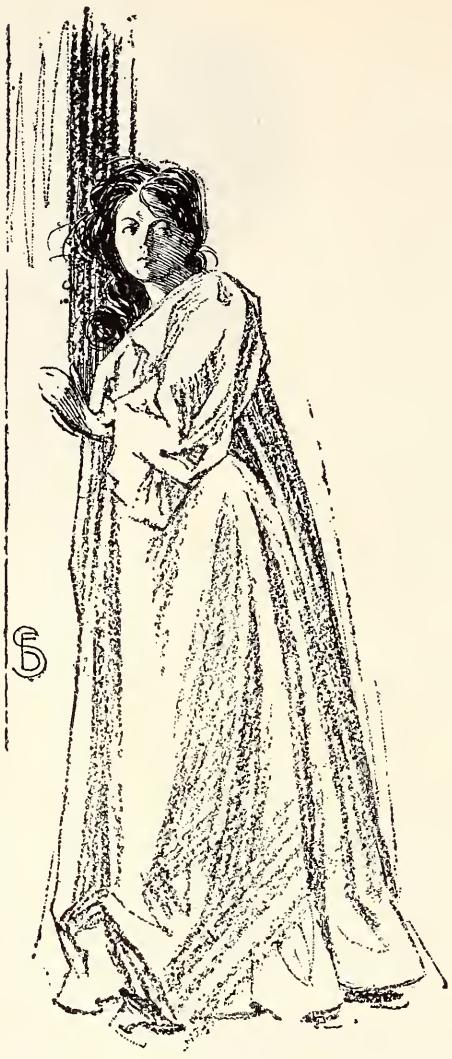
"You'll do," replied the man; "better give over that bag; you won't need it."

"I am the proprietor of this house, and this is my own silver," I protested indignantly. "For heaven's sake, go quick and capture that ruffian in the dining-room."

"Come, we know you, and we don't want any of your old tricks; you can tell us those fairy tales later," said the first officer, going through my pockets with professional ease.

In my agitation I did not hear Alice come down-stairs, and only knew that she was present when I heard her excitedly corroborating my statements. It required only a few words from her to convince the officers of my identity, though evidently against their will; for they continued to eye me with suspicion, and removed the handcuffs with undisguised regret, as Alice subsequently asserted. When one of them finally concluded to investigate my statements regarding the real burglar, and made a rush for the dining-room, it hardly need be added that the bird had flown.

The piece of pie on the table, minus a large semi-circular portion, and the disordered room, were the sole traces of his presence, if one excepts the bag containing his intended plunder.



"SHE HAD BEEN AROUSED BY NOISES DOWN-STAIRS."

After partaking of the refreshments which I felt it proper to offer them, the minions of the law departed, still chuckling over the events of the evening and their denouement.

"How perfectly dreadful to find that revolver thrust in your face!" said Alice, sympathetically, as soon as we were alone, "and how splendidly you behaved all through, you poor dear old George!"

"Yes," I acknowledged modestly, "it was a trying situation for one of my 'nervous temperament.'"

Alice gave me an affectionate tap on the cheek.

"And if my policemen had not appeared with such amazing alacrity, you might have lost both your husband and your silver, my dear; for that fellow was getting very ugly."

"*Your* police," replied my wife, smiling.

"The police I telephoned for," I explained.

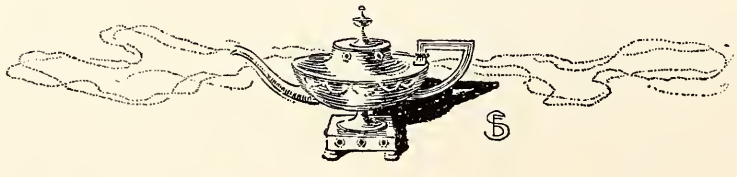
Alice continued to smile.

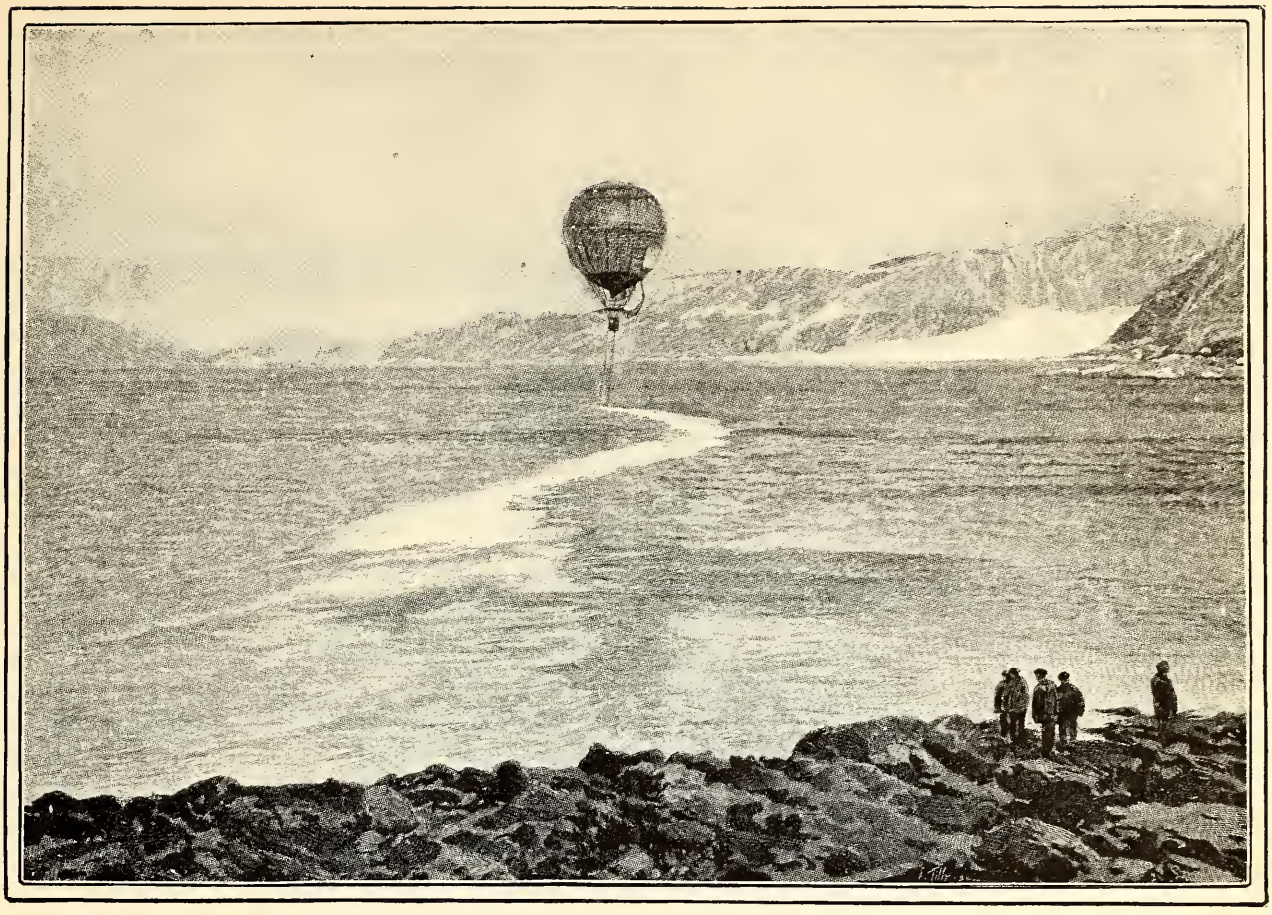
"But they were not your policemen, George; they were mine."

It was now my wife's turn to assume a patronizing tone—and she did it.

It seemed that she had been aroused by noises down-stairs, and, being convinced that there was a burglary in progress, like the brave little woman she is, had gone to the messenger call and summoned the police; then, putting on her wrapper and slippers, quietly, if not calmly, awaited results.

The next day Alice was the happy possessor of a silver tea urn.





THE START.

From a photograph by Mr. A. Machuron, who, as the representative of Mr. Lachambre, the maker of the balloon, accompanied Andrée to Danes' Island and assisted him in making his start. Reproduced from the Paris "Illustration."

LETTERS FROM THE ANDRÉE PARTY.

THE BALLOON EXPEDITION TO THE POLE.—AN ACCOUNT OF THE START BY ANDRÉE'S FELLOW-VOYAGER, NILS STRINDBERG.—LETTERS RELATING TO THE EXPEDITION FROM STRINDBERG'S FATHER.

ON the 11th of last July, one Sunday afternoon, S. A. Andrée, with two companions, Nils Strindberg and Knut Fraenkel, ascended from Danes' Island in the balloon "Ornen" (The Eagle) and sailed away northward, hoping by this untried means to reach the North Pole. Daring even to foolhardiness as Andrée's project may well seem, it had been very coolly and prudently matured and systematically prepared for. Andrée was born in Sweden October 18, 1854, and is now, therefore, forty-three years old. He is a carefully educated mechanical engineer and man of science. From 1886 to 1889 he filled a chair in the leading Swedish school of technology; he passed the winter of 1882–1883 in Spitzbergen, as a member of a Swedish meteorological expedition, directing experiments and observations in atmospheric electricity; and he has held for some years an important engineering post under the Swedish government. In 1876, while on his way to America, to serve the Swedish exhibitors at the Centennial Exhibition, he was impressed with the seeming regularity of the trade winds, and thus was led to consider the possibility of balloon voyages across the Atlantic. His coming to America augmented also in another way his interest in ballooning. In a little speech spoken by him into a gramophone, for use at a Swedish Aid Society's fair holding in Brooklyn while he was preparing for his journey to the Pole, Mr. Andrée said:

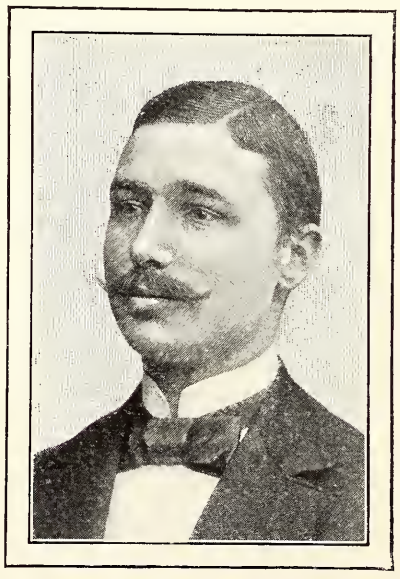
"It is a great pleasure for me to be able to contribute to the Swedish Aid Society's Fair. I have been in America myself, and have experienced how hard it is to be without work. I was glad many times

to make my living by wielding a broom. In spite of that, I have many pleasant recollections from that time, because I learned a great deal while staying there. It was there I met the old aëronaut John Wise from Philadelphia, and it was there I got the first lesson in the manufacturing of balloons. For me is America, therefore, indeed memorable, and the Americans can rest assured that I should like very much, if I could, to visit them with my balloon *via* the North Pole."

A. S. ANDRÉE.

From a photograph by G. Florman, Stockholm.

Early in 1895 Mr. Andrée laid his ideas for a balloon expedition into the Arctic, then pretty well matured, before the Swedish Academy of Science. Later in the same year he presented them in England before the International Geographical Congress. He estimated that he would require for his project a little over $36,000. In time the money was provided, mainly by the generosity of Mr. Alfred Noble, who died, however, before Andrée could make his start; Baron Oscar Dickson, who died soon after the start; and the King of Sweden. Andrée had now been studying balloons with great care for some years. He had himself made a number of ascensions, and he had had some very thrilling and dangerous adventures. With the money he required made secure, he set about the construction of a balloon especially suited to his purpose.



NILS STRINDBERG, ONE OF ANDRÉE'S TWO COMPANIONS ON THE VOYAGE.

From a photograph by G. Florman, Stockholm.

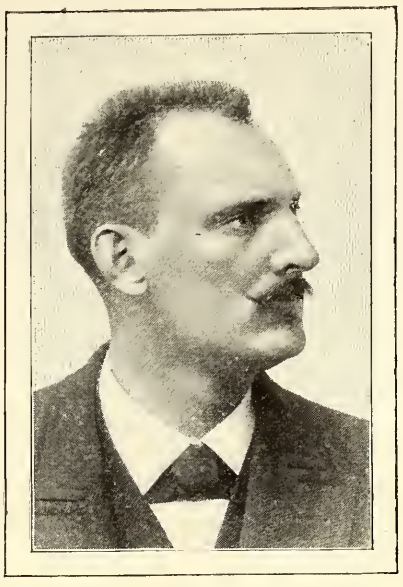
THE BALLOON.

The "Ornen" was built by M. Lachambre, the well-known balloon-maker of Paris, at an original cost of $10,000. The balloon proper was originally ninety-seven feet through from top to bottom; and, at the widest part, sixty-seven and a quarter feet through from side to side. After the failure to make a start in 1896, Andrée decided to enlarge it, and it was carried back to Paris, cut in two at the middle, and an additional section inserted about three and a quarter feet high. The perpendicular diameter was thus increased by about that much, but the horizontal diameter remained as before. By this enlargement the volume of the balloon was increased 10,600 cubic feet, becoming in all 170,000 cubic feet. It is made of silk—three thicknesses through the upper two-thirds, and two through the lower third, all varnished twice over, inside and out. Over all the seams are laid protecting strips, and to doubly insure tightness these were varnished at the edges, just before the start, with a varnish especially devised for this use. There are two valves about half way up the balloon, nearly, but not quite, opposite each other; and there is a third at the bottom. The latter works automatically; the others are controlled by ropes attached to them on the inside and coming out of the balloon at the bottom beside the third.

The balloon is encased in a heavy netting of hemp, woven above, with much intricacy, of 384 separate ropes, and ending below in forty-eight "suspension" ropes, to which is attached what is known as the "bearing-ring." This ring is a part

of great importance; it is to the balloon much what the keel is to a ship. It is about seven and a half yards in circumference, is made of wood, and is braced with cross-bars.

To the bearing-ring is attached the car, or basket, by six ropes, each about one and a fifth inches in diameter. These ropes are knitted into the wall of the car, and fastened securely at the bottom of it. Above the car they are encircled and braced by five horizontal ropes, equidistant from each other, which thus form a series of guard-rails. Above these, about six and a half feet from the roof of the car, is yet another; it is much shorter, and draws the suspending ropes into a circle of about half the diameter of that made by the lower ones.



KNUT FRAENKEL, ONE OF ANDRÉE'S TWO COMPANIONS ON THE VOYAGE.

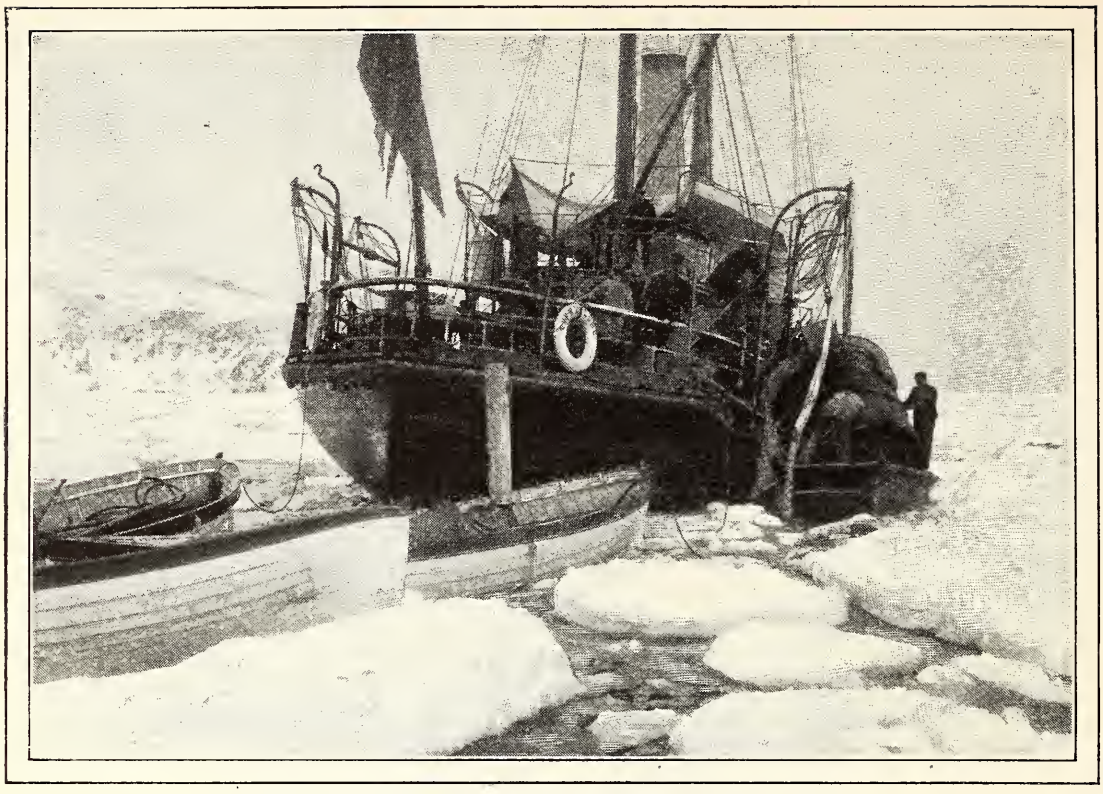
The car is cylindrical in form, about six and a half feet in diameter and five in depth. It is of wicker, woven over a frame of chestnut wood. Iron and steel were avoided in its construction, lest they might disturb the action of the magnetic instruments with which the balloon is equipped. At one side, on the lower edge, the car is sheared, or beveled, away, in order that on landing it may strike more gently and not be overturned. Well up in the wall of the car are two small windows closed with glass, and near the bottom are two openings closed with wood, while through the roof is a trap-door. The whole car is covered with tarpaulin.

The interior of the car is chiefly for rest and retirement. The place for work and observation is the roof. Here is erected a sort of swinging gallery, free at the bottom, so that it may remain horizontal under the tip of the balloon, and shielded somewhat from the weather by a curtain of tarpaulin. In this gallery were placed the scientific instruments: thermometers, barometers, cameras, and so on—a full equipment; and here two of the aëronauts would keep an outlook and manage the balloon, while the third took his rest in the car below. A sleeping-bag (a hair-mattress encased in reindeer skin) occupied the middle of the car; and all about, in ingenious compartments, were stored books, maps, instruments, toilet articles, kitchen utensils, arms, ammunition, and what not.

The main places of storage, however, were the bearing-ring, which with its cross-braces formed a sort of garret floor whereon were stowed various tools and

DANES' GATE, NEAR WHICH THE ASCENSION WAS MADE.

From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.



UNLOADING THE BALLOON FROM THE SHIP AT DANES' ISLAND.

From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.

implements, such as shovels, anchors, and reserve ropes; and the spaces between the forty-eight suspension ropes above the bearing-ring. Securely hung in these spaces were forty-eight large, strong cloth sacks, divided into numerous compartments. In twelve were stowed sledges, boats, sail-yards, and kindred articles; in thirty-six were stored provisions.

ANDRÉE'S PROVISIONS.

Andrée's store of provisions, since his fate became so much of a mystery, has grown to be a subject of great interest. Thousands of letters, from all parts of the world, have gone to the Academy of Science at Stockholm asking about it; and finally, in order to satisfy public curiosity, King Oscar of Sweden requested Dr. Beauvais of Copenhagen, head of the house that supplied Andrée, to make a report on the amount of provisions he carried. Dr. Beauvais has just reported as follows:

"The Andrée expedition has provisions for nine months. All the boxes in which the conserved food is kept were made of copper, as iron would have had a disastrous effect on the magnetic instruments carried by the expedition. To occupy as little space as possible they were made square instead of round. The food consists of every kind of steaks, sausages, hams, fish, chickens, game, vegetables, and fruit. If these provisions have been saved, together with the food which the explorers can procure through fishing and hunting, they have sufficient provisions to last them two years.

"The expedition is also furnished with a new kind of lozenges of concentrated lemon juice. This is the first time these have been used by Polar expeditions, and it is expected they will absolutely prevent every attack of scurvy.

"Finally, the expedition is provided with twenty-five kilos [about fifty-five pounds] of thin chocolate cakes, mixed with pulverized pemmican. To preserve this food against dampness it is packed in pergament, covered with stannine, a brittle metal composed of tin, sulphur, and copper, and inclosed in air-tight boxes. Nansen's expedition was also provided with this food, and it was found to be both nourishing and pleasant to the taste."

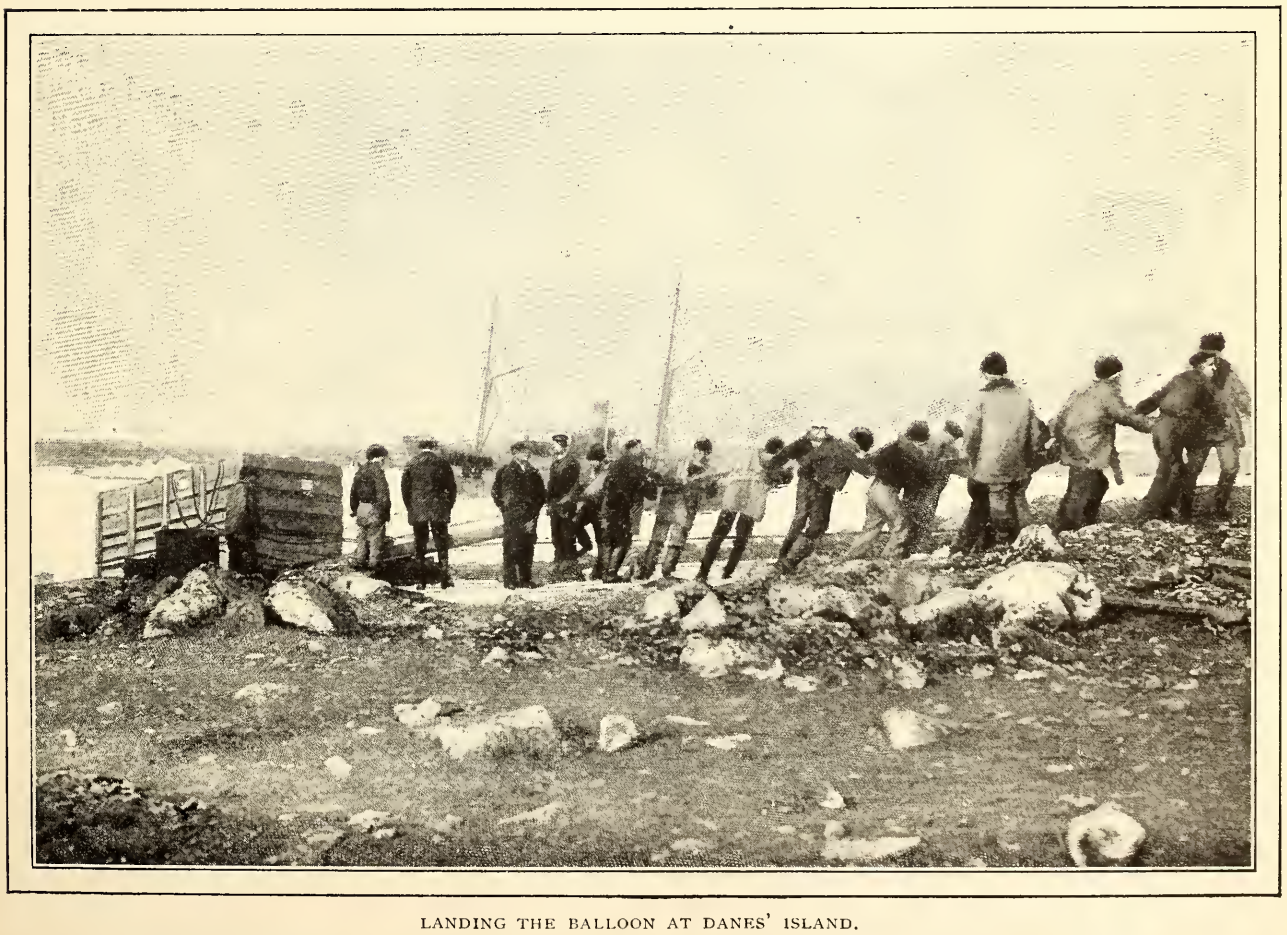
Even a means of cooking was not lacking from the outfit. A stove about ten by seventeen inches, heated by a spirit lamp, was carried along; and, in order to avoid the danger of using it near the gas of the balloon, it was so devised and placed that it could be lighted and operated hanging twenty-five feet below the roof of the car.

To aid in steering and controlling the balloon, Andrée devised an apparatus of sails and guide-ropes—three sails, presenting to the wind when full-spread a surface of 800 square feet; and three guide-ropes, one about 1,017 feet long, another about 1,042 feet, and the third about 1,205 feet. The ropes trail from the bearing-ring, and are attached to it in such wise that they can be shifted from point to point; and by thus shifting them, the

SLEDDING THE BALLOON FROM THE SHIP TO LAND AT DANES' ISLAND.

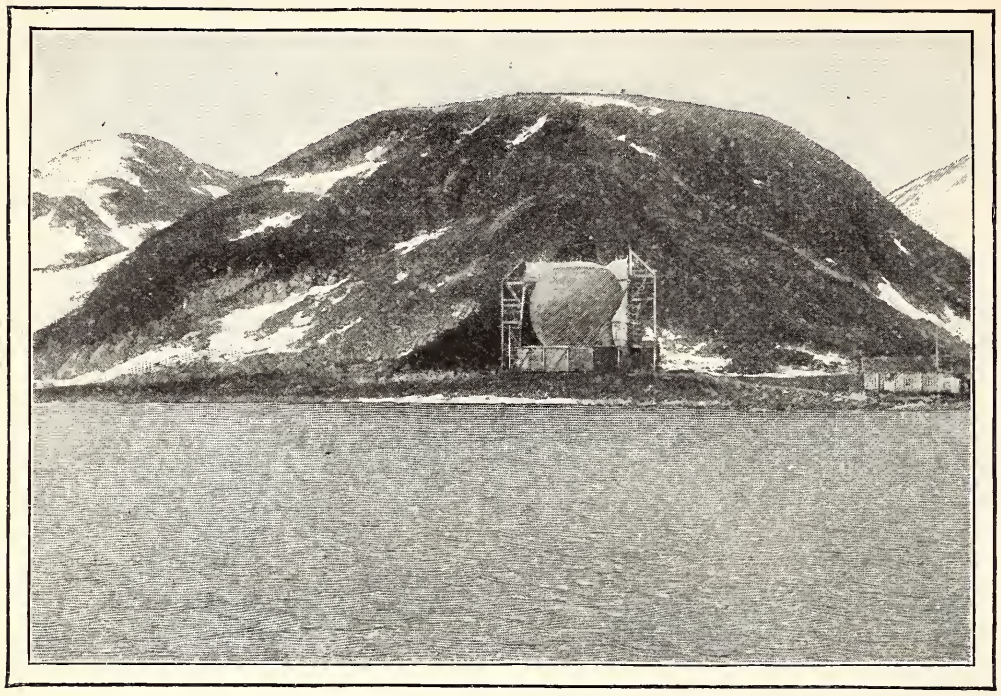
From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.

theory at least is that there can be a corresponding shift made in the course of the balloon. The sails are hung two from bamboo spars projecting from the bearing-ring, and one above the bearing-ring between the suspension-ropes.



LANDING THE BALLOON AT DANES' ISLAND.

From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.



VIEW OF THE BALLOON-HOUSE AND THE BALLOON.

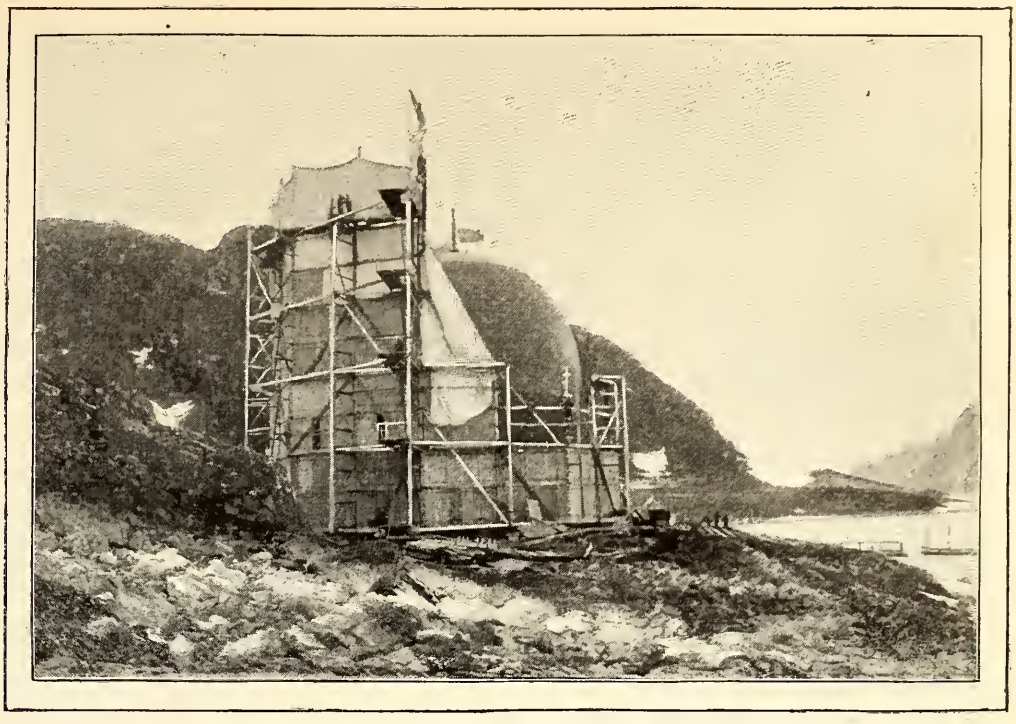
Part of the walls of the balloon-house have been torn away, in order to let the balloon out at the ascension. From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.

Andrée's first design was to sail in the summer of 1896. The balloon and all stores and appliances were conveyed to Danes' Island; a balloon-house was erected, and engines set up for producing hydrogen gas and inflating the balloon. All, indeed, was made ready; but the south wind they wanted for the start did not come. They waited for it until the season had advanced too far for a safe venture, and then they came back to Sweden. In May, 1897, they returned, and by July 1st again had everything ready for a start. And again the south wind refused to come. They had to wait ten days for it. We have a very interesting view of the party at this trying time, as well as a full account of the work they had had to do in getting ready, in the following letter, written by Andrée's companion, Nils Strindberg, to his brother in New York and not before published:

LETTER FROM NILS STRINDBERG.

"Yes, now the folks at home believe us to be ascended. From Anna I had no letter, and papa was very doubtful about his letter reaching me. But alas! it is true that we have not yet departed. As you have probably heard through the papers or letters from home, we anchored the 30th of May in 'Virgo Harbor,' after having been detained by the ice in Danes' Gate. It seems to have been an exceptionally mild winter. There is considerably less snow this year than last, which still was milder than the average winter. The balloon-house stood when we arrived, but was so damaged by the winter storms that it was on the verge of collapsing. But one must remember that it was only calculated to remain for one summer. With the aid of tackle and buttresses it was soon fixed, and June 14th we brought the balloon from the 'Virgo' to the balloon-house. On the 16th the balloon was stretched out on the floor, which had been covered with thick coarse felt. The 'Virgo' left Danes' Island on the 16th. And now we had our hands full to make the balloon tight and to inflate it. To make it tight we had to varnish all the seams on the outside as well as the inside. In order to varnish the inside the balloon is partly inflated with air by a large bellows, and the workmen crawl in through the lower opening. Svedenborg, Fraenkel, Machuron, and myself take turns in the superintending of the inside varnishing. The interior of the balloon is a very strange sight. It looks like a low vault of stone masonry. . . . There we were, eight men, each with a pot of varnish and a brush, and varnished every seam of the upper half of the balloon. The varnish makes the air very bad, and after some time one begins to feel a pain in one's eyes as of onions.

"On Saturday, the 17th, at seven o'clock in the morning, the hydrogen apparatus was started and put in connection with the balloon, and at twelve o'clock, midnight, between the 22d and 23d, it was inflated. Then it had to be tested as to its tightness and the principal holes fixed. This was done by a new method invented by Mr. Stake. It is simply to allow the few particles of hydrogen sulphide, which



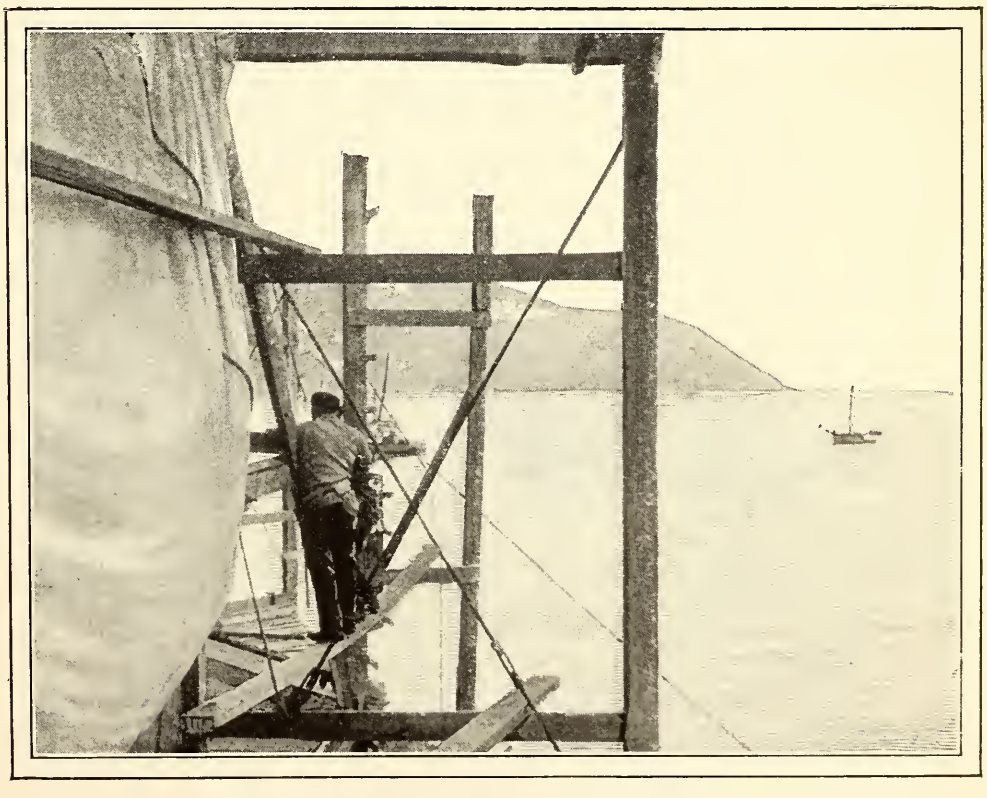
TAKING DOWN THE FRONT WALL OF THE BALLOON-HOUSE.

From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.

are always produced with the hydrogen, to accompany the hydrogen into the balloon. If pieces of muslin saturated with a solution of acetate of lead are put on the balloon, the smallest leakage may be discovered by the escaping hydrogen sulphide, which causes the muslin to turn black. This method proved to be very practical, and we discovered several small holes which could be fixed. During these operations one walks around on top of the balloon, which only yields imperceptibly. . . .

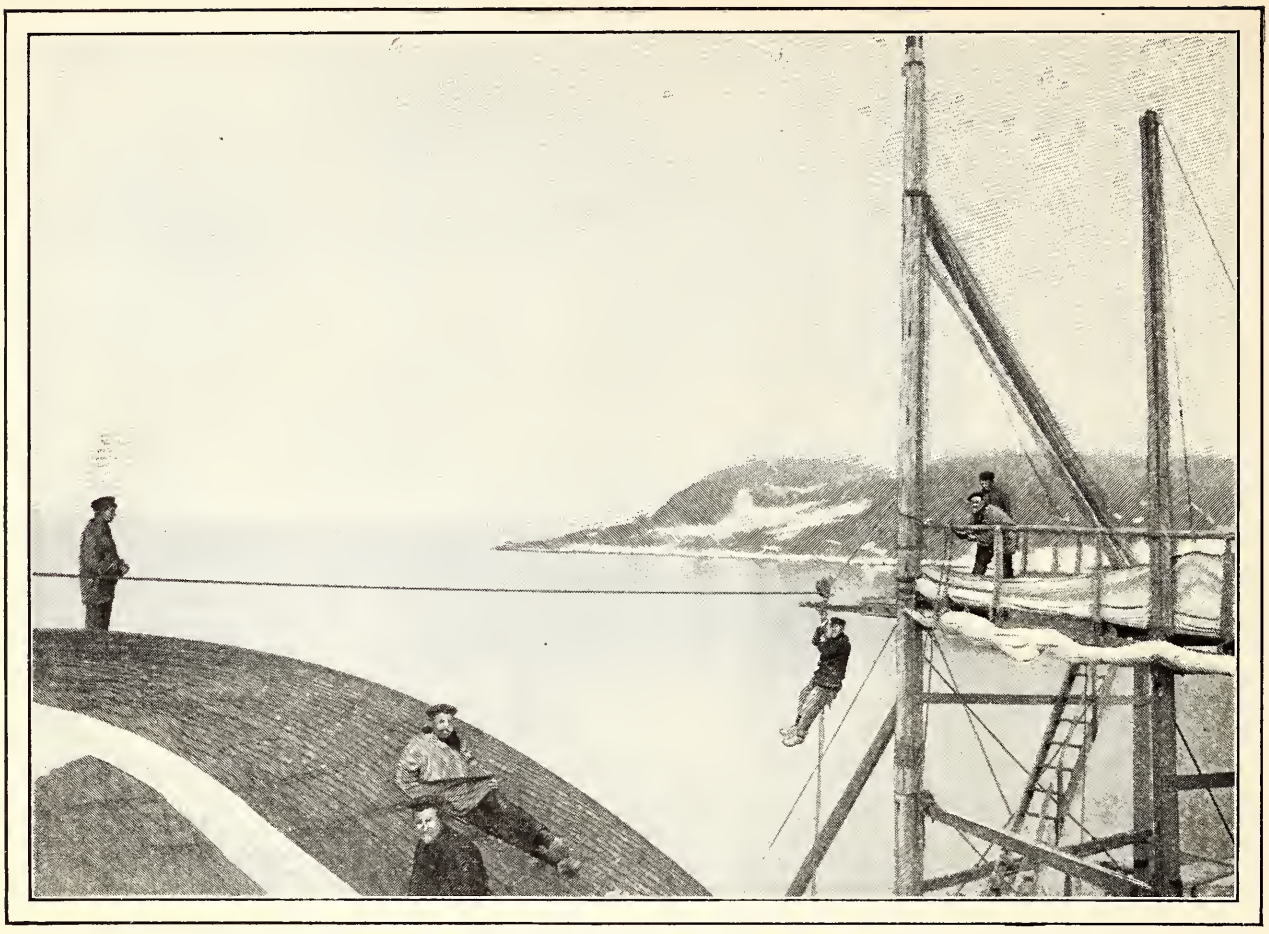
"After these preparations we have succeeded in getting the balloon in pretty good shape; at all events much better than last year. It loses daily about forty-five kilos [a fraction over ninety-nine pounds] in carrying capacity; but as we have possibilities of throwing out 1,700 kilos [about 3,748 pounds] of ballast, we will easily float for more than a month.

"We do not intend to start until we get favorable wind, to avoid being pushed right back to Spitzbergen by contrary winds. If we get the right wind, we ought to be able to go some distance in these thirty days. With a fairly strong wind we will make from ten to twenty knots an hour, and will reach the Pole, or a point near to it, in from thirty to sixty hours. Once having reached the northernmost point, we don't care where the wind carries us. Of course we would rather land in Alaska, near the Mackenzie River, where we would very likely meet American whalers, who are favorably disposed toward the



TAKING DOWN THE FRONT WALL OF THE BALLOON-HOUSE.

From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.



GETTING ON TOP OF THE BALLOON TO LOOK FOR LEAKS.

From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.

expedition. It would really be a glorious thing to succeed so well. But even if we were obliged to leave the balloon and proceed over the ice, we shouldn't consider ourselves lost. We have sledges and provisions for four months, guns and ammunition; hence are just as well equipped as other expeditions as far as that is concerned. I would not object to such a trip. The worst thing is that the folks at home will feel uneasy if we don't appear in the fall, but are obliged to spend the winter in the Arctic regions. My body is now in such good condition, and I have got so accustomed to the Arctic life, that a winter up here don't seem terrible at all. One gets used to everything. But the best thing would be to come home in the fall. . . .

"Well, I hope we shall soon have favorable winds. On the 8th of July we had a strong southerly wind, but then it was too strong. It was almost a gale, and it would have been impossible to ascend without damage to the balloon. Later it shifted over to the west too much. If we don't get a southerly wind before the 15th of July, we intend to try with a southeasterly, to be carried north of Greenland, and there possibly utilize the south winds which, according to Lieutenant Peary, are prevalent during summer.

"Well, good-by now, brother; just wonder if we will meet next time in New York. Send my love to Uncle and Aunt Outad and the boy, also to the Ellnrod family. Tell them that nowadays I write to nobody but my *fiancée*. Got no time for more.

"Your brother,

"NILS.

"The 'Lofoten,' which arrived this morning at seven o'clock, has left already at ten; so this will have to go by the next mail."

THE START.

When the members of the party arose on the morning of July 11th, they sent up a joyous cry of "A strong, steady wind from the south!" What followed this bestirring announcement has been very well described by one of the party, and we cannot do better than to quote his account:

"After a short discussion on the morning of the 11th, Mr. Andrée and his com-

EXAMINING THE BALLOON FOR LEAKS.

From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.

panions decided to ascend as soon as possible. Now followed some hours of great activity. Everyone felt perceptibly the importance of the moment, and all demonstrated this in an excellent way. Through the roaring storm, which so powerfully pressed against the balloon-house that it cracked and squeaked in all its joints, Mr. Andrée's powerful voice was heard, now from the outside, now from the inside, and now again from the top of the colossal building, giving orders and superintending the last preparations for this long-planned journey, which had cost so much effort and so much anxiety and for which so much was risked. All that was invested in the undertaking could still be lost at the very start.

"The wind is roaring, and the gigantic balloon pulls and pulls at its anchorage, sometimes with threatening force. Heavy clouds come tearing down from the mountain tops; a sudden gush of wind strikes the house, and it crashes more than ever. One of the poles at the upper balcony, to which canvas is fastened for protection against the wind, yields to the pressure and falls over the balloon, and might cause the whole expedition to come to naught, did not quick hands check it in its fall. The whole thing seems to hang on a hair. But Andrée does not seem at all excited. He takes in every detail of the preparations, and gives his orders, which are carried out rapidly and carefully.

"In about an hour's time the north wall of the house is torn partly down, and all hands are called to assist in raising and managing the balloon. Finally there is nothing left to do but attach the car—an extremely difficult job, as the raised balloon sways to and fro more than before. But even this is accomplished successfully, and now, about three and one-half hours after the work began, our three daring countrymen are ready to start on their hazardous journey. A few moments for the last farewells, and Andrée with his two companions, Nils Strindberg and Knut Fraenkel, jumps aboard the 'Ornen,' and orders are given to cut the retaining ropes. The captain of the 'Svensksund,' Count Ehrensvard, proposes a 'long life' for Mr. Andrée, which is given

with four hearty hurrahs. Andrée and his companions answer with, 'Long live old Sweden!'

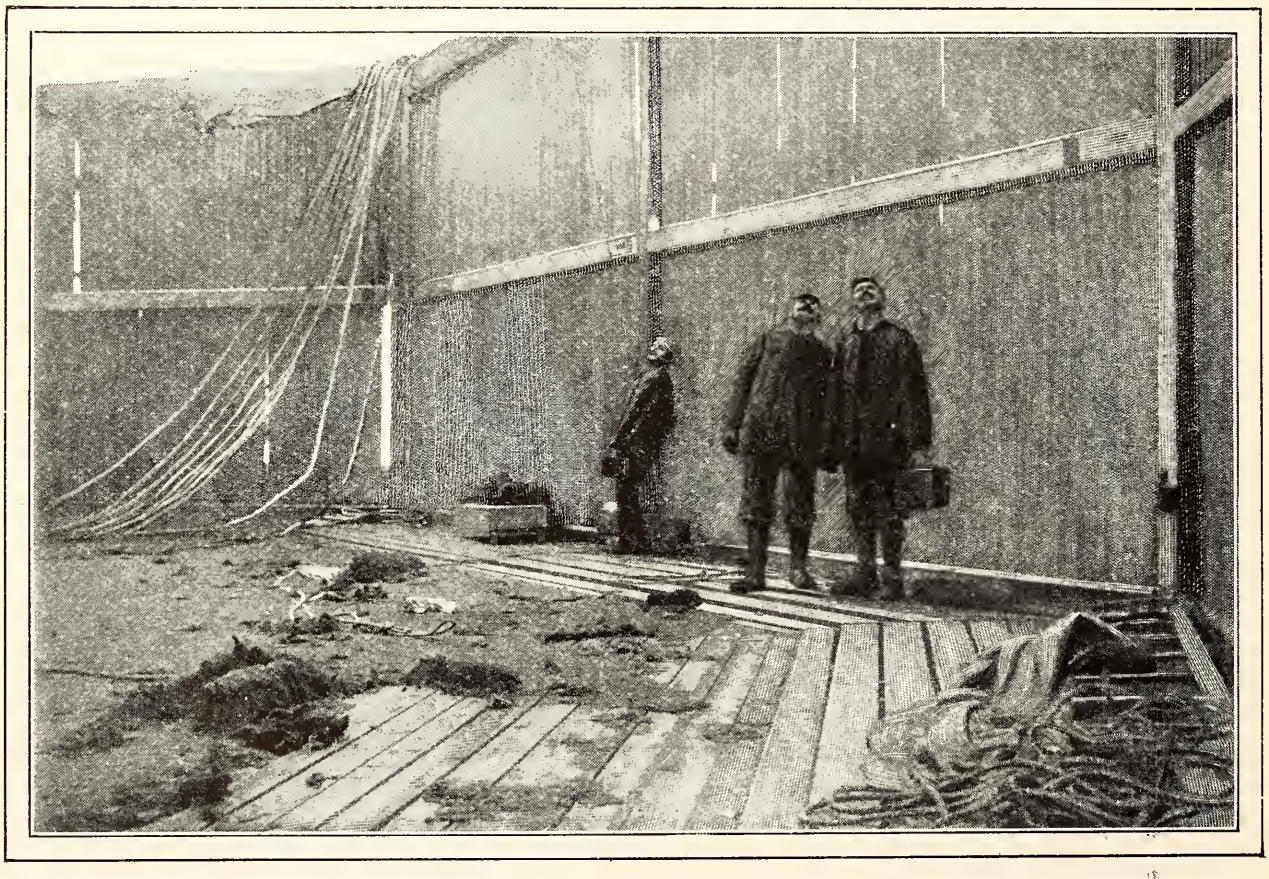
"As the last ropes are loosened I hurry up a hill behind the balloon-house to take photographs of the ascending balloon. Just as I reach my elevated position, the immense balloon slowly and majestically rises out of its prison. On account of its undulations the lower part catches on something connected with the house, but slips off again the next moment, and the balloon rises to between 600 and 700 feet, at the same time moving in a northeasterly direction out over Danes' Gate. But suddenly it drops down again, in a course straight toward the sea, being depressed by a current of air that has descended suddenly upon it from the mountain top, and also being somewhat pulled down by the catching of the guide-ropes. The car touches the waves; but like a giant ball the balloon rebounds, and when some sand-bags are thrown out (nine bags, each weighing about forty-two pounds), it rises until it reaches a height of about 3,000 feet. Then flying free, it continues at the height of about 3,000 feet, first in a northeasterly direction over Danes' Gate and toward the southern cape of Amsterdam Island. This it passes, and then turns toward the north, keeping over the sound between Amsterdam Island and Fogelsang. After a while it again turns toward the northeast, and passes the northern cape of Fogelsang. Then it disappears in a cloud. But in a short while it reappears in a north-northeasterly direction, between Fogelsang and Cloven Cliff; then changes toward the west, and finally disappears altogether—about an hour after the ascension."

LETTERS FROM STRINDBERG'S FATHER.

Nils Strindberg's brother in New York received from his father, in Sweden, a number of letters written about the time the expedition started and a little after, that give interesting information regarding it and its members. We print here the important parts of these letters, no portion of which has been published before:

"On Saturday [May 8th] we have a few of Nils's friends for dinner to say good-by. But we are not able to have Andrée with us, because his mother died a few days ago from paralysis of the heart, and he is now down to her funeral."

"Nils was calm all the time [May 15th] except when he was leaving the house, when he burst out weeping for a few moments. He is indeed a man, for he left



THE DAY OF THE START. ANDRÉE, STRINDBERG, AND FRAENKEL INSIDE THE BALLOON-HOUSE AFTER THE BALLOON HAS RISEN.

From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.

the dearest he has on earth [his *fiancée*] to carry out a great idea, and therefore I do think we shall see him back again, after a successful trip. Andrée was as calm as a summer sea."

"It was so strange [when a picture of the ascension reached them]; all the time one could imagine the 'Ornen' soaring away over the ice and snow towards the unknown—to land where? and when? and how? And then?"

"The day after Anna [Miss Chaslier, Strindberg's *fiancée*] accompanied me into the city to meet Svedenborg. Of course it was very interesting to hear eye-witnesses relate the story, although not much was told that had not been in the papers. Both Anna and myself had letters from Nils written the morning of the ascension-day: calm and sure as always. It was Nils who called out 'Long live old Sweden' when the balloon rose out of the house. The last words Andrée was heard to utter were 'What was that?' when the balloon caught somewhere for a moment. Svedenborg had saved, and presented to Anna, the sand-bag Nils cut off at the start. I got another. Anna also got the pigeon, in a small cage, with the message. It was brought out in the country and well cared for; but when we moved to the city, she followed my advice and had it killed and stuffed—and soon she will have it back in flying position as a permanent souvenir from the dearest she has, poor thing."

"And so one has to go on and hope for a year at least; and even after that don't draw too unfavorable conclusions, for they may have long distances to walk before they reach inhabited places."

"At present I read Nansen's book with great interest, and in my thoughts I place 'the three' in the same or similar situations. Since they have rifles and sufficient ammunition and the necessaries for a journey over the ice and a stay over the winter, I suppose they can do it, although with difficulties to overcome."

"Andrée and Nils, whom I know best, are such characters that, if possible, they make the impossible possible; and they have surely intelligence enough to figure out the best way of getting out of their emergencies. Andrée's ideas and Nils's Anna are two mighty levers and self-protections, and the love of life will help along too."

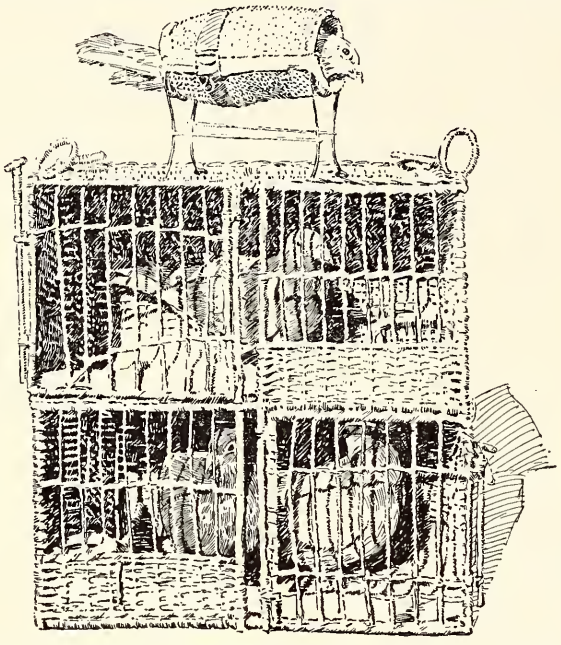
ANDRÉE, FRAENKEL, AND OTHERS WATCHING THE BALLOON AS IT SWAYS UNDER THE STRONG BLASTS OF WIND ON THE DAY OF THE START.

From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.

WHERE IS ANDRÉE?

By Walter Wellman.

ON the morning of July 15, 1897, four days after Andrée started from Danes' Island in his balloon "Ornen" (The Eagle),

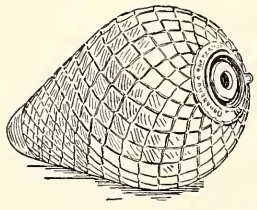


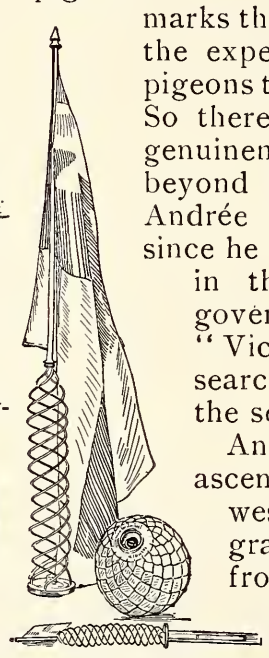
A GROUP OF ANDRÉE'S CARRIER-PIGEONS. HE TOOK THIRTY-TWO.

hoping to reach the North Pole, a carrier-pigeon lighted in the rigging of the sealer "Alken," then cruising in the vicinity of Spitzbergen, and was shot. Attached by threads to a tail-feather of the pigeon was found a small tube, or envelope, sealed at one end with wax. On the envelope was inscribed:

"From Andrée's Polar Expedition to the 'Aftonbladet,' Stockholm. Open the envelope on the side, and take out two messages. Telegraph the one in ordinary writing to the 'Aftonbladet,' and send the one in shorthand, by the first mail, to the same newspaper."

Editor's Note. — Mr. Walter Wellman organized in 1894 the Wellman Polar Expedition, and penetrated to latitude 81° 15′, north of Spitzbergen. His steamer, the "Ragnvald Jarl," was crushed in the ice at the Seven Islands. On his return to Europe he made a thorough inquiry into the feasibility of employing the balloon in Arctic exploration, and had even prepared, in conjunction with Godard and Surcouf of Paris, the best aëronautic engineers in the world, plans for an expedition similar to Andrée's, when Andrée announced his plans. Mr. Wellman is now preparing a new expedition, but not one by balloon.





SPECIMENS OF THE BUOYS CARRIED BY ANDRÉE, TO BE DROPPED AT THE PARALLELS OF LATITUDE HE CROSSED.

On opening the envelope, no message in shorthand was found, but one in ordinary writing was found, which, translated, reads:

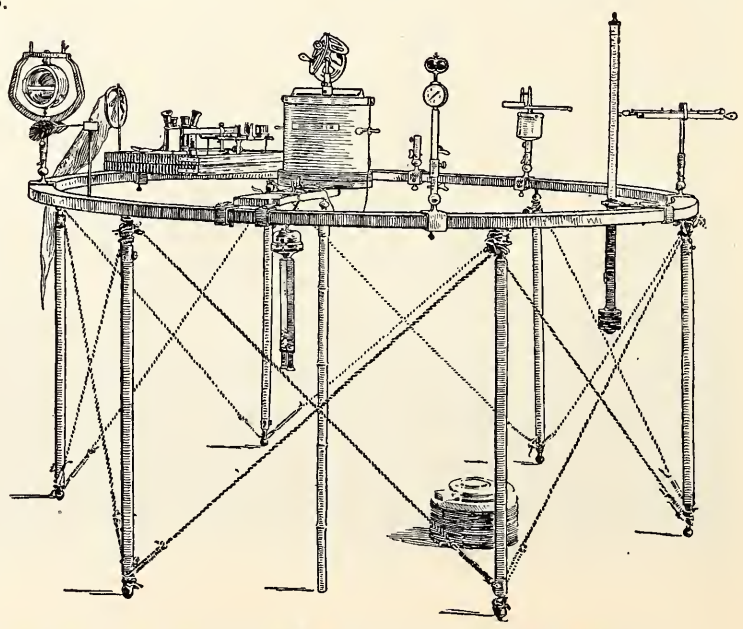
"*July* 13, 12.30 P.M.

"Latitude 82° 2′; longitude 15° 5′ east. Good progress eastward, 10° south. All well on board. This is the third pigeon despatch.

"Andrée."

The handwriting was Andrée's, and the pigeon bore on her wings the identifying marks that had been placed, before the expedition started, on all the pigeons that Andrée took with him. So there can be no doubt of the genuineness of this message. But beyond it, no word or trace of Andrée has been vouchsafed us since he left Danes' Island. Late in the autumn the Swedish government sent the steamer "Victoria" into the North to search for the aëronauts, but the search was fruitless.

Andrée's balloon made its ascent at Danes' Island, northwest Spitzbergen, 618 geographical or 710 statute miles from the North Pole. According to the reports of eye-witnesses it sailed aloft in a wind which was blowing from

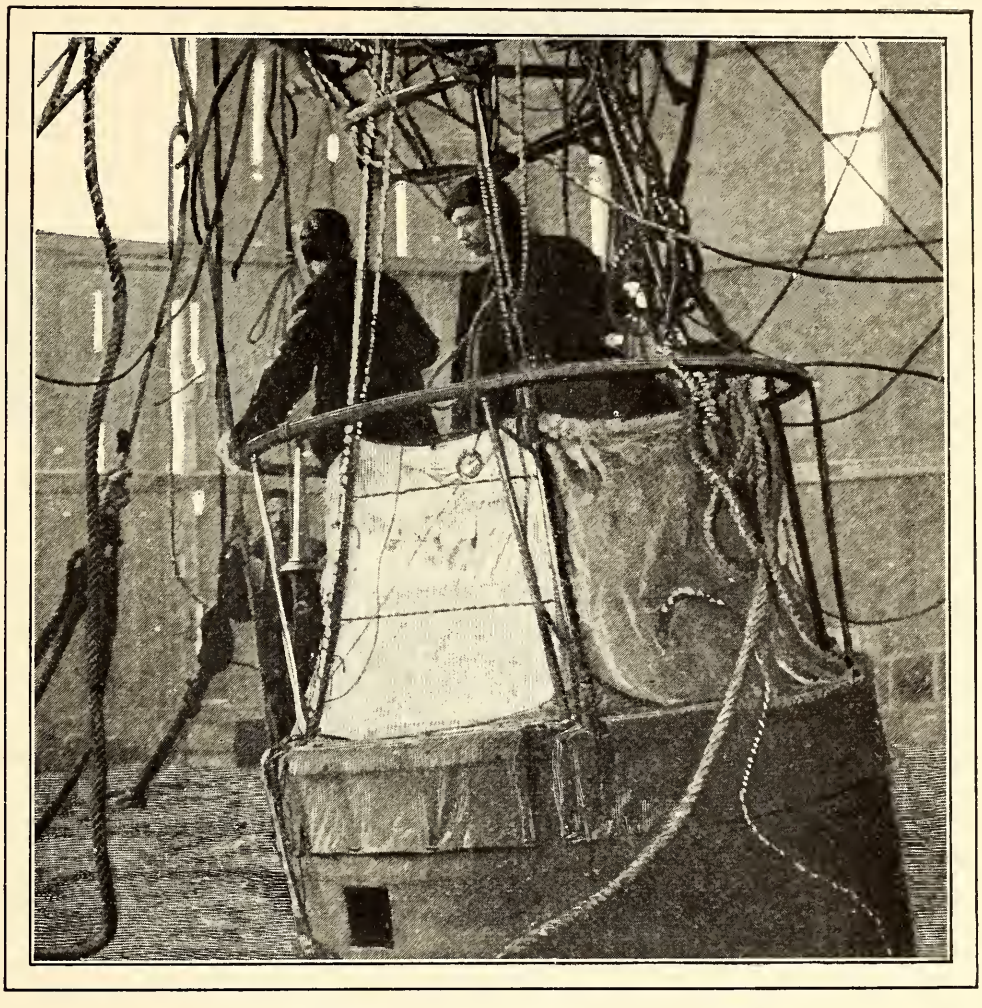


ANDRÉE'S SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS AS SET UP IN THE OBSERVATION GALLERY ON THE ROOF OF THE CAR.

twenty to twenty-five miles an hour in a northerly direction, a little east. Notwithstanding the friction upon the surface of the ice or sea of the trailing guide-ropes with which Andrée hoped to keep his airship always in contact with the earth, the balloon must have traveled nearly as fast as the wind. If his voyage had continued a little east of north, at a speed of twenty miles an hour, at noon the second day out he would have found himself some 250 miles on the other side of the Pole, which he would have passed at a distance of perhaps one hundred miles on his left.

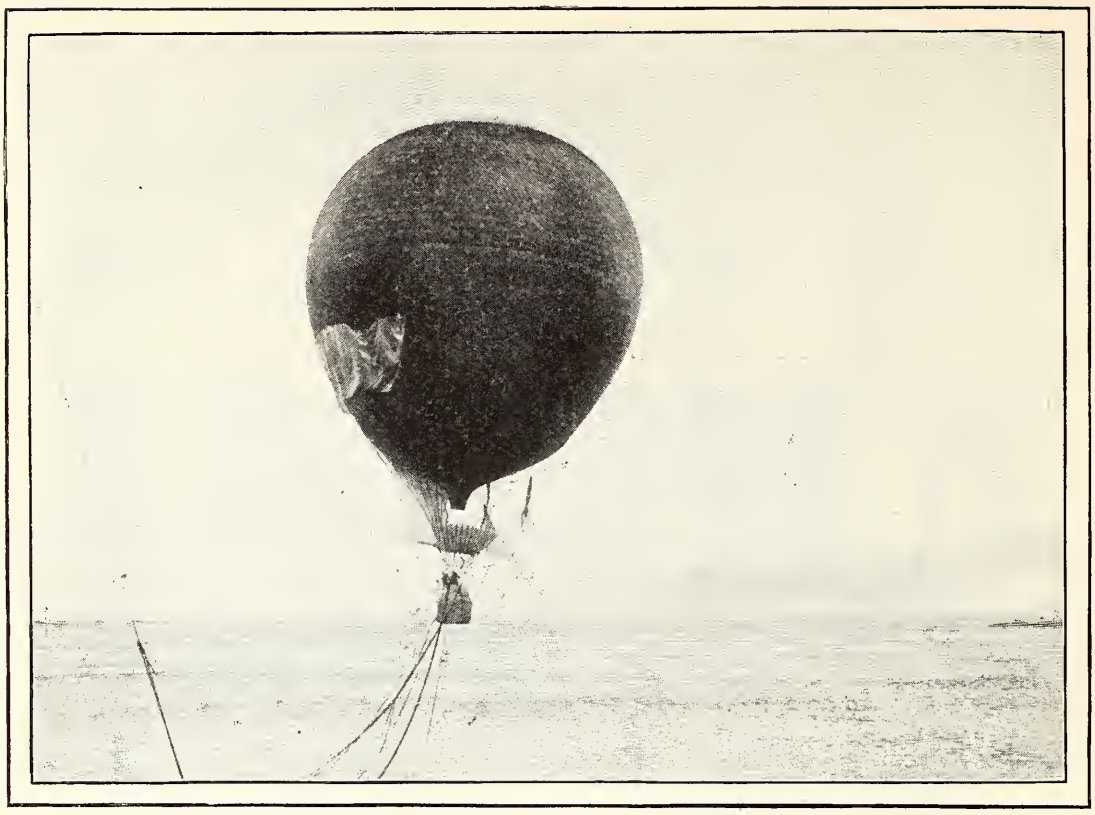
But the pigeon message tells a different story. At noon of the second day out, July 13th, Andrée writes that he had reached latitude 82° 2′ north, and longitude 15° 5′ east. In other words, instead of an aërial voyage 900 miles or more to the northward, passing near the Pole, he was then only 145 geographical miles north and 45 miles east of the point of departure. Moreover, at the hour of writing his message he was making "good progress eastward, ten degrees south," instead of to the north.

Professor Eckholm, who would have been one of Andrée's fellow-voyagers had the expedition started in 1896, and who is an accomplished meteorologist, has advanced a rational theory to account for Andrée's lack of progress northward during the first two days. Gathering the meager weather reports made by captains of such sealing sloops as were in the vicinity, Professor Eckholm suggests that the wind in which the "Ornen" ascended was part of a cyclonic or whirling storm, the currents moving inward toward the center of the area of low barometric depression, where comparative calm prevailed. Professor Eckholm assumes that such a center of depression existed northwest of Danes' Island and that therefore the balloon was borne first to the north, then to the northwest and west, and into the area of calms, whence it emerged with the general course of the storm, and began its flight to the eastward. This would explain the movements of the airship during the forty-six hours which elapsed between the ascension and the writing of Andrée's message. It would



JUST BEFORE THE START: ALL READY TO CUT LOOSE.

From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.



THE BALLOON JUST AT THE START, SHOWING THE MOMENTARY DEPRESSION CAUSED BY THE STRONG WIND.

From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.

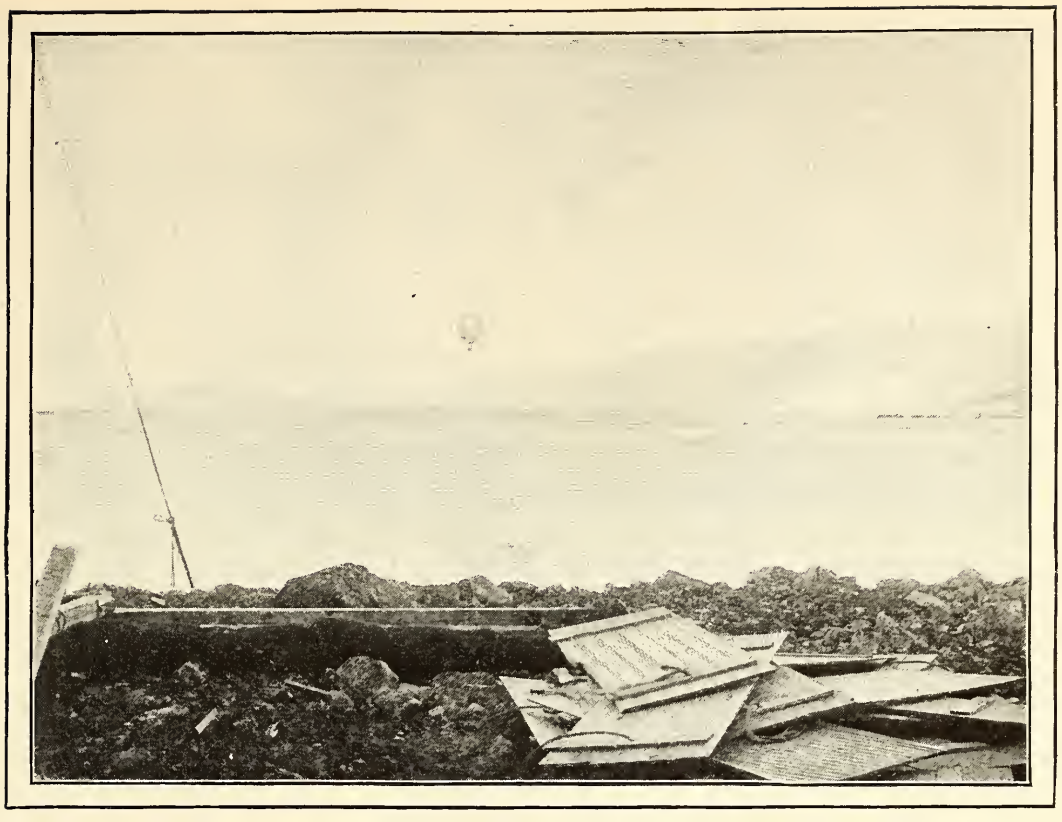
also explain the "good progress eastward, ten degrees south." But there is room for doubt that the storm of July 11th to 13th was severe enough to take on the characteristics of a cyclone. Meteorological authorities agree that only the heaviest storms show this rotary movement.

When Andrée wrote at noon of July 13th, "good progress eastward, ten degrees south," and sent his message by the third pigeon, he must have meant good progress in that direction since his first or second pigeon message was despatched, indicating that either currents revolving about a center of low barometric depression or other adverse wind movement had, shortly after the ascension, carried him far to the westward of Danes' Island. In any case, the storm then blowing appears to have had a general eastward sweep, and we have a right to assume that the "Ornen" passed eastward fifty or sixty miles to the north of the Seven Islands of Spitzbergen, where the pigeon was secured.

If Professor Eckholm's theory is well based, there was, about July 13th, another center of low pressure in the neighborhood of Franz Josef Land. Into the rotary sweep of this area the "Ornen" may have passed; and in that case it was of vital importance to the aëronauts whether they were able to remain afloat until the movement of the storm had carried them first southward over the open or partly ice-free Barentz Sea and later northward again

SOME SECONDS AFTER THE START.

From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.



THE LAST SIGHT OF THE BALLOON.

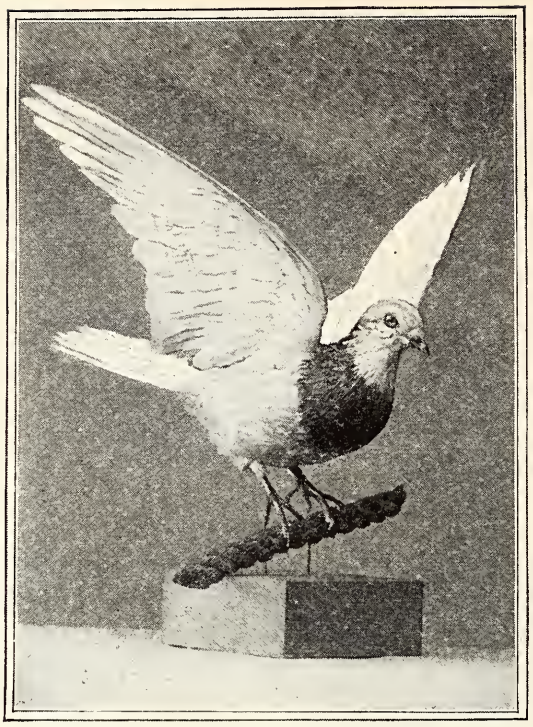
From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.

to Franz Josef Land, or whether they found it necessary to make a descent into the ocean or upon the loose pack-ice which is found upon the sea southeast of Spitzbergen. Whether it be assumed that the storm took on the character of a cyclone, or was merely a strong, straight-driving wind, there is an area of something like 200,000 square miles in which it is probable the voyagers made their descent. This region may be said roughly to comprise a part of the Barentz Sea, between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, on the south, Franz Josef Land and the Polar ocean north of it to the eighty-fifth or eighty-sixth parallel of latitude, and perhaps some distance eastward toward Siberia.

It is improbable the aëronauts were driven as far as Siberia or Nova Zembla. Had they reached the former country in July last, they would ere this have been heard from, even from the remotest parts. If they had reached Nova Zembla, their chances of returning to civilization by means of the sealing sloops which leave the west coast of that land as late as September would have been good. It is not likely they were caught in adverse currents and carried back to Spitzbergen or to Greenland, for the general movement of the storm was to the east.

There are three probabilities as to the approximate point of descent, each strong enough to merit attention. The first of these is that the "Ornen" remained in the air till Franz Josef Land was reached. Once over this land, the aëronauts would be able to distinguish it by the changed appearance of the ice-sheet beneath them and by the black cliffs at the edges of the fiords. Here Herr Andrée may have become convinced of the uselessness of waiting for further advance toward the Pole, and in consequence decided to descend. In such case, and if the descent were made in safety, the voyagers might without great trouble make their way to Cape Flora, about the eightieth parallel, where Jackson left a comfortable house and ample supplies for a wintering. In case their descent were made so far from Cape Flora that they were unable to reach the Jackson camp before the winter closed in upon them, Andrée and his companions might shoot enough bear, walrus, and seal to support them through the winter, and throw up a hut to live in, as did Nansen and Johansen in the same region.

The second probability is that the "Ornen" came down in the ocean to the southeast of Spitzbergen. When Herr Andrée was asked a few days before his start what would happen if they descended in the sea, the adventurer replied, coolly, "Drown."

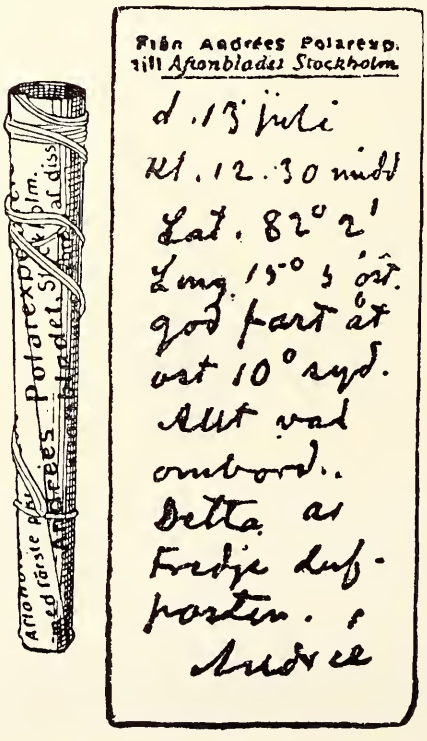


THE PIGEON THAT BROUGHT THE ONE MESSAGE THUS FAR RECEIVED FROM ANDRÉE.

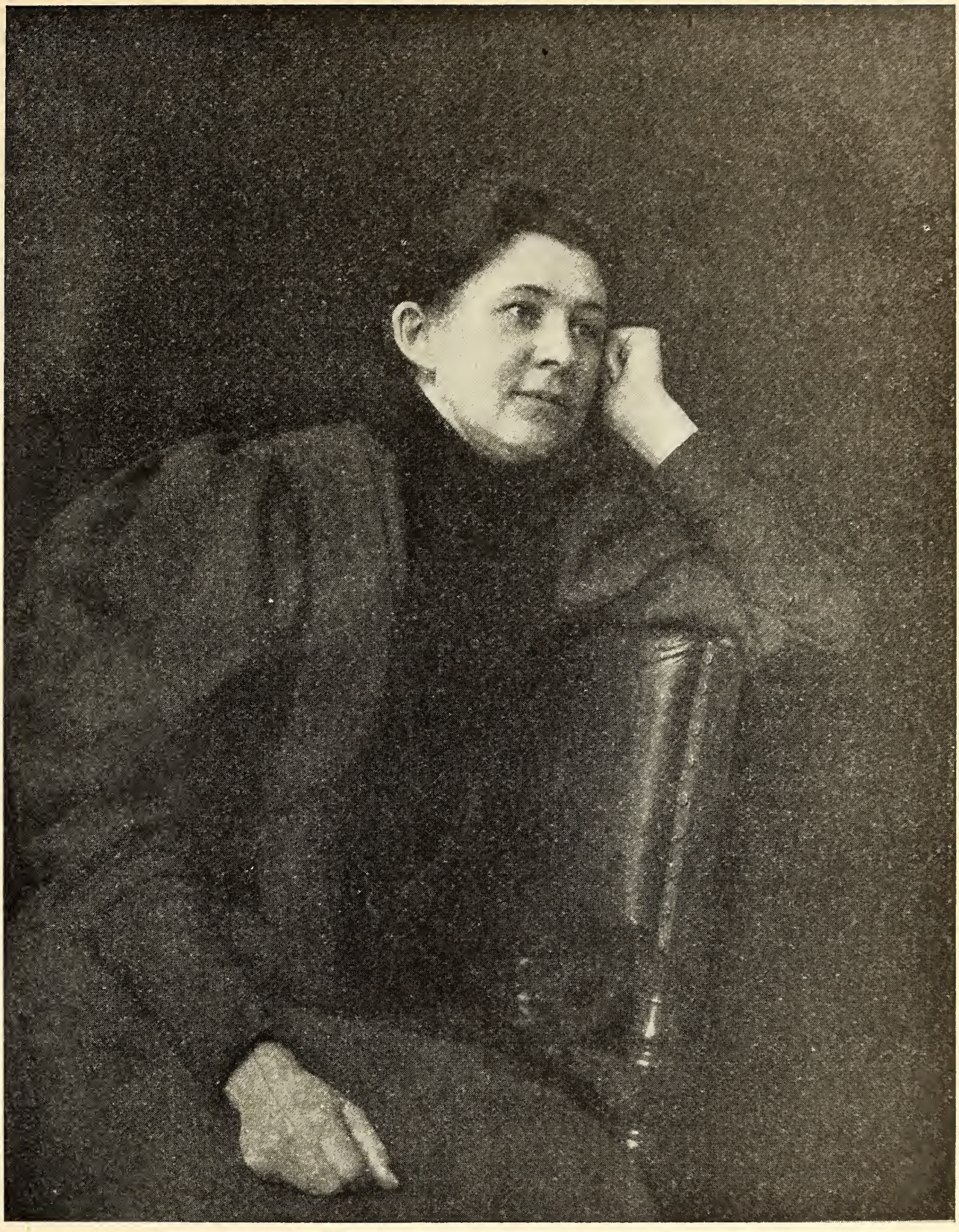
The third probability is that the air-ship was driven by the winds far to the east or northward of Franz Josef Land. In such case the explorers are probably lost. Assuming that they safely reached the ice-sheet which covers the Polar ocean, saving all their supplies, instruments, and equipment, this was the situation which confronted them: to save their lives they must get to the land within eight weeks. Out upon the Polar pack no game can be had, except by rarest good luck a stray bear comes that way. Andrée and his men had with them provisions for but four months. With this supply they could live till Christmas, but in order to secure food with which to survive the winter they must reach the land by the end of September at the latest, before the bear, seal, and walrus had disappeared. The distance which they could travel between the probable date of the descent and the closing in of winter may be estimated at 250 miles at the greatest. In August and early September the condition of the ice-pack is at its worst for sledging, being soft and slushy, with many pools half filled with sludge through which a boat cannot be rowed and over which a man cannot walk.

But were Andrée and his comrades able to descend to the land or to the frozen surface of the sea without injury to themselves and without loss of their precious food and equipment? It all depends upon the state of the wind. In light airs an aëronaut may descend to earth without much trouble or danger, but a descent in a smart wind is another story. When the car strikes the earth and its weight is taken from the balloon, the great ball rebounds mightily and is up and away. As more and more gas escapes through the open valve it comes down again, only to repeat its upward leap, though with diminished force. Hence, often, their safety depends on whether the aëronauts are able to cut their car loose before they are themselves spilled out or severely injured. Unfortunately, instead of storing his food, sledge, boat, instruments, and other equipment in the car, and then arranging a device by which the car could, in an emergency, be quickly cut loose from the balloon itself, Andrée carried all his provisions and equipment above the suspension-ring of his air-ship, between the forty-eight ropes that attach the suspension-ring to the netting. What may easily have happened, therefore, was the escape of the balloon, carrying with it the precious supplies and outfit, after the occupants had themselves been spilled out upon the land or pack-ice.

If the "Ornen" came down in the sea, the aëronauts were drowned. If it descended in the loose pack-ice southeast of Spitzbergen, they have probably perished, as it would be next to impossible for them to reach land by sledging over such a surface. If it alighted upon Franz Josef Land, or upon the ice near it, without accident, they are almost certainly safe. If the descent was made upon the Polar pack more than 250 miles from Cape Flora, they are lost. If they are now alive, the chances are they will next summer be found in the Jackson house at Cape Flora.



FACSIMILE OF THE MESSAGE RECEIVED FROM ANDRÉE BY CARRIER-PIGEON, JULY 22, 1897, AND OF THE ENVELOPE IN WHICH IT WAS CONTAINED. SEE PAGE 422.



IDA M. TARBELL.

No name is more familiar to the readers of McClure's Magazine than that of Ida M. Tarbell. Miss Tarbell has been a contributor to the Magazine from its foundation. Her "Life of Napoleon," begun in the November number, 1894, and finished in the April number, 1895, was by far the most successful feature the Magazine had had up to that time. Rarely, indeed, in all the course of magazine publication has there been a success equal to it. It was largely surpassed, however, a few months later, by Miss Tarbell's "Early Life of Lincoln," and her history of the later life of Lincoln seems likely to have even a greater popularity. Every day we receive many letters from subscribers asking when this will begin publication. It will begin in the November number, 1898. For two years now Miss Tarbell has been engaged in gathering new material and pictures relating to Lincoln's life from the time of his nomination to the Presidency at Chicago, in 1860, to his death by the hand of Booth, five years later. It is a short period, but the material is immense, and Miss Tarbell will present in the fullest manner the personal, human side of the great War President, and the movements of the War as they centered in or emanated from him.

AN ADVENTURE OF TRUCK SIX.

By Ray Stannard Baker.

THE Wellington Hotel was burned on the tenth of April. On the following morning the papers contained columns of description; but the adventure of Lieutenant Swenson and his men received only a few paragraphs. A somewhat more extended account was given by the "citizen," Harrison, two days later in the hospital. When I asked Swenson about it, he only said: "The marshal told me to go up, an' I went up. She got too hot, an' I came down."

Geiger and Ford, however, finally gave me the details, though piecemeal and somewhat shamefacedly.

It was a few minutes past five o'clock in the afternoon when the cook of the Wellington Hotel rushed up from the basement and pulled the knob of the red fire-alarm box back of the clerk's desk. In the laundry behind the kitchen the flames were spreading along the walls and reaching out of the windows and doors. Five minutes later they had found the wooden elevator shaft, where they leaped with a roar to the top of the building and blazed out over the roof like a smoky, red torch.

The Wellington Hotel stood at the corner of Cass Avenue and Thirty-first Street, in a comfortable residence district of the city. It was of brick, five stories high, and built in the form of a big L, with a roomy, white-washed court in the angle at the rear. Adjoining it in Cass Avenue stood a thin frame building, two stories high, occupied on the first floor by a dealer in hats and gloves, with a photograph gallery overhead.

Fire Marshal Collins saw at a glance that the Thirty-first Street L was doomed. The fire looked from every window in its five stories. There was only one thing to do: save as much as possible of the front L, and prevent the fire from spreading to the other buildings of the block. In half a minute Collins had disposed his forces. Three streams of water drove in the windows of the upper floors near the corner of the hotel; three companies closed in at the rear along the alleyway; and Truck Six, Swenson, lieutenant, wheeled up close to the curbing and ran a Bangor ladder to the roof of the photograph gallery. The ladder swayed and dipped like a poplar pole, and then rested lightly against the cornice. Swenson and his men scrambled up with their lanterns and axes. Captain Hill of Engine Fourteen and four of his company followed with a lead of hose. From the top of the gallery Swenson raised another ladder until it tipped the fourth-story window. From this point a short scaling-ladder was pushed up, and hooked to the stone ledge of the window on the fifth floor. Swenson drove in the sashes, frame and all, and a moment later they dragged the hose down the carpeted hall and into a room that opened on the court. From the window they could command the other L. Hill signaled for water, and they dropped a hundred-pound stream into the thick of the fire.

After establishing the lead, Swenson, with Kirk, his axman, and two truckmen, Geiger and Ford, went down the hall to find a suitable place for the second hose-line which No. 4 was dragging up the ladders. At a turn of the passageway they heard a voice shouting.

Geiger went ahead with his lighted lantern. Kirk and Ford shouted again and again, but there was no reply. The smoke was fast becoming unendurable, even to a seasoned fireman, and they turned and ran back, opening the doors and peering into the smoky interiors of the rooms as they passed. Presently Swenson stumbled, and all but fell over something in the hallway. Geiger held his lantern. A man on his hands and knees, with a handkerchief over his mouth, was crawling on the floor.

"Where's the stairway?" he mumbled.

Swenson lifted him up, and guided him down the hall. On nearing the window at which they had entered, they were startled to see the hose-line crawling rapidly down the hall floor and wriggling out of the window like some long snake. The brass nozzle-head rang sharply on the stone ledge and was gone. The room where the pipemen had been at work was vacant, and upon looking out of the hall window Swenson saw the flames bursting up from the photograph gallery, the flimsy roof of which curled before them as if it was made of

pasteboard. The ladder reaching to the fourth floor was already down. In the street below, Swenson saw Hill and his men running to safety across the street. They had staid a moment too long. There was no escape from that side of the building.

At Swenson's order, Kirk and Ford drew up the scaling-ladder that hung from the window, and they all groped their way through the smoke which was now driving down the hallway in dense, choking currents. Swenson opened a door leading into one of the rooms which faced the Cass Avenue front of the building. Here he threw up the window and looked out. The street pavement was mapped with the criss-cross of hose-lines. At the corner, No. 8's engine was squealing frantically for coal. A dense knot of firemen was steadying a hose-nozzle on the sidewalk opposite. The crowds had been choked back until they stood wedged deep and dark around the further corner.

Swenson saw Collins wave his hand to the men of Truck Two and point upward. He saw them start with their ladders, and then, of a sudden, the whole building shook, and a dense cloud of smoke belched from the basement below and filled the street. And Swenson knew that the building directly under him was on fire. In four or five minutes at the very most the floors would go down.

To any one but a fireman there would have been no way of escape. But Swenson stood two inches over six feet in his stockings, and he was cool with the experience of fifteen years of fires. His plan was formed instantly.

Kirk drove out the window sashes with a single blow of his axe. Swenson seized the ladder, and ran it outside, hooks up. Then he stood on the stone ledge; Geiger and Ford seized his belt, one on each side; and he leaned far out as if to jump. Carefully the ladder was lifted toward the edge of the roof, the iron cornice of which extended some distance over the street. For a moment he swayed and strained. The hooks rasped on the wall, but they would not reach to the top. The ladder was too heavy; in that cramped position Swenson could not raise it to its full height.

"No use," said Ford, despondently.

After a moment's consultation with the other men, Swenson formed another plan. Placing the foot of the ladder firmly on the outside window ledge, he lifted its top in air. Then he and Geiger each took firm hold of it with one hand, gripping the other around the inside casing of the window. Kirk, who was the lightest of the number, stepped up on the window sill. He had kicked off his boots, and thrown aside his helmet. He was white to the lips.

"Don't look down," said Swenson.

Kirk climbed up the ladder until he was poised in mid-air, sixty feet sheer above the stone sidewalk. At the end of the ladder he paused and looked around.

"Go on," shouted Swenson.

Kirk went up another step and released his arms, standing on the second round from the top. Slowly Swenson and Geiger drew the ladder closer to the wall. Kirk swayed and swung like a pole-balancer. Then he reached for the top of the building. It was still above him. He stepped from the second round to the bare top of the ladder, and balanced dizzily, with one hand resting lightly on the wall. In that moment he heard the roaring of the fire and the squelching of the water through the windows below him, but he saw only the gray scaled edge of the cornice. He knew that if he did not go up, he would go down sixty feet to the flagging below.

Slowly he raised up. His fingers slipped just over the edge of the cornice and tightened there. He drew himself up, and rolled over on the gravel roof.

"Now, Ford," said Swenson.

Ford had not looked when Kirk climbed. Such things are not good to see. He ran up the ladder rapidly. It was again drawn in, and when Ford reached the top, Kirk, reaching over, seized his wrists and helped him up. As he disappeared from view Harrison, the citizen whom they had saved, rushed wildly forward.

"You're going to leave me," he shouted; "you're going to let me burn up."

"No, we're not," growled Swenson; "it's your turn next."

At that, Harrison, who had thrown off his coat and shoes, sprung up on the window sill. Then he looked down. The smoke from below was now seamed with streaks of fire. It was a long way down to the street. The ladder looked frail and unsteady. He sprang back, and darted half way across the room.

"I can't do it," he said.

"Steady the ladder," Swenson said to Geiger.

Then he seized Harrison by the collar and shook him as if he had been a poodle dog. After that he cuffed him soundly, first on one side of the head and then on the other.

"Get up there or I'll pitch you into the street," he said.

Harrison climbed. At the top of the ladder he looked up. Kirk and Ford were reaching down to him. He went one round higher.

"Straighten up—steady now," said Kirk calmly.

Harrison raised himself slowly, and lifted his hands. Just as he felt Kirk's fingers he gave way and swayed against the wall. Kirk gripped him hard. For a moment he dangled helplessly. Then both men reached his arm and pulled him up.

"Now, Geiger," said Swenson.

"You can't hold the ladder," said Geiger.

"I can," answered the big Swede.

They stood still a moment. They heard the ominous crunching of the fire under them, and they knew that it soon would knock at the door. Geiger climbed. Swenson strained hard with both feet braced under the window sill. He had promised to shout when he could no longer hold the ladder. When Geiger was half way up he shouted. Then he felt the ladder lighten suddenly and he saw Geiger's body swing off into the air. For a moment he went sick at the sight; then he saw Kirk and Ford pulling him up on their belts.

All this had taken place in less than three minutes. The whole building was burning now, and the air was full of cinders. Swenson could not see the street pavement, but he caught glimpses of the white rods of water driving into the windows below him.

Swenson stood on the stone ledge with one hand gripped inside of the window casing. Then he lifted the ladder and threw it up round by round with his right hand, pausing between each hitch to be sure of the balance. So much for the fire drill. When it was nearly up he strained hard, and Kirk and Ford, who had buckled their belts together, dropped the loop around the hooks at the end, drew it up, and fitted it firmly over the cornice edge. Swenson swung out on the lower end of it, scrambled to the top, hand over hand, and rolled out on the roof.

They were just in time to see another section of the roof go down with a terrific crash that sent the flames and cinders leaping a hundred feet in air. The whole building quivered, and for a moment they thought the walls were going down. There was fire on every side of them and under them, and the smoke cut off the sky from above. Their faces were already scorched with the heat.

Directly across the street from the Wellington Hotel and about sixty feet away there stood a four-story apartment building. A telephone wire cable a little more than an inch in diameter extended from the roof of one to the roof of the other. On the top of the hotel it was fastened to a stout post, and it pitched off over the edge of the roof at a sharp angle downward to the other building. Kirk, being the lightest, was selected to go first. Swenson and the other three men, fearing that the cable had been injured beyond the post, laid firm hold of it and braced their feet. Kirk sat on the edge of the cornice with his feet hanging over. Then he slid off, crossed his legs over the wire as over a life-line, and slipped down. The cable sagged until it seemed about to snap. Hand over hand Kirk slid across the chasm, teetering and swaying from side to side until the men on the roof turned their heads away. When Kirk was over, Ford followed him without a word, and Geiger followed Ford. Each time the cable sagged deeper and the post bent further down. Swenson buckled four belts together and brought them around Harrison's body and over the cable. "Keep hold," he said, "and you can't fall."

But Harrison was now dazed and only half conscious. When he began to slide he grasped feebly at the cable, and then it slipped between his fingers. His body shot down heavily and stopped with a jerk that all but snapped the cable. For a moment he dangled at the end of the belt straps, then he whizzed across the street and drove headlong into the post on the further side.

By this time Kirk and Ford had lost all trace of Swenson. Smoke and flames enveloped the entire building, and from the shouts in the street below, they knew that the wall would soon go down. Suddenly Swenson shot out of the smoke, spun a moment on the cable, and fell at their feet. His hands and ankles were terribly lacerated and burned where they had slipped on the cable. But all four of the firemen managed to hobble down-stairs without assistance. On the first floor they passed through a company of hotel guests talking to reporters about their narrow escapes—three women had fainted, and one man had fallen downstairs.

"One hundred thousand dollars fire damage," said a head-line in one of the papers next morning, "but no lives lost."

PANORAMIC VIEW OF MISSIONARY RIDGE FROM THE VALLEY THAT LIES BETWEEN THE RIDGE AND CHATTANOOGA.

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND EVENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

By Charles A. Dana,

Assistant Secretary of War from 1863 to 1865.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND VIEWS FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT COLLECTION OF CIVIL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS.

V.

THE BATTLE OF CHATTANOOGA.—IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT WITH STANTON.

COLONEL WILSON and I reached Chattanooga from our visit to Burnside at Knoxville, on November 17th. As soon as I arrived I went to headquarters to find out the news. There was the greatest hopefulness everywhere, and both Grant and Thomas told me that they believed the Confederates would be driven from their position south of Chattanooga in a very few days. In fact, the plans for a general attack on them were complete, and the first move was to be made that very night. There were some hitches, however, in carrying out the operations as speedily as Grant had hoped, for it was not until the 23d that the first encounter in the battle of Chattanooga occurred. It was the beginning of the most spectacular military operations I ever saw, operations extending over three days and full of the most exciting incidents.

As any one can see from a glance at the map [see page 434], our army lay to the south and east of the town of Chattanooga, the river at our back. Facing us, in a great half circle, and high above us on Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, were the Confederates. Our problem was to drive them from these heights. We had got our men well together, all the reinforcements were up, and now we were to strike.

The first thing Grant tried to do was to clear out the rebel lines which were nearest to ours in the plain south of Chattanooga, and to get hold of two knobs, or low hills, where the Confederates had their

PANORAMIC VIEW OF KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE.

advance guard. As the entire field where this attack was to be made was distinctly visible from one of our forts, I went there on the 23d, with the generals, to watch the operations. The troops employed for the attack were under the immediate orders of Gordon Granger. There were some capital officers under Granger, among them Sheridan, Hazen, and T. J. Wood. Just before one o'clock the men moved out of their intrenchments, and remained in line for three-quarters of an hour in full view of the enemy. The spectacle was one of singular magnificence.

Usually in a battle one sees only a little corner of what is going on, the movements near where you happen to be; but in the battle of Chattanooga we had the whole scene before us. At last, everything being ready, Granger gave the order to advance, and three brigades of men pushed out simultaneously. The troops advanced rapidly, with all the precision of a review, the flags flying and the bands playing. The first sign of a battle one noticed was the fire spitting out of the rifles of the skirmishers. The lines moved right straight along, not halting at all, the skirmishers all the time advancing in front, firing and receiving fire.

The first shot was fired at two o'clock, and in five minutes Hazen's skirmishers were briskly engaged, while the artillery of Forts Wood and Palmer was opened upon the rebel rifle-pits and camps behind the line of fighting. The practice of our gunners was splendid, but elicited no reply; and it was soon evident that the Confederates had no heavy artillery, in that part of their lines at least. Our troops, rapidly advancing, occupied the knobs upon which they were directed at twenty minutes past two. Ten minutes later Samuel Beatty, who commanded a brigade, driving forward across an open field, carried the rifle-pits in his front, the occupants fleeing as they fired their last volley; and Sheridan, moving through the forest which stretched before him, drove in the enemy's pickets, and halted his advance, in obedience to orders, on reaching the rifle-pits where the rebel force was waiting for his attack. No such attack was made, however, the design being to secure only the heights. The entire movement was carried out in such an incredibly short time that at half-past three I was able to send a telegram to Mr. Stanton describing the victory.

That evening I joined General Sherman, who had his troops north of the river, concealed behind the hills, and was going to attempt to cross the Tennessee above the town that very night, so as to be able to attack the east head of Missionary Ridge on the night of the 24th or morning of the 25th. Sherman had some 25,000 men, and crossing them over a river as wide and rapid as the Tennessee was above Chattanooga seemed to me a serious task, and I watched the operations of the night with great curiosity. The first point was to get a sufficient body of troops on the south bank to hold a position against the enemy (the Confederates had pickets for a long distance up and down the Tennessee above Chattanooga), and then from there commence building the pontoon bridge by which the bulk of the men were to be gotten over. About one o'clock in the morning the pontoon boats, which had been sent up the river some distance, were filled with men and allowed to drop down to the point General Sherman had chosen for the south end of his bridge. They landed about 2.30 in the morning, seized the pickets, and immediately began to fortify their position. The boats in the meantime were sent across the river to bring over fresh loads of men. They kept this up until morning. Then a small

steamer which Sherman had got hold of came up, and began to bring over troops. At daybreak some of the boats were taken from the ferrying and a bridge was begun. It was marvellous with what vigor the work went on. Sherman told me he had never seen anything done so quietly and so well, and he declared later in his report that he did not believe the history of war could show a bridge of that length, about 1,350 feet, laid down so noiselessly and in so short a time. By one o'clock in the afternoon (November 24th) the bridge was done, and the balance of his forces were soon marching briskly across. As soon as Sherman saw that the crossing was insured, he set the head of his column in motion for the head of Missionary Ridge. By four o'clock he had gained the crest of the ridge and was preparing for the next day's battle.

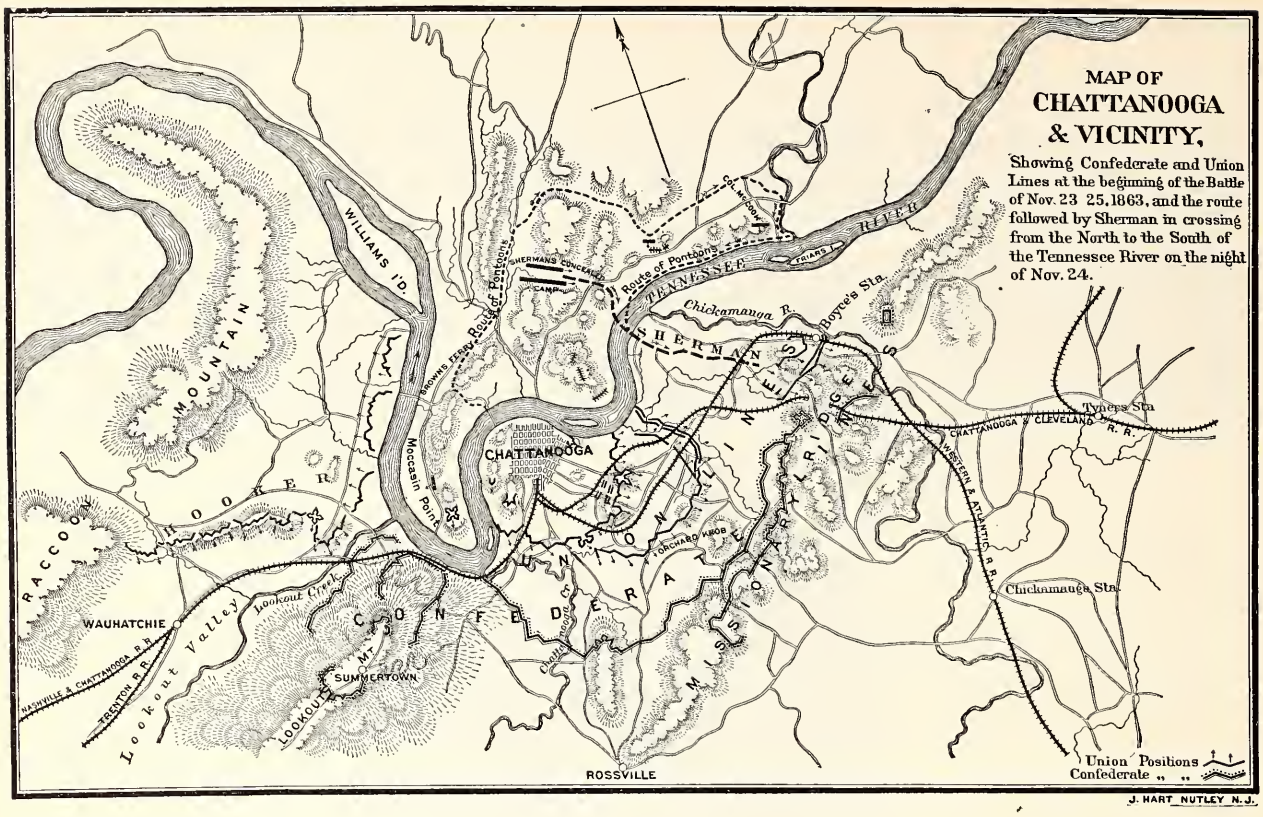
GENERAL GRANT IN 1864.

As soon as I saw Sherman in position, I hurried back to Chattanooga. I reached there just in time to see the famous moonlight battle on Lookout Mountain. The way this night battle happened to be fought was that Hooker, who had been holding Lookout valley, had been ordered to gain a foothold on Lookout Mountain if possible, and that day, while I was with Sherman, had really succeeded in scaling the side of the mountain. But his possession of the point he had reached had been so hotly disputed that a brigade had been sent from Chattanooga to aid him. These troops attacked the Confederate lines on the eastern slope of the mountain about eight o'clock that evening. Full moon made their battle-field as plain to us in the valley as if it were day, the blaze of their camp fires and the flashes of their guns displaying brilliantly their position and the progress of their advance. No report of the result was received that night, but the next morning we knew that Bragg had evacuated Lookout Mountain the night before and that our troops occupied it.

NOVEMBER 25TH AT CHATTANOOGA.

After the successes of the two days, a decisive battle seemed inevitable, and orders were given that night for a vigorous attack the next morning. I was up early, sending my first despatch to Mr. Stanton at half-past seven in the morning. About nine o'clock the battle was commenced by Sherman on our left, and raged furiously all that forenoon both east of Missionary Ridge and along its crest, the enemy making vigorous efforts to crush Sherman and dislodge him from his position on the ridge. While this battle was going on, I was on Orchard Knob, where Grant, Thomas, Granger, and several other officers were observing the operations. The enemy kept firing shells at us, I remember, from the ridge opposite. They had got the range so well that the shells burst pretty near the top of the elevation where we were, and when we saw them coming we would duck, that is, everybody did except Grant and Thomas and Gordon Granger. It was not according to their dignity to go down on their marrow bones. While we were there Granger got a gun—a cannon—how he got it I do not know—and he would load it with the help of one soldier, and fire it himself over at the ridge. I recollect that Rawlins was very much disgusted at the guerrilla operations of Granger, and induced Grant to order him to join his troops elsewhere.

As we thought we perceived, soon after noon, that the enemy had sent a great mass



of their troops to crush Sherman, Grant gave orders at two o'clock for an assault upon the left of their lines; but owing to the fault of Granger, who was boyishly intent upon firing his gun, instead of commanding his corps, Grant's order was not transmitted to the division commanders until he repeated it an hour later.

It was fully four o'clock before the line moved out to the attack. It was a bright, sunny afternoon, and as the forces marched across the valley, in front of us, as regularly as if on parade, it was a great spectacle. They took with ease the first rifle-pits at the foot of the ridge, as they had been ordered, and then, to the amazement of all of us who watched on Orchard Knob, they moved out and up the steep ahead of them, and before we realized it, they were at the top of Missionary Ridge. It was just half-past four when I wired Mr. Stanton:

> Glory to God! the day is decisively ours. Missionary Ridge has just been carried by the magnificent charge of Thomas's troops, and the rebels routed.

As soon as Grant saw the ridge was ours, he started for the front. As he rode the length of the lines, the men, who were frantic with joy and enthusiasm over the victory, received him with tumultuous shouts. The storming of the ridge by our troops was one of the greatest miracles in military history. No man who climbs the ascent by any of the roads that wind along its front can believe that 18,000 men were moved in tolerably good order up its broken and crumbling face unless it was his fortune to witness the deed. It seemed as awful as a visible interposition of God. Neither Grant nor Thomas intended it. Their orders were to carry the rifle-pits along the base of the ridge and capture their occupants; but when this was accomplished, the unaccountable spirit of the troops bore them bodily up those impracticable steeps, over the bristling rifle-pits on the crest and the numerous cannon enfilading every gully. The order to storm appears to have been given simultaneously by Generals Sheridan and Wood, because the men were not to be held back, dangerous as the attempt appeared to military prudence. Besides, the generals had caught the inspiration of the men, and were ready themselves to undertake impossibilities.

The first time I saw Sheridan after the battle I said to him: "Why did you go up there?"

"When I saw the men were going up," he replied, "I had no idea of stopping them; the rebel rifle-pits had been taken, and nobody had been hurt, and after they had started I ordered them to go on. As I was going up I looked up at the head of the ridge, and there I saw a Confederate general on horseback. I had a silver whisky flask in my pocket, and when I

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN FROM LOOKOUT VALLEY.

saw this man on the top of the hill, I took it out and waved my hand toward him, holding up the shining, glittering flask, and then I took a drink. He waved back to me, and then the whole division went up."

All the evening of the 25th the excitement of the battle continued. Bragg had retreated up the Chickamauga valley, and was burning what he could not carry away, so that the east was lit by his fires, while Sheridan continued his fight beyond the east slope of Missionary Ridge until nine o'clock in the evening. It was a bright moonlight night, and we could see most of the operations as plain as day. By the next morning Bragg was in full retreat. I went to Missionary Ridge in the morning, and from there I could see for ten miles up Chickamauga valley the fires of the depots and bridges he was burning as he fled.

At intervals throughout the day I sent despatches to Washington, where they were eagerly read, as the following telegram sent me on the 27th shows:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON CITY, *November* 27, 1863.

HON. C. A. DANA,
CHATTANOOGA, TENN.:

The Secretary of War is absent, and the President is sick; but both receive your despatches regularly and esteem them highly, not merely because they are reliable, but for their clearness of narrative and their graphic pictures of the stirring events they describe.

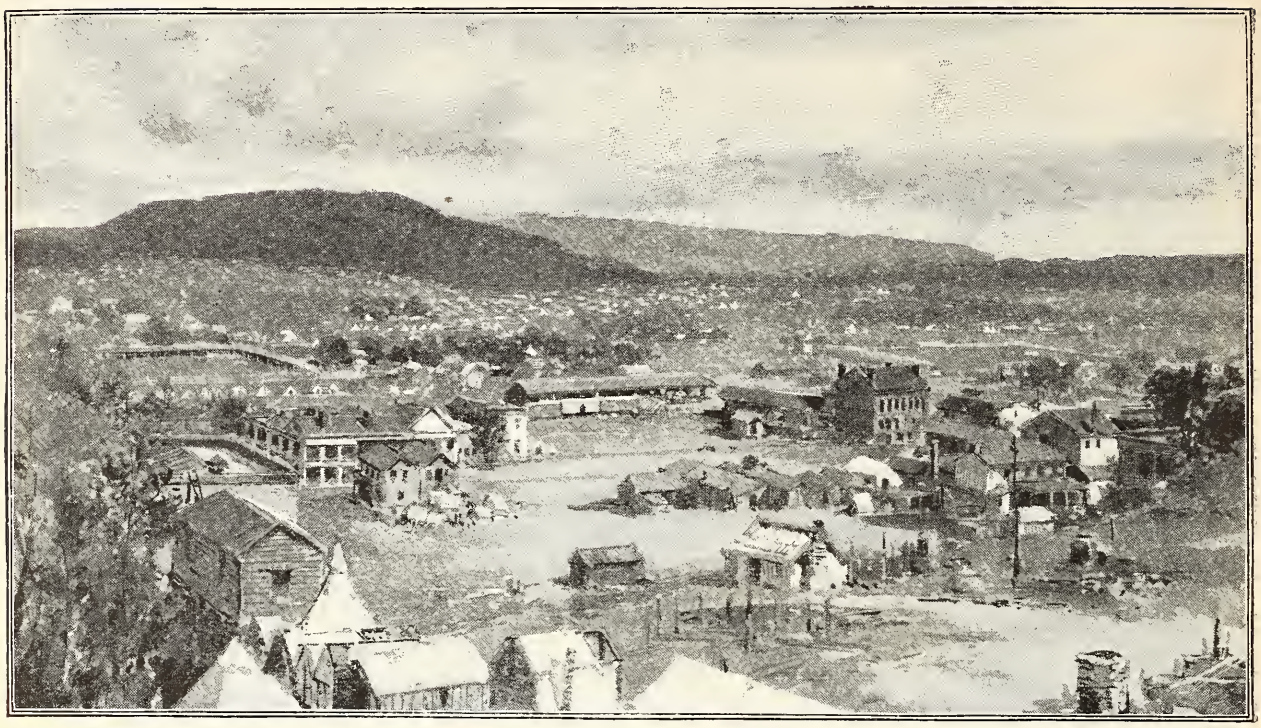
The patient endurance and spirited valor exhibited by commanders and men in the last great feat of arms, which has crowned our cause with such a glorious success, is making all of us hero-worshipers.

P. H. WATSON,
Acting Secretary of War.

GRANT'S PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.

The enemy was now divided; Bragg was flying towards Rome and Atlanta, and Longstreet was in East Tennessee besieging Burnside. Our victorious army was between them. The first thought was, of course, to relieve Burnside, and Grant ordered Granger with the Fourth Corps instantly forward to his aid, taking pains to write Granger a personal letter, explaining the exigencies of the case and the imperative need of energy. It had no effect, however, in hastening the movement, and a day or two later Grant ordered Sherman to assume command of all the forces operating from the south to save Knoxville. Grant became imbued with a strong prejudice against Granger from this circumstance.

As any movement against Bragg was impracticable at that season, the only operation possible to Grant, beyond the relief of Burnside, was to hold Chatta-



A VIEW OF CHATTANOOGA IN WAR TIME.

nooga and the line of the Hiwassee, to complete and protect the railroads and the steamboats upon the Tennessee, and to amass food, forage, and ordnance stores for the future. But all this would require only a portion of the forces under his command, and, instead of holding the remainder in winter quarters, he evolved a plan to employ them in an offensive winter campaign against Mobile and the interior of Alabama. He asked me to lay his plan before Mr. Stanton, and urge its approval by the Government, which, of course, I did at once by telegraph.

I did not wait at Chattanooga to learn the decision of the Government on Grant's plan, but left on November 29th, again with Colonel Wilson, to join Sherman, now well on his way to Knoxville, and to observe his campaign.

THE RELIEF OF BURNSIDE.

I fell in with Sherman on November 30th at Charleston, on the Hiwassee. The Confederate guard there fled at his approach, after half destroying the bridges, and we had to stay there until one was repaired. When we reached Loudon, on December 3d, the bridge over the Tennessee was gone, so that the main body of the army marched to a point where it was believed a practicable ford might be found. The ford, however, proved too difficult for the men, the river being 200 yards wide, and the water almost at freezing point. We had a great deal of fun getting across. I remember my horse went through—swam through, where his feet could not strike the ground—and I got across without any difficulty. I think Wilson got across, too; but when the lieutenant of our squad of cavalrymen got in the middle of the river, where it was so deep that as he sat in the saddle the water came up to his knees almost, and a little above the breast of the mule he rode, the animal turned his head upward toward the current, which was very strong, and would not move. This poor fellow sat there in the middle of the stream, and, do his best, he could not move his beast. Finally, they drove in a big wagon, or truck, with two horses, and tied that to the bits of the mule, and dragged him out.

Colonel Wilson at once set about the construction of a trestle bridge, and by working all night had it so advanced that the troops could begin to cross by daylight the next morning.

While the crossing was going on, we captured a Confederate mail, and first learned something authentic about Burnside. He had been assaulted by Longstreet on the 29th of November, but had repulsed him. He was still besieged, and all the rebel letter-writers spoke of their condition with great despondency, evidently regarding their chance of extrication, in view of our approach, as very poor. Longstreet, we gathered from the mail, thought that Sherman was bringing up only a small force.

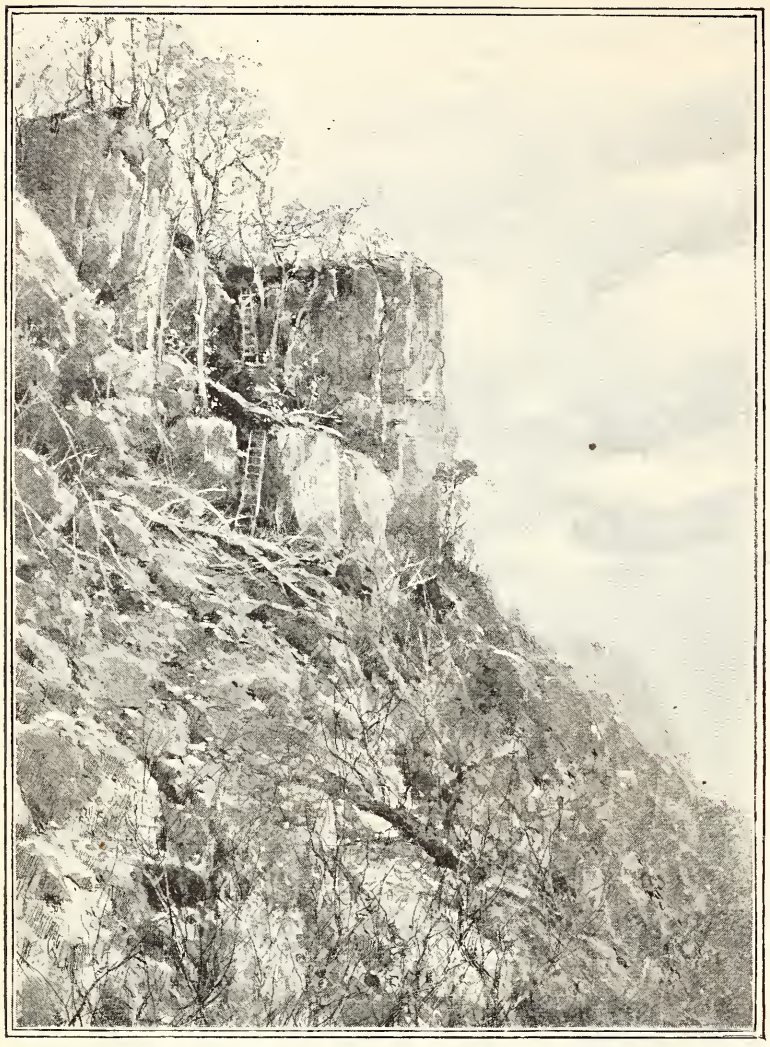
By noon of December 5th we had our army over, and, as we were now only thirty-five miles from Knoxville, we pushed ahead rapidly, the enemy making but little resistance. When Longstreet discovered the strength of our force he retreated, and we entered Knoxville at noon on the 6th. We found here, to our surprise, that Burnside had fully twenty days' provisions, much more, in fact, than at the beginning of the siege. These supplies had been drawn from the French Broad by boats, and by the Sevierville road. The loyal people of East Tennessee had done their utmost through the whole time to send in provisions and forage, and Longstreet left open the very avenues which Burnside most desired. We found ammunition very short, and projectiles for our rifle guns had been made in the town. The utmost constancy and unanimity had prevailed during the whole siege; from Burnside down to the last private no man thought of retreat or surrender.

The next morning after our arrival, December 7th, Sherman started back to Chattanooga with all his force not needed at Knoxville. Colonel Wilson and I returned with him, reaching Chattanooga on December 10th. Everything in the army was now so safe, quiet, and regular that I felt I could be more useful anywhere else, so the day I got back I asked leave of Mr. Stanton to go North. I did not wait for his reply, however. The morning of the 12th Grant sent for me to come to his headquarters, where he asked me to go to Washington to represent more fully to Stanton and Halleck his wishes with regard to the winter campaign. As the matter was important, I started at once, telegraphing Mr. Stanton that, if he thought it unnecessary for me to go, contrary orders would reach me at any point on the railroad.

GRANT PLANS TO MOVE TOWARDS MOBILE.

I reached Washington about the middle of December, and immediately gave to

GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER, WHO LED THE ASSAULT ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.



VIEW OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, SHOWING THE LADDERS USED BY THE UNION SOLDIERS IN SCALING THE MOUNTAIN DURING "THE BATTLE ABOVE THE CLOUDS," NOVEMBER 24, 1863.

Drawn from a photograph taken the day after the battle.

Mr. Stanton an outline of Grant's plan and reasons for a winter campaign. The President, Mr. Stanton, and General Halleck all agreed that the proposed operations were the most promising in sight; indeed, Mr. Stanton was enthusiastic in favor of the scheme as I presented it to him. He said that the success of Grant's campaign would end the war in the Mississippi Valley, and practically make prisoners of all the rebel forces in the interior of Mississippi and Alabama, without our being at the direct necessity of guarding and feeding them. But Halleck, as a *sine qua non*, insisted that East Tennessee should first be cleared out and Longstreet driven off permanently and things up to date secured, before new campaigns were entered upon.

The result was that no winter campaign was made in 1863–64 toward the Alabama River towns and Mobile. Its success, in my opinion, was certain, and I so represented to Mr. Stanton. Without jeopardizing our interests in any other quarter, Grant would have opened the Alabama River and captured Mobile a full year before it finally fell. Success meant permanent security for everything we had already laid hold of, and would at once have freed many thousands of garrison troops for service elsewhere. As long as the rebels held Alabama, they had a base from which to strike Tennessee. I had unbounded confidence in Grant's skill and energy to conduct such a campaign into the interior, cutting loose entirely from his base and subsisting off the enemy's country. At the time he had the troops, and could have finished the job in three months.

After I had explained fully my mission from Grant, I asked the Secretary what he wanted me to do. Mr. Stanton told me he would like to have me remain in the Department until I was needed again at the front. Accordingly I was given an office in the War Department, and began to do the regular work of an assistant to the Secretary of War. This was the first time since my relations with the War Department began that I had been thrown much with the Secretary, and I was very glad to have an opportunity to observe him.

EDWIN M. STANTON.

Mr. Stanton was a short, thick, dark man, with a very large head and a mass of black hair. His nature was intense, and he was one of the most eloquent men that I ever met. Stanton was entirely absorbed in his duties, and his energy in prosecuting them was something almost superhuman. When he took hold of the War Department the armies seemed to grow, and they certainly gained in force and vim and thoroughness.

One of the first things which struck me in Mr. Stanton was his deep religious feeling and his familiarity with the Bible. He must have studied the Bible a great deal when he was a boy. He had the firmest conviction that the Lord directed our armies. Over and over again have I heard him express the same opinion which

he wrote to the "Tribune" after Donelson: "Much has recently been said of military combinations and organizing victory. I hear such phrases with apprehension. They commenced in infidel France with the Italian campaign, and resulted in Waterloo. Who can organize victory? Who can combine the elements of success on the battle-field? We owe our recent victories to the Spirit of the Lord, that moved our soldiers to rush into battle, and filled the hearts of our enemies with dismay. The inspiration that conquered in battle was in the hearts of the soldiers and from on high; and wherever there is the same inspiration there will be the same results." There was never any cant in Stanton's religious feeling. It was the straightforward expression of what he believed and lived, and was as simple and genuine and real to him as the principles of his business.

VIEW FROM LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN OVER THE TENNESSEE VALLEY.

Stanton was a serious student of history. He had read many books on the subject—more than on any other, I should say—and he was fond of discussing historical characters with his associates, not that he made a show of his learning. He was fond, too, of discussing legal questions, and would listen with eagerness to the statement of cases in which friends had been interested. He was a man who was devoted to his friends, and he had a good many with whom he liked to sit down and talk. In conversation he was witty and satirical; he told a story well, and was very companionable.

There is a popular impression that Mr. Stanton took a malevolent delight in browbeating his subordinates, and every now and then making a spectacle of some poor officer or soldier who unfortunately fell into his clutches in the Secretary's reception-room for the edification of bystanders. This idea, like many other notions concerning great men, is largely a mistaken one. The stories which are told of Mr. Stanton's impatience and violence are exaggerated. He could speak in a very peremptory tone, but I never heard him say anything that could be called vituperative.

There were certain men in whom he had little faith, and I have heard him speak to some of these in a tone of severity. He was a man of the quickest intelligence, and understood a thing before half of it was told him. His judgment was just as swift, and when he got hold of a man who did not understand, who did not state his case clearly, he was very impatient.

If Stanton liked a man, he was always pleasant. I was with him for several years in the most confidential relations, and I can now recall only one instance of his speaking to me in a harsh tone. It was a curious case.

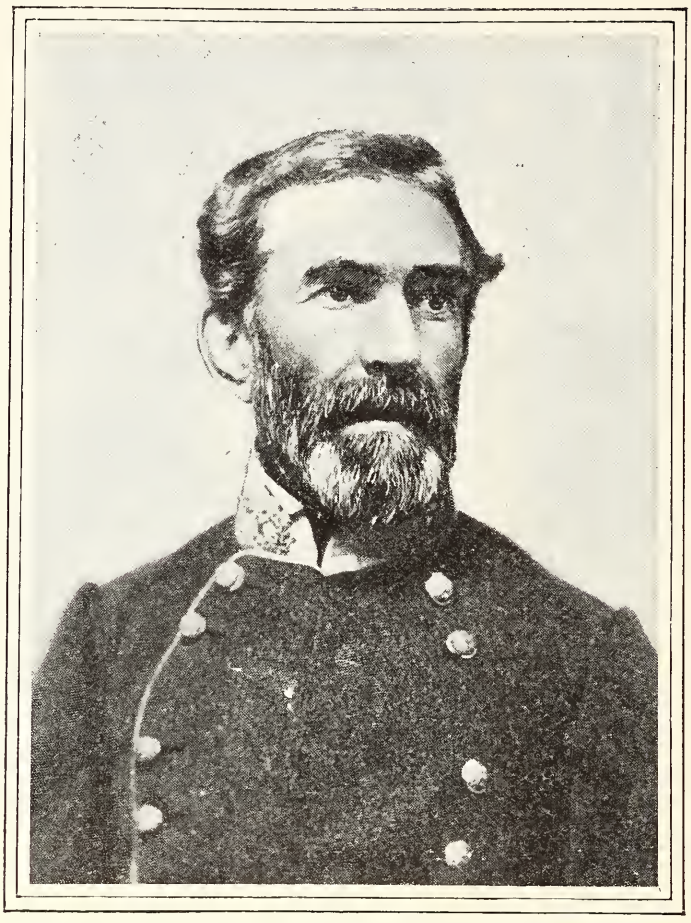
Among the members of Congress at that period was a Jew named Strouse. One of Strouse's race, who lived in Virginia, had gone down to the mouth of the James River when General Butler was at Fort Monroe, and announced his wish to leave the Confederacy. Now, the orders were that when a man came to a commanding officer with a request to go through the lines, he was to be examined and all the money he had was to be taken from him. General Butler had taken from this Virginia friend of Strouse between $50,000

and $75,000. When a general took money in this way, he had to deposit it at once in the Treasury; there a strict account was kept of the amount, whom it was taken by, and whom it was taken from. Butler gave a receipt to this man, and he afterward came to Washington to get his money. He and Strouse came to the War Department, where they bothered Mr. Stanton a good deal. Finally Mr. Stanton sent for me.

"Strouse is after me," he said; "he wants that money, and I want you to settle the matter."

"What shall I do," I asked; "what are the orders?" He took the papers in the case and wrote on the back of them:

"Referred to Mr. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, to be settled as in his judgment shall be best.
"E. M. STANTON."



GENERAL BRAXTON BRAGG, COMMANDER OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY AT THE BATTLE OF CHATTANOOGA.

The man then turned his attention from the Secretary to me. I looked into the matter, and gave him back the money. The next day Mr. Stanton sent for me. I saw he was angry.

"Did you give that Jew back his money?" he asked in a harsh tone.

"Yes, sir."

"Well," he said, "I should like to know by what authority you did it."

"If you will excuse me while I go to my room, I will show my authority to you," I replied.

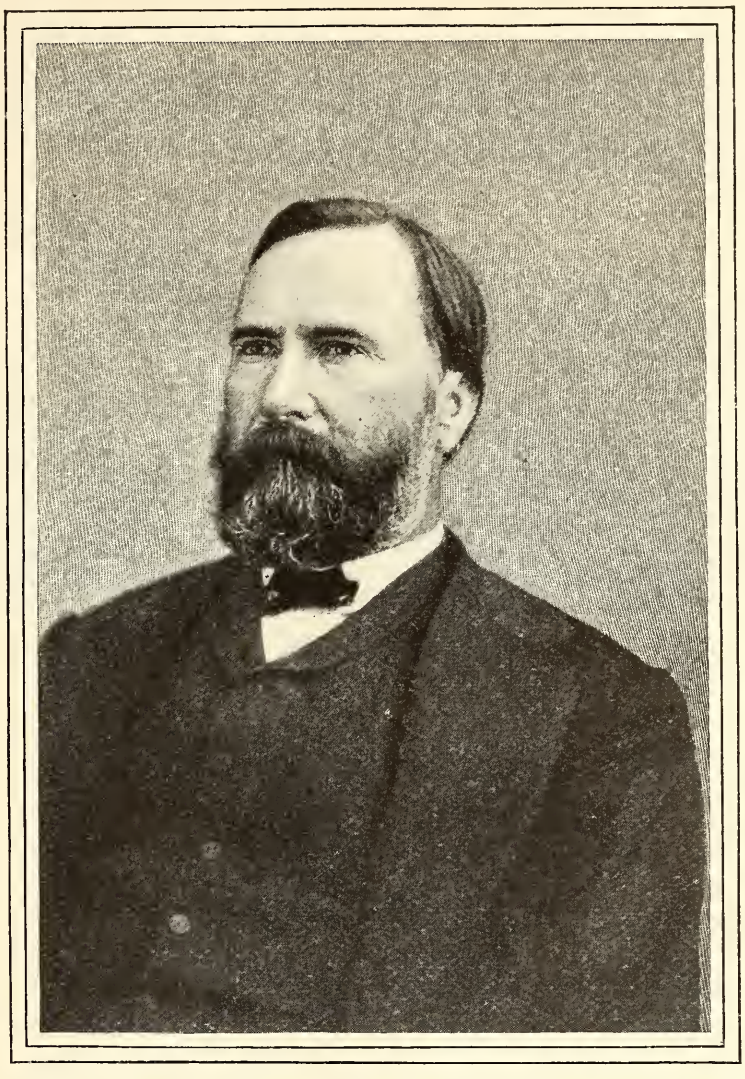
So I went up and brought down the paper he had indorsed, and read to him:

"Referred to Mr. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, to be settled as in his judgment shall be best." I handed it over to him. He looked at it, and then he laughed. "You are right," he said; "you have got me this time." That was the only time he spoke to me in a really harsh tone.

At the time that I entered the War Department for regular duty, it was a very busy place. Mr. Stanton frequently worked late at night, keeping his carriage waiting for him. I never worked at night, as my eyes would not allow it. I got to my office about nine o'clock in the morning, and I staid there nearly the whole day, for I made it a rule never to go away until my desk was cleared. When I arrived I usually found on my table a big pile of papers which were to be acted on, papers of every sort that had come to me from the different departments of the office. Most of these came from the Ordnance Department; that is, they referred to the supply of arms and ammunition.

The business of the Department was something enormous. Nearly $285,000,000 were paid out that year (from June, 1863, to June, 1864) by the Quartermaster's office, and $221,000,000 stood in accounts at the end of the year awaiting examination before payment was made. We had to buy every conceivable thing that an army of men could need. We bought fuel, forage, furniture, coffins, medicine, horses, mules, telegraph wire, sugar, coffee, flour, cloth, caps, guns, powder, and thousands of other things. Sometimes our supplies came by contract; again by direct purchase; again by manufacture. Of course, by the fall of 1863 the army was pretty well supplied; still that year we bought over 3,000,000 pairs of trousers, nearly 5,000,000 flannel shirts and drawers, some 7,000,000 pairs of stockings, 325,000 mess pans, 207,000 camp kettles, over 13,000 drums, and 14,830 fifes. It was my duty to make contracts for many of these supplies.

In making contracts for supplies of all kinds, we were obliged to take careful precautions against frauds. I had a colleague in the Department, the Hon. Peter H. Watson, the distinguished patent lawyer, who had a great knack at detecting army frauds. One which Watson had spent much time in trying to ferret out came to light soon after I went into office. This was an extensive fraud in forage furnished to the Army of the Potomac. The trick of the fraud consisted in a dishonest mixture of oats and Indian corn for the horses and mules of the army. By changing the proportions of the two sorts of grain, the contractors were able to make a great difference in the cost of the bushel, on account of the difference in the weight and price of the grain, and it was difficult to detect the cheat. However, Watson found it out, and at once arrested the men who were most directly involved.



GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET, COMMANDER OF THE CONFEDERATE FORCE OPERATING AGAINST KNOXVILLE IN 1863.

Soon after the arrest Watson went to New York. While he was gone, certain parties from Philadelphia, interested in the swindle, came to me at the War Department. Among them was the president of the Corn Exchange. They paid me $33,000 to cover the sum which one of the men confessed he had appropriated; $32,000 was restored by another individual. The morning after this transaction the Philadelphians returned to me, demanding that both the villains should be released, and that the papers and funds belonging to them, taken at the time of their arrest, should be restored. It was my judgment that, instead of being released, they should be remanded to solitary confinement until they could clear up all the forage frauds and make complete justice possible. Then I would have released them, but not before. So I telegraphed to Watson what had happened, and asked him to return to prevent any false step.

Now it happened that the men arrested were of some political importance in Pennsylvania, and eminent politicians took a hand in getting them out of the scrape. Among others the Hon. David Wilmot, ex-Senator of the United States and author of the famous Wilmot proviso, was very active. He went to Mr. Lincoln, and made such representations and appeals that finally the President consented to go with him over to the War Department and see Watson in his office. Wilmot remained outside, and Mr. Lincoln went in to labor with the Assistant Secretary. Watson eloquently described the nature of the fraud, and the extent to which it had already been developed by his partial investigation. The President in reply dwelt upon the fact that a large amount of money had been refunded by the guilty men, and urged the greater question of the safety of the cause and the necessity of preserving united the powerful support which Pennsylvania was giving to the administration in suppressing the rebellion. Watson answered:

"Very well, Mr. President, if you wish to have these men released, all that is necessary is to give the order; but I shall ask

to have it in writing. In such a case as this it would not be safe for me to obey a verbal order; and let me add that, if you do release them, the fact and the reason will necessarily become known to the people."

Finally Mr. Lincoln took up his hat and went out. Wilmot was waiting in the corridor, and came to meet him.

"Wilmot," he said, "I can't do anything with Watson; he won't release them."

The reply that Wilmot made to this remark cannot be printed here, but it did not affect the judgment nor the action of the President.

The men were retained for a long time afterward. The fraud was fully investigated, and future swindles of the kind were rendered impossible. If Watson could have had his way, the guilty parties —and there were some whose names never got to the public—would have been tried by military commission and sternly dealt with. But my own reflections upon the subject led me to the conclusion that the moderation of the President was wiser than the unrelenting justice of the Assistant Secretary would have been.

A LETTER FROM GENERAL SHERMAN.

Not a little of my time at the Department was taken up with people who had missions of some kind within the lines of the army. I remember one of these particularly, because it brought me a characteristic letter from General Sherman. There was much suffering among the loyal citizens and the Quakers of East Tennessee in the winter of 1863–64, and many relief committees came to us seeking transportation and safe conduct for themselves and their supplies into that country. Some of these were granted, to the annoyance of General Sherman, then in command of the Military Division of the Mississippi. The reasons for his objections he gave in the following letter to me, which has never been published before:

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI.
NASHVILLE, TENN., *April* 21, 1864.

C. A. DANA, ESQ.,
ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR, WASHINGTON.

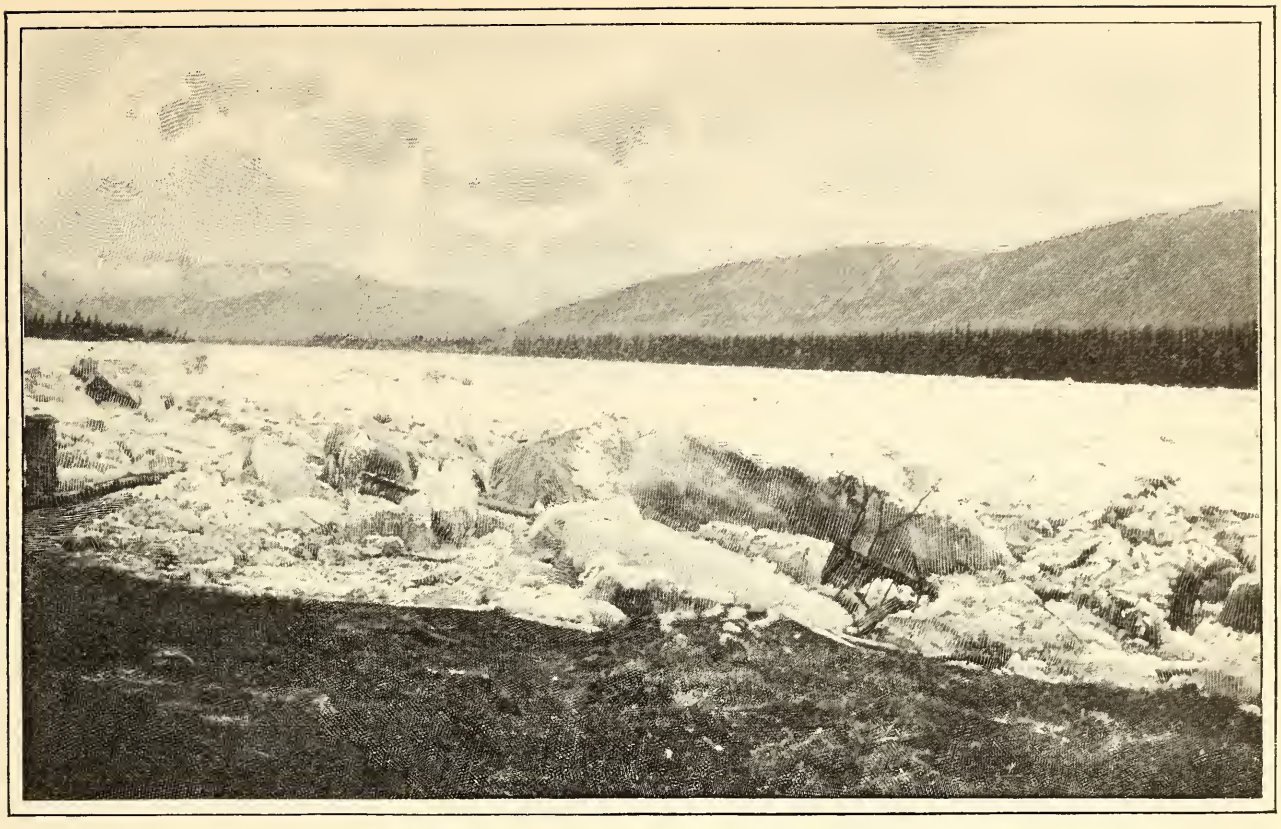
My dear Friend,—It may be Parliamentary, but is not Military, for me to write you; but I feel assured anything I may write will only have the force of a casual conversation, such as we have indulged in by the camp fire or as we jogged along by the road. The text of my letter is one you gave a Philadelphia gentleman who is going up to East Tennessee to hunt up his brother Quakers and administer the bounties of his own and his fellow citizens' charity. Now who would stand in the way of one so kindly and charitably disposed? Surely not I. But other questions present themselves. We have been working hard with tens of thousands of men, and at a cost of millions of dollars, to make railroads to carry to the line of the Tennessee enough provisions and material of war to enable us to push in our physical force to the next stop in the war. I have found, on personal inspection, that hitherto the railroads have barely been able to feed our men, that mules have died by the thousand, that arms and ammunition had [have] laid in the depot for two weeks for want of cars, that no accumulation at all of clothing and stores had been or could be moved at Chattanooga, and that it took four sets of cars and locomotives to accommodate the passes given by military commanders; that gradually the wants of citizens and charities were actually consuming the real resources of a road designed exclusively for army purposes. You have been on the spot, and can understand my argument. At least one hundred citizens daily presented good claims to go forward —women to attend sick children, parents in search of the bodies of some slain in battle, Sanitary Committees sent by States and corporations to look after the personal wants of their constituents, ministers and friends to minister to the Christian wants of their flocks; men who had fled, anxious to go back to look after lost families, etc., etc.; and more still, the tons of goods which they all bore on their merciful errands. None but such as you, who have been present and seen the tens, hundreds, and thousands of such cases, can measure them in the aggregate and segregate the exceptions.

I had no time to hesitate, for but a short month was left me to prepare, and I must be ready to put in motion near one hundred thousand men to move when naught remains to save life. I figured up the mathematics, and saw that I must have daily 145 car loads of essentials for thirty days to enable me to fill the requirement. Only seventy-five daily was all the roads were doing. Now I have got it up to 135. Troops march, cattle go by the road, sanitary and sutler's stores limited, and all is done that human energy can accomplish. Yet come these pressing claims of charity, by men and women who cannot grasp the Great Problem. My usual answer is, "Show me that your presence at the front is more valuable than 200 pounds of powder, bread, or oats;" and it is generally conclusive. I have given Mr. Savery a pass on your letter, and it takes 200 pounds of bread from our soldiers, or the same of oats from our patient mules; but I could not promise to feed the suffering Quakers at the expense of our army. I have ordered all who cannot provide food at the front to be allowed transportation back in our empty cars; but I cannot undertake to transport the food needed by the worthy East Tennesseeans or any of them. In Peace there is a beautiful harmony in all the departments of life—they all fit together like the Chinese puzzle; but in War all is ajar. Nothing fits, and it is the struggle between the stronger and weaker; and the latter, however it may appeal to the better feelings of our nature, must kick the beam. To make war, we must and will harden our hearts.

Therefore, when preachers clamor and the sanitaries wail, don't join in, but know that war, like the thunderbolt, follows its laws, and turns not aside even if the beautiful, the virtuous, and charitable stand in its path.

When the day and the hour comes, I'll strike Joe Johnston, be the result what it may; but in the time allotted to me for preparation I must and will be selfish in making those preparations which I know to be necessary. Your friend,

W. T. SHERMAN,
Major-General.



ICE BREAKING UP ON THE YUKON IN THE SPRING.

HO, FOR THE KLONDIKE!

By Hamlin Garland,

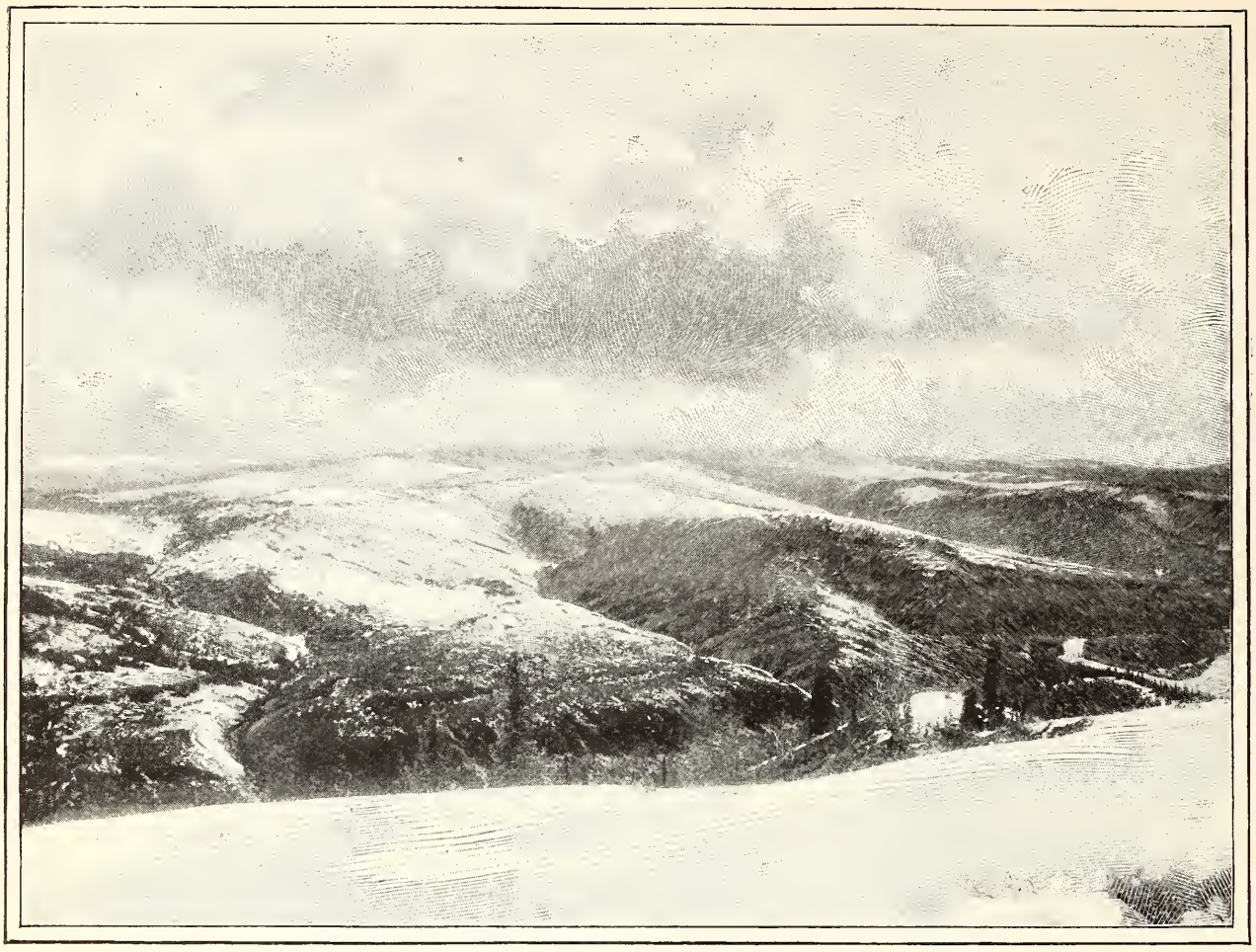
Author of "Main-Traveled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

THE VARIOUS WAYS IN.—WHERE THE GOLD IS FOUND AND HOW IT IS GOT.—WHAT NEW SETTLERS MAY HOPE FOR.

Editor's Note.—This article embodies the latest and most authentic general information regarding the Klondike region and the roads leading into it. Mr. Garland went directly to the Hon. Clifford Sifton, Canadian Minister of the Interior, through whose courtesy interviews were held with the specially detailed engineers just returned from surveying the various routes. These official surveyors went carefully over the whole subject with Mr. Garland, putting him in possession of just the facts which his purpose required. Much of the matter of the article is given, indeed, in their own words. It embodies also matter from valuable official reports, some of which are not yet published. We are not permitted to name all the men who thus served Mr. Garland, but among them were Mr. William Ogilvie and Mr. J. J. McArthur, civil engineers in the service of the Dominion Government; and Dr. George M. Dawson, head of the Dominion Geological Department. Through the kindness of Captain Deville, Dominion Surveyor General, we are enabled also to reproduce hitherto unpublished photographs of scenes along the several routes taken by the Dominion topographical surveyors, W. Ogilvie and Mr. Jennings.

THE word "Klondike" is now universally taken to mean the gold country of the whole mighty region of the British Northwest Territory which lies between the Continental Divide on the east and the Coast Range on the west. Broadly speaking, this region is 300 miles wide and 600 miles long. It reaches from Teslin Lake to Circle City, which lies within the Arctic Zone. The scale of measurements is enormous. The Yukon itself, in midsummer, is actually navigable for boats more than 2,300 miles. In general the region may be described as a wide, hilly valley, meshed with converging streams, deep sunk in the rocks.

It is a grim country, a country of extremes; it has a long and sunless winter, and a short, hot, moist summer. In winter the sun hardly makes itself felt, rising pale and white only for a few hours above the horizon. In summer it shines all day and part of the night. In July, when rain is not falling, the air is close and hot, the thermometer often registering 100 in the shade. Moss covers the high ground like a wet thick sponge throughout vast areas, and the soil is, in effect, perpetually frozen. There is little vegetable mold, and plant life is sparse. Steam arises under the hot sun from the cold, rain-



A VIEW FROM THE MOUNTAIN TOP EAST OF DAWSON CITY, LOOKING NORTHWEST ACROSS YUKON VALLEY. PHOTOGRAPH BY W. OGILVIE.

soaked moss, and the nights are foggy and damp even in June and July. Gnats and mosquitoes move to and fro in dense clouds during midsummer, and add to the many discomforts and discouragements of the region. Life is a warfare. Fuel is scarce. There is little game, and not many fish. There never were many Indians in the district—the valley is too inhospitable for life of any kind to greatly abound. Agriculture is practically impossible. It is likely to freeze any night of the year. The climate, in short, is subarctic in character, and in and about Dawson City nearly all the features of the Arctic Zone are realized. The ice does not go out of the river, even at Dawson, till late in May or June, and the river closes early in September.

EDMONTON AND PEACE RIVER ROUTE.

Having decided that he wishes to take the risk involved in entering this grim country, the miner must decide on his route. The routes may be divided into two groups: the overland and the seaport. Of the overland, there are at present three: the Edmonton and Peace River route, "the Old Telegraph Trail," and the Kamloops inland route. The Edmonton route begins at Edmonton, a small town at the end of a northern spur of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and proceeds by way of Little Slave Lake to Peace River, thence across the divide into the valley of the Stikine River to Telegraph Creek and Teslin Lake, which is the head waters of the Yukon. This route is a very long one, and little information is obtainable concerning it. It is undoubtedly practicable, and will be largely traveled by those not in breathless haste to get to Dawson City. It offers abundant fields for prospecting, and is a pleasant summer route. It will take about sixty days to go from Edmonton to Teslin Lake. The citizens of Edmonton are using all means to make this route easy and safe. It cannot be safely used before the middle of May. Pack horses are plentiful, and feed is good from May 15th to November.

THE OLD TELEGRAPH TRAIL.

The second overland route, the "old telegraph trail," begins at Ashcroft, a small village on the Canadian Pacific Rail-

VIEW ON ELDORADO CREEK, LOOKING SOUTH. PHOTOGRAPH BY W. OGILVIE.

Eldorado Creek is a branch of the Klondike. It flows through the ravine shown on the left in the picture. The ravine in the foreground is the bed of French Creek.

way, and follows the Fraser River over an excellent stage road constructed by the Canadian government to the little town of Quesnelle, 223 miles north. Good stopping-places abound along the road. Here the road ends, and the trail turns to the west, and passing over a nearly level country with good grass, reaches Fort Fraser on Fraser Lake, 125 miles from Quesnelle. Fort Fraser is a Hudson Bay post and trading-store, with two white men and several families of Indians, quite well civilized, settled near. A limited amount of supplies will be obtainable here. Up to this point the trail is quite level, and though there are hundreds of creeks, none are deep or hard to pass. The three rivers, the Blackwater, the Mud, and the Nechaco, can be forded except in high water, when rafts will have to be used and poled or paddled across. Neither of them is very wide. Many trails cross the route, and it will be necessary to have a native guide, unless some means should be taken to mark the main trail. "In this 125 miles there are over 300 good hay swamps and many Indian villages where feed for the horses can be found in abundance. Indeed, the longest drive without good feed for the horses will not exceed fifteen miles." *

Beyond Fort Fraser the next supply point is Stuart, a Hudson Bay post, with three or four whites and eighty or one hundred Indians, who live in cabins and make their living by hunting, fishing, and trapping. From Fort Fraser to Hazleton is probably 325 miles. The trip from Quesnelle to Hazleton can be made by pack animals, and will require from sixteen to twenty days. Hazleton has a small population of prospectors who winter in the neighborhood. A Hudson Bay post, a few cabins, and a couple of stores are all that are to be found here, although about 15,000 Indians trade at this point. The goods are brought up by a Hudson Bay boat on the Skeena River during high water.

"From here it is about 200 miles to Telegraph Creek. The trail has been traveled for thirty-five years, and the

* From letters of the committee sent out to report to the Spokane "Spokesman" on the condition of the trail; and also from letters of A. L. Poudrier, Dominion Land Surveyor. The word "trail" means a narrow path, admitting only footmen or horses in single file.

WHITE PASS TRAIL: SHKAGWAY RIVER ABOVE PORCUPINE CREEK. PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. JENNINGS.

government has spent thousands of dollars to keep it in first-class condition. It will take from seven to ten days to travel this distance, as it is a little harder than before reaching Hazleton. There are two large stores at Telegraph Creek, and they do a great business." From Telegraph Creek to Teslin Lake the trail will be the "Stikine route" now being opened by the Canadian government. It is estimated to be 150 miles long, and can be traversed in ten days or less. At Lake Teslin the trail ends and the water way begins.

The Ashcroft trail is alluring. The climate is genial and the land full of game. There are frequent stopping-places, and the Indians are friendly and helpful. The advantages of this route are offset, however, by obvious disadvantages. It is very long. According to the estimate of Senator Reid, it will take fifty days (forty days from Quesnelle), though by going in light it could be traversed in ten days less time, provided there were no delays for bridge building. It would be possible to go in light, sending the bulk of the outfit by way of Victoria to Telegraph Creek. Part of the outfit could be replenished at Hazleton. It would not be safe to leave Quesnelle till the grass came, say by the 10th of May. After that time the telegraph trail would be a comparatively cheap and pleasant route, with no duties and no toll to pay. It is reasonably safe to count on the early building of bridges and ferries.

In the matter of outfitting, it is probable that Kamloops, Ashcroft, and Quesnelle could furnish complete outfits for a limited number of pack trains, and being upon the Canadian Pacific road, supplies could be hurried forward by telegraph from Victoria, Vancouver, or Winnipeg. The only American outfitting point of any considerable size for this route is Spokane. To outfit in Spokane under present rules would make the outfit dutiable at the line. Ashcroft is a village; Kamloops is a town of nearly 2,000 inhabitants; Quesnelle has about 500 inhabitants. It would be possible also to outfit at Calgary or Winnipeg or even at St. Paul or Minneapolis, shipping the goods direct to Ashcroft, Edmonton, Hazelton, or Glenora, according to whichever route the prospector elected to take.

THE KAMLOOPS ROUTE.

Kamloops, the next town east of Ashcroft, is also advertising an overland route. As between Ashcroft and Kamloops, Ashcroft has the advantage of a good wagon road the entire distance to Quesnelle; but the people of Kamloops are actively en-

PACKING OVER THE SUMMIT OF THE WHITE PASS. PHOTOGRAPH BY W. OGILVIE.

gaged in opening a road which they claim runs through a better grass country. It passes up the North Thompson River, and crossing the divide, follows the Fraser River to Fort George, thence up the Nechaco, striking the Ashcroft trail at the headwaters of the Bulkley River. This road is not yet opened.

Cattle have been used for packing in this country to very good advantage. They are slower than horses, but carry about the same amount, and, if carefully used, will fatten on the road and sell readily to the butchers at the end of the journey. Horses could be sold at Glenora, probably, though this is a risk.

It is estimated that horses will cost about thirty dollars at Ashcroft; and each man will require one saddle horse and two pack horses. He is then his own master, and expenses thereafter will be light. It is estimated that $200 would enable a man to go through from Ashcroft to Teslin Lake, but no one should undertake the journey with less than $500 in hand.

THE ST. MICHAELS ROUTE.

Of seaport routes there are six: one by way of St. Michaels, three by way of Lynn Canal, one by way of the Stikine River, and one by way of Taku Inlet. Of these, the longest, safest, and most leisurely is that by way of St. Michaels. It carries the miner by steamer from San Francisco, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, or Victoria to the mouth of the Yukon, thence by river steamboat direct to Dawson City and other gold fields. The fare by this route ranges from $150 to $300, and includes meals and berths, and the free transportation of 150 pounds of baggage. The excess baggage charge on a miner's outfit is about ten cents per pound. There are no hardships connected with this method of reaching Dawson City; but it is slow. It is more than 4,000 miles to Dawson from Seattle, and as the ice does not go out of the middle river until June, the miner will not be able to reach his mine before winter begins to return.

Lynn Canal is a long narrow arm of the sea which runs deep into the high mountains of the Alaskan coast, not far from the town of Juneau. It is, in fact, a deep, narrow chasm or cañon between the mountains, into which the Chilkat and the Chilkoot rivers empty. At this point the tide waters and the head waters of the Yukon are but twenty-five or thirty miles apart, and because of that fact three trails already lead across the divide. Lynn Canal will undoubtedly be the best known entry point on the Alaskan coast. Here

VIEW LOOKING WEST FROM THE DALTON TRAIL, BETWEEN DALTON'S POST AND HOOTCHI LAKE. PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. JENNINGS.

is situated the town of Shkagway, which already contains 2,000 inhabitants and will be a city by the first of April. From here the Chilkoot Pass, White Pass, and Dalton trails severally make their start.

THE DALTON TRAIL.

The Dalton pack trail starts from the Chilkat arm of Lynn Canal, and strikes directly towards the Lewis River. My information regarding this trail is derived mainly from an interview held expressly for McClure's Magazine with Mr. J. J. McArthur, Dominion Land Surveyor. In reply to my question, "How could I go on over that trail from Seattle, Vancouver, or Victoria?" Mr. McArthur said: "You should take ship for Lynn Canal and land at Haines Mission, which is on the Chilkoot arm of Lynn Canal a little below Shkagway.*

"The trail, after leaving the mission, leads up the Chilkat River to the point where the Tlehini River comes in, then follows the Tlehini. The road is flat and gravelly to this point. The trail now begins to climb. It is an old Indian trail, but has been improved by Dalton. After reaching the upland, the trail enters upon a high and open country through which a wagon road is possible with very slight improvement, such as clearing out timber and grading some of the side hills. The trail at present climbs over the hills, to avoid the wet and soggy places.

"The highest point is 3,100 feet above the sea, and is covered with heather and bunch grass. By the middle of May feed is good. The trail crosses the Tlehini near its source, at a point called Rainy Hollow, where is considerable timber. This point is about fifty miles from tide water. You will still be on the seaward slope, but pretty close to the divide. There are several local divides to cross before you reach the inner watershed, but they are not difficult to cross. You will hardly realize that you are crossing from one to the other. You will next come to Dalton's Post, which consists of a large trading store with an Indian village near by. After leaving Dalton's, the country will continue to be open and easy of travel. You will ascend for a short dis-

* As far as possible, the spelling of proper names adopted by the American Geographical Society is followed in this article.

VIEW ON THE DALTON TRAIL, SOUTHWEST OF DALTON'S POST. PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. JENNINGS.

tance until you pass the head waters of the Alsek and reach the watershed of the Yukon and Hootchi Lake.

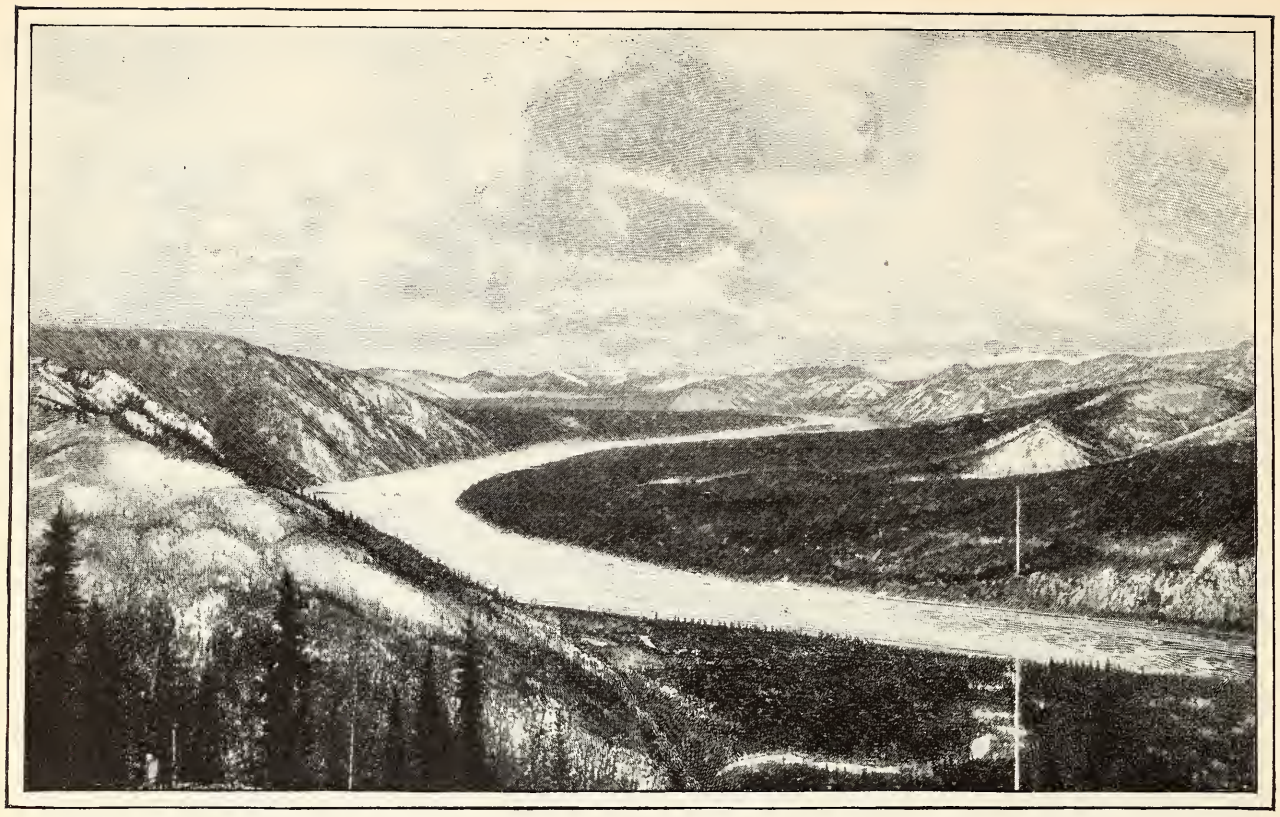
"It is impracticable to reach Fort Selkirk direct from this point. High, mossy, and rocky hills lie between. The ridges are covered with moss like a huge sponge right up to the summit, and underneath is broken rock, making it a very difficult country to traverse. The trail which you will follow is the old Indian trail; it bears to the northeast towards the Lewis River, which it attains at the mouth of the Nordenskiold, and keeping down Lewis River ends just below Rink Rapids. This half of the trail runs through wide, flat, grassy valleys, and the entire distance from Haines Mission is not more than 245 miles. Dalton has shortened it somewhat and improved it in places, but does not charge toll. The trail is open to any one. At Rink Rapids there is very considerable timber, some of it eighteen inches in diameter, so that lumber for boats will be plenty. It is probable that a town will spring up at the end of the Dalton trail, for it is sure to be a much traveled route.

"You cannot start on this trail before the 15th of May, but you should be on the spot a little earlier and have your horses and their packs at the head of tide water, which would save forty miles. The goods can go up by boat to the Tlehini. If you go in light, take a saddle horse and a couple of pack horses for each man. You can reach Rink Rapids in ten or twelve days, traveling about twenty miles a day. In summer you may make possibly twenty-five miles per day. If feeding-stations were established, one could go through at any time. There are fine hay lands all along this route, and there is no difficulty in the matter of feed after May 15th."

The intent of the Dalton trail, as well as of the Chilkoot and White Pass trails, is to land the miner in some one of the head waters of the Yukon, in order that he may float down the current at his will. In each case there is a strip of American soil to cross and a high bleak mountain pass to climb. What is gained by easy grade is lost in distance.

CHILKOOT PASS AND WHITE PASS ROUTES.

Beside Chilkat Inlet, and on the east of it, at the head of Lynn Canal, is Chilkoot Inlet, into which flows Dyea Inlet; and into Dyea Inlet flow the Shkagway and Dyea



THE YUKON AT THE BOUNDARY BETWEEN ALASKA AND BRITISH COLUMBIA. THE WHITE LINE AT THE RIGHT IN THE PICTURE SHOWS WHERE THE BOUNDARY RUNS. PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. JENNINGS.

rivers. Up the Shkagway River runs the White Pass, or Shkagway, route; and up the Dyea River runs the Chilkoot Pass, or Dyea, route. The distance to Lake Lindeman is twenty-six miles by the Chilkoot Pass route, which starts at the town of Dyea, at the head of Dyea Inlet; and forty-six miles by the White Pass route, which starts at the town of Shkagway, a little lower down on Dyea Inlet. The two passes are not very widely different from each other in character, being "simply narrow, tortuous, ever-ascending gorges in the mountain-chain." They are shorter than any of the other passes. The routes to which they give name, though rugged, steep, and exposed to violent storms, are likely to be the most traveled and the most over-worked of all the routes to the Yukon. Everything that business enterprise can do to facilitate transportation is being done. At Shkagway they are building two large piers, in order that steamers may lie alongside even at low tide and discharge freight. A tramway and also a wagon road are building from the wharf at Shkagway to the summit of the White Pass, which is several hundred feet lower than the Chilkoot Pass. Bridges are being built and the trail improved. These improvements will be charged for, however. Toll will be collected for use of the bridges, and during the rush freights will be high.

Dyea is also making a smart bid for traffic. A tramway is being built to the mouth of the cañon, and from there it is proposed to carry freight to the summit of Chilkoot Pass by means of an aërial cableway. This cable road is expected to transport 120 tons of freight daily.

By either of these two ways the traveler is landed at Lake Bennett by his packers and freighters, and thence he is supposed to be able to make his way down the Lewis River without further expense. If he takes one route, he will wish he had taken the other, no doubt. The cost of getting an outfit from say Seattle or Victoria will be about ten dollars per ton. The cost of getting it over the passes will range all the way from thirty to fifty cents per pound. "If you go in before the middle of April and are strong and active, you may be able to take your outfit in on a sled. The trail is better when packed deep with snow than when bare and boggy. A party could 'double teams' in hauling hand-sleds, and in this way avoid a large part of the expense. But by neither of these ways is the journey as simple as it may seem. You take ship, for example, at Seattle, Tacoma, or Portland, for Shkagway. You pay, first of all, fare for yourself, freight charges for your supplies, horses, implements, whatever you have with you. Three or four

days' sail takes you to the head of Dyea Inlet; but does not, by any means, land you at the trail. You are at Shkagway or Dyea, but without means of transportation unless you have brought horses with you. If you hire your goods transported, you are at the mercy of such freighters as have this matter in hand. If there is a great rush, which is likely, there may be very great delay in getting your goods carried even to the end of the wagon road. From the end of the wagon road your goods must be packed by sled, if there is snow; or upon the backs of men or horses, if the snow has melted; and the cost will be very great. If the trail should be crowded, as is likely to be the case, very great delay may be experienced in getting to the summit. Last autumn the trails were one long line of struggling men and horses, and the price of packing reached fifty-three cents per pound.

"Having reached Lake Lindeman at considerable cost and after much longer delay than you had anticipated, you will find yourself again helpless on the shore of the lake. A ferry charge will be met, and having reached the end of the lake and having crossed the portage to Lake Bennett, while you are done with packers, your troubles are not over. By the 1st of April there will be very little timber remaining out of which to construct rafts. If there are boats for freighting purposes, their owners will be masters of the situation, and there will be very considerable charges for transportation down the river. Unless you go in able to carry your own outfit with a 'knock-down' boat capable of floating supplies on both lake and river, you will be at the mercy of the transportation companies on either side of the summit."

Undoubtedly, with plenty of money it will be possible to go from Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, or Victoria to the head waters of the Yukon in shorter time by either Chilkoot Pass or White Pass than by any other route; but it must be understood that it is not, and will not be, the poor man's route during the rush of March and April, and it will be attended by many hardships and killing hard work.

THE ALL-CANADIAN ROUTE.*

Very naturally the Canadian people desire to have it known that there is to be an all-Canadian route via the Stikine River. If you desire to go in by this way you will proceed to Victoria, Portland, Seattle, or Tacoma by any convenient line of railway, and there take steamer to Wrangell, about three days' sail up the coast. From Wrangell you will be transported by river boats up the Stikine River to Glenora, a distance of 150 miles, which will take several days longer. From Glenora, or from Telegraph Creek, which is a few miles beyond Glenora, you will be obliged to cross by pack to the head waters of Teslin Lake, which is connected by Teslin River with Lewis River, and so with the Yukon. This trail is about 175 miles long,* but it is comparatively easy, and will be shortened considerably as soon as spring opens. The journey across country by trail can be made as comfortably as any travel of the kind. There are no dangerous features. The ground, both in the open and timbered district, is covered, to a depth of about two feet, with moss; but during the open season, between May and the middle of October, sufficient grass for 200 or 300 animals can be obtained all along the route. It would not be practicable to travel over this trail before the 1st of May, as snow is likely to be on the ground in many places and the grass is not far enough advanced to meet the requirements of pack animals. There are no settlements on the route.

Teslin Lake opens about the middle of May, and closes about the 26th of October. Last year it was open till the middle of October, and there was no indication of its closing immediately. The slopes and benches along Teslin Lake are fairly timbered with a growth of spruce and black pine, the average size of this timber being about ten inches, and sufficient for scantling, flooring, and sheeting for house purposes and for boat-building. The machinery for a saw-mill is now being transported across the portage from Telegraph Creek to Teslin Lake; the same company intend to place a steamboat on Teslin Lake and river on the opening of navigation, and skiffs, scow boats, etc., suitable for navigating the Yukon waters are to be kept for sale.

With proper roads or railway facilities from the Stikine to Teslin Lake, no better route could be found for getting into the Yukon country from the Pacific seaboard. The region about Teslin Lake, including

* The information here given regarding this route is derived from the advance sheets of a special report to the Dominion Government. For the privilege of using this report, I am indebted to the courtesy of the Hon. Clifford Sifton, Canadian Minister of the Interior.

* There are various estimates of the length of this trail; the one given above is official. The trail is to be much shortened.

the rivers flowing into it from the east, is considered very good prospecting country, and it is likely that the coming season will find a large number of miners engaged in that vicinity. Rich strikes have been reported from there quite recently; and Teslin Lake is likely to have "the call" next season. The Canadian Pacific Railway officials announce that the journey from Victoria to Telegraph Creek can be made comfortably in six days, and that several large new steamers have been put into service from Victoria. This route has two marked advantages: First, if the miner should outfit in Winnipeg, Victoria, or any other Canadian town, he will be able to go into the gold region without paying duty, a saving of from fifteen to thirty-five per cent.; and, second, as soon as he passes Telegraph Creek, he will be in the heart of a gold country, and can at once begin to prospect.

It is probable that stopping-places will be established along the route, so that a man can go in light at a considerable saving of time. This route and the Dalton trail will undoubtedly be the ones advocated by the Canadian Interior Department, and steps will be taken before the 1st of March to furnish means of transportation. It would be possible for the miner to send his outfit through to Glenora in bond without the payment of duties. Whether the difference in price between American towns and Canadian towns will offset any of these duties or not can only be determined by the purchaser on the ground.

There is also a trail up the Taku River from Juneau, and overland to Teslin Lake, but this is not as yet thoroughly surveyed, and the bay at the mouth of Taku River at certain times is very dangerous by reason of fierce winds, lack of good anchorage, and floating ice from the enormous glacier which discharges into it. Another pass is just reported from Chilkoot Inlet; but every overland route from the sea to the Yukon must climb the steep, cold, and slippery heights of the Coast Range. They are all alike in general features. They are all difficult.

FINDING "PAY DIRT."

To find "pay dirt" has never been easy, and it will not be easy in the Yukon. Dr. Dawson, the head of the Canadian Geological Survey, has this to say on this point: "Rumors of big strikes will be thick, and are likely to be false. Even when the report is true, the tenderfoot, being without means of transportation and knowing nothing of the country, will reach the point of discovery only after every rod of pay dirt is staked, and he will find it extremely difficult even to buy an interest in a claim, and will be forced to set forth on his journeys again to some other regions of discovery. My advice is: Scatter out; go into the creeks of the upper branches of the Yukon. It is of no value to go to the Klondike, to Indian River, or any of the creeks where discoveries were made last year. They have all been staked beyond pay dirt, both up and down from the point of discovery. Keep higher up, and prospect the small streams. This is my advice to the tenderfoot, which I do not expect any one to follow." *

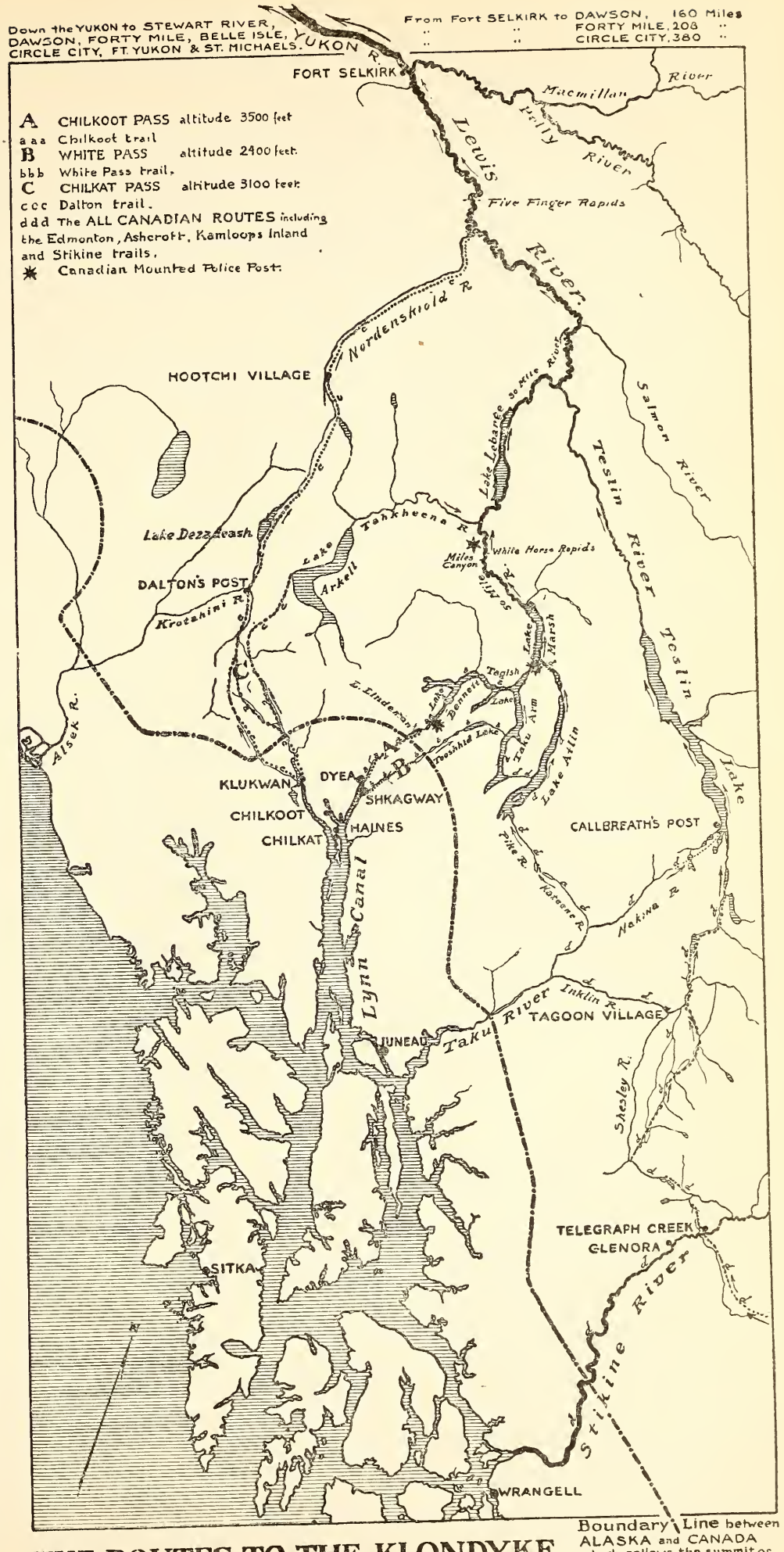
THE WORK OF MINING.

Having been lucky enough to find color in the gravel or sand, you will be required to stake out your claim at once, so that there can be no mistake with regard to boundaries. You may take a strip not more than 100 feet in width along the stream, but your claim may extend back to the hills which bound in the valley. If you are fortunate enough to make the first discovery, you will be allowed to stake a second claim of 100 feet. You are then allowed sixty days in which to visit the nearest land office and make your entry. The cost of making this entry is fifteen dollars. Thereafter, if you leave your claim for seventy-two hours without permission of the Gold Commissioner, or without putting a man on it, you forfeit your right to work the claim. When you clean up, you will be required to pay a royalty upon all the gold you take out—ten per cent. of all returns up to $500 per week, and twenty per cent. on all returns over $500 per week. However, this will not trouble you until you have opened up your pay streak. These are the regulations at present. They are subject to change by the Dominion Interior Department.

Having made your claim, you can now begin the work of constructing your shelter, and here you should take time to build yourself a comfortable shanty. If you are fortunate enough to get located near timber, you will be able to construct very readily a log cabin, which when banked with snow in the winter will be warm.

* From an interview for McClure's Magazine.

You are now ready to begin the work of mining. Except in a few instances, the gold will be upon the creek flats. The pay streak is seldom more than three feet in depth, and it lies under a layer of moss, ice, frozen muck, and gravel ranging from three to thirty feet in depth. If you start in summer to dig a hole to bed rock, the probabilities are that it will fill with water. But as soon as the ground is frozen sufficiently to enable you to prosecute your work without interference from the water, you sink a hole to the bed rock by means of a pick. If it is frozen too hard to dig, you build a fire on the gravel and heat the ground until it can be picked and shoveled, and after the layer of softened ground is taken out, you rebuild the fire. This requires a great deal of wood and is slow work. In this way the pay dirt may be taken from underneath the surface in the winter. In May the sun comes rushing up from the south with astonishing heat. It softens the dump of pay dirt, and as soon as this can be shoveled into the sluice-boxes, you begin washing.



THE ROUTES TO THE KLONDYKE.

OUTFITS.

The miner entering the remorseless country should go prepared for an encampment of six months or a year, and should consider that he is going into a daily war with hunger and cold, and that he is to be isolated, in all likelihood, from stores and goods of almost every sort, and especially from all delicacies and medical supplies. Every man going to the Klondike should be sober, strong, and healthy; he should be sound of lung and free from rheumatism and all tendency to liver or heart diseases. He should be practical, able to adapt himself quickly to his surroundings.

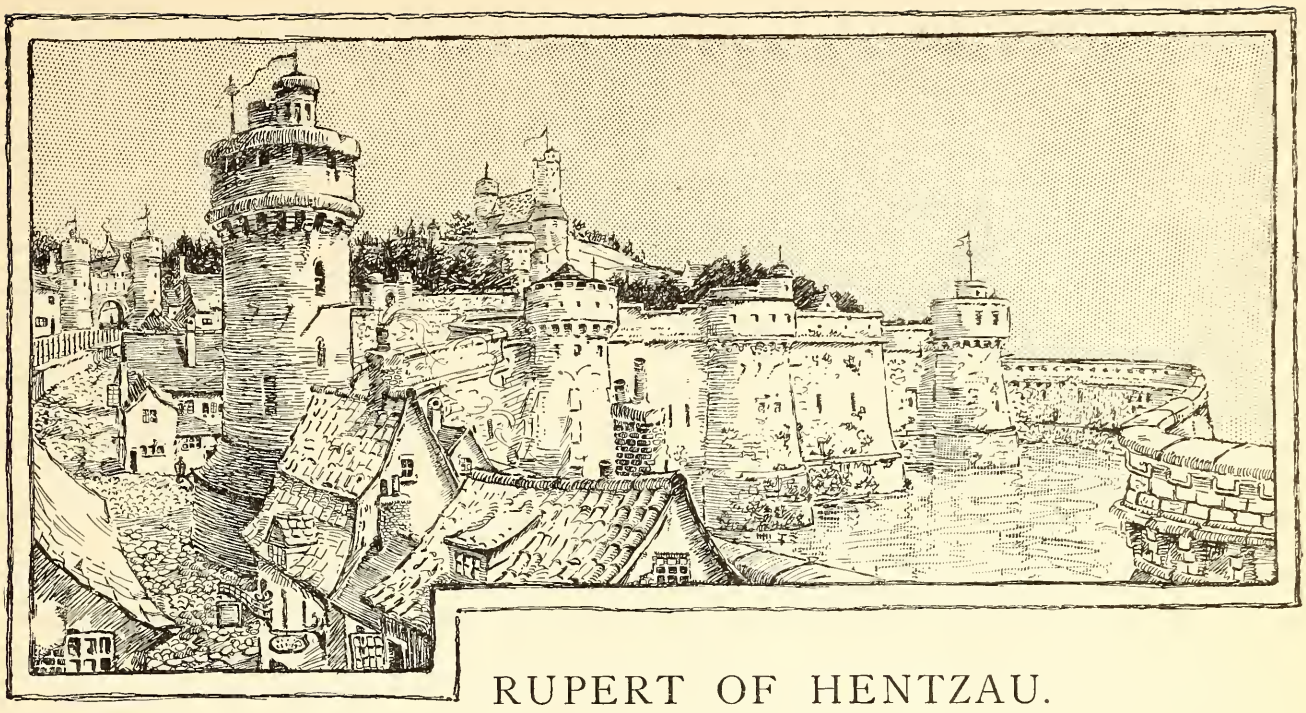
The climatic extremes make it necessary to prepare for very cold and also for very warm and wet weather. The outfit of clothing should consist of comfortable woolen underwear and of very warm outer garments which can be laid aside at will. Above all, it will be necessary to take rainproof coats, tents, and waterproof boots. The miner works a large part of his time in snow or water. Bedding should be plentiful, and the sleeping-bag, such as is sold on the coast, will insure warmth at night.

If the prospector should decide to go in light, depending upon the trading points along the river for his supplies of flour, bacon, and sugar, he should carry in dried fruits and vegetables and other foods likely to prove preventative of scurvy, biliousness, and other diseases which arise from a monotonous diet. It is probable that bacon, flour, and other common necessaries will be in full supply by the 1st of July, though at a high price.

Any man who takes due thought concerning the dangers of the Yukon is exceedingly loath to advise another concerning the route by which to enter. It has been my aim here to present all the routes without bias. Each is advocated strenuously by the business men who will profit by the travel over it, and the statements of these must be taken with a due allowance. The Ashcroft "telegraph trail" seems to be the most feasible overland route. The Edmonton way is longer, runs through a colder country, and is less likely to be traveled. The Dalton trail has many advantages, provided one has means sufficient to purchase pack horses and cares to wait until the grass is grown sufficiently to feed his horses en route. The Chilkoot Pass and White Pass routes have been much written about, but the miner may safely depend upon finding them much more difficult than any published report describes them to be.

I will close with a word of general warning, first from Mr. William Ogilvie, who says: "Now, lest you get excited and drop everything and fly there, let me tell you emphatically, yes, emphatically, that all the Klondike region I speak of is located, is taken up, and if you now have money enough to purchase an interest in any of the one hundred claims mentioned on the Bonanza and the forty odd on the Eldorado, you have money enough to stay at home; and, in all human probability, would add more to it, and enjoy it much more, and benefit by it much more, socially, physically, and morally, than by bringing it into the Yukon. My experience is, and I have had considerable, that the man who stays at home and plods on the farm or in the shop or office, in the vast majority of cases, is better off, healthier physically and morally, and has answered the end of nature or God vastly more completely, than the man who devotes his life to the calling of the everyday placer gold miner. Somebody must do it; but I assure you, if you are viciously inclined, there is no calling in which you can waste your life so completely and fully in every sense of the word."

To this may be added the reports of men who have wintered and summered in this cruel and relentless land. For nine months in the year it is necessary to melt ice in order to get water to drink or to cook with. It is exceedingly difficult to obtain dry wood with which to build a fire. It is exceedingly laborious work to get together the logs to build a cabin, and in some locations it is absolutely impossible. When the snows begin to melt in the spring, water is everywhere. All work is suspended in many mines, while summer rushes over the land. There is scarcely any spring. The discomforts of the dark and sunless winter give place only to the almost intolerable discomforts of the summer. In short, the Yukon country is a grim and terrible country, and the man who goes there to spend a year is likely to earn with the ache of his bones and the blood of his heart every dollar he finds in gold. He should go like a man enlisting for a war. He should be able to pass the examination which is required of a soldier in the German army, or of an officer in the mounted police of the Canadian government. It is no place for weak men, lazy men, or cowards.



RUPERT OF HENTZAU.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF FRITZ VON TARLENHEIM.

By Anthony Hope.

Being the sequel to a story by the same writer entitled "The Prisoner of Zenda."

With full-page illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson.

INTRODUCTION AND SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Rudolf Rassendyll, as an act of friendship to Rudolf, King of Ruritania, his distant relative, takes advantage of a close resemblance between them and impersonates the king through a grave crisis in the latter's affairs. He even plays the king's part as the prospective husband of the Princess Flavia. But in so doing he loses his heart, while the princess suddenly discovers in her lover a fervor and fascination she had not found in him before. In the end, the princess dutifully marries the real king; but thereafter, once a year, she sends a gift and a verbal message to Rassendyll in token of her remembrance of him. This continues for three years. Then, under a passionate impulse, she sends with her yearly gift a letter. The bearer, Fritz von Tarlenheim, is betrayed by his servant Bauer, and assaulted and robbed of the letter by Rupert of Hentzau. Rupert's accomplice, Rischenheim, hurries to Zenda with a copy of it, to lay before the king. But he is met there by Rassendyll and made to give up the copy. Then, in Rischenheim's name, Rassendyll telegraphs to Rupert to come by night and meet the king in a remote hunting-lodge, bringing the original letter with him. Rupert comes, and—through a failure of the plans of Rassendyll and his friends—actually meets the king. But before he can give him the letter they fall into quarrel, and Rupert shoots him down, with his one attendant, Herbert. Later in the night, Colonel Sapt, Von Tarlenheim, and Rassendyll's servant James, arriving at the lodge, find the king dead and Herbert only enough alive to tell the story. Meanwhile, Rassendyll has gone to Strelsau to deal with Rupert directly there, in case the telegram failed to lure him to the hunting-lodge.

CHAPTER IX.

THE KING IN THE HUNTING-LODGE.

THE moment with its shock and tumult of feeling brings one judgment, later reflection another. Among the sins of Rupert of Hentzau I do not assign the first and greatest place to his killing of the king. It was, indeed, the act of a reckless man who stood at nothing and held nothing sacred; but when I consider Herbert's story, and trace how the deed came to be done and the impulsion of circumstances that led to it, it seems to have been in some sort thrust upon him by the same perverse fate that dogged our steps. He had meant the king no harm—indeed it may be argued that, from whatever motive, he had sought to serve him—and save under the sudden stress of self-defense he had done him none. The king's unlooked-for ignorance of his errand, Herbert's honest hasty zeal, the temper of Boris the hound, had forced on him an act unmeditated and utterly against his interest. His whole guilt lay in preferring the king's death to his own—a crime perhaps in most men, but hardly deserving a place in Rupert's catalogue. All this I can admit now, but on that

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night, with the dead body lying there before us, with the story piteously told by Herbert's faltering voice fresh in our ears, it was hard to allow any such extenuation. Our hearts cried out for vengeance, although we ourselves served the king no more. Nay, it may well be that we hoped to stifle some reproach of our own consciences by a louder clamor against another's sin, or longed to offer some fancied empty atonement to our dead master by executing swift justice on the man who had killed him. I cannot tell fully what the others felt, but in me at least the dominant impulse was to waste not a moment in proclaiming the crime and raising the whole country in pursuit of Rupert, so that every man in Ruritania should quit his work, his pleasure, or his bed, and make it his concern to take the Count of Hentzau, alive or dead. I remember that I walked over to where Sapt was sitting, and caught him by the arm, saying:

"We must raise the alarm. If you'll go to Zenda, I'll start for Strelsau."

"The alarm?" said he, looking up at me and tugging his mustache.

"Yes: when the news is known, every man in the kingdom will be on the lookout for him, and he can't escape."

"So that he'd be taken?" asked the constable.

"Yes, to a certainty," I cried, hot in excitement and emotion.

Sapt glanced across at Mr. Rassendyll's servant. James had, with my help, raised the king's body on to the bed, and had aided the wounded forester to reach a couch. He stood now near the constable, in his usual unobtrusive readiness. He did not speak, but I saw a look of understanding in his eyes as he nodded his head to Colonel Sapt. They were well matched, that pair, hard to move, hard to shake, not to be turned from the purpose in their minds and the matter that lay to their hands.

"Yes, he'd probably be taken or killed," said Sapt.

"Then let's do it!" I cried.

"With the queen's letter on him," said Colonel Sapt.

I had forgotten.

"We have the box, he has the letter still," said Sapt.

I could have laughed even at that moment. He had left the box (whether from haste or heedlessness or malice, we could not tell), but the letter was on him. Taken alive, he would use that powerful weapon to save his life or satisfy his anger; if it were found on his body, its evidence would speak loud and clear to all the world. Again he was protected by his crime: while he had the letter, he must be kept inviolate from all attack except at our own hands. We desired his death, but we must be his body-guard and die in his defense rather than let any other but ourselves come at him. No open means must be used, and no allies sought. All this rushed to my mind at Sapt's words, and I saw what the constable and James had never forgotten. But what to do I could not see. For the King of Ruritania lay dead.

An hour or more had passed since our discovery, and it was now close on midnight. Had all gone well we ought by this time to have been far on our road back to the castle; by this time Rupert must be miles away from where he had killed the king; already Mr. Rassendyll would be seeking his enemy in Strelsau.

"But what are we to do about—about that, then?" I asked, pointing with my finger through the doorway towards the bed.

Sapt gave a last tug at his mustache, then crossed his hands on the hilt of the sword between his knees, and leant forward in his chair.

"Nothing," he said, looking in my face. "Until we have the letter, nothing."

"But it's impossible!" I cried.

"Why, no, Fritz," he answered thoughtfully. "It's not impossible yet; it may become so. But if we can catch Rupert in the next day, or even in the next two days, it's not impossible. Only let me have the letter, and I'll account for the concealment. What? Is the fact that crimes are known never concealed, for fear of putting the criminal on his guard?"

"You'll be able to make a story, sir," James put in, with a grave but reassuring air.

"Yes, James, I shall be able to make a story, or your master will make one for me. But, by God, story or no story, the letter mustn't be found. Let them say we killed him ourselves if they like, but——"

I seized his hand and gripped it.

"You don't doubt I'm with you?" I asked.

"Not for a moment, Fritz," he answered.

"Then how can we do it?"

We drew nearer together; Sapt and I sat, while James leant over Sapt's chair.

The oil in the lamp was almost exhausted, and the light burnt very dim. Now and again poor Herbert, for whom our skill could do nothing, gave a slight moan. I am ashamed to remember how little we thought of him, but great schemes make the actors in them careless of humanity; the life of a man goes for nothing against a point in the game. Except for his groans—and they grew fainter and less frequent—our voices alone broke the silence of the little lodge.

"The queen must know," said Sapt. "Let her stay at Zenda and give out that the king is at the lodge for a day or two longer. Then you, Fritz—for you must ride to the castle at once—and Bernenstein must get to Strelsau as quick as you can, and find Rudolf Rassendyll. You three ought to be able to track young Rupert down and get the letter from him. If he's not in the city, you must catch Rischenheim, and force him to say where he is; we know Rischenheim can be persuaded. If Rupert's there, I need give no advice either to you or to Rudolf."

"And you?"

"James and I stay here. If any one comes whom we can keep out, the king is ill. If rumors get about, and great folk come, why, they must enter."

"But the body?"

"This morning, when you're gone, we shall make a temporary grave. I dare say two," and he jerked his thumb towards poor Herbert. "Or even," he added, with his grim smile, "three—for our friend Boris, too, must be out of sight."

"You'll bury the king?"

"Not so deep but that we can take him out again, poor fellow. Well, Fritz, have you a better plan?"

I had no plan, and I was not in love with Sapt's plan. Yet it offered us four and twenty hours. For that time, at least, it seemed as if the secret could be kept. Beyond that we could hardly hope for success; after that we must produce the king; dead or alive, the king must be seen. Yet it might be that before the respite ran out Rupert would be ours. In fine, what else could be chosen? For now a greater peril threatened than that against which we had at the first sought to guard. Then the worst we feared was that the letter should come to the king's hands. That could never be. But it would be a worse thing if it were found on Rupert, and all the kingdom, nay, all Europe, know that it was written in the hand of her who was now, in her own right, Queen of Ruritania. To save her from that, no chance was too desperate, no scheme too perilous; yes, if, as Sapt said, we ourselves were held to answer for the king's death, still we must go on. I, through whose negligence the whole train of disaster had been laid, was the last man to hesitate. In all honesty, I held my life due and forfeit, should it be demanded of me—my life and, before the world, my honor.

So the plan was made. A grave was to be dug ready for the king; if need arose, his body should be laid in it, and the place chosen was under the floor of the wine-cellar. When death came to poor Herbert, he could lie in the yard behind the house; for Boris they meditated a resting-place under the tree where our horses were tethered. There was nothing to keep me, and I rose; but as I rose, I heard the forester's voice call plaintively for me. The unlucky fellow knew me well, and now cried to me to sit by him. I think Sapt wanted me to leave him, but I could not refuse his last request, even though it consumed some precious minutes. He was very near his end, and, sitting by him, I did my best to soothe his passing. His fortitude was good to see, and I believe that we all at last found new courage for our enterprise from seeing how this humble man met death. At least even the constable ceased to show impatience, and let me stay till I could close the sufferer's eyes.

But thus time went, and it was nearly five in the morning before I bade them farewell and mounted my horse. They took theirs and led them away to the stables behind the lodge; I waved my hand and galloped off on my return to the castle. Day was dawning, and the air was fresh and pure. The new light brought new hope; fears seemed to vanish before it; my nerves were strung to effort and to confidence. My horse moved freely under me and carried me easily along the grassy avenues. It was hard then to be utterly despondent, hard to doubt skill of brain, strength of hand, or fortune's favor.

The castle came in sight, and I hailed it with a glad cry that echoed among the trees. But a moment later I gave an exclamation of surprise, and raised myself a little from the saddle while I gazed earnestly at the summit of the keep. The flagstaff was naked; the royal standard that had flapped in the wind last night was gone. But by immemorial custom the flag flew on the keep when the king or the

queen was at the castle. It would fly for Rudolf V. no more; but why did it not proclaim and honor the presence of Queen Flavia? I sat down in my saddle and spurred my horse to the top of his speed. We had been buffeted by fate sorely, but now I feared yet another blow.

In a quarter of an hour more I was at the door. A servant ran out, and I dismounted leisurely and easily. Pulling off my gloves, I dusted my boots with them, turned to the stableman and bade him look to the horse, and then said to the footman:

"As soon as the queen is dressed, find out if she can see me. I have a message from His Majesty."

The fellow looked a little puzzled, but at this moment Hermann, the king's major-domo, came to the door.

"Isn't the constable with you, my lord?" he asked.

"No, the constable remains at the lodge with the king," said I carelessly, though I was very far from careless. "I have a message for Her Majesty, Hermann. Find out from some of the women when she will receive me."

"The queen's not here," said he. "Indeed we've had a lively time, my lord. At five o'clock she came out, ready dressed, from her room, sent for Lieutenant von Bernenstein, and announced that she was about to set out from the castle. As you know, the mail train passes here at six." Hermann took out his watch. "Yes, the queen must just have left the station."

"Where for?" I asked, with a shrug for the woman's whim.

"Why, for Strelsau. She gave no reasons for going, and took with her only one lady, Lieutenant von Bernenstein being in attendance. It was a bustle, if you like, with everybody to be roused and got out of bed, and a carriage to be made ready, and messages to go to the station, and——"

"She gave no reasons?"

"None, my lord. She left with me a letter to the constable, which she ordered me to give into his own hands as soon as he arrived at the castle. She said it contained a message of importance, which the constable was to convey to the king, and that it must be intrusted to nobody except Colonel Sapt himself. I wonder, my lord, that you didn't notice that the flag was hauled down."

"Tut, man, I wasn't staring at the keep. Give me the letter." For I saw that the clue to this fresh puzzle must lie under the cover of Sapt's letter. That letter I must myself carry to Sapt, and without loss of time.

"Give you the letter, my lord? But, pardon me, you're not the constable." He laughed a little.

"Why, no," said I, mustering a smile. "It's true that I'm not the constable, but I'm going to the constable. I had the king's orders to rejoin him as soon as I had seen the queen, and since Her Majesty isn't here, I shall return to the lodge directly a fresh horse can be saddled for me. And the constable's at the lodge. Come, the letter!"

"I can't give it you, my lord. Her Majesty's orders were positive."

"Nonsense! If she had known I should come and not the constable, she would have told me to carry it to him."

"I don't know about that, my lord: her orders were plain, and she doesn't like being disobeyed."

The stableman had led the horse away, the footman had disappeared, Hermann and I were alone. "Give me the letter," I said; and I know that my self-control failed, and eagerness was plain in my voice. Plain it was, and Hermann took alarm. He started back, clapping his hand to the breast of his laced coat. The gesture betrayed where the letter was; I was past prudence; I sprang on him and wrenched his hand away, catching him by the throat with my other hand. Diving into his pocket, I got the letter. Then I suddenly loosed hold of him, for his eyes were starting out of his head. I took out a couple of gold pieces and gave them to him.

"It's urgent, you fool," said I. "Hold your tongue about it." And without waiting to study his amazed red face, I turned and ran towards the stable. In five minutes I was on a fresh horse, in six I was clear of the castle, heading back fast as I could go for the hunting-lodge. Even now Hermann remembers the grip I gave him—though doubtless he has long spent the pieces of gold.

When I reached the end of this second journey, I came in for the obsequies of Boris. James was just patting the ground under the tree with a mattock when I rode up; Sapt was standing by, smoking his pipe. The boots of both were stained and sticky with mud. I flung myself from my saddle and blurted out my news. The constable snatched at his letter with an oath; James leveled the ground with care-

ful accuracy; I do not remember doing anything except wiping my forehead and feeling very hungry.

"Good Lord, she's gone after him!" said Sapt, as he read. Then he handed me the letter.

I will not set out what the queen wrote. The purport seemed to us, who did not share her feelings, pathetic indeed and moving, but in the end (to speak plainly) folly. She had tried to endure her sojourn at Zenda, she said; but it drove her mad. She could not rest; she did not know how we fared, nor how those in Strelsau; for hours she had lain awake; then at last falling asleep, she had dreamt. "I had had the same dream before. Now it came again. I saw him so plain. He seemed to me to be king, and to be called king. But he did not answer nor move. He seemed dead; and I could not rest." So she wrote, ever excusing herself, ever repeating how something drew her to Strelsau, telling her that she must go if she would see "him whom you know," alive again. "And I must see him—ah, I must see him! If the king has had the letter, I am ruined already. If he has not, tell him what you will or what you can contrive. I must go. It came a second time, and all so plain. I saw him; I tell you I saw him. Ah, I must see him again. I swear that I will only see him once. He's in danger—I know he's in danger; or what does the dream mean? Bernenstein will go with me, and I shall see him. Do, do forgive me: I can't stay, the dream was so plain." Thus she ended, seeming, poor lady, half frantic with the visions that her own troubled brain and desolate heart had conjured up to torment her. I did not know that she had before told Mr. Rassendyll himself of this strange dream; though I lay small store by such matters, believing that we ourselves make our dreams, fashioning out of the fears and hopes of to-day what seems to come by night in the guise of a mysterious revelation. Yet there are some things that a man cannot understand, and I do not profess to measure with my mind the ways of God.

However, not why the queen went, but that she had gone, concerned us. We had returned to the house now, and James, remembering that men must eat though kings die, was getting us some breakfast. In fact, I had great need of food, being utterly worn out; and they, after their labors, were hardly less weary. As we ate, we talked; and it was plain to us that I also must go to Strelsau. There, in the city, the drama must be played out. There was Rudolf, there Rischenheim, there in all likelihood Rupert of Hentzau, there now the queen. And of these Rupert alone, or perhaps Rischenheim also, knew that the king was dead, and how the issue of last night had shaped itself under the compelling hand of wayward fortune. The king lay in peace on his bed, his grave was dug; Sapt and James held the secret with solemn faith and ready lives. To Strelsau I must go to tell the queen that she was widowed, and to aim the stroke at young Rupert's heart.

At nine in the morning I started from the lodge. I was bound to ride to Hofbau and there wait for a train which would carry me to the capital. From Hofbau I could send a message, but the message must announce only my own coming, not the news I carried. To Sapt, thanks to the cipher, I could send word at any time, and he bade me ask Mr. Rassendyll whether he should come to our aid, or stay where he was.

"A day must decide the whole thing," he said. "We can't conceal the king's death long. For God's sake, Fritz, make an end of that young villain, and get the letter."

So, wasting no time in farewells, I set out. By ten o'clock I was at Hofbau, for I rode furiously. From there I sent to Bernenstein at the palace word of my coming. But there I was delayed. There was no train for an hour.

"I'll ride," I cried to myself, only to remember the next moment that, if I rode, I should come to my journey's end much later. There was nothing for it but to wait, and it may be imagined in what mood I waited. Every minute seemed an hour, and I know not to this day how the hour wore itself away. I ate, I drank, I smoked, I walked, sat, and stood. The station-master knew me, and thought I had gone mad, till I told him that I carried most important despatches from the king, and that the delay imperiled great interests. Then he became sympathetic; but what could he do? No special train was to be had at a roadside station: I must wait; and wait, somehow, and without blowing my brains out, I did.

At last I was in the train; now indeed we moved, and I came nearer. An hour's run brought me in sight of the city. Then, to my unutterable wrath, we were stopped, and waited twenty minutes or half an hour. At last we started again; had we

not, I should have jumped out and run, for to sit longer motionless would have driven me mad. Now we entered the station. With a great effort I calmed myself. I lolled back in my seat; when we stopped I sat there till a porter opened the door. In lazy leisureliness I bade him get me a cab, and followed him across the station. He held the door for me, and, giving him his *douceur*, I set my foot on the step.

"Tell him to drive to the palace," said I, "and to be quick. I'm late already, thanks to this cursed train."

"The old mare'll soon take you there, sir," said the driver.

I jumped in. But at this moment I saw a man on the platform beckoning with his hand and hastening towards me. The cabman also saw him and waited. I dared not tell him to drive on, for I feared to betray any undue haste, and it would have looked strange not to spare a moment to my wife's cousin, Anton von Strofzin. He came up, holding out his hand, delicately gloved in pearl-gray kid, for young Anton was a leader of the Strelsau dandies.

"Ah, my dear Fritz!" said he. "I am glad I hold no appointment at court. How dreadfully active you all are! I thought you were settled at Zenda for a month?"

"The queen changed her mind suddenly," said I, smiling. "Ladies do, as you know well, you who know all about them."

My compliment, or insinuation, produced a pleased smile and a gallant twirling of his mustache.

"Well, I thought you'd be here soon," he said, "but I didn't know that the queen had come."

"You didn't? Then why did you look for me?"

He opened his eyes a little in languid, elegant surprise.

"Oh, I supposed you'd be on duty, or something, and have to come. Aren't you in attendance?"

"On the queen? No, not just now."

"But on the king?"

"Why, yes," said I, and I leaned forward. "At least I'm engaged now on the king's business."

"Precisely," said he. "So I thought you'd come, as soon as I heard that the king was here."

It may be that I ought to have preserved my composure. But I am not Sapt nor Rudolf Rassendyll.

"The king here?" I gasped, clutching him by the arm.

"Of course. You didn't know? Yes, he's in town."

But I heeded him no more. For a moment I could not speak, then I cried to the cabman:

"To the palace. And drive like the devil!"

We shot away, leaving Anton open-mouthed in wonder. For me, I sank back on the cushions, fairly aghast. The king lay dead in the hunting-lodge, but the king was in his capital!

Of course, the truth soon flashed through my mind, but it brought no comfort. Rudolf Rassendyll was in Strelsau. He had been seen by somebody and taken for the king. But comfort? What comfort was there, now that the king was dead and could never come to the rescue of his counterfeit?

In fact, the truth was worse than I conceived. Had I known it all, I might well have yielded to despair. For not by the chance, uncertain sight of a passer-by, not by mere rumor which might have been sturdily denied, not by the evidence of one only or of two, was the king's presence in the city known. That day, by the witness of a crowd of people, by his own claim and his own voice, ay, and by the assent of the queen herself, Mr. Rassendyll was taken to be the king in Strelsau, while neither he nor Queen Flavia knew that the king was dead. I must now relate the strange and perverse succession of events which forced them to employ a resource so dangerous and face a peril so immense. Yet, great and perilous as they knew the risk to be even when they dared it, in the light of what they did not know it was more fearful and more fatal still.

CHAPTER X.

THE KING IN STRELSAU.

Mr. Rassendyll reached Strelsau from Zenda without accident about nine o'clock in the evening of the same day as that which witnessed the tragedy of the hunting-lodge. He could have arrived sooner, but prudence did not allow him to enter the populous suburbs of the town till the darkness guarded him from notice. The gates of the city were no longer shut at sunset, as they had used to be in the days when Duke Michael was governor, and

Rudolf passed them without difficulty. Fortunately the night, fine where we were, was wet and stormy at Strelsau; thus there were few people in the streets, and he was able to gain the door of my house still unremarked. Here, of course, a danger presented itself. None of my servants were in the secret; only my wife, in whom the queen herself had confided, knew Rudolf, and she did not expect to see him, since she was ignorant of the recent course of events. Rudolf was quite alive to the peril, and regretted the absence of his faithful attendant, who could have cleared the way for him. The pouring rain gave him an excuse for twisting a scarf about his face and pulling his coat-collar up to his ears, while the gusts of wind made the cramming of his hat low down over his eyes no more than a natural precaution against its loss. Thus masked from curious eyes, he drew rein before my door, and, having dismounted, rang the bell. When the butler came a strange hoarse voice, half-stifled by folds of scarf, asked for the countess, alleging for pretext a message from myself. The man hesitated, as well he might, to leave the stranger alone with the door open and the contents of the hall at his mercy. Murmuring an apology in case his visitor should prove to be a gentleman, he shut the door and went in search of his mistress. His description of the untimely caller at once roused my wife's quick wit; she had heard from me how Rudolf had ridden once from Strelsau to the hunting-lodge with muffled face; a very tall man with his face wrapped in a scarf and his hat over his eyes, who came with a private message, suggested to her at least a possibility of Mr. Rassendyll's arrival. Helga will never admit that she is clever, yet I find she discovers from me what she wants to know, and I suspect hides successfully the small matters of which she in her wifely discretion deems I had best remain ignorant. Being able thus to manage me, she was equal to coping with the butler. She laid aside her embroidery most composedly.

"Ah, yes," she said, "I know the gentleman. Surely you haven't left him out in the rain?" She was anxious lest Rudolf's features should have been exposed too long to the light of the hall-lamps.

The butler stammered an apology, explaining his fears for our goods and the impossibility of distinguishing social rank on a dark night. Helga cut him short with an impatient gesture, crying, "How stupid of you!" and herself ran quickly down and opened the door—a little way only, though. The first sight of Mr. Rassendyll confirmed her suspicions; in a moment, she said, she knew his eyes.

"It is you, then?" she cried. "And my foolish servant has left you in the rain! Pray come in. Oh, but your horse!" She turned to the penitent butler, who had followed her downstairs. "Take the baron's horse round to the stables," she said.

"I will send some one at once, my lady."

"No, no, take it yourself—take it at once. I'll look after the baron."

Reluctantly and ruefully the fat fellow stepped out into the storm. Rudolf drew back and let him pass, then he entered quickly, to find himself alone with Helga in the hall. With a finger on her lips, she led him swiftly into a small sitting-room on the ground floor, which I used as a sort of office or place of business. It looked out on the street, and the rain could be heard driving against the broad panes of the window. Rudolf turned to her with a smile, and, bowing, kissed her hand.

"The Baron what, my dear countess?" he inquired.

"He won't ask," said she with a shrug. "Do tell me what brings you here, and what has happened."

He told her very briefly all he knew. She hid bravely her alarm at hearing that I might perhaps meet Rupert at the lodge, and at once listened to what Rudolf wanted of her.

"Can I get out of the house, and, if need be, back again unnoticed?" he asked.

"The door is locked at night, and only Fritz and the butler have keys."

Mr. Rassendyll's eye traveled to the window of the room.

"I haven't grown so fat that I can't get through there," said he. "So we'd better not trouble the butler. He'd talk, you know."

"I will sit here all night and keep everybody from the room."

"I may come back pursued if I bungle my work and an alarm is raised."

"Your work?" she asked, shrinking back a little.

"Yes," said he. "Don't ask what it is, Countess. It is in the queen's service."

"For the queen I will do anything and everything, as Fritz would."

He took her hand and pressed it in a friendly, encouraging way.

"Then I may issue my orders?" he asked, smiling.

"They shall be obeyed."

"Then a dry cloak, a little supper, and this room to myself, except for you."

As he spoke the butler turned the handle of the door. My wife flew across the room, opened the door, and, while Rudolf turned his back, directed the man to bring some cold meat, or whatever could be ready with as little delay as possible.

"Now come with me," she said to Rudolf, directly the servant was gone.

She took him to my dressing-room, where he got dry clothes; then she saw the supper laid, ordered a bedroom to be prepared, told the butler that she had business with the baron and that he need not sit up if she were later than eleven, dismissed him, and went to tell Rudolf that the coast was clear for his return to the sitting-room. He came, expressing admiration for her courage and address; I take leave to think that she deserved his compliments. He made a hasty supper; then they talked together, Rudolf smoking his cigar. Eleven came and went. It was not yet time. My wife opened the door and looked out. The hall was dark, the door locked and its key in the hands of the butler. She closed the door again and softly locked it. As the clock struck twelve Rudolf rose and turned the lamp very low. Then he unfastened the shutters noiselessly, raised the window and looked out. "Shut them again when I'm gone," he whispered. "If I come back, I'll knock like this, and you'll open for me."

"For heaven's sake, be careful," she murmured, catching at his hand.

He nodded reassuringly, and crossing his leg over the window-sill, sat there for a moment listening. The storm was as fierce as ever, and the street was deserted. He let himself down on to the pavement, his face again wrapped up. She watched his tall figure stride quickly along till a turn of the road hid it. Then, having closed the window and the shutters again, she sat down to keep her watch, praying for him, for me, and for her dear mistress the queen. For she knew that perilous work was afoot that night, and did not know whom it might threaten or whom destroy.

From the moment that Mr. Rassendyll thus left my house at midnight on his search for Rupert of Hentzau, every hour and almost every moment brought its incident in the swiftly moving drama which decided the issues of our fortune. What we were doing has been told; by now Rupert himself was on his way back to the city, and the queen was meditating, in her restless vigil, on the resolve that in a few hours was to bring her also to Strelsau. Even in the dead of night both sides were active. For, plan cautiously and skilfully as he might, Rudolf fought with an antagonist who lost no chances, and who had found an apt and useful tool in that same Bauer, a rascal, and a cunning rascal, if ever one were bred in the world. From the beginning even to the end our error lay in taking too little count of this fellow, and dear was the price we paid.

Both to my wife and to Rudolf himself the street had seemed empty of every living being when she watched and he set out. Yet everything had been seen, from his first arrival to the moment when she closed the window after him. At either end of my house there runs out a projection, formed by the bay-windows of the principal drawing-room and of the dining-room respectively. These projecting walls form shadows, and in the shade of one of them—of which I do not know, nor is it of moment—a man watched all that passed; had he been anywhere else, Rudolf must have seen him. If we had not been too engrossed in playing our own hands, it would doubtless have struck us as probable that Rupert would direct Rischenheim and Bauer to keep an eye on my house during his absence; for it was there that any of us who found our way to the city would naturally resort in the first instance. As a fact, he had not omitted this precaution. The night was so dark that the spy, who had seen the king but once and never Mr. Rassendyll, did not recognize who the visitor was, but he rightly conceived that he should serve his employer by tracking the steps of the tall man who made so mysterious an arrival and so surreptitious a departure from the suspected house. Accordingly, as Rudolf turned the corner and Helga closed the window, a short, thickset figure started cautiously out of the projecting shadow, and followed in Rudolf's wake through the storm. The pair, tracker and tracked, met nobody, save here and there a police-constable keeping a most unwilling beat. Even such were few, and for the most part more intent on sheltering in the lee of a friendly wall and thereby keeping a dry stitch or two on them than on taking

note of passers-by. On the pair went. Now Rudolf turned into the Königstrasse. As he did so, Bauer, who must have been nearly a hundred yards behind (for he could not start till the shutters were closed) quickened his pace and reduced the interval between them to about seventy yards. This he might well have thought a safe distance on a night so wild, when the rush of wind and the pelt of the rain joined to hide the sound of footsteps.

But Bauer reasoned as a townsman, and Rudolf Rassendyll had the quick ear of a man bred in the country and trained to the woodland. All at once there was a jerk of his head; I know so well the motion which marked awakened attention in him. He did not pause nor break his stride: to do either would have been to betray his suspicions to his follower; but he crossed the road to the opposite side to that where No. 19 was situated, and slackened his pace a little, so that there was a longer interval between his own footfalls. The steps behind him grew slower, even as his did; their sound came no nearer: the follower would not overtake. Now, a man who loiters on such a night, just because another head of him is fool enough to loiter, has a reason for his action other than what can at first sight be detected. So thought Rudolf Rassendyll, and his brain was busied with finding it out.

Then an idea seized him, and, forgetting the precautions that had hitherto served so well, he came to a sudden stop on the pavement, engrossed in deep thought. Was the man who dogged his steps Rupert himself? It would be like Rupert to track him, like Rupert to conceive such an attack, like Rupert to be ready either for a fearless assault from the front or a shameless shot from behind, and indifferent utterly which chance offered, so it threw him one of them. Mr. Rassendyll asked no better than to meet his enemy thus in the open. They could fight a fair fight, and if he fell the lamp would be caught up and carried on by Sapt's hand or mine; if he got the better of Rupert, the letter would be his; a moment would destroy it and give safety to the queen. I do not suppose that he spent time in thinking how he should escape arrest at the hands of the police whom the *fracas* would probably rouse; if he did, he may well have reckoned on declaring plainly who he was, of laughing at their surprise over a chance likeness to the king, and of trusting to us to smuggle him beyond the arm of the law. What mattered all that, so that there was a moment in which to destroy the letter? At any rate he turned full round and began to walk straight towards Bauer, his hand resting on the revolver in the pocket of his coat.

Bauer saw him coming, and must have known that he was suspected or detected. At once the cunning fellow slouched his head between his shoulders, and set out along the street at a quick shuffle, whistling as he went. Rudolf stood still now in the middle of the road, wondering who the man was: whether Rupert, purposely disguising his gait, or a confederate, or, after all, some person innocent of our secret and indifferent to our schemes. On came Bauer, softly whistling and slushing his feet carelessly through the liquid mud. Now he was nearly opposite where Mr. Rassendyll stood. Rudolf was well-nigh convinced that the man had been on his track: he would make certainty surer. The bold game was always his choice and his delight; this trait he shared with Rupert of Hentzau, and hence arose, I think, the strange secret inclination he had for his unscrupulous opponent. Now he walked suddenly across to Bauer, and spoke to him in his natural voice, at the same time removing the scarf partly, but not altogether, from his face.

"You're out late, my friend, for a night like this."

Bauer, startled though he was by the unexpected challenge, had his wits about him. Whether he identified Rudolf at once, I do not know; I think that he must at least have suspected the truth.

"A lad that has no home to go to must needs be out both late and early, sir," said he, arresting his shuffling steps, and looking up with that honest stolid air which had made a fool of me.

I had described him very minutely to Mr. Rassendyll; if Bauer knew or guessed who his challenger was, Mr. Rassendyll was as well equipped for the encounter.

"No home to go to!" cried Rudolf in a pitying tone. "How's that? But anyhow, heaven forbid that you or any man should walk the streets a night like this. Come, I'll give you a bed. Come with me, and I'll find you good shelter, my boy."

Bauer shrank away. He did not see the meaning of this stroke, and his eye, traveling up the street, showed that his thoughts had turned towards flight. Rudolf gave no time for putting any such notion into effect. Maintaining his air of genial compassion, he passed his left arm through Bauer's right, saying:

"I'm a Christian man, and a bed you shall have this night, my lad, as sure as I'm alive. Come along with me. The devil, it's not weather for standing still!"

The carrying of arms in Strelsau was forbidden. Bauer had no wish to get into trouble with the police, and, moreover, he had intended nothing but a reconnaissance; he was therefore without any weapon, and he was a child in Rudolf's grasp. He had no alternative but to obey the suasion of Mr. Rassendyll's arm, and they two began to walk down the Königstrasse. Bauer's whistle had died away, not to return; but from time to time Rudolf hummed softly a cheerful tune, his fingers beating time on Bauer's captive arm. Presently they crossed the road. Bauer's lagging steps indicated that he took no pleasure in the change of side, but he could not resist.

"Ay, you shall go where I am going, my lad," said Rudolf encouragingly; and he laughed a little as he looked down at the fellow's face.

Along they went; soon they came to the small numbers at the station end of the Königstrasse. Rudolf began to peer up at the shop fronts.

"It's cursed dark," said he. "Pray, lad, can you make out which is nineteen?"

The moment he had spoken the smile broadened on his face. The shot had gone home. Bauer was a clever scoundrel, but his nerves were not under perfect control, and his arm had quivered under Rudolf's.

"Nineteen, sir?" he stammered.

"Ay, nineteen. That's where we're bound for, you and I. There I hope we shall find—what we want."

Bauer seemed bewildered: no doubt he was at a loss how either to understand or to parry the bold attack.

"Ah, this looks like it," said Rudolf, in a tone of great satisfaction, as they came to old Mother Holf's little shop. "Isn't that a one and a nine over the door, my lad? Ah, and Holf! Yes, that's the name. Pray ring the bell. My hands are occupied."

Rudolf's hands were indeed occupied; one held Bauer's arm, now no longer with a friendly pressure, but with a grip of iron; in the other the captive saw the revolver that had till now lain hidden.

"You see?" asked Rudolf pleasantly. "You must ring for me, mustn't you? It would startle them if I roused them with a shot." A motion of the barrel told Bauer the direction which the shot would take.

"There's no bell," said Bauer sullenly.

"Ah, then you knock?"

"I suppose so."

"In any particular way, my friend?"

"I don't know," growled Bauer.

"Nor I. Can't you guess?"

"No, I know nothing of it."

"Well, we must try. You knock, and—Listen, my lad. You must guess right. You understand?"

"How can I guess?" asked Bauer, in an attempt at bluster.

"Indeed, I don't know," smiled Rudolf. "But I hate waiting, and if the door is not open in two minutes, I shall arouse the good folk with a shot. You see? You quite see, don't you?" Again the barrel's motion pointed and explained Mr. Rassendyll's meaning.

Under this powerful persuasion Bauer yielded. He lifted his hand and knocked on the door with his knuckles, first loudly, then very softly, the gentler stroke being repeated five times in rapid succession. Clearly he was expected, for without any sound of approaching feet the chain was unfastened with a subdued rattle. Then came the noise of the bolt being cautiously worked back into its socket. As it shot home a chink of the door opened. At the same moment Rudolf's hand slipped from Bauer's arm. With a swift movement he caught the fellow by the nape of the neck and flung him violently forward into the roadway, where, losing his footing, he fell sprawling face downwards in the mud. Rudolf threw himself against the door: it yielded, he was inside, and in an instant he had shut the door and driven the bolt home again, leaving Bauer in the gutter outside. Then he turned, with his hand on the butt of his revolver. I know that he hoped to find Rupert of Hentzau's face within a foot of his.

Neither Rupert nor Rischenheim, nor even the old woman fronted him: a tall, handsome, dark girl faced him, holding an oil-lamp in her hand. He did not know her, but I could have told him that she was old Mother Holf's youngest child, Rosa, for I had often seen her as I rode through the town of Zenda with the king, before the old lady moved her dwelling to Strelsau. Indeed the girl had seemed to haunt the king's footsteps, and he had himself joked on her obvious efforts to attract his attention, and the languishing glances of her great black eyes. But it is the lot of prominent personages to inspire these strange passions, and the king had spent as little thought on her as on any of

the romantic girls who found a naughty delight in half-fanciful devotion to him—devotion starting, in many cases, by an irony of which the king was happily unconscious, from the brave figure that he made at his coronation and his picturesque daring in the affair of Black Michael. The worshipers never came near enough to perceive the alteration in their idol.

The half then, at least, of Rosa's attachment was justly due to the man who now stood opposite to her, looking at her with surprise by the murky light of the strong-smelling oil-lamp. The lamp shook and almost fell from her hand when she saw him; for the scarf had slid away, and his features were exposed to full view. Fright, delight, and excitement vied with one another in her eyes.

"The king!" she whispered in amazement. "No, but—" And she searched his face wonderingly.

"Is it the beard you miss?" asked Rudolf, fingering his chin. "Mayn't kings shave when they please, as well as other men?" Her face still expressed bewilderment, and still a lingering doubt. He bent towards her, whispering:

"Perhaps I wasn't over-anxious to be known at once."

She flushed with pleasure at the confidence he seemed to put in her.

"I should know you anywhere," she whispered, with a glance of the great black eyes. "Anywhere, Your Majesty."

"Then you'll help me, perhaps?"

"With my life."

"No, no, my dear young lady, merely with a little information. Whose house is this?"

"My mother's."

"Ah! She takes lodgers?"

The girl appeared vexed at his cautious approaches.

"Tell me what you want to know," she said simply.

"Then who's here?"

"My lord the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim."

"And what's he doing?"

"He's lying on the bed moaning and swearing, because his wounded arm gives him pain."

"And is nobody else here?"

She looked round warily, and sank her voice to a whisper as she answered:

"No, not now—nobody else."

"I was seeking a friend of mine," said Rudolf. "I want to see him alone. It's not easy for a king to see people alone."

"You mean——?"

"Well, you know who I mean."

"Yes. No, he's gone; but he's gone to find you."

"To find me! Plague take it! How do you know that, my pretty lady?"

"Bauer told me."

"Ah, Bauer! And who's Bauer?"

"The man who knocked. Why did you shut him out?"

"To be alone with you, to be sure. So Bauer tells you his master's secrets?"

She acknowledged his raillery with a coquettish laugh. It was not amiss for the king to see that she had her admirers.

"Well, and where has this foolish count gone to meet me?" asked Rudolf lightly.

"You haven't seen him?"

"No; I came straight from the Castle of Zenda."

"But," she cried, "he expected to find you at the hunting-lodge. Ah, but now I recollect! The Count of Rischenheim was greatly vexed to find, on his return, that his cousin was gone."

"Ah, he was gone! Now I see! Rischenheim brought a message from me to Count Rupert."

"And they missed one another, Your Majesty?"

"Exactly, my dear young lady. Very vexatious it is, upon my word!" In this remark, at least, Rudolf spoke no more and no other than he felt. "But when do you expect the Count of Hentzau?" he pursued.

"Early in the morning, Your Majesty—at seven or eight."

Rudolf came nearer to her, and took a couple of gold coins from his pocket.

"I don't want money, Your Majesty," she murmured.

"Oh, make a hole in them and hang them round your neck."

"Ah, yes: yes, give them to me," she cried, holding out her hand eagerly.

"You'll earn them?" he asked, playfully holding them out of her reach.

"How?"

"By being ready to open to me when I come at eleven and knock as Bauer knocked."

"Yes, I'll be there."

"And by telling nobody that I've been here to-night. Will you promise me that?"

"Not my mother?"

"No."

"Nor the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim?"

"Him least of all. You must tell no-

body. My business is very private, and Rischenheim doesn't know it."

"I'll do all you tell me. But—but Bauer knows."

"True," said Rudolf. "Bauer knows. Well, we'll see about Bauer."

As he spoke he turned towards the door. Suddenly the girl bent, snatched at his hand and kissed it.

"I would die for you," she murmured.

"Poor child!" said he gently. I believe he was loath to make profit, even in the queen's service, of her poor foolish love. He laid his hand on the door, but paused a moment to say,

"If Bauer comes, you have told me nothing. Mind, nothing! I threatened you, but you told me nothing."

"He'll tell them you have been here."

"That can't be helped; at least they won't know when I shall arrive again. Good-night."

Rudolf opened the door and slipped through, closing it hastily behind him. If Bauer got back to the house, his visit must be known; but if he could intercept Bauer, the girl's silence was assured. He stood just outside, listening intently and searching the darkness with eager eyes.

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT THE CHANCELLOR'S WIFE SAW.

The night, so precious in its silence, solitude, and darkness, was waning fast; soon the first dim approaches of day would be visible; soon the streets would become alive and people be about. Before then Rudolf Rassendyll, the man who bore a face that he dared not show in open day, must be under cover; else men would say that the king was in Strelsau, and the news would flash in a few hours through the kingdom and (so Rudolf feared) reach even those ears which we knew to be shut to all earthly sounds. But there was still some time at Mr. Rassendyll's disposal, and he could not spend it better than in pursuing his fight with Bauer. Taking a leaf out of the rascal's own book, he drew himself back into the shadow of the house walls and prepared to wait. At the worst he could keep the fellow from communicating with Rischenheim for a little longer, but his hope was that Bauer would steal back after a while and reconnoiter with a view to discovering how matters stood, whether the unwelcome visitor had taken his departure and the way to Rischenheim were open. Wrapping his scarf closely round his face, Rudolf waited, patiently enduring the tedium as he best might, drenched by the rain, which fell steadily, and very imperfectly sheltered from the buffeting of the wind. Minutes went by; there were no signs of Bauer nor of anybody else in the silent street. Yet Rudolf did not venture to leave his post; Bauer would seize the opportunity to slip in; perhaps Bauer had seen him come out, and was in his turn waiting till the coast should be clear; or, again, perhaps the useful spy had gone off to intercept Rupert of Hentzau, and warn him of the danger in the Königstrasse. Ignorant of the truth and compelled to accept all these chances, Rudolf waited, still watching the distant beginnings of dawning day, which must soon drive him to his hiding-place again. Meanwhile my poor wife waited also, a prey to every fear that a woman's sensitive mind can imagine and feed upon.

Rudolf turned his head this way and that, seeking always the darker blot of shadow that would mean a human being. For a while his search was vain, but presently he found what he looked for—ay, and even more. On the same side of the street, to his left hand, from the direction of the station, not one, but three blurred shapes moved up the street. They came stealthily, yet quickly; with caution, but without pause or hesitation. Rudolf, scenting danger, flattened himself close against the wall and felt for his revolver. Very likely they were only early workers or late revelers, but he was ready for something else; he had not yet sighted Bauer, and action was to be looked for from the man. By infinitely gradual sidelong slitherings he moved a few paces from the door of Mother Holf's house, and stood six feet perhaps, or eight, on the right-hand side of it. The three came on. He strained his eyes in the effort to discern their features. In that dim light certainty was impossible, but the one in the middle might well be Bauer: the height, the walk, and the make were much what Bauer's were. If it were Bauer, then Bauer had friends, and Bauer and his friends seemed to be stalking some game. Always most carefully and gradually Rudolf edged yet farther from the little shop. At a distance of some five yards he halted finally, drew out his revolver, covered the man whom he took to be Bauer, and thus waited his fortune and his chance.

Now, it was plain that Bauer—for Bauer it was—would look for one of two things: what he hoped was to find Rudolf still in the house, what he feared was to be told that Rudolf, having fulfilled the unknown purpose of his visit, was gone whole and sound. If the latter tidings met him, these two good friends of his whom he had enlisted for his reinforcement were to have five crowns each and go home in peace; if the former, they were to do their work and make ten crowns. Years after, one of them told me the whole story without shame or reserve. What their work was, the heavy bludgeons they carried and the long knife that one of them had lent to Bauer showed pretty clearly. But neither to Bauer nor to them did it occur that their quarry might be crouching near, hunting as well as hunted. Not that the pair of ruffians who had been thus hired would have hesitated for that thought, as I imagine. For it is strange, yet certain, that the zenith of courage and the acme of villainy can alike be bought for the price of a lady's glove. Among such outcasts as those from whom Bauer drew his recruits the murder of a man is held serious only when the police are by, and death at the hands of him they seek to kill is no more than an every-day risk of their employment.

"Here's the house," whispered Bauer, stopping at the door. "Now, I'll knock, and you stand by to knock him on the head if he runs out. He's got a six-shooter, so lose no time."

"He'll only fire it in heaven," growled a hoarse, guttural voice that ended in a chuckle.

"But if he's gone?" objected the other auxiliary.

"Then I know where he's gone," answered Bauer. "Are you ready?"

A ruffian stood on either side of the door with uplifted bludgeon. Bauer raised his hand to knock.

Rudolf knew that Rischenheim was within, and he feared that Bauer, hearing that the stranger had gone, would take the opportunity of telling the count of his visit. The count would, in his turn, warn Rupert of Hentzau, and the work of catching the ringleader would all fall to be done again. At no time did Mr. Rassendyll take count of odds against him, but in this instance he may well have thought himself, with his revolver, a match for the three ruffians. At any rate, before Bauer had time to give the signal, he sprang out suddenly from the wall and darted at the fellow. His onset was so sudden that the other two fell back a pace; Rudolf caught Bauer fairly by the throat. I do not suppose that he meant to strangle him, but the anger, long stored in his heart, found vent in the fierce grip of his fingers. It is certain that Bauer thought his time was come, unless he struck a blow for himself. Instantly he raised his hand and thrust fiercely at Rudolf with his long knife. Mr. Rassendyll would have been a dead man, had he not loosed his hold and sprung lightly away. But Bauer sprang at him again, thrusting with the knife, and crying to his associates, "Club him, you fools, club him!"

Thus exhorted, one jumped forward. The moment for hesitation had gone. In spite of the noise of wind and pelting rain, the sound of a shot risked much; but not to fire was death. Rudolf fired full at Bauer: the fellow saw his intention and tried to leap behind one of his companions; he was just too late, and fell with a groan to the ground.

Again the other ruffians shrank back, appalled by the sudden ruthless decision of the act. Mr. Rassendyll laughed. A half-smothered yet uncontrolled oath broke from one of them. "By God!" he whispered hoarsely, gazing at Rudolf's face and letting his arm fall to his side. "My God!" he said then, and his mouth hung open. Again Rudolf laughed at his terrified stare.

"A bigger job than you fancied, is it?" he asked, pushing his scarf well away from his chin.

The man gaped at him; the other's eyes asked wondering questions, but neither did he attempt to resume the attack. The first at last found voice, and he said, "Well, it'd be damned cheap at ten crowns, and that's the living truth."

His friend—or confederate rather, for such men have no friends—looked on, still amazed.

"Take up that fellow by his head and his heels," ordered Rudolf. "Quickly! I suppose you don't want the police to find us here with him, do you? Well, no more do I. Lift him up."

As he spoke Rudolf turned to knock at the door of No. 19.

But even as he did so Bauer groaned. Dead perhaps he ought to have been, but it seems to me that fate is always ready to take the cream and leave the scum. His leap aside had served him well, after all: he had nearly escaped scot free. As it was, the bullet, almost missing his head

altogether, had just glanced on his temple as it passed; its impact had stunned, but not killed. Friend Bauer was in unusual luck that night; I wouldn't have taken a hundred to one about his chance of life. Rupert arrested his hand. It would not do to leave Bauer at the house, if Bauer were likely to regain speech. He stood for a moment, considering what to do, but in an instant the thoughts that he tried to gather were scattered again.

"The patrol! the patrol!" hoarsely whispered the fellow who had not yet spoken. There was a sound of the hoofs of horses. Down the street from the station end there appeared two mounted men. Without a second's hesitation the two rascals dropped their friend Bauer with a thud on the ground; one ran at his full speed across the street, the other bolted no less quickly up the Königstrasse. Neither could afford to meet the constables; and who could say what story this red-haired gentleman might tell, ay, or what powers he might command?

But, in truth, Rudolf gave no thought to either his story or his powers. If he were caught, the best he could hope would be to lie in the lockup while Rupert played his game unmolested. The device that he had employed against the amazed ruffians could be used against lawful authority only as a last and desperate resort. While he could run, run he would. In an instant he also took to his heels, following the fellow who had darted up the Königstrasse. But before he had gone very far, coming to a narrow turning, he shot down it; then he paused for a moment to listen.

The patrol had seen the sudden dispersal of the group, and, struck with natural suspicion, quickened pace. A few minutes brought them where Bauer was. They jumped from their horses and ran to him. He was unconscious, and could, of course, give them no account of how he came to be in his present state. The fronts of all the houses were dark, the doors shut; there was nothing to connect the man stretched on the ground with either No. 19 or any other dwelling. Moreover, the constables were not sure that the sufferer was himself a meritorious object, for his hand still held a long, ugly knife. They were perplexed: they were but two; there was a wounded man to look after; there were three men to pursue, and the three had fled in three separate directions. They looked up at No. 19; No. 19 remained dark, quiet, absolutely indifferent. The fugitives were out of sight.

Rudolf Rassendyll, hearing nothing, had started again on his way. But a minute later he heard a shrill whistle. The patrol were summoning assistance; the man must be carried to the station, and a report made; but other constables might be warned of what had happened, and despatched in pursuit of the culprits. Rudolf heard more than one answering whistle; he broke into a run, looking for a turning on the left that would take him back into the direction of my house, but he found none. The narrow street twisted and curved in the bewildering way that characterizes the old parts of the town. Rudolf had spent some time once in Strelsau; but a king learns little of back streets, and he was soon fairly puzzled as to his whereabouts. Day was dawning, and he began to meet people here and there. He dared run no more, even had his breath lasted him; winding the scarf about his face, and cramming his hat over his forehead again, he fell into an easy walk, wondering whether he could venture to ask his way, relieved to find no signs that he was being pursued, trying to persuade himself that Bauer, though not dead, was at least incapable of embarrassing disclosures; above all, conscious of the danger of his tell-tale face, and of the necessity of finding some shelter before the city was all stirring and awake.

At this moment he heard horses' hoofs behind him. He was now at the end of the street, where it opened on the square in which the barracks stand. He knew his bearings now, and, had he not been interrupted, could have been back to safe shelter in my house in twenty minutes. But, looking back, he saw the figure of a mounted constable just coming into sight behind him. The man seemed to see Rudolf, for he broke into a quick trot. Mr. Rassendyll's position was critical; this fact alone accounts for the dangerous step into which he allowed himself to be forced. Here he was, a man unable to give account of himself, of remarkable appearance, and carrying a revolver, of which one barrel was discharged. And there was Bauer, a wounded man, shot by somebody with a revolver, a quarter of an hour before. Even to be questioned was dangerous; to be detained meant ruin to the great business that engaged his energies. For all he knew, the patrol had actually sighted him as he ran. His fears were not vain; for the constable raised his voice, crying, "Hi, sir—you there—stop a minute!"

Resistance was the one thing worse than to yield. Wit, and not force, must find escape this time. Rudolf stopped, looking round again with a surprised air. Then he drew himself up with an assumption of dignity, and waited for the constable. If that last card must be played, he would win the hand with it.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked coldly, when the man was a few yards from him; and, as he spoke, he withdrew the scarf almost entirely from his features, keeping it only over his chin. "You call very peremptorily," he continued, staring contemptuously. "What's your business with me?"

With a violent start, the sergeant—for such the star on his collar and the lace on his cuff proclaimed him—leant forward in the saddle to look at the man whom he had hailed. Rudolf said nothing and did not move. The man's eyes studied his face intently. Then he sat bolt upright and saluted, his face dyed to a deep red in his sudden confusion.

"And why do you salute me now?" asked Rudolf in a mocking tone. "First you hunt me, then you salute me. By heaven, I don't know why you put yourself out at all about me!"

"I—I—" the fellow stuttered. Then trying a fresh start, he stammered, "Your Majesty, I didn't know—I didn't suppose——"

Rudolf stepped towards him with a quick, decisive tread.

"And why do you call me 'Your Majesty'?" he asked, still mockingly.

"It—it—isn't it Your Majesty?"

Rudolf was close by him now, his hand on the horse's neck. He looked up into the sergeant's face with steady eyes, saying:

"You make a mistake, my friend. I am not the king."

"You are not—?" stuttered the bewildered fellow.

"By no means. And, sergeant——?"

"Your Majesty?"

"Sir, you mean."

"Yes, sir."

"A zealous officer, sergeant, can make no greater mistake than to take for the king a gentleman who is not the king. It might injure his prospects, since the king, not being here, mightn't wish to have it supposed that he was here. Do you follow me, sergeant?"

The man said nothing, but stared hard. After a moment Rudolf continued:

"In such a case," said he, "a discreet officer would not trouble the gentleman any more, and would be very careful not to mention that he had made such a silly mistake. Indeed, if questioned, he would answer without hesitation that he hadn't seen anybody even like the king, much less the king himself."

A doubtful, puzzled little smile spread under the sergeant's mustache.

"You see, the king is not even in Strelsau," said Rudolf.

"Not in Strelsau, sir?"

"Why, no, he's at Zenda."

"Ah! At Zenda, sir?"

"Certainly. It is therefore impossible—physically impossible—that he should be here."

The fellow was convinced that he understood now."

"It's certainly impossible, sir," said he, smiling more broadly.

"Absolutely. And therefore impossible also that you should have seen him." With this Rudolf took a gold piece from his pocket and handed it to the sergeant. The fellow took it with something like a wink. "As for you, you've searched here and found nobody," concluded Mr. Rassendyll. "So hadn't you better at once search somewhere else?"

"Without doubt, sir," said the sergeant, and with the most deferential salute, and another confidential smile, he turned and rode back by the way he had come. No doubt he wished that he could meet a gentleman who was—not the king—every morning of his life. It hardly need be said that all idea of connecting the gentleman with the crime committed in the Königstrasse had vanished from his mind. Thus Rudolf won freedom from the man's interference, but at a dangerous cost—how dangerous he did not know. It was indeed most impossible that the king could be in Strelsau.

He lost no time now in turning his steps towards his refuge. It was past five o'clock, day came quickly, and the streets began to be peopled by men and women on their way to open stalls or to buy in the market. Rudolf crossed the square at a rapid walk, for he was afraid of the soldiers who were gathering for early duty opposite to the barracks. Fortunately he passed by them unobserved, and gained the comparative seclusion of the street in which my house stands, without encountering any further difficulties. In truth, he was almost in safety; but bad luck was now to have its turn. When Mr. Rassendyll was no more than fifty yards from my

door, a carriage suddenly drove up and stopped a few paces in front of him. The footman sprang down and opened the door. Two ladies got out; they were dressed in evening costume, and were returning from a ball. One was middle-aged, the other young and rather pretty. They stood for a moment on the pavement, the younger saying:

"Isn't it pleasant, mother? I wish I could always be up at five o'clock."

"My dear, you wouldn't like it for long," answered the elder. "It's very nice for a change, but——"

She stopped abruptly. Her eye had fallen on Rudolf Rassendyll. He knew her: she was no less a person than the wife of Helsing the chancellor; his was the house at which the carriage had stopped. The trick that had served with the sergeant of police would not do now. She knew the king too well to believe that she could be mistaken about him; she was too much of a busybody to be content to pretend that she was mistaken.

"Good gracious!" she whispered loudly, and, catching her daughter's arm, she murmured, "Heavens, my dear, it's the king!"

Rudolf was caught. Not only the ladies, but their servants were looking at him.

Flight was impossible. He walked by them. The ladies curtseyed, the servants bowed bareheaded. Rudolf touched his hat and bowed slightly in return. He walked straight on towards my house; they were watching him, and he knew it. Most heartily did he curse the untimely hours to which folks keep up their dancing, but he thought that a visit to my house would afford as plausible an excuse for his presence as any other. So he went on, surveyed by the wondering ladies, and by the servants who, smothering smiles, asked one another what brought His Majesty abroad in such a plight (for Rudolf's clothes were soaked and his boots muddy), at such an hour—and that in Strelsau, when all the world thought he was at Zenda.

Rudolf reached my house. Knowing that he was watched, he had abandoned all intention of giving the signal agreed on between my wife and himself and of making his way in through the window. Such a sight would indeed have given the excellent Baroness von Helsing matter for gossip! It was better to let every servant in my house see his open entrance. But, alas, virtue itself sometimes leads to ruin. My dearest Helga, sleepless and watchful in the interest of her mistress, was even now behind the shutter, listening with all her ears and peering through the chinks. No sooner did Rudolf's footsteps become audible than she cautiously unfastened the shutter, opened the window, put her pretty head out, and called softly:

"All's safe! Come in!"

The mischief was done then, for the faces of Helsing's wife and daughter, ay, and the faces of Helsing's servants, were intent on this most strange spectacle. Rudolf, turning his head over his shoulder, saw them; a moment later poor Helga saw them also. Innocent and untrained in controlling her feelings, she gave a shrill little cry of dismay, and hastily drew back. Rudolf looked round again. The ladies had retreated to the cover of the porch, but he still saw their eager faces peering from between the pillars that supported it.

"I may as well go in now," said Rudolf, and in he sprang. There was a merry smile on his face as he ran forward to meet Helga, who leant against the table, pale and agitated.

"They saw you?" she gasped.

"Undoubtedly," said he. Then his sense of amusement conquered everything else, and he sat down in a chair, laughing.

"I'd give my life," said he, "to hear the story that the chancellor will be waked up to hear in a minute or two from now!"

But a moment's thought made him grave again. For whether he were the king or Rudolf Rassendyll, he knew that my wife's name was in equal peril. Knowing this, he stood at nothing to serve her. He turned to her and spoke quickly.

"You must rouse one of the servants at once. Send him round to the chancellor's and tell the chancellor to come here directly. No, write a note. Say the king has come by appointment to see Fritz on some private business, but that Fritz has not kept the appointment, and that the king must now see the chancellor at once. Say there's not a moment to lose."

She was looking at him with wondering eyes.

"Don't you see," he said, "if I can impose on Helsing, I may stop those women's tongues? If nothing's done, how long do you suppose it'll be before all Strelsau knows that Fritz von Tarlenheim's wife let the king in at the window at five o'clock in the morning?"

"I don't understand," murmured poor Helga in bewilderment.

"No, my dear lady, but for heaven's sake do what I ask of you. It's the only chance now."

"I'll do it," she said, and sat down to write.

Thus it was that, hard on the marvelous tidings which, as I conjecture, the Baroness von Helsing poured into her husband's drowsy ears, came an imperative summons that the chancellor should wait on the king at the house of Fritz von Tarlenheim.

Truly we had tempted fate too far by bringing Rudolf Rassendyll again to Strelsau.

CHAPTER XII.

BEFORE THEM ALL!

GREAT as was the risk and immense as were the difficulties created by the course which Mr. Rassendyll adopted, I cannot doubt that he acted for the best in the light of the information which he possessed. His plan was to disclose himself in the character of the king to Helsing, to bind him to secrecy, and make him impose the same obligation on his wife, daughter, and servants. The chancellor was to be quieted with the excuse of urgent business, and conciliated by a promise that he should know its nature in the course of a few hours; meanwhile an appeal to his loyalty must suffice to insure obedience. If all went well in the day that had now dawned, by the evening of it the letter would be destroyed, the queen's peril past, and Rudolf once more far away from Strelsau. Then enough of the truth—no more—must be disclosed. Helsing would be told the story of Rudolf Rassendyll and persuaded to hold his tongue about the harum-scarum Englishman (we are ready to believe much of an Englishman) having been audacious enough again to play the king in Strelsau. The old chancellor was a very good fellow, and I do not think that Rudolf did wrong in relying upon him. Where he miscalculated was, of course, just where he was ignorant. The whole of what the queen's friends, ay, and the queen herself, did in Strelsau, became useless and mischievous by reason of the king's death; their action must have been utterly different, had they been aware of that catastrophe; but their wisdom must be judged only according to their knowledge.

In the first place, the chancellor himself showed much good sense. Even before he obeyed the king's summons he sent for the two servants and charged them, on pain of instant dismissal and worse things to follow, to say nothing of what they had seen. His commands to his wife and daughter were more polite, doubtless, but no less peremptory. He may well have supposed that the king's business was private as well as important when it led His Majesty to be roaming the streets of Strelsau at a moment when he was supposed to be at the Castle of Zenda, and to enter a friend's house by the window at such untimely hours. The mere facts were eloquent of secrecy. Moreover, the king had shaved his beard—the ladies were sure of it—and this, again, though it might be merely an accidental coincidence, was also capable of signifying a very urgent desire to be unknown. So the chancellor, having given his orders, and being himself aflame with the liveliest curiosity, lost no time in obeying the king's commands, and arrived at my house before six o'clock.

When the visitor was announced Rudolf was upstairs, having a bath and some breakfast. Helga had learnt her lesson well enough to entertain the visitor until Rudolf appeared. She was full of apologies for my absence, protesting that she could in no way explain it; neither could she so much as conjecture what was the king's business with her husband. She played the dutiful wife whose virtue was obedience, whose greatest sin would be an indiscreet prying into what it was not her part to know.

"I know no more," she said, "than that Fritz wrote to me to expect the king and him at about five o'clock, and to be ready to let them in by the window, as the king did not wish the servants to be aware of his presence."

The king came and greeted Helsing most graciously. The tragedy and comedy of these busy days were strangely mingled; even now I can hardly help smiling when I picture Rudolf, with grave lips, but that distant twinkle in his eye (I swear he enjoyed the sport), sitting down by the old chancellor in the darkest corner of the room, covering him with flattery, hinting at most strange things, deploring a secret obstacle to immediate confidence, promising that to-morrow, at latest, he would seek the advice of the wisest and most tried of his counselors, appealing to the chancellor's loyalty to trust him till then. Helsing, blinking through his spectacles,

followed with devout attention the long narrative that told nothing, and the urgent exhortation that masked a trick. His accents were almost broken with emotion as he put himself absolutely at the king's disposal, and declared that he could answer for the discretion of his family and household as completely as for his own.

"Then you're a very lucky man, my dear chancellor," said Rudolf, with a sigh which seemed to hint that the king in his palace was not so fortunate. Helsing was immensely pleased. He was all agog to go and tell his wife how entirely the king trusted to her honor and silence.

There was nothing that Rudolf more desired than to be relieved of the excellent old fellow's presence; but, well aware of the supreme importance of keeping him in a good temper, he would not hear of his departure for a few minutes.

"At any rate, the ladies won't talk till after breakfast, and since they got home only at five o'clock they won't breakfast yet a while," said he.

So he made Helsing sit down, and talked to him. Rudolf had not failed to notice that the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim had been a little surprised at the sound of his voice; in this conversation he studiously kept his tones low, affecting a certain weakness and huskiness such as he had detected in the king's utterances, as he listened behind the curtain in Sapt's room at the castle. The part was played as completely and triumphantly as in the old days when he ran the gauntlet of every eye in Strelsau. Yet if he had not taken such pains to conciliate old Helsing, but had let him depart, he might not have found himself driven to a greater and even more hazardous deception.

They were conversing together alone. My wife had been prevailed on by Rudolf to lie down in her room for an hour. Sorely needing rest, she had obeyed him, having first given strict orders that no member of the household should enter the room where the two were except on an express summons. Fearing suspicion, she and Rudolf had agreed that it was better to rely on these injunctions than to lock the door again as they had the night before.

But while these things passed at my house, the queen and Bernenstein were on their way to Strelsau. Perhaps, had Sapt been at Zenda, his powerful influence might have availed to check the impulsive expedition; Bernenstein had no such authority, and could only obey the queen's peremptory orders and pathetic prayers. Ever since Rudolf Rassendyll left her, three years before, she had lived in stern self-repression, never her true self, never for a moment able to be or to do what every hour her heart urged on her. How are these things done? I doubt if a man lives who could do them; but women live who do them. Now his sudden coming, and the train of stirring events that accompanied it, his danger and hers, his words and her enjoyment of his presence, had all worked together to shatter her self-control; and the strange dream, heightening the emotion which was its own cause, left her with no conscious desire save to be near Mr. Rassendyll, and scarcely with a fear except for his safety. As they journeyed her talk was all of his peril, never of the disaster which threatened herself, and which we were all striving with might and main to avert from her head. She traveled alone with Bernenstein, getting rid of the lady who attended her by some careless pretext, and she urged on him continually to bring her as speedily as might be to Mr. Rassendyll. I cannot find much blame for her. Rudolf stood for all the joy in her life, and Rudolf had gone to fight with the Count of Hentzau. What wonder that she saw him, as it were, dead? Yet still she would have it that, in his seeming death, all men hailed him for their king. Well, it was her love that crowned him.

As they reached the city, she grew more composed, being persuaded by Bernenstein that nothing in her bearing must rouse suspicion. Yet she was none the less resolved to seek Mr. Rassendyll at once. In truth, she feared even then to find him dead, so strong was the hold of her dream on her; until she knew that he was alive she could not rest. Bernenstein, fearful that the strain would kill her, or rob her of reason, promised everything; and declared, with a confidence which he did not feel, that beyond doubt Mr. Rassendyll was alive and well.

"But where—where?" she cried eagerly, with clasped hands.

"We're most likely, madam, to find him at Fritz von Tarlenheim's," answered the lieutenant. "He would wait there till the time came to attack Rupert, or, if the thing is over, he will have returned there."

"Then let us drive there at once," she urged.

Bernenstein, however, persuaded her to go to the palace first and let it be known there that she was going to pay a visit to

my wife. She arrived at the palace at eight o'clock, took a cup of chocolate, and then ordered her carriage. Bernenstein alone accompanied her when she set out for my house about nine. He was, by now, hardly less agitated than the queen herself.

In her entire preoccupation with Mr. Rassendyll, she gave little thought to what might have happened at the hunting-lodge; but Bernenstein drew gloomy auguries from the failure of Sapt and myself to return at the proper time. Either evil had befallen us, or the letter had reached the king before we arrived at the lodge; the probabilities seemed to him to be confined to these alternatives. Yet when he spoke in this strain to the queen, he could get from her nothing except, "If we can find Mr. Rassendyll, he will tell us what to do."

Thus, then, a little after nine in the morning the queen's carriage drove up to my door. The ladies of the chancellor's family had enjoyed a very short night's rest, for their heads came bobbing out of window the moment the wheels were heard; many people were about now, and the crown on the panels attracted the usual small crowd of loiterers. Bernenstein sprang out and gave his hand to the queen. With a hasty slight bow to the onlookers, she hastened up the two or three steps of the porch, and with her own hand rang the bell. Inside, the carriage had just been observed. My wife's waiting-maid ran hastily to her mistress; Helga was lying on her bed; she rose at once, and after a few moments of necessary preparations (or such preparations as seem to ladies necessary, however great the need of haste may be) hurried downstairs to receive Her Majesty—and to warn Her Majesty. She was too late. The door was already open. The butler and the footman both had run to it, and thrown it open for the queen. As Helga reached the foot of the stairs, Her Majesty was just entering the room where Rudolf was, the servants attending her, and Bernenstein standing behind, his helmet in his hand.

Rudolf and the chancellor had been continuing their conversation. To avoid the observations of passers-by (for the interior of the room is easy to see from the street), the blind had been drawn down, and the room was in deep shadow. They had heard the wheels, but neither of them dreamt that the visitor could be the queen. It was an utter surprise to them when, without their orders, the door was suddenly flung open. The chancellor, slow of movement, and not, if I may say it, over-quick of brain, sat in his corner for half a minute or more before he rose to his feet. On the other hand, Rudolf Rassendyll was the best part of the way across the room in an instant. Helga was at the door now, and she thrust her head round young Bernenstein's broad shoulder. Thus she saw what happened. The queen, forgetting the servants, and not observing Helsing—seeming indeed to stay for nothing, and to think of nothing, but to have her thoughts and heart filled with the sight of the man she loved and the knowledge of his safety—met him as he ran towards her, and, before Helga, or Bernenstein, or Rudolf himself, could stay her or conceive what she was about to do, caught both his hands in hers with an intense grasp, crying:

"Rudolf, you're safe! Thank God, oh, thank God!" and she carried his hands to her lips and kissed them passionately.

A moment of absolute silence followed, dictated in the servants by decorum, in the chancellor by consideration, in Helga and Bernenstein by utter consternation. Rudolf himself also was silent, but whether from bewilderment or an emotion answering to hers, I know not. Either it might well be. The stillness struck her. She looked up in his eyes; she looked round the room and saw Helsing, now bowing profoundly from the corner; she turned her head with a sudden frightened jerk, and glanced at my motionless deferential servants. Then it came upon her what she had done. She gave a quick gasp for breath, and her face, always pale, went white as marble. Her features set in a strange stiffness, and suddenly she reeled where she stood, and fell forward. Only Rudolf's hand bore her up. Thus for a moment, too short to reckon, they stood. Then he, a smile of great love and pity coming on his lips, drew her to him, and passing his arm about her waist, thus supported her. Then, smiling still, he looked down on her, and said in a low tone, yet distinct enough for all to hear:

"All is well, dearest."

My wife gripped Bernenstein's arm, and he turned to find her pale-faced too, with quivering lips and shining eyes. But the eyes had a message, and an urgent one, for him. He read it; he knew that it bade him second what Rudolf Rassendyll had done. He came forward and approached Rudolf; then he fell on one knee, and

kissed Rudolf's left hand that was extended to him.

"I'm very glad to see you, Lieutenant von Bernenstein," said Rudolf Rassendyll.

For a moment the thing was done, ruin averted, and safety secured. Everything had been at stake; that there was such a man as Rudolf Rassendyll might have been disclosed; that he had once filled the king's throne was a high secret which they were prepared to trust to Helsing under stress of necessity; but there remained something which must be hidden at all costs, and which the queen's passionate exclamation had threatened to expose. There was a Rudolf Rassendyll, and he had been king; but, more than all this, the queen loved him and he the queen. That could be told to none, not even to Helsing; for Helsing, though he would not gossip to the town, would yet hold himself bound to carry the matter to the king. So Rudolf chose to take any future difficulties rather than that present and certain disaster. Sooner than entail it on her he loved, he claimed for himself the place of her husband and the name of king. And she, clutching at the only chance that her act left, was content to have it so. It may be that for an instant her weary, tortured brain found sweet rest in the dim dream that so it was, for she let her head lie there on his breast and her eyes closed, her face looking very peaceful, and a soft little sigh escaping in pleasure from her lips.

But every moment bore its peril and exacted its effort. Rudolf led the queen to a couch, and then briefly charged the servants not to speak of his presence for a few hours. As they had no doubt perceived, said he, from the queen's agitation, important business was on foot; it demanded his presence in Strelsau, but required also that his presence should not be known. A short time would free them from the obligation which he now asked of their loyalty. When they had withdrawn, bowing obedience, he turned to Helsing, pressed his hand warmly, reiterated his request for silence, and said that he would summon the chancellor to his presence again later in the day, either where he was or at the palace. Then he bade all withdraw and leave him alone for a little with the queen. He was obeyed; but Helsing had hardly left the house when Rudolf called Bernenstein back, and with him my wife. Helga hastened to the queen, who was still sorely agitated; Rudolf drew Bernenstein aside, and exchanged with him all their news. Mr. Rassendyll was much disturbed at finding that no tidings had come from Colonel Sapt and myself, but his apprehension was greatly increased on learning the untoward accident by which the king himself had been at the lodge the night before. Indeed, he was utterly in the dark; where the king was, where Rupert, where we were, he did not know. And he was here in Strelsau, known as the king to half a dozen people or more, protected only by their promises, liable at any moment to be exposed by the coming of the king himself, or even by a message from him.

Yet, in face of all perplexities, perhaps even the more because of the darkness in which he was enveloped, Rudolf held firm to his purpose. There were two things that seemed plain. If Rupert had escaped the trap and was still alive with the letter on him, Rupert must be found; here was the first task. That accomplished, there remained for Rudolf himself nothing save to disappear as quietly and secretly as he had come, trusting that his presence could be concealed from the man whose name he had usurped. Nay, if need were, the king must be told that Rudolf Rassendyll had played a trick on the chancellor, and, having enjoyed his pleasure, was gone again. Everything could, in the last resort, be told, save that which touched the queen's honor.

At this moment the message which I despatched from the station at Hofbau reached my house. There was a knock at the door. Bernenstein opened it and took the telegram, which was addressed to my wife. I had written all that I dared to trust to such a means of communication, and here it is:

"I am coming to Strelsau. The king will not leave the lodge to-day. The count came, but left before we arrived. I do not know whether he has gone to Strelsau. He gave no news to the king."

"Then they didn't get him!" cried Bernenstein in deep disappointment.

"No, but 'he gave no news to the king,'" said Rudolf triumphantly.

They were all standing now round the queen, who sat on the couch. She seemed very faint and weary, but at peace. It was enough for her that Rudolf fought and planned for her.

"And see this," Rudolf went on. "'The king will not leave the lodge to-day.' Thank God, then, we have to-day!"

"Yes, but where's Rupert?"

"We shall know in an hour, if he's in Strelsau," and Mr. Rassendyll looked as though it would please him well to find Rupert in Strelsau. "Yes, I must seek him. I shall stand at nothing to find him. If I can only get to him as the king, then I'll be the king. We have to-day!"

My message put them in heart again, although it left so much still unexplained. Rudolf turned to the queen.

"Courage, my queen," said he. "A few hours now will see an end of all our dangers."

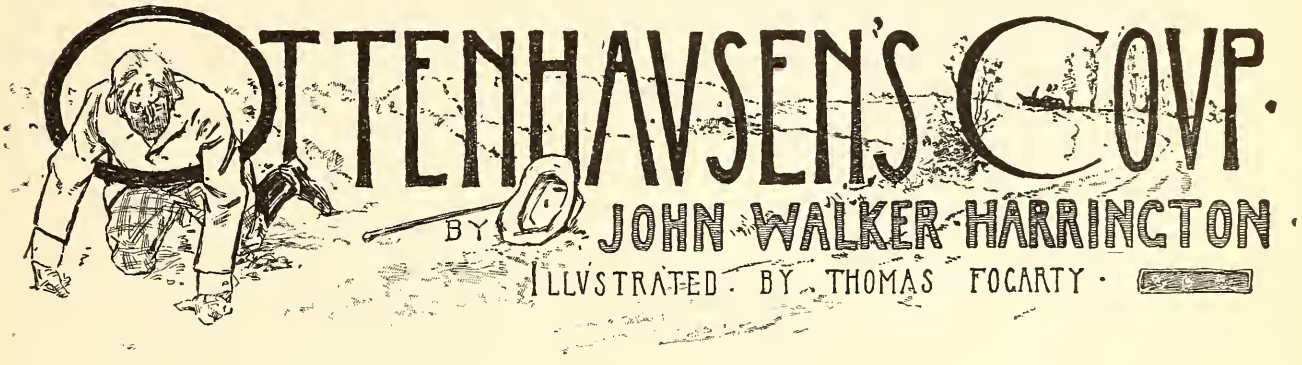
"And then?" she asked.

"Then you'll be safe and at rest," said he, bending over her and speaking softly. "And I shall be proud in the knowledge of having saved you."

"And you?"

"I must go," Helga heard him whisper as he bent lower still, and she and Bernenstein moved away.

(*To be continued.*)



OTTENHAUSEN was the new chemist. His hair was long, and his collars were of the turned-down variety. He read Goethe, and played the violin. He had seen life in German universities, on the plains of Texas, and at many other places.

The evening that he arrived at the furnace to take his position as official analyzer of ores and limestone, he found the household of the superintendent in a high state of excitement. Mrs. James Hunt, the wife of the broad-shouldered young man who conducted the affairs of Laird's Furnace for the Mingo Coal and Iron Company, said, "You have just come in time for the house party to-morrow evening. You must not forget that to-morrow afternoon you are to ride up to the charcoal-burner's place on the hill. Three young women friends of mine from Columbus are going to be there to spend the day. I told them about you, and they are just dying to meet you. Your fame has traveled before you."

Ottenhausen said that he would be charmed. He bestowed his belongings in the little room back of the company's office which was to be his temporary home. When the festivities were over, he was to take up his abode in "Eagle's Nest," as the house was called where dwelt the superintendent and his wife.

"JIM JOHNSON, OF THE RED-OX GROUP OF ANARCHISTS."

Laird's Furnace was not an inviting place. Eagle's Nest, the colonial mansion on the heights, with its gleaming white pillars and its setting of green lawn, was the only redeeming feature. Down in the valley was the great furnace, from which issued a cloud of smoke by day and a pillar of fire by night. Grouped around it were the lean-to shanties and the story-and-a-half cottages where dwelt the furnace hands and the miners of iron ore.

"Not a garden of the Lord," remarked Ottenhausen, as he stood at the

"HE READ GOETHE, AND PLAYED THE VIOLIN."

door of his laboratory the afternoon after his arrival; "but it might be worse."

"Am you the new chemist, boss?" came a voice close to the young German's elbow.

Ottenhausen turned, and saw a portly negro who held a bridle to the end of which was attached as sorry a looking mule as he had ever seen.

"Missus Hunt dun sent this muel foh you to ride to the charcoal-burner's shanty, sah," said the negro. "He am already saddled."

"But I don't know the road," interposed Ottenhausen.

"Doan't you fret yerself, boss," replied the ebon groom. "Jackson he know the way in the dark."

Ottenhausen left the mule tied to the hitching-post, and went to his quarters in the office building. He dug up from the bottom of his steamer trunk riding-breeches, a coat, and a pair of remarkably varnished boots. He had served in the German cavalry, and the boots were a relic of days which were gone. He was a commanding figure as he walked out of the office that September afternoon. The men in the cast-house, who with great sledges were breaking up the barely cooled pig iron, stopped to look at the tall figure in unusual garb.

"One of them dudes from Columbus, I suppose," growled Cornwall Jim, as he swung a warm bar upon the little tram-car. "We poor devils have to grub in the dirt so that the super and his fine lady can live on the fat of the land and bid a lot of city folk to come down here and enjoy themselves."

"Well," muttered Jim Johnson, of the Red-Ox group of anarchists, "this sort of thing can't go on forever. Men, the only way to bring them rich to terms is to destroy property. Understand?" Johnson had only been at the furnace two weeks. He had already become something of a leader. He had hardly been employed in the cast-house three days before there came rumors of a strike.

Ottenhausen mounted the sorry-looking mule, pointed him north by east, and gave him free rein. The animal trotted past the furnace, and of his own accord took to a winding wagon track. Half an hour later Ottenhausen came in sight of the covered mounds of smouldering wood and the hut of the charcoal-burner. Before the door of the house the road forked. The mule trotted along peaceably until he got to the parting of the ways. Ottenhausen gave the bridle a quick jerk to the left. He caught a glimpse, as he did so, of Mrs. Hunt and three young women standing before the door of the weather-beaten hut.

Jackson, the most stubborn of all mules, had always been ridden by but one road, and that one was to the right. The moment he felt the twitch upon the bridle he turned squarely around, and with a quick movement threw his rider over his head. Ottenhausen struck upon the arm which he had raised to acknowledge the bow of Mrs. Hunt, and rolled over and over upon the ground. He saw the hut, the sky, and the trees in a confused whirl. He sat up, and looked in a dazed way towards the shanty. Upon his face lingered a remnant of a smile. He struggled to his feet, and shook himself. A cloud of dust rose from his clothing. He saw four

women, with their faces buried in their hands, sitting on the bench in front of the little building. They were shrieking with laughter. A girl with dark hair and blue eyes rose to her feet, and advanced towards Ottenhausen.

"I hope you are not hurt," she said.

Then she abruptly turned away, grasped a sapling, and laughed until the echo could be heard down the glen. Ottenhausen deigned no reply. He gathered up his battered hat, through which Jackson had put one of his hoofs, and strode angrily down the path by which he had come. Nearly a quarter of a mile ahead he saw that disreputable mule cantering slowly along and stopping occasionally to crop the herbage by the way. With flushed face, battered headgear, and clothing all awry, the new chemist tramped two miles along the stony and dusty road, and an hour later reached the office of Laird's Furnace. James Hunt, superintendent, looked at Ottenhausen a moment, smote the big desk before him, and burst into a roar of laughter.

"YOU HAVE JUST COME IN TIME FOR THE HOUSE PARTY."

"I see no cause for merriment," said Ottenhausen, with a look in his eyes which caused the big superintendent to stop short.

"Excuse me, old man," replied Hunt, "but I can't help it. I started to warn you when I saw you setting off on that old beast, but I was too late."

"You will present my compliments to Mrs. Hunt," said Ottenhausen, "and say to her that, on account of circumstances over which I had no control, I cannot come this evening."

No amount of persuasion could induce the chemist to change his mind.

"Well," said the superintendent at length, "if you won't come up to the house, would you mind looking after the eleven o'clock cast to-night? I don't mind telling you that in the midst of all this gaiety I am a little bit worried. There is something queer about the way the men are acting these days. The furnace needs watching. We've got a pretty tough gang here. Don't take any nonsense from them."

Ottenhausen said he would not have

"HE TURNED SQUARELY AROUND, AND WITH A QUICK MOVEMENT THREW HIS RIDER OVER HIS HEAD."

"ONE OF THEM DUDES FROM COLUMBUS."

the least objection. He lighted a cigar after supper, and in the gathering dusk walked leisurely towards the furnace. He heard the whir of wheels. He stepped aside, and a light buckboard rattled past. The bell of the furnace was lowered at the moment, and by the light of the burning gas from the tall tower Ottenhausen saw that the occupants of the wagon were Mrs. Hunt and her charges. The wife of the superintendent had gone to the little station to meet some of her guests who had arrived by train. Ottenhausen had stepped back in the shadow of a rail fence, and the young women did not recognize him.

"Did you ever see anything so ridiculous?" said one of the girls.

"I don't care," came another voice, and it had the same silvery tone as that of the girl who had asked about the young chemist's welfare that afternoon. "I suppose he'll think that I'm awful, but I couldn't help laughing. He's rather handsome, too, isn't he?"

Ottenhausen, walking towards the furnace, saw in his mind's eye a girl clinging to a sapling; her laughing face was framed in dark hair.

"It was ludicrous," he mused; "I didn't think it was very funny at the time. I begin to wish that I had stuck it out and gone to the party, anyway."

His reverie was suddenly cut short. He heard a whizzing sound close to his ear; something hard struck the ground within a few inches of his feet, and sent bits of cinder flying. He stopped, looked down, and saw a piece of iron ore as big as his fist. He glanced around him. The night gang had just come on.

"According to the theory of projectiles," remarked Ottenhausen, "that missile must have come from some considerable height."

He heard the top-filler on the tunnel-head pouring a new charge into the furnace. Three minutes later the man felt a hand upon his shoulder.

"What do you mean?" demanded Ottenhausen. "Trying to kill me, were you? If I were certain that you threw that iron ore, I'd break every bone in your body."

"I didn't go to do it," protested the top-filler. "It fell off."

Ottenhausen glared at the man for a moment, and then turned on his heel. "It won't be healthy for you if anything of the kind happens again," remarked the young chemist as he went away.

"GRASPED A SAPLING, AND LAUGHED."

The top-filler grinned as he saw the head of Ottenhausen disappear. "It won't be very healthy for you, either, my pretty, before you get through with to-night," he muttered.

Ottenhausen went to the office, and entered his little bedroom. He took from his trunk two revolvers. They had served him well in Texas. They were not weapons of the silver-plated and pearl-handled variety. The barrels were bluish black, and the caliber was forty-four. The chemist slipped a revolver into each pocket of his serge coat, lighted another cigar, and returned to the cast-house with the air of a man who was taking an afternoon walk in Fifth Avenue. He surveyed the furnace from top to bottom. The fillers were breaking up ore and limestone and pitching it into barrows. The pig-bed men had just finished imprinting the form of wooden models into the sand. Everything was ready for the cast. Ottenhausen's eye fell upon a mass of dark cinder lying in the sand hole, bubbling and sputtering.

"SAY TO HER THAT . . . I CANNOT COME THIS EVENING."

"How long has this been drawn off?" he demanded.

"About twenty minutes," growled the "cinder-snapper."

Ottenhausen gave the man a quick glance, and looked again at the cinder. "You're lying," he said.

He seized the whistle-rope, and there followed three sharp blasts, the signal for casting. From the cast-house and the filling-floor thirty men shambled towards the hearth of the furnace. There was a look of evil in their eyes. Some of them held their hands behind their backs.

Ottenhausen went nearer the furnace, and made a quick examination. A thin cloud of steam was rising. It came from behind an iron jacket, seeping through a joint. The water pipes of one of the tuyeres had been cut. To Ottenhausen that meant that the water which cooled the nozzle of the tuyere through which the hot air of the blast was forced, was escaping into the furnace. Ottenhausen knew a furnace as a child knows its alphabet. He saw that the end of the tuyere was being clogged with metal, and that it would only be a question of half an hour before the hearth would be filled with a solid mass of chilled iron, unless the contents of the great crucible were run out and the leaking of the water was stopped.

Ottenhausen saw the men move closer together. He stood there in scorching heat. His brain was in a whirl. He felt the thumping of his heart. His thumbs were in the armholes of his waistcoat. His face gave no sign of the riot of thoughts in his brain. He backed against a pile of iron, and with a quick movement drew the revolvers from his coat pockets and leveled them at the group of men. Then he said, and his words were quick and sharp as the blows of a trip-hammer: "I'll kill the first man who disobeys orders. Drop those clubs and that iron ore."

The men looked along the shining barrels of two revolvers held with steady hands. Some of them started to take a step forward. Jim Johnson made a movement with his arm. Ottenhausen glanced along the sight of one of the revolvers, and clutched the hard rubber handle with a firmer grasp. Johnson's eye met the look of a man who was only biding his time that he might press a trigger. He of the Red-Ox group let the club fall from his nerveless grasp. Sticks, pieces of iron ore, and a revolver or two fell in the sand. The men of Laird's Furnace had met their match. They held up their hands in mute acknowledgment of the fact.

"Cut off the water from that No. 3 tuyere," commanded Ottenhausen.

The "cinder-snapper" sullenly obeyed.

"Open the cinder notch, and be quick about it," was the next order.

The keeper stood stock still. "Cowards," he muttered, "it's only a bluff; he wouldn't shoot."

There came a cracking sound, and the man jumped clear of the sand, holding one hand to a bleeding ear.

"Anybody else care to call me?" said Ottenhausen, as he swung two shiny weapons again towards the crowd.

The furnace-keeper opened the vent, and a smoking stream of slag flowed forth. A single blast of the whistle, and the top-filler lowered the bell. A pillar of flaming gas showed thirty sullen faces and one face calm and determined.

"Open the iron notch, you fellows," snapped Ottenhausen, indicating three men by as many pokes of a revolver barrel.

Two men bare to the waist hammered with heavy sledges until steel bars were slowly forced into the hard clay which sealed the lower gate of the furnace. The earthen stopper became a glowing shell. The men drew back. The third man stepped to one side, plunged an iron bar into the furnace's mouth, and gave it a quick turn. A fiery flood issued from the notch, and poured along the channel of sand, hissing and roaring and sending forth rays of blinding light. It separated into scores of branches as it reached the sandy bed of open molds. The white glare changed to a crimson flush, and then the cast-house was illumined by a glow which grew fainter and fainter. Darkness came where there had been light. The men shoveled sand over the tracery of iron. Cut off the blast! Slow the engines down! Stop up that iron notch!" were the commands of Ottenhausen, given in quick succession.

The men lost no time in obeying him.

"I'LL KILL THE FIRST MAN WHO DISOBEYS ORDERS."

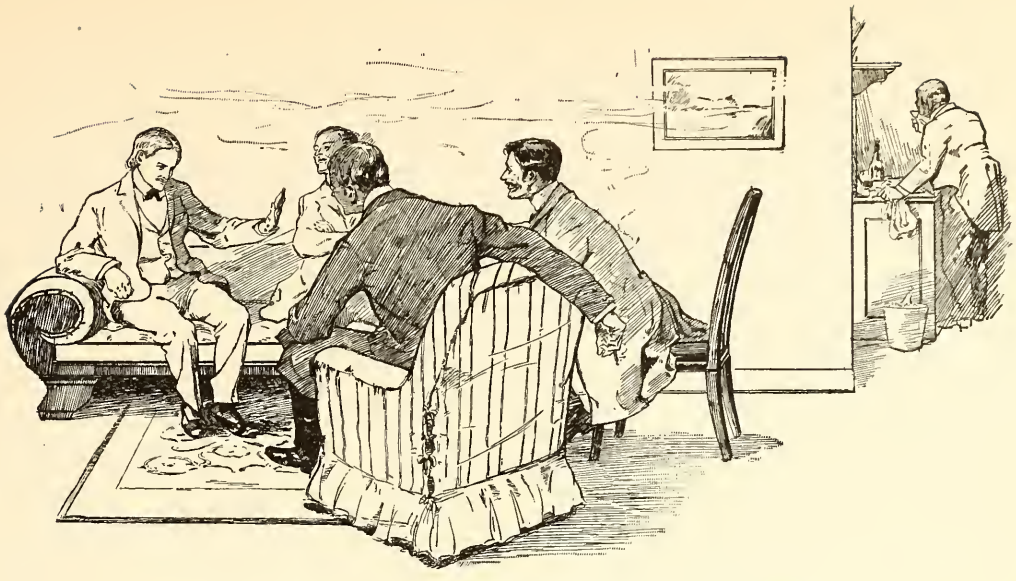
Standing with his back to a mass of iron, Ottenhausen saw the form of James Hunt. Behind the superintendent were a score of men in dress suits, and further back Ottenhausen beheld several young women. He caught a glimpse of the girl who had clung to the sapling that September afternoon. Their eyes met. Then Ottenhausen turned again to the work which he had in hand. The report of the pistol had set the house party at Eagle's Nest in an uproar. Hunt started for the scene, and his guests followed him.

"Only a little unpleasantness," remarked Ottenhausen to the superintendent. "We're getting along all right now."

James Hunt, being an altogether discreet person, stood back and permitted Ottenhausen to finish a most disagreeable task. The young women were sent back to the house. The men in dress suits were with them.

"Now, men," said Ottenhausen, "we're getting things in shape again. Suppose a couple of you take out that tuyere."

There was almost a cheerful alacrity in the way in which the men now obeyed Ottenhausen's orders. The tuyere, with its nozzle and cut water pipes, was taken out. The section of the jacket was removed. Sledges and crowbars, manipulated by strong, albeit unwilling, arms, soon broke away the mass of iron which had choked the front of the aperture. Another tuyere was fitted, the water connections made, and the jacket replaced. A cooling stream was soon coursing through a new nozzle, and not many



"THEY TRIED TO . . . TELL HIM THAT HE WAS A HERO."

minutes had gone before the hot blast was roaring through the tall tower.

"Go back to work," said Ottenhausen. "I'll stay here until the new gang comes on, and then we'll see what's to be done about it."

"Well," said James Hunt, who again appeared upon the scene, "you won't always be a chemist. As for me, I rather think I have something to explain. The president of the company was down here, and saw the whole business. Confound house parties, anyway."

He of the Red-Ox group of anarchists and several of the ring-leaders disappeared on the following morning. Others were discharged. Discipline was restored at Laird's Furnace, and James Hunt once more held the reins. As for Ottenhausen, he didn't see that he had done anything remarkable. They tried to talk to him about it and to tell him that he was a hero, but he only smiled and said that he did what anybody else would have done under the circumstances; and as to the girl who laughed, he would hear nothin from her on the subject of furnace-men and tuyere No. 3. The incident with regard to that mule seemed to have been entirely forgotten.

In the top of a tall building in Columbus there is a door bearing a porcelain label which reads: "General Manager." Behind that door sits Carl Ottenhausen, who now directs the destinies of the Mingo Coal and Iron Company. He owns a handsome house in the West End which puts Eagle's Nest to shame. There presides over that household a blue-eyed woman whose very look is merriment. Those two had an anniversary the other day; it really doesn't matter how long they had been married. When the guests had gone, Mrs. Ottenhausen rested a hand upon her husband's shoulder, and looked up into his eyes.

"Do you know when I first fell in love with you?" she asked. "I've never told you, you know. I said I would some day."

"Why," replied Ottenhausen, "I had always supposed that you were impressed by my gentle demeanor when I threatened to do wholesale murder down there at Laird's Furnace. You didn't suppose that I'd actually do all that said I would, did you?"

"Oh, no, it wasn't then," replied the woman, with a merry laugh. "It was when I saw that disreputable mule throw you over his head."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

With the February number, McClure's Magazine was four years and nine months old. Its growth in circulation has been steady and marvelous. During the first nine months the average monthly edition was 24,565 copies ; during the next twelve months it was 47,624. The following year showed a gain of very nearly 100,000, the average monthly edition being 147,109 copies. The year following this showed a gain of 111,000 copies a month, the average edition per month being 258,356. During the last twelve months the average has been 277,677 copies.

A still greater contrast can be shown by comparing the first four months with the last four, the average circulation during the first four being 18,508 copies, while the average during the last four was 312,814. The edition for October, 1895, was 125,000 copies ; the edition for December, 1895, two months later, was 250,000 ; this extraordinary gain was made on account of the "Life of Lincoln." During the last few months the growth in subscriptions has been unparalleled in the history of the magazine. For weeks, subscriptions ran daily into the thousands ; one day the total was 3,800.

HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR'S SUFFERINGS IN TIBET

The London "Chronicle" recently published a vivid description of the torture inflicted in Tibet on Mr. Henry Savage Landor, the British explorer, and his two faithful Hindu servants.

The victims were bound naked to a tree and slashed and bruised, the cords cutting deep into their wrists and ankles. Mr. Landor's eyes were burned with red-hot irons, to the permanent impairment and almost the complete loss of sight. The hot irons were held just close enough to the eyes not to touch the skin, with the result that they were withered and shriveled, the Tibetans deeming this more painful than instantly burning out the eyeballs. Mr. Landor was bound for hours on a rack, and twisted and wrenched out of all semblance to a man. He was made to ride eighty miles on a saddle stuck full of spikes.

The particular desire of the torturers was to draw from their victims some expression of pain. Day after day their barbarities were repeated, but no sign of feeling were they able to extract. Moreover, never for a moment during all the horrible time did Landor forget his photographs and sketches. Up to the moment of his capture he had kept his diary complete. After that time each hour was impressed with hideous vividness upon his mind. His outfit was taken away from him, but it has now been given back, and his precious diary and maps of surveys are secure. An article by Mr. Landor describing these cruel experiences, as well as his explorations in Tibet, illustrated from his own photographs, is in preparation for the magazine.

THE NEW BOOK BUSINESS.

No less remarkable than the success of the magazine has been the success of our book business, which was begun in October, 1897. The three months ending December 31st not only showed the business well established, but that it had made an actual cash profit. Nearly a quarter of a million volumes had been manufactured and mostly sold before January 1, 1898 ; many of the books had gone into several editions.

We have to thank the readers of the magazine for much of the support given to the book business. During the month of December the orders received directly from our own readers for our books amounted to about 11,000 volumes.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR BOOK-LOVERS.

We have started out to publish books which we believe will interest readers of McClure's Magazine and we have planned so that they can examine our books at their leisure without expense, and can then purchase or return the volumes as they may decide. Send us the name of any of our book publications that you think will interest you ; and we will deliver them free, to be paid for or returned as you decide after a few days (a week is satisfactory to us).

The most recent achievement of the book company is the securing of Henry George's new book, together with the plates and stock of "Progress and Poverty" and all of Mr. George's earlier books. We are about to publish an adequate and fitting memorial edition of these works in ten volumes, including a biography of the author by his son, Henry George, Jr.

THE SHAKESPEARE SET.

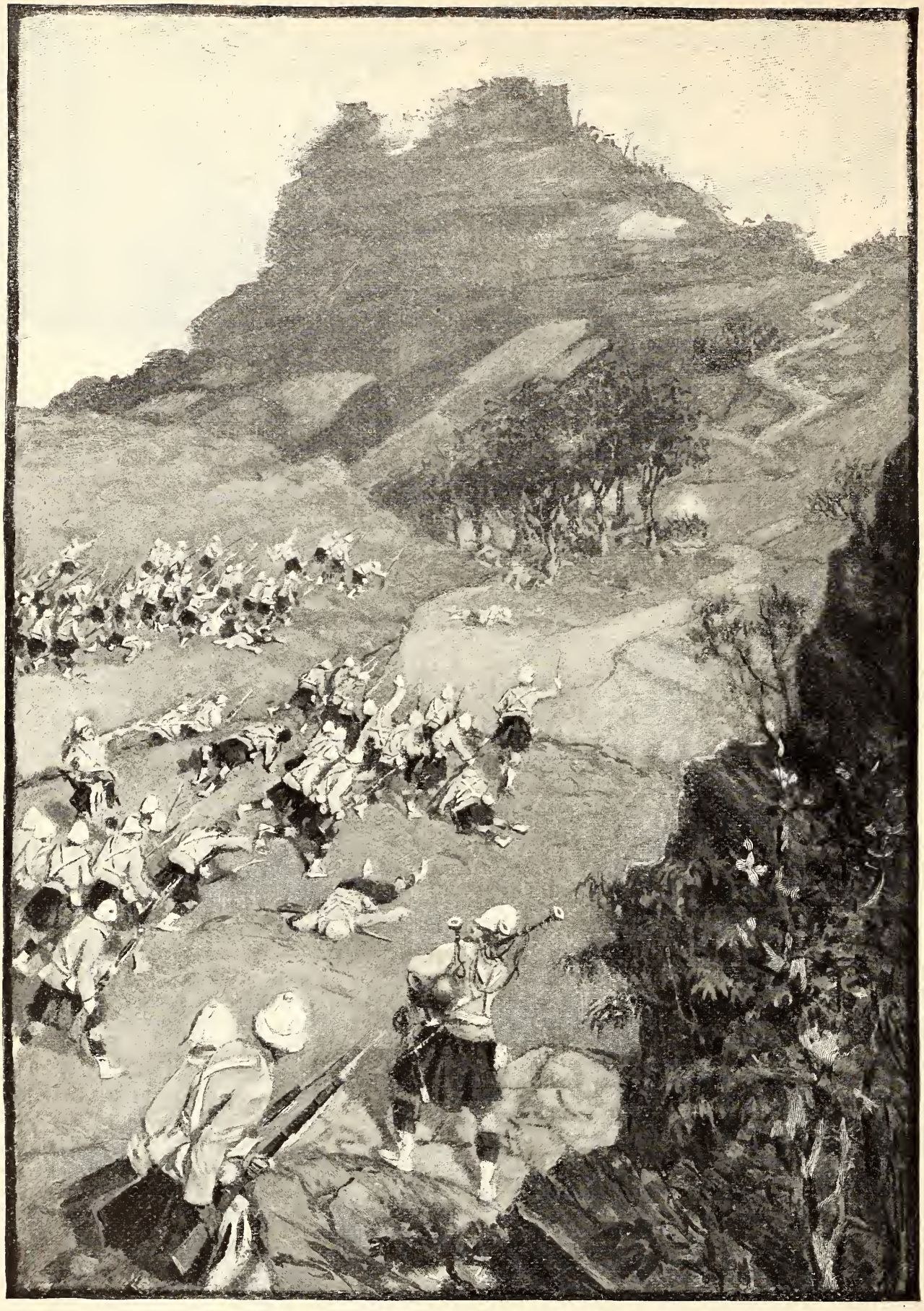
Out of the sale of our "Shakespearean Library" has grown a new notion—the forming of Shakespearean clubs, for the reading and study of the great dramatist, of whom Ruskin says, "The intellectual measure of every man may be assigned to him according to the degree in which he has been taught by Shakespeare." We began by preparing a pamphlet entitled "How to Organize a Shakespeare Club," which we send without charge to those who ask for it. This booklet is practical, and has led to the gathering together of people in many communities for the study of Shakespeare. They needed further a book to guide their studies and to answer questions, to suggest subjects for papers and debates, to explain unusual words and phrases—in fact, they needed a book the like of which did not exist. We have undertaken to make it in a volume entitled

"HOW TO STUDY SHAKESPEARE,"

prepared by Mr. William H. Fleming, one of the editors of the exhaustive Bankside Shakespeare and a scholar thoroughly familiar with the needs of clubs and individuals. Mr. Fleming has been fortunate also in securing the coöperation of Dr. W. J. Rolfe, probably the best known of American Shakespeare scholars, to help by his advice and suggestions and to write an introduction to the book. The volume will be ready at once, bound in two editions, one uniform with our "Shakespearean Library" and one in a larger form.

NEW "LITTLE MASTERPIECES" VOLUMES.

In this series, edited by Professor Bliss Perry of Princeton, we have set ourselves the task of making a fine book at the lowest possible price. The minimum price is fixed at thirty cents for the cloth binding. The character of the book-making speaks for itself. Three volumes are now about ready, devoted to the most characteristic writings or speeches of Franklin, Lincoln, and Webster. This series has already been adopted at Yale, Princeton, Cornell, and Chicago University. "Bird Neighbors" also, besides proving very popular with the general reading public, is being adopted by a number of town and city boards of education.



THE GORDONS ASSAULTING THE DARGAI CLIFF, OCTOBER 20, 1897.

By permission, from a sketch made on the field by the special correspondent of the London "Daily Graphic." The Gordons are seen rushing across the open zone of fire, to gain the protection of the foot of the cliff and thence mount and turn the enemy's flank. In the foreground is Piper Findlater, who, a little later, was shot through both legs, but still went on piping the "Cock o' the North," for the inspiritment of the Gordons.

McClure's Magazine.

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STORIES OF THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

By Charles Lowe.

THE FIGHTING GORDONS AT DARGAI—ONE OF THE MOST DARING CHARGES IN RECENT WARFARE.

The British victory at Dargai, which has lately given so much prominence to the Gordon Highlanders, was one of those rare instances of sheer enthusiasm and bravery achieving what cool military judgment had pronounced to be impossible. To reach the foot of the Dargai cliff the assailants had to cross a space perhaps a hundred and fifty yards wide which was entirely open to the enemy's fire from three different points on the top of the cliff. Then, for ascending the cliff there was but one path, a rough, zigzag watercourse, so narrow as to permit not more than two men to mount abreast. An assault was ordered on the morning of October 20th. The natives on the crest reserved their fire until the moment when it would be most fatal; only the smallest fraction of the assaulting column got across the open to the base of the cliff, and the attempt had to be abandoned, the commanding officer reporting that the passage could not be made. But word came back that it must be made, and the Gordon Highlanders and the Third Sikhs were sent forward to reinforce the assaulting line. Then it was that the colonel of the Highlanders called to them, "Men of the Gordon Highlanders, the General says that the position must be taken at all costs. The Gordon Highlanders will take it."

"The order was given," writes a correspondent from the field, "the officers leapt into the open, the pipers followed, striking up the 'Cock o' the North,' and with a shout the leading company of kilted men was into the fire zone. A stream of lead swept over, through, and past them, the bullets churning up a dust which half hid the rushing bodies. The leading line melted away, and it seemed that the Gordons would be annihilated; but more sprang into the passage, and the leaders struggled across to the cover. Then there was a lull, and one had time to see how cruel had been the slaughter. With a second cheer the mixed troops—Highlanders, Dorsets, Ghurkas, Derbys, and Sikhs—streamed across, and the enemy, seeing that the barrier had been swept away, left their loopholes and barricades and fled precipitately down the reverse slopes. It is impossible to describe that passage fully or to write of the Gordons temperately. One of the pipers leading his section was shot through both legs, yet he sat through the fire, wounded as he was, still piping the 'Cock o' the North.'"—Editor.

THE martial feats performed on some of the most formidable warriors in the world, at the storming of the Dargai ridge, among the mountains of the Indian frontier, have lately directed attention anew to the famous Scottish corps, the Gordon Highlanders, known as the Ninety-second. It dates back to the year 1794, when more soldiers were wanted to fight the battles which the ambition of the French had made imperative on England, and the Duke of Gordon, known as "The Cock o' the North," was granted a "letter of service" empowering him to raise a regiment of infantry among his clansmen. This was in February, and by the month

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of June—so easy had it been to procure recruits—a magnificent battalion of over a thousand strong paraded at Aberdeen, ready to go anywhere and do anything. They were at once sent to the Mediterranean, but it was five years before they received their baptism of fire, in the attempt to wrest Holland from the grasp of the French. In their eagerness to be the first to land, the impetuous Gordons lost fifteen of their number by drowning. After some futile marching and countermarching, the British commander—the Duke of York—determined to deliver a crushing blow at the French position round Egmont-op-Zee, and with this intent sent to his right front, along the sandy seashore, twenty pieces of artillery.

SIR G. S. WHITE, WHO LED THE GORDONS AT CHARASIAB AND CANDAHAR. HE WAS AFTERWARDS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN INDIA.

From a photograph by Window & Grove, London.

Divining his object, the French launched against these guns a column of six thousand infantry with intent to snap them up—a task which seemed all the easier as they were only escorted by about a battalion of what appeared to them to be mere petticoated Amazons who could be dispersed like chaff.

Alas for the French hopes of swallowing up all the British artillery, it was the Gordons who had the "guidin' o't;" and the Gordons, believing the best parry to be the thrust, rushed forward to meet the advancing foe, whose numbers were more than six to one, and, with a wild cheer, flung themselves on the Frenchmen with the bayonet. But the Gordons were able to emblazon their colors with their first victory only at the cost of sixty-five killed and 208 wounded, the latter including their colonel, the Marquis of Huntly.

General Sir John Moore himself was among the wounded, and had to be carried off the field by two Gordons. Afterwards he offered twenty pounds to the soldiers who had done for him this Samaritan service, but, though the reward was offered to the regiment on parade, *no man stepped forward to claim the fee.* Afterwards, when Moore was knighted, and assumed a coat of arms, he selected a Highlander for one of his supporters, "in gratitude to, and commemoration of, two soldiers of the Ninety-second, who raised me from the ground when I was lying on my face wounded and stunned."

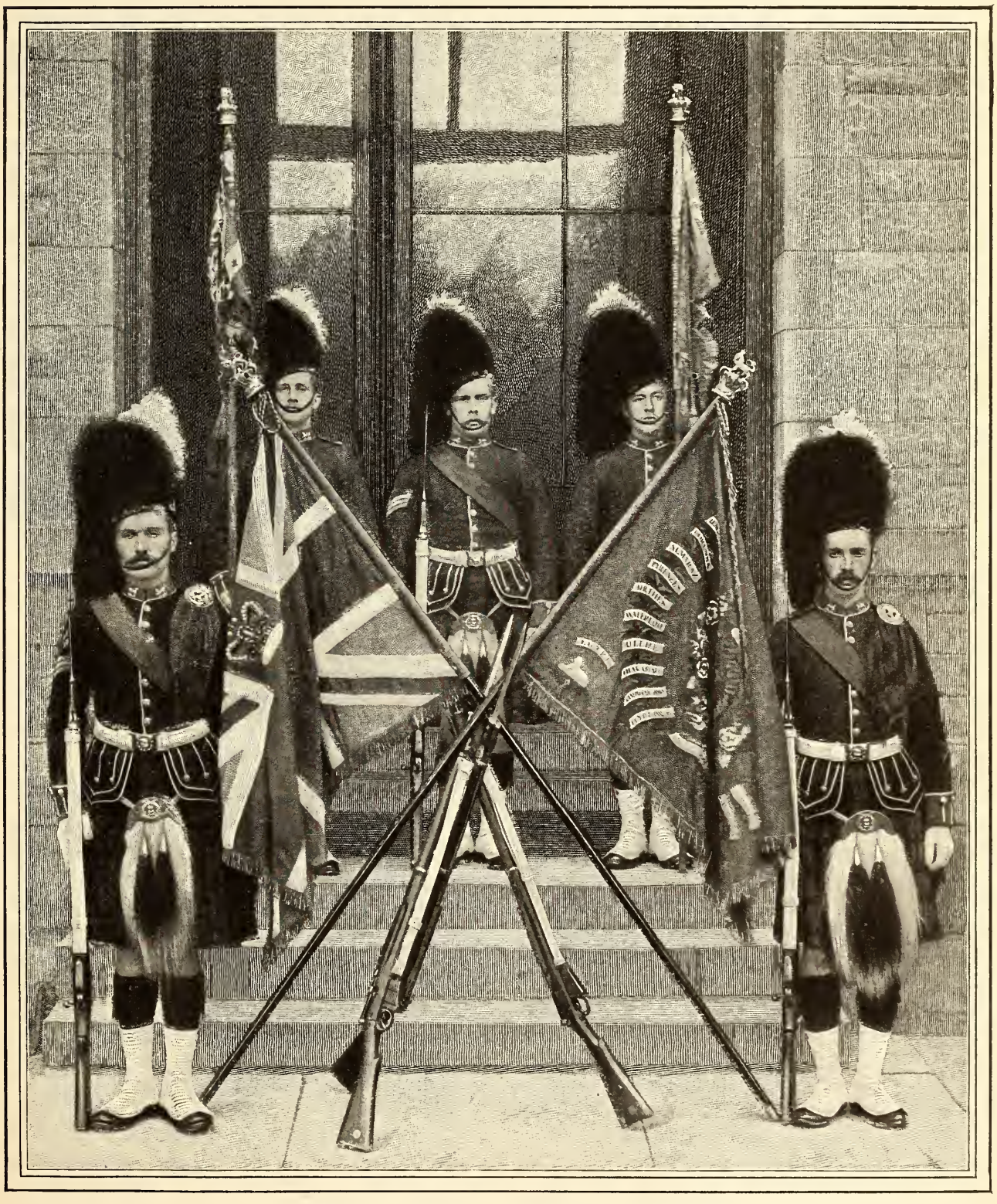
The Gordons were next sent to help against the French in Egypt. No amount of desperate valor on the part of the Napoleonic "Invincibles" could avail to roll back the fiery tide of battle which was presently poured in upon them by such regiments as the Gordons, the Black Watch, the Camerons, the Ninetieth "Perthshire Greybreeks," and other British regiments, which, in the teeth of a terrific cannonade, landed on the shore of Aboukir, swept the French from their semi-circular crest of dominating sand-hills as one would sweep a floor with a broom, established themselves on the heights of Mandora, and defied all efforts on the part of Bonaparte's infuriated legions to counter-assault them into the sea. At the first attack on the heights of Mandora the Gordons headed the left column of the army into action; nor, though set upon by a semi-brigade and exposed to a galling fire of grapeshot, did they falter for a moment, but continued unshaken their advance to the very muzzles of the guns, of which they captured three, routing all their defenders and possessing themselves of the right of the position—a feat which compelled the French to fall back under the walls of Alexandria.

Again, the losses—including the death of their colonel, Erskine of Cardross—were very heavy, so much so that the decimated regiment was compassionately ordered back to Aboukir. But, on their way thither, several days later, the Gordons suddenly heard the sound of firing in their rear, and, rightly concluding that the French, with the aid of reinforcements,

had sallied forth again to counter-attack the British position, they wheeled round, in spite of all their wounds and sickness, and hurried back to their previous station in the fighting line, taking a prominent part in what proved to be the victorious battle of Alexandria, which practically decided the campaign.

Their next service was of a ceremonial kind, as, on returning to England, the "Gay Gordons" were called upon to lend an element of picturesqueness to the streets of London by lining them with their statuesque figures on the day when Nelson was borne to his resting-place beneath the sky-aspiring dome of St. Paul's.

Then, after taking a leading part in the Danish campaign, which ended in the reduction of Copenhagen and the surrender of the Danish fleet, they were sent to Spain, which England had undertaken to purge of the French, and plucked fresh



COLORS (OLD AND NEW) OF THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS.
From a photograph by Maclure, MacDonald & Co., Glasgow.

laurels at Corunna, whither Sir John Moore, like a second Xenophon, had retired before an overwhelming French army, commanded by Soult, in order to gain his ships.

But, before embarking on their vessels, it was necessary that the 14,000 British should secure themselves against all hindrance in the operation by beating the more than 20,000 of their pursuers. Accordingly they turned and fronted the French, who, descending the surrounding hills, came on with great impetuosity, but only to have their furious battalions broken to pieces by the bullets, especially by the bayonets, of Moore's determined regiments.

The center of his position had been gravely imperiled by the giving out of the ammunition of the Forty-second Highlanders, who were waging a terrific struggle with the French for the possession of the village of Elvina. But at this crisis Moore himself galloped up and shouted, "My brave Highlanders! You have still got your bayonets! Remember Egypt!" and their ensuing charge decided the day.

Far away on the left there was also raging a furious conflict, where Hope's Division, which included the Gordons, was budging never an inch and doggedly barring the French advance. "How goes it on the left? How fares it with the Gordons?" "True to their motto, 'Bydand,' standing ever fast, and their war-pipes lilting above the loudest din of battle, though their colonel (Napier) is slain." From lilting they changed to a mournful lullaby when the heroic Moore was laid in his coffinless rest "with his martial cloak around him;" but again they struck up a stirring air, the mocking strains of "Hey, Johnnie Cope," when the British fleet of transports gaily sailed away from Corunna with all the victorious battalions aboard, waving the kindliest of kisses to their baffled French pursuers.

Having thus so materially helped Moore to prevent Soult from "driving the English leopard into the sea" at Corunna, the "Gay Gordons," a little later, played an equally prominent part in assisting Wellington himself to balk the sworn determination of Masséna to toss the British into the Tagus. On proceeding, however, to carry out this terrific purpose, Masséna found, to his no small amazement, that Wellington had meanwhile fronted his position with lines which might have moved the admiration of the Romans—triple lines of fortification, fifty miles in aggregate length, including 150 redoubts, mounted with 600 guns, and the flower of England's infantry, including the gallant Gordons, now commanded by Cameron of Fassifern, behind them. On arriving in Portugal to help in manning those famous ramparts of Torres Vedras, the Highlanders—whose picturesque garb and martial mien appealed strongly to the imagination of the inhabitants—were acclaimed with shouts of "*Viva los Escotos! Viva Don Juan Cameron et sus valiante Escotos!*" ("Long live the Scots! Long live Sir John Cameron and his valiant Scots.")

Unable to make any impression on Wellington's triple lines of intrenchment, and reduced to despair by the pangs of hunger, Masséna had no alternative but to retire, and his retreat was in turn hard pressed by the Iron Duke. When the French vainly turned upon Wellington at Fuentes d'Onoro, in the proportion of three to four, the Gordons were posted on

Piper Third, was at Malakand and in Egyptian War with 1st Battalion. Drummer Stanley.

TYPES OF GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

Bandmaster Windram. Sergeant Angus. Sergeant-Major Robertson. Sergeant Grassick, severely wounded at Dargai. Private Sutherland.

TYPES OF GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

From a photograph by Gregory & Co., London.

the right, as at Egmont-op-Zee, to cover a brigade of nine-pounders, where they endured a severe cannonade, which killed and wounded five and thirty of their officers and men. But they had still a finer opportunity of distinguishing themselves in the ensuing surprise at Arroya des Molinos, when, with the Seventy-first Highlanders, they helped to surprise and capture all the stores and baggage of Gérard's division on a dark and misty October morning.

But the same pair of Highland regiments were afterwards despatched on a still more daring enterprise than the capture of Arroya des Molinos, to wit, the surprise and storming of the forts guarding the pontoon bridge of Almarez over the Tagus, which formed the sole means of communication between the armies of Soult and Marmont. Fort Napoleon, on the left bank of the river, was stormed with frightful carnage; but then the commander of Fort Ragusa, on the opposite side of the Tagus, cut away the bridge; and how, therefore, were the stormers to cross and complete their capture of the whole position?

The problem was at once solved by several of the Gordon Highlanders who, tossing aside their bonnets, plunged into the stream and breasted their stubborn way to the further bank, whence they at once returned with the pontoons, which enabled their comrades to cross and capture Fort Ragusa. Gall and Somerville—the two Gordons who had been the first to plunge into the river—were presented by Lord Hill with a gold doubloon each in view of the whole regiment. Had they been Gordons of our own day, they would have been presented with the Victoria Cross. "Almarez" is one of the proudest names on the colors of the Ninety-second.

But not more so than the crowning mercy of Vittoria, where Wellington, by a

magnificent flank march, out-manœuvred King Joseph Bonaparte, totally defeating his huge army, and captured all his cannon, baggage, military chest, and stores, and at last sent the Napoleonic armies reeling home to France.

Brigaded with the Seventy-first Highlanders, the Gordons were ordered to storm the heights of La Puebla, which formed the key to the French position, their orders from Sir William Stuart—known to his men as "Auld Grog Willie"—being to "yield them to none without a written order from Sir Rowland Hill or myself, and defend them while you have a man remaining." On this, Cameron of Fassifern ordered the pipers to strike up the "Cameron's Gathering," and the regiment advanced with invincible determination up the mountain side to sanguinary conflict and victory. But far more bloody than the battle of Vittoria was the ensuing action at Maya, the Rock of which, in the pass of the same name, the Highlanders had been ordered to hold at all costs against five-fold odds. For ten successive hours these brave fellows—the targets of an infernal artillery and musketry fire—held the Rock until their ammunition was exhausted and human flesh and blood could stand on the defensive no longer. By "Auld Grog Willie" they had been strictly enjoined not to charge, but, exasperated by the slaughter they had endured, the Gordons *for the first time disregarded orders*, and hurled themselves on the French with the bayonet.

They had gone into action a little over 800 strong, and when the charge was over, their number was only a little more than a half of that, Cameron himself being among the wounded. "So dreadful was the slaughter," wrote Napier, the historian of the war, "that the assault of the enemy was actually stopped by the heaped up masses of dead and dying. . . . The stern valor of the Ninety-second would have graced Thermopylæ."

But perhaps their most dashing achievement in the long campaign was their fording of a stream and extrusion of the French from a village (Arriverete) where they were endeavoring to destroy a wooden bridge. For this brilliant feat, which secured the passage of Wellington's army across the river, their colonel was granted, as crest, a Gordon Highlander, up to the middle in water, grasping in his right hand a broadsword, and in his left a banner inscribed "92nd" within a leaf of laurel.

From the Peninsular War no regiment emerged with more laurels than the Gordon Highlanders; and when Napoleon escaped from Elba and again unfurled his rapacious eagles, the Ninety-second was one of the first regiments sent to the front to clip their wings. "Come to me, and I will give you flesh," was the pibroch to which, with the gallant Cameron again at their head, they footed it out of Brussels on a beautiful summer morning of 1815, after the famous ball given to the officers of Wellington's army in Belgium by the Duchess of Richmond.

"The Forty-second (Black Watch) and Ninety-second (Gordon Highlanders)," wrote an eye witness, "marched through the Place Royale and the Parc. One could not but admire their fine appearance, their steady military demeanor, with their pipers playing before them, the beams of the rising sun shining on their glittering arms. On many a Highland hill and in many a lowland village will the deeds of these brave men be remembered. It was impossible to watch such a sight unmoved." Some of the officers marched in their silk socks and dancing pumps, which they had had no time to change.

The Gordons were brigaded with the Royal Scots and the Black Watch, forming part of Picton's Division—as fine a Scottish brigade as ever leveled bayonets; and the same day Wellington came upon the French, under Marshal Ney, at Quatre Bras. The duke himself was nearly taken prisoner, and only owed his escape to an order he promptly gave to a section of the Ninety-second to lie down in the ditch they were lining while he jumped his horse over them. The duke himself was much with the Gordons that day. "Ninety-second," he cried, "don't let that fellow escape." "Ninety-second," he again called out, "don't fire till I tell you;" for the Gordons were as eager for the fray as the Ninety-third Highlanders afterwards were at Balaklava.

Presently, however, the duke gave them the rein when several regiments of heavy French cavalry came surging on, and then the plumed bonnets of the Gordons rose darkly in a line from the ditch, while a stream of fire was poured into the prancing column, throwing it into utter confusion. Again the French horsemen charged, and again they were repulsed. Forming under cover of this cavalry attack, a heavy column of French infantry advanced against Picton's Division; and the duke, waving his hat, cried: "Ninety-second, prepare to charge!"

THE GORDONS AND THE SCOTS GREYS AT WATERLOO.

From an engraving of the painting by Stanley Berkeley. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. S. Hildesheimer & Co., Limited, London and Manchester.

On this the whole regiment rose from the ditch as one man, closed in, and, dashing with their bayonets through the smoke, put the French to immediate rout.

But their noble leader, Cameron, the hero of so many fields, fell, fatally struck by a bullet from a farmhouse held by the French. At this a wild roar rose from the ranks of "the lads he loved so well," and in another five minutes every soul in the farmhouse had been bayoneted. "Where is the rest of the regiment?" asked Picton in the evening. Alas, half the "Gay Gordons" had perished in the fray.

And yet two days later, on the 18th of June, under Major Donald MacDonald, they again did wonders on the rain-sodden, ensanguined field of Waterloo; and never in all the annals of British warfare was there a more stirring incident than when the Gordons seized hold of the stirrups of the Scots Greys and dashed down the slope with them in one common charge of Scotland's fiercest horse and foot against the finest troops of France. "Scotland forever!" was the thrilling shout of the Greys as they dashed past their kilted countrymen, who responded to the cry with the wildest enthusiasm, while the strains of the pipers intensified the national fervor. An officer of the Ninety-second records in his memoirs that, on the advance of a heavy French column to attack La Haye Sainte, many of the Highlanders struck up the stirring verses of "Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled."

After this brilliant effort, Sir Denis Pack rode up to the regiment and said, "You have saved the day, Highlanders, but you must return to your position—there is more work to do." And the Gordons—standing ever "Bydand" in bayonet-bristling square, line, or column—contributed greatly to the glorious victory which shattered the despotic power of Napoleon forever into the dust.

It was the "Daring Duchess" of Gordon who had raised the Ninety-second Highlanders; her son, the Marquis of Huntly, had been their first commander; it was her daughter, the Duchess of Richmond, who gave the famous ball at Brussels on the eve of Waterloo; it was the Gordon Highlanders who gleaned so great a share of glory in that stupendous fight; and it was a member of the clan, George Gordon, Lord Byron, who immortalized the conflict in the well-known verses beginning, "There was a sound of revelry by night;" so that there now appeared to be more truth than ever in the north country saying that "the Gordons ha'e the guidin' o't."

Reaping golden opinions of their physique and discipline wherever they went on garrison duty—the West Indies, Ireland, and the Mediterranean stations—it was nevertheless some considerable time before they were again in a position to pluck fresh laurels with the points of their bayonets. Waterloo was followed by what was called the Forty Years' Peace. When that peace was at last broken by the Crimean war, the Gordons were again at Gibraltar; and though many of their number eagerly volunteered into the Highland regiments in front of Sebastopol, the Ninety-second itself only reached the Tauric Chersonese in time to witness the final humiliation of the Russians.

Its luck during the ensuing Mutiny in India was almost as bad, its lot being thrown in the Central Provinces. There it performed some marvels of marching under torrid heat and every kind of hardship; but the record of its brilliant feats in this respect was destined to be lowered by the famous march which it was called upon to execute when next engaged against an enemy. For, chancing to be in India in 1878, the regiment was ordered to join the little army of retribution with which General Sir Frederick Roberts was sent to exact vengeance on the Afghans and their fickle ruler, Yakub Khan, for their treacherous and barbarous murder of Sir Louis Cavagnari and the other members of the British Mission at Cabul. Forward pushed the little force, and at Charasiab, about a dozen miles from Cabul (the objective of the expedition), its advance was found to be barred by the whole Afghan army, plentifully supplied with artillery and with firearms scarcely inferior to those of the British.

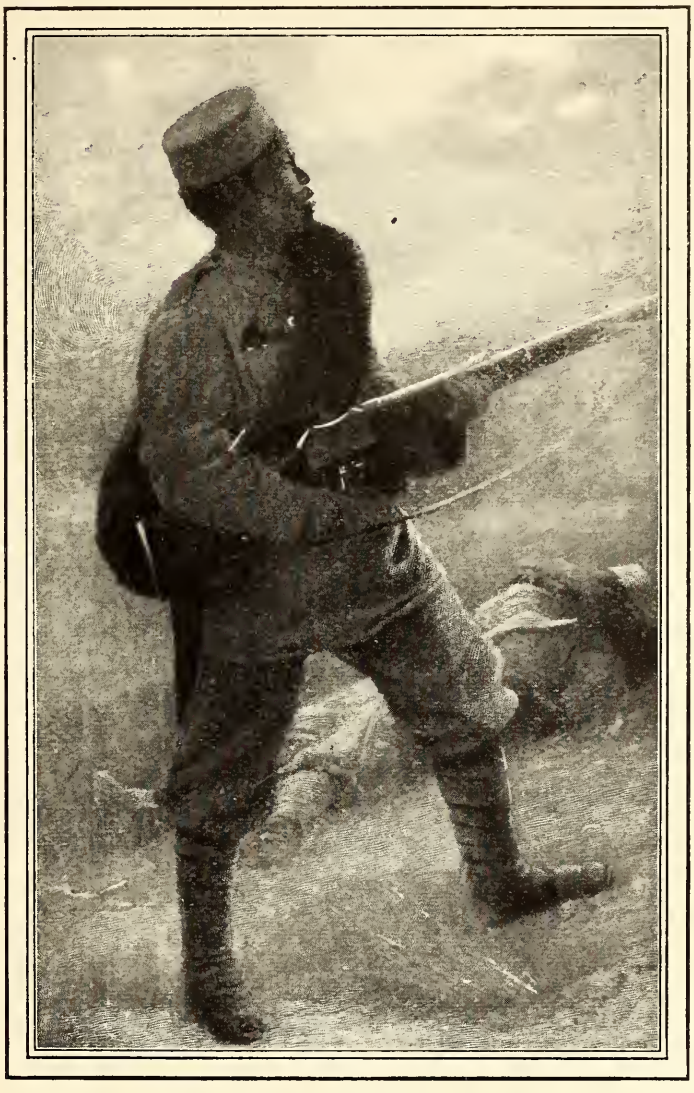
But in spite of the formidable nature of their hill-top position, the fierceness of their fighting men, and the vast superiority of their numbers, they were at once attacked. The Gordons stormed up three heights in succession, and captured sixteen guns at the point of the bayonet. The final charge was led by Major White—who afterwards succeeded Lord Roberts as Commander-in-Chief in India—in a manner which gained him the Victoria Cross, the highest distinction attainable by a British soldier "for valor" before the foe.

Fearing that neither rifle nor artillery fire would dislodge the foe, he resolved to storm the heights. Advancing with two

companies of his regiment, and climbing from one steep ledge to another, he came upon a body of the enemy strongly posted, and outnumbering his force by eighteen to one. His men being very much exhausted, and immediate action necessary, Major White took a rifle, and, going on by himself, shot dead the leader of the enemy. Then his Highlanders, thus encouraged, rushed on with a ringing cheer, captured the enemy's mountain guns, and rolled him back to Cabul.

In the various engagements round Cabul the Gordons were ever to the front; and another Victoria Cross fell to their share through the heroic conduct of Lieutenant Dick-Cunyngham, now commanding the second battalion of the regiment, whose exploit was thus recounted by General Roberts himself:

"It was a race between the Highlanders and the Afghans as to which should gain the crest of the ridge first. The artillery came into action at a range of 1,200 yards, and under cover of their fire the Ninety-second, supported by the Guides, rushed up the steep slopes. They were met by a furious onslaught, and a desperate conflict took place. The leading officer, Lieutenant Forbes, a lad of great promise, was killed, and Color-Sergeant Drummond fell by his side. For a moment even the brave Highlanders were staggered by the numbers and fury of the antagonists, but only for a moment. Lieutenant Dick-Cunyngham sprang forward to cheer them on, and confidence was restored. The Highlanders, with a wild shout, threw themselves on the Afghans, and quickly succeeded in driving them down the further side of the ridge."



A GHURKA. FROM A STUDY BY VEREKER HAMILTON, ESQ., NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

But now came the supreme effort of the war. A serious disaster to another Anglo-Indian force at Maiwand drove its relics into Candahar, which the Afghans were quick to invest. General Roberts at once started for the relief with a little army of about 10,000, of whom only 2,800 were British. But then these British included the flower of England's Highland soldiery. From Cabul to Candahar the distance is 320 miles. It is customary in a long march to allow two days' rest in each week; yet Roberts granted the force but a single day's repose in the twenty days of its strenuous marching. Its average daily march was a fraction over fifteen miles. "As a feat of marching," says Archibald Forbes, "by a regular force of 10,000 men, encumbered with baggage, transport, and followers, this achievement is unique."

A battle was at once fought in front of Candahar, and it was the irresistible charge of the Gordons which decided the day. "The Ninety-second, under Major White, led the way," wrote Forbes, "covered by the fire of a field battery, and supported by the Fifth Ghurkas and the Twenty-third Pioneers. Springing out from a watercourse at the challenge of their leader, the Highlanders rushed across the open front. The Afghans, sheltered by high banks, fired steadily and well. Their riflemen from the Pir Paimal slopes joined in a sharp cross fire, their guns were well served. But the Scottish soldiers were not to be denied. Their losses were severe; but they took the Afghan guns at the point

of the bayonet, and, valiantly supported by the Ghurkas and the Pioneers, shattered and dispersed the mass of Afghans, reckoned to have numbered some 8,000 men."

On their way home to England after the Afghan war, the Gordons were deflected to South Africa to take part in the campaign against the Boers of the Transvaal (1881); and it was here, at Majuba Hill, that they encountered their first serious reverse. This was owing to the fact that 180 of them were detached to form part of a heterogeneous force of about 550 men, drawn from a variety of regiments, and commanded by officers new to them — a force devoid of unity and proper cohesion, which accordingly fell to pieces when suddenly set upon by an overwhelming number of Boer marksmen — the more so as it also ran short of ammunition, and had to use stones as missiles where bullets were no longer available. That the company of Gordons left more than three-fourths of their number on the ground was proof enough of the doggedness with which they had defended an impossible position.

COLONEL DICK-CUNYNGHAM, V.C., WHOSE HEROISM INSPIRED THE GORDONS TO A VICTORIOUS CHARGE NEAR CABUL IN 1878 AND WON HIM THE VICTORIA CROSS. HE IS NOW COMMANDER OF THE 2ND BATTALION OF THE REGIMENT.

From a photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

Equally annoying was another misfortune which befell them in South Africa, and that was their organic combination with another Scottish battalion—the Seventy-fifth, to form a new regiment under the reforming short-service and linked-battalion system of Mr. Cardwell. Wherever any British regiment consisted of only one battalion, and most of them did that, it was now to be linked with another, so that each battalion on foreign service should have a feeding one at home. The worst of it was that the old Ninety-second was to form the second battalion of a new regiment of Gordon Highlanders thus created, while the Seventy-fifth, by reason of its priority of original creation, was to become the first; and it was amusing to see how each of those distinguished battalions, animated with its own particular *esprit de corps*, resented the military marriage of convenience which had now been thrust upon them.

But there was no reason why the Gordons should have demurred to their association with the old Seventy-fifth (or Stirlingshire) Highlanders, seeing that the latter now brought to the common emblazonry of the new regimental colors such proud names as Mysore, Seringapatam, Delhi, and Lucknow — at all of which places the Stirlingshire men had performed storming feats of a most brilliant kind.

It was their first battalion (the old Seventy-fifth) which now began to emblazon the common colors with fresh names of honor. It was this battalion which, in 1882, formed part of Sir Archibald Alison's Highland Brigade that was the first to overtop the entrenchments of Arabi Pasha at Tel-el-Kebir. "It was a noble sight," wrote their commander, "to see the Gordon and Cameron Highlanders mingled together in the confusion of the fight, their young officers leading with waving swords, their pipes screaming, and the bright gleam in the eyes of the men which you only see in the hour of successful battle."

At El-Teb it was the Gordons, and their fiery rivals of the Black Watch, who bore the brunt of the Dervish battle; while at Tamai it was the steadiness of Buller's square, partly formed by the Gordons, which saved the day when the other square, fronted by the Black Watch, had been dented in by the devilish onrush of the Hadendowas.

Again, the new Gordons took part in the expedition for the relief of their namesake, the gallant General Gordon of Khartoum; and they gained the second of the prizes offered by Lord Wolseley to the battalions which should make the quickest passage in their oar-propelled

THE FINAL CHARGE AT CANDAHAR: LED BY THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS AND SUPPORTED BY THE FIFTH GHURKA. FROM THE PAINTING BY VEREKER HAMILTON, ESQ., NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

This charge victoriously terminated the battle at Candahar and the Afghan War. "Most of the men in the picture," the artist writes, "were studied from soldiers who had actually been in the charge." The artist's personal relation to the Gordon Highlanders adds interest to the picture: his father was a member of the regiment and commanded it, and his brother served with it in Afghanistan and on the Nile.

whaleboats up the Nile. With their Egyptian laurels still fresh upon their brows, the first battalion of the Gordons returned to India. It was a Colin Campbell who had led them, after the storming of Delhi, to the relief of Lucknow; and now, in turn, they were called upon to hurry to the succor of another Colin Campbell, who, with other members of a British mission, was closely besieged in the old hill-fort of Chitral, among the mountains of India's northwestern frontier. It was a Scotsman, Dr. (now Sir George) Robertson, who was chief of this political mission; it was another Scotsman, Sir Robert Low, who was appointed to command the expedition despatched for his relief; and the backbone of the little army, which mustered with such magnificent promptness and precision, consisted of the Gordons, the Seaforth Highlanders, and the Scottish Borderers.

COLONEL H. H. MATHIAS, C. B., WHO LED THE GORDONS IN THE CHARGE AT DARGAI; HE IS COLONEL OF THE FIRST BATTALION.

Swiftly advancing from the muster-ground at Peshawur, and heading for the hills, General Low found the fierce and warlike hordes of Umra Khan crowning the entrenched mountain-brows of the Malakand Pass—a defile by which it is supposed that Alexander the Great had led his conquering legions down into the plains of India. After shelling for some time the heights occupied in such force by the fierce Pathan tribesmen, Low ordered an attack, the Gordons being on the right, and the Borderers in the center of the assaulting line.

With their pipes playing their most martial pibroch, the Brigade sprang up the mountain side, and soon reached the enemy's "sangars," or loose stone-parapets, one of which the Gordons took in flank, and bayoneted its holders. The last climb was precipitous. Lieutenant Watt, of the Gordons, was the first to top the ridge, and several Pathans rushed at him with their flashing tulwars. Two he brought down with his revolver, and then used his claymore. Inspired by his example, his men clambered and pushed each other up, and delivered a bayonet charge which practically won the day.

But, brilliant as was their storming of the Malakand Pass, the same Gordons were still to surpass themselves in their next and latest feat. With their old cattle-lifting comrades from the Scottish border, they were ordered to join the expedition with which Sir William Lockhart was sent last autumn to reduce to submission the unruly and rebellious Mohammedan tribes inhabiting the wild, mountainous region between India and Afghanistan—tribes second to no race of men in the world in respect of their martial qualities. The brave and dogged tribesmen were gradually pushed back before Lockhart's advancing battalions—British and native—until at last, after varying fortune, they determined to make a stand on the summit of the Dargai ridge of the Chagru Kotal—a hill about 1,000 feet high and crowned with precipitous rocks. From this natural fortress Lockhart resolved to drive its defenders *coûte que coûte*.

A battalion of Ghurkas, than whom India contains no braver men, first tried it, but failed. The Dorsetshire regiment then made a dash across the fire-zone, but the dominating fire of the Afridi rifles, which swept the unsheltered area across which the stormers had to rush before gaining the ridge, was also too much for them, and they, too, fell back. Then the men of Derbyshire essayed the murderous task, but recoiled before the deadliness of the Afridi aim. Three hours had been thus consumed, and still the standards of the fierce tribesmen waved triumphantly and defiantly on the summit of the ridge in spite of the shell fire which, at long range from an opposite height, had been rained on their position. The general sent to Colonel Mathias, commanding the Gordons, who had meanwhile pushed up to the front and were marshaled in front of the Afridi position under cover

of a bluff; and then the colonel said to his men, "Men of the Gordon Highlanders, the General says that the position must be taken at all costs. The Gordon Highlanders will take it!"

That was quite enough. The Highlanders responded with a ringing cheer and fixed their bayonets; their pipers struck up the regimental march; the colonel led the way, waving his sword; and the whole battalion, by companies, rose from their cover as they had done from their ditch at Quatre Bras, and, with a wild shout, dashed into and across the open zone of fire. Many fell from the pelting, plunging hail of Afridi bullets, and most of the company pipers were struck down. Piper Findlater was shot through both ankles by an expanding bullet which simply pulverized his bones, and down he also fell. But, propping his back against a boulder, he thus calmly sat amid the bullet-rain and resumed his inspiriting march—the "Cock o' the North."

In this rush at Dargai the gallant Gordons lost many of their number—officers and men—in killed and wounded, but, undismayed, they stood the fatal, fiery test. They reached the shelter of the foot of the heights, then, followed by the Ghurkas and others, they scaled the hill, turning its holders' flank and toppling them over the other side; and soon thereafter they were clustering round their brave colonel, who had led them to the top, cheering him to the echo.

No wonder that both he and his heroic piper were recommended for the Victoria Cross; no wonder that, on again descending the hill, tenderly bearing their own wounded and dead, as well as those of the Ghurkas, they received a loud, admiring cheer from all the other regiments; no wonder that, a little later, General Lockhart publicly thanked the regiment on parade, saying, "Your records testify to many a gallant action, and you have added another to it which may worthily rank beside those which have gone before."

"Bravo, Gordon Highlanders!" ran a telegram from England; "on your return you will storm all London!"

THE GAY GORDONS.

(*Dargai, October* 20, 1897.)

By Henry Newbolt.

I.

Who's for the Gathering, who's for the Fair?
(*Gay goes the Gordon to a fight*)
The bravest of the brave are at deadlock there,
(*Highlanders! march! by the right!*)
There are bullets by the hundred buzzing in the air,
There are bonny lads lying on the hillside bare;
But the Gordons know what the Gordons dare
When they hear the pipers playing!

II.

The happiest English heart to-day
(*Gay goes the Gordon to a fight*)
Is the heart of the Colonel, hide it as he may;
(*Steady there! steady on the right!*)
He sees his work and he sees the way,
He knows his time and the word to say,
And he's thinking of the tune that the Gordons play
When he sets the pipers playing!

III.

Rising, roaring, rushing like the tide,
(*Gay goes the Gordon to a fight*)
They're up through the fire-zone, not to be denied;
(*Bayonets! and charge! by the right!*)
Thirty bullets straight where the rest went wide,
And thirty lads are lying on the bare hillside;
But they passed in the hour of the Gordons' pride,
To the skirl of the pipers' playing.

A ROMANCE OF WALL STREET.

THE GRANT AND WARD FAILURE.

By Hamlin Garland,

Author of "Main-Traveled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

SOMETIME about the year 1877 a slim young man with a pale and meager face applied to the superintendent of the New York Produce Exchange for a position. He based his application upon the fact that the superintendent had known his father in an interior town years before. The superintendent recalled the young man as the son of an excellent father, a returned missionary, and, being well-disposed toward him, secured for him the clerkship of the Exchange at a salary of $1,000 a year. The superintendent was Mr. S. H. Grant, and the young clerk was Ferdinand Ward. Mr. S. H. Grant was not related in any degree to General U. S. Grant.

Ward filled his position acceptably, and had time to figure various speculative opportunities besides. At that time seats in the Exchange were rated low, and, seeing an upward tendency in business, young Ward began buying these seats as fast as he was able to raise the money, and sold them at a profit. He went into a number of speculations, all of which turned out profitably. He became acquainted with the daughter of the cashier of the Marine

National Bank, and wooed and married her. He made acquaintances rapidly, and turned casual associations into friendships, one of the most valuable of his friendships being with Mr. J. D. Fish, president of the Marine National Bank.

Sometime in 1879, through his brother William, Ward met Ulysses Grant, the second son of General Grant, who had established himself with a law firm in New York city. U. S. Grant, Jr., had charge of General Grant's property, of two trust estates, and also of other funds. Mr. Ward at once asked him to go into some speculations with him, and set forth the safety of an investment in flour certificates, which his position as clerk of the Exchange gave him special insight into. Young Grant allowed Ward to use some money in this way, and the venture proved successful. Ward then interested him in the scheme of buying seats in the Produce Exchange, and holding them against the coming boom, and young Grant found his bank account growing with gratifying rapidity, and was able to report to General Grant, who was in Europe, in the most satisfactory phrases. He was not yet a formal partner, however; the association thus far being merely for the individual enterprises in hand. The time came when Ward owed Grant on borrowed money a very considerable sum —nearly $100,000. At this point he proposed that a private banking firm be organized to do a regular Wall Street business, in which he was to be financial agent. In this firm J. D. Fish, president of the Marine Bank, was to be a silent partner. Young Grant at first declined, but upon the urging of Ward and the assurance that Mr. Fish was coming in, finally consented.

This was in 1880. At that time Ward was regarded as the most brilliant young business man on the street. His office was the meeting-place of the most trusted and influential men of affairs, and his standing was of the highest. Every venture he had commended had succeeded, and Grant would have been a singular exception had he refused to go further with such a financier, especially as the president of the Marine Bank was to be a special partner in the firm. Meanwhile young Ulysses had married a daughter of Senator Chaffee of Colorado, and through this connection the Senator became an investor with Grant and Ward.

The firm of Grant and Ward at once took high rank. Bradstreet rated it "Gilt-edged," and its credit was unquestioned. When in 1880 General Grant had been defeated for a third nomination to the Presidency, the question of engaging in some business arose. He refused the presidency of the Nicaraguan Canal, but he accepted the presidency of the Mexican Southern Railway, on the understanding that he was not to receive any salary or any stock. He had plenty of opportunities to allow the use of his name, but his deep interest in Mexico, which sprang from his early life there, was more powerful than any offer of money. He moved to New York to be near his sons, Ulysses and Jesse R. Grant, and soon afterward put all his savings (about $100,000) into the firm of Grant and Ward, on condition that he was to be a special partner, liable only for the money he put in.

General Grant's office as president of the Mexican Railroad was in a building on the corner of Wall Street and Broadway, the first floor of which was occupied by Grant and Ward. The firm was now composed of Ferdinand Ward, J. D. Fish, and General Grant and his son Ulysses. Ward was the financial agent and sole manager. The General had no detailed knowledge of the business, and asked for none. He left the whole matter to his son Ulysses, who, in turn, trusted Ward with the entire financial management. Thus Ward had complete control; but in offset to this he said he was willing to guarantee the firm against loss. So phenomenally successful did he prove both in the firm of Grant and Ward and also in his outside speculations, that great business firms trusted themselves as completely in his hands as did the Grants. J. D. Fish, president of the Marine Bank, backed him to any amount; and Mr. S. H. Grant, the city comptroller, and Mr. Tappan, city chamberlain, and Mr. W. R. Grace, Mr. W. S. Warner, Senator Chaffee, and many others were equally trustful. In addition to its fine credit, the firm started with a paid-in capital of $400,000.*

It was a time of "boom;" that should be remembered. Railways were building; the new lands of Kansas, Nebraska, and Dakota were being opened up. Speculation was universal. Fortunes were made in a day—almost in an hour—and men were prepared to believe any sort of romance which concerned itself with railways or buildings. The way was prepared for a man like Ward, who had an uncanny power over men. His words were golden, and his daily life a fairy-tale of speculation.

* As was afterward developed, the Grants furnished the cash and the other members of the firm the "securities."

At Ward's suggestion, young Ulysses, early in the deal, offered to pay to General Grant $3,000 per month for the use of his money, but gave him the option of leaving it in the business if he wished. To this the General replied: "I don't think I can afford to do that. If you don't make that much, I don't want you to make up the deficit; and if you make more, it is rightfully mine. I would rather you paid me what my money brings in, be it a small sum or a large one." Ward's method was not to advertise much, "merely to let a few friends know" that the firm was doing an exceedingly profitable business by loaning money to men who had contracts. He was careful to say to General Grant and his sons that the firm was not handling any contracts with the Government, and warned Mr. Spencer, his cashier, to be careful about that also.

The regular transactions of the firm, and the only ones appearing in the books to which the Grants had access, were of a different nature, like loaning money to the Erie Railway, purchases of city bonds, and other equally safe and stable investments. These loans gave tone to the firm and inspired confidence. "It is my plan," said Ward, "to build up a great firm that shall live after Grant and Ward, its founders, have passed away."

Ward was a man of most exemplary life. He lived well, but quietly, and had no bad habits. He seemed a thoughtful man, and his peculiarities apparently marked him as a man born with a special genius for great financial enterprises. He seemed to be capable of the most colossal affairs, and men of the highest business qualifications shared in this belief. In these days it would be said his influence was hypnotic.

In this fashion the firm swam prosperously on. U. S. Grant, Jr., received occasional statements from Ward, which he laid before his father. These papers the General returned without examination, for he had arrived at unquestioning faith in his son's business ability. Profits had been large. The firm, from operations in stocks, bonds, and railway contracts, soon had a bank account of nearly a million dollars, and handled vast sums of money. From a capital of $400,000, the firm, in a little more than three years, was rated at fifteen millions. Ferdinand Ward, in his own fashion, outside the firm of Grant and Ward, had entered upon the most gigantic enterprises, apparently with unfailing success. Of these outside ventures the Grants knew nothing. Ulysses Grant, Jr., had access only to the one set of books wherein the Wall Street business was recorded. He knew scarcely a tenth of Ward's investors. He did not know that his own law partners were interested in Ward's affairs. The record of the huge debts of the firm was in books kept secret by Ward and Fish.

One Sunday afternoon in early May, 1884, Ward called at General Grant's house and asked to see both the General and young Ulysses. He announced that late on Saturday Mr. Tappan, the city chamberlain, had drawn on the Marine Bank for a very large sum which the bank held on deposit for the city, and that the bank's reserve was perilously low. "It is necessary," said he, "to put some money in before the clearing-house opens to-morrow morning, in order that the bank may make a proper showing."

To this young Grant very naturally replied: "Why should we borrow money to aid the Marine Bank?"

Ward for a moment seemed puzzled, but answered after a moment's hesitation: "We have $760,000 on deposit there, and it would embarrass us very much if the bank should close its doors."

"They are good for it, are they not?"

"Oh, yes; but there would be delay before we could get our money, and it might give us trouble."

Having convinced them both of the need of aiding the bank, Ward at last proposed that General Grant go out and borrow $150,000. Young Grant said that it was not easy to raise such a sum on Sunday afternoon, and to this Ward replied: "I know that; but I know the General can borrow it if anybody can."

The General at length consented to go forth in aid of the Marine Bank. After calling upon one or two men who declared themselves unable to help him, he drove to the house of W. H. Vanderbilt, and explained the matter to Mr. Vanderbilt at length. It was not for himself, but for the Marine Bank, he said in conclusion.

Mr. Vanderbilt took young Grant's view of it. "I care nothing about the Marine Bank, General Grant. To tell the truth, I care very little about Grant and Ward; but to accommodate you personally, I will draw my check for the amount you ask. I consider it a personal loan to you, and not to any other party," he said pointedly.

General Grant took the check, and returned to Ward, who was waiting. Ward thanked him, and putting the check in his pocket, left the house. The next morn-

ing, before the banks opened, young Grant called for a check drawn on the Marine Bank for the full amount, and hurried with it up to Mr. Vanderbilt's house, eager to pay the debt at the earliest moment. He found Mr. Vanderbilt at home, and delivered the check into his hands. *Both men considered the debt thereby paid, and the whole transaction closed.*

Monday saw everything righted. There was no further trouble, and the Grants dismissed the incident from their minds. Once, late in the afternoon, as Ward passed through the room, Ulysses Grant, Jr., asked, "Everything all right?" and Ward replied cheerily, "All right now." But that night after dinner a messenger came to young Grant from Ward, saying that Tappan had drawn again, and that it would be necessary to borrow $500,000. "I'll try for $250,000; and you do the same."

Grant was a little irritated at the demand, and for a moment determined to make no further attempt to help the Marine Bank out of its distress. However, after thought, he concluded to see what could be done, and taking a list of negotiable securities which Ward had sent by the messenger, he went to Jay Gould, and presented the matter.

Mr. Gould curtly replied: "I don't like lending on those securities," and young Grant concluded to do no more borrowing for the Marine Bank. He went to S. B. Elkins, however, and explained the situation. Mr. Elkins, who was Senator Chaffee's attorney, seemed a little bit puzzled over the case. "I don't understand this. Suppose we go over to Brooklyn and see Ward."

Ward was out, but they decided to wait for him, although it was nearly midnight. The servants were directed by Mrs. Ward to set out some cake and wine, and the two men remained seated in the dining-room till after midnight, waiting with growing anxiety for Ward. It was well towards one in the morning when Ward suddenly and noiselessly entered by a side door. He was calm and very self-contained. He explained his absence by saying he had been to see some capitalists. He said he had not been able to raise any money, but he did not seem specially disappointed at his own or his partner's failure to borrow the sums needed. All agreed that the Marine Bank must needs take care of itself.

Mr. Elkins, however, as attorney for Senator Chaffee, who was one of the largest creditors of the firm of Grant and Ward, demanded, on his client's behalf, to be secured. Ward said, "Very well;" but added, "I don't see the need when Senator Chaffee can have his money at any time on demand."

Mr. Elkins insisted, and Ward promised to be at the office early the next morning to turn over sufficient securities to cover the whole amount of the Senator's investment. Upon this, young Grant and Elkins took their departure, but all the way across the city Elkins discussed Ward's manner. "The whole thing is suspicious. Did you observe he had his slippers on? He was in the house all the time, and was afraid to come down and see us. Why should he enter at the side door?"

Grant stoutly thrust aside these suspicions. His faith was unshaken. Early the next morning Mr. Elkins and young Ulysses hastened to the office. Ward was not there.

"Where is Ward?" asked young Grant of Spencer, the cashier.

"I don't know," replied Spencer. "I came by the house this morning, and when I rang the bell, Mrs. Ward came down much excited, and said Ferdinand had gone out early, leaving a note to the effect that the bank would fail to-day, and that he would not be home. She seemed afraid that he was about to commit suicide, and wanted me to go and look for him."

Colonel Fred Grant came out of an inner office at this moment, and said that Mr. Fish had been in, much excited, to say that Grant and Ward's accounts were all overdrawn, and that he would not certify or pay any more of the firm's checks.

Young Ulysses was amazed. "That can't be," he said. "We have over $600,000 on deposit there. Is not that the sum, Mr. Spencer?"

The cashier brought the books; $660,000 was the exact amount.

"Make a test of it," said Mr. Elkins. "Draw a check, and send it over to the bank."

This was done, and in a short time the messenger returned to say that the officers of the bank, by order of Mr. Fish, refused to pay the check, and stated that they could honor no more Grant and Ward checks.

This was startling news, but even then young Grant did not realize its full import. He knew of but one interest that was suffering at this time, that of Mr. Chaffee; and when Mr. Elkins insisted on being secured, there was but one thing to do—

carry out Ward's promise of the night before, and open the strong box in which millions of securities had been deposited. Ward held the key of this box, but the moment demanded heroic measures. The box was forced open, and found to contain only papers of doubtful value, amounting even on their face to less than $400,000.

While the others still stood aghast at this discovery, Spencer, who had been listening at a ticker, came in and announced in fateful voice, "The Marine Bank has closed its doors." With profound conviction in his face, he turned to young Grant: "This carries Grant and Ward down also."

"I don't see that," replied Grant. "The loss of $600,000 will cramp us, but it won't break us."

He was soon undeceived. Instead of being worth $15,000,000, with an enormous bank account, he and his friends found themselves without a dollar and with a flood of demands pouring in upon them.

Just when matters were at the worst, the General himself hobbled slowly into the room. He was still disabled from a fall on the ice some months preceding and used his crutches. "Well, 'Buck,' how is it?" he cheerily asked.

The son, his head still ringing with the blow which had fallen upon him, replied harshly, and without any softening words, "Grant and Ward have failed, and Ward has fled."

For a few seconds the old warrior faced the people of the office, his keen eyes piercing to the bottom of his son's anger and despair. Then he turned slowly, and without the quiver of a muscle and without a single word, left the room and ascended slowly to his own office, to be seen no more in the office of Grant and Ward. About five o'clock in the afternoon, however, he sent for Spencer, the cashier, to come up and see him. As the young man entered the room, he found the General seated close to his desk, both hands convulsively clasping the arms of his chair. His head was bowed, and the muscles of his face and arms twitched nervously as he said: "Spencer, how is it that man has deceived us all in this way?"

Even as Spencer tried to speak, the General did not look up; in fact, the young man's stammering attempt to answer seemed not to interrupt the current of the General's thought. He went on speaking. "I had not the least idea that Ward was concerned in government contracts. I told him at the beginning that I could not be connected with the firm if he was going into any business with the government. I supposed the contracts he spoke of were railway contracts." He went on for several minutes with an explanation, to which Spencer made no reply. He was evidently suffering the keenest mental anguish, and the cashier would gladly have uttered some word of comfort, but was himself too deeply moved and bewildered to do so. Finding Spencer as ignorant of it all as the rest of them, the General became silent, and the young man withdrew, leaving him seated with bowed head in the same position in which he had found him.

Without Ward, it was impossible to tell what the firm owned or what it owed. Claims developed of which U. S. Grant, Jr., had no knowledge, and which did not appear on the open books of the firm. The excitement on the street was very great. Investors with whom the Grants had no dealings whatever clamored to be secured. Great pressure was brought upon young Grant to make an assignment in favor of certain creditors, but he refused. So the day wore on. At the end it was apparent that Grant and Ward were hopelessly involved, and that every dollar possessed by General Grant was swept away.

On Wednesday, U. S. Grant, Jr., went down to the office, but Ward did not appear. The papers had immense headlines, and all sorts of charges and insinuations were in type. Creditors called, saying that the bonds given to them for security by Ward had been rehypothecated. Some of these men covertly threatened young Ulysses. He could only reply: "I presume what you say is true. I know nothing about it. I can't do anything about it. All I can say is, you'll find me here during business hours and at my house thereafter." He was ready to answer to any call.

The entire Grant family were in singular straits. Every cent of ready money was gone, and many bills for which checks had been given weeks before to butchers and bakers, who had neglected to cash them, came up now a second time for payment. The General and Ulysses, Jr., found themselves actually in need of money for daily necessities. Mrs. Grant ordered her Washington house to be sold, and that formed the fund upon which the entire family lived. They sold horses and carriages, and prepared to move into cheaper

houses. Young Ulysses still refused to make any assignment or prefer any creditors.

The General was visited on Thursday night by representatives of Mr. Vanderbilt, who wished to be secured upon his loan of the Sunday preceding. He looked to General Grant for his money.

"You're quite right," said the General. "It was an individual loan, and I am having papers drawn up to secure Mr. Vanderbilt so far as possible."

General Grant now cast about to see how he could pay this individual debt, which he regarded as an affair of honor. He deeded to Vanderbilt the farm on the Gravois, near St. Louis, which was worth $60,000; a house in Philadelphia, some property in Chicago, and all his personal property. In order to bring the sum up to the full amount, the old warrior turned over all his military trophies—all the swords presented to him by citizens and soldiers, the superb caskets given to him by the officials of the cities through which he had passed on his way around the world, all the curious and exquisite souvenirs of China and Japan. He spared nothing.

Many of the papers criticized General Grant freely for going into the firm. Some of them covertly exulted, and insinuated that he was attempting to draw out of the wreck, retaining his immense profits. Investors clamored, charging that his name had been used to draw them into the firm; that Ward had claimed to have government contracts obtained through the use of General Grant's name. These things cut deep into the proud old warrior's heart; but, as his habit was, he set his lips in a grim line, and was silent, so far as the outside world was concerned. Once, however, he opened his heart to a friend. Late one night, after he had signed away all he possessed to his creditors, he sat alone with his lawyer. As he went all over the action, and thought of Ward's cunning in securing that final check, his emotion became visible in an unusual restlessness of eye and limb. At last he rose, and began hobbling on his crutches up and down the room. When he spoke at last, it was in semi-soliloquy, as though he had almost forgotten the presence of his friend:

"I have made it the rule of my life to trust a man long after other people gave him up; but I don't see how I can ever trust any human being again."

The worst was yet to come. A letter was given to the public press by Fish, the president of the failed bank, which apparently connected Grant directly with the methods of Ward. To save himself from condemnation, Fish now claimed to have been a victim, asserting that two years before he had written to General Grant asking to be assured about the firm. In this letter, after speaking in a general way of the fact that he saw very little of General Grant, and suggesting that it was advisable to consult together, Mr. Fish went on to say: "I have often been asked by friends and business men whether you and I were general or special partners. We were for a while advertised as special partners, but I think we are virtually and actually general partners. I think legally we would find that to be our status." He then spoke of a note enclosed from the president of the Lincoln National Bank, and continued: "You may be aware that I am on the notes of Grant and Ward as an endorser, which I have discounted myself, and have had to get negotiated to the extent of some $200,000 in the aggregate, at the same and at one time, which is not a trifling amount to me. It is necessary that the credit of Grant and Ward should deservedly stand very high. These notes, as I understand it, are given for no other purpose than to raise money for the payment for grain, etc., purchased to fill government contracts. Under the circumstances, my dear General, you will see that it is of most vital importance to me particularly that the credit of the firm shall always be untarnished and unimpaired. I will be most happy to meet at almost any time you may name to talk these matters over. Please return me President James's letter at your convenience, with any suggestions you may have to make."

The answer to this letter as put forth by Fish was indubitably in the handwriting of General Grant. It was a more or less complete answer to the letter above.

"*My Dear Mr. Fish:*

"On my arrival in the city this morning, I find your letter of yesterday with a letter from Thomas L. James, president of Lincoln National Bank, and copy of your reply to the letter. Your understanding in regard to our liabilities in the firm of Grant and Ward are the same as mine. If you desire it, I am entirely willing that the advertisement of the firm shall be so changed as to express this. Not having been in the city for more than a week, I have found a large accumulated mail to look over and some business appointments to meet, so that I may not be able to get down to see you to-day; but if I can, I will go there before three o'clock.

"Very truly yours,

"U. S. GRANT."

There was also put out a second answer to this letter, more valuable as a defense to Messrs. Ward and Fish than the other:

"*My Dear Mr. Fish:*

"In relation to the matter of discounts kindly made by you for account of Grant and Ward, I would say that I think the investments are safe, and I am willing that Mr. Ward should derive what profit he can for the firm that the use of my name and influence may bring."

This was signed apparently in General Grant's own hand, and upon it the detractors of Grant fell with joy. It was photolithographed and sent throughout the country. The signature was to all appearance genuine; the body of the letter was written in another hand. Action had already begun against Fish, and this letter became important evidence.

In March of the following year the testimony of General Grant was demanded. He was unable to leave his room—was indeed almost at the point of death—and the counsel for Fish went to the attorney for the Grants and expressed the deepest regret that the trial should come up at a time when the General was so ill, and suggested its postponement. But Grant's attorney, knowing well the temper of the General, said, "No. Let the trial go on. General Grant is ready to testify."

General Grant's deposition was taken in the room of his house on Sixty-sixth Street. He stated that he had considered himself merely a special partner in the business of Grant and Ward, liable only for his investment. He did not remember to have seen Mr. Fish's letter. He did not know that any government contracts were handled, and he had no knowledge that his name was being used to induce others to invest in doubtful speculations. When the alleged letter to Fish was placed before him, he examined the signature closely, and said that it was undoubtedly of his own writing, but that he had no knowledge of the letter itself. He added, that in the course of a long executive life he had become accustomed to affix his signature to many papers without reading them, it being impossible to personally examine everything which was put before him to sign.

The trial developed that the letter was written, at Ward's request, by Spencer the cashier. Spencer remembered the letter perfectly, for the reason that Ward brought the rough draft of it to him on a pad one morning in the midsummer of 1882. It had many corrections and interlineations for so short a letter, and that fact aided to fix the matter in Mr. Spencer's mind. It meant nothing unsigned; but with Grant's signature it would be very serviceable, and Ward had turned his attention to getting it signed. He afterwards confessed to Walter S. Johnston, the receiver of the Marine Bank,* that he had slipped it into a pile of other letters, and presenting it to General Grant as he was hurrying to finish his mail and catch a boat, easily procured the signature without arousing suspicion.

Ward's own testimony at the first trial was very remarkable. He was at first broken and a little bewildered, and came to the stand "looking like a man suffering from loss of sleep. His face was bloodless, his ears seemed to hang from his head." He admitted that he had been insolvent for two years.† He was unable to tell where and when he had made large purchases of real estate, such as Booth's Theater. The "books of the firm" were not "the books of the office": there was a difference. The "books of the firm" included books which the Grants had never seen. He admitted that there had never been any contracts; that when he said "invested in a contract," it meant that the money went into the bank as his personal deposit. He did not remember that he had ever had any dealings with the government of any kind. He admitted putting the Vanderbilt check into his personal account. He admitted having paid $3,000 for jewelry on the 22d of April, but he had forgotten to whom he gave it. He had no contracts, and he was making no such profits as he paid to investors. Business was transacted in the name of Grant and Ward, but no one transacted it but himself. The Grants knew nothing about it. His method, as he himself delineated it, was to borrow large sums for pretended investment, set aside a profit out of the principal, and by prompt payment of this profit, induce the lender to leave the principal in his hands. He deceived the many for the few, and these few were not the Grants. He was uncertain as to what became of immense sums. Some of them appeared on the secret book he kept, and some did not. In a later trial this singular book was put in evidence. It was cabalistic in text. No one could understand it, not even Ward himself.

* From an interview with Mr. Johnston for McClure's Magazine.

† Generalized from Ward's testimony before Commissioner Cole.

Out of it all this final conclusion was formed: Ward had carried on the most extraordinary game of "bluff" that the nation had ever seen—a stupendous scheme of paying profits from a principal which was never invested or which went to pay some clamorous debtor; a "blind pool" into which he led men to their ruin and ultimately to his own ruin. He was indicted first by the United States courts at the same time that Fish was indicted. Fish was convicted and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment. Closely following Fish's conviction, Ward was indicted in the State court for grand larceny, convicted, and sentenced to prison for ten years. The judge in sentencing Fish made it plain that, though the sentence might be lawfully seven times seven, out of regard for his gray hairs the sentence was not made cumulative.

Out of this deplorable entanglement General Grant emerged cleared, so far as the judgment of the majority of his fellow citizens was concerned, of any knowledge of the business which Ward conducted. There were those, of course, who were ready to believe that he knew of the use of his name, and that he shared in the profits. It is probable that no one fully informed in the facts of the case holds such an opinion to-day. Grant was the victim of over-confidence in a shrewd and ingratiating adventurer.

"KING FOR A DAY."

By W. A. Fraser.

AS you walk up the many score of steps leading to the Golden Pagoda in Rangoon, and come out upon the cemented flat in front of the tapering spire itself, you will see a Burmese temple a little to the right. Among other gods rested there once a small alabaster figure of Buddha, stained yellow, and with a hideous dragon-head; but it is not there now. And because of that alabaster god, these things happened.

Sir Lemuel Jones, C. I. E., was Chief Commissioner of Burma. Lawrence Jones, captain of the "tramp" steamer "Newcastle Maid," was his brother. More than that, they were twins, as like as two drops of water. It was *kismet* that Sir Lemuel should rise to be Chief Commissioner, while it was Larry's own fault that he was only captain of a freighter. But they both enjoyed themselves, each after his kind.

One morning in November the "Newcastle Maid" glided up the Irawadi and swung to moorings just off the main wharf at Rangoon. Larry had not seen his brother for years; and, for the matter of that, did not care if many more years passed before he saw him. Their paths ran at right angles. He was there for a cargo of rice, not to renew family ties.

It was because the chief engineer of the "Newcastle Maid" was a man after his own heart that he said, before going ashore: "I don't want to get into a gale here, for I've had a letter from the owners over that last break I made in Calcutta; if I come off seas over, just lock me in the cabin, and don't let me out. No matter what I say, keep me there until I'm braced up."

Then the captain went ashore. "I want to see the Golden Pagoda," said he, as he chartered a *gharry*.

"Come quickly, I'm waiting," whispered the yellow image of Buddha, the alabaster god, in his ear. It was there, in the funny little temple all decked out with Chinese lanterns, and tinsel, and grotesque gods. Straight the influence led him to it—to the dragon-headed god.

Stealing was not one of Larry's vices, but what matters man's ways when the gods are running his life for him? It scorched his fingers when he touched it; and when it was in his pocket it scorched his mind. The demon of impulse took possession of the captain. "I must do something," and he thought of the usual routine—whisky. It held out no pleasing prospect. "Something else, something else; something worthy of Captain Jones," whispered the little god.

He took a drive out through the cantonments. As he bowled along in the old *gharry* a new experience came to him. Gentlemen lifted their hats; and ladies driving in their carriages smiled and bowed in the most gracious manner.

"I wonder if there's anything sticking to my face," thought Larry, and he passed his hand carefully over its rounded surface; it seemed all right.

But still they kept it up—everybody he

met; and one officer, galloping by on his pony, took a pull at the animal's head and shouted, "Are you coming to the club to-night, sir?"

"No!" roared the captain; for he hadn't the faintest idea of going to a club without an invitation.

"They'll be awfully disappointed," came the echo of the officer's voice as the *gharry* opened up a gap between them.

"Very kind," muttered Larry; "but I fancy they'll get over it. Must have taken me for somebody else."

And the dragon grin on the face of the alabaster god in his pocket spread out until it was hideous to look upon. Larry didn't see this; he was busy staring open-mouthed at the image of himself sitting in a carriage just in front. The carriage was turning out of a compound, and blocked the road, so that his own driver was forced to stop. He recognized the other man. It was Sir Lemuel, his twin brother.

The recognition was mutual. The commissioner bowed quite coldly as the captain called out, "How are you, Lemuel?"

Then the big Waler horses whipped the carriage down the road at a slashing gait, and Larry was left alone with The Thing in his pocket.

"So that's why they've been taking off their hats to me," he mused. "They take me for Sir Lemuel. Great time he must have ruling these yellow niggers out here. I'd like to be in his shoes just for a day, to see how it feels to be King of Burma."

All the way back to the hotel he was thinking about it. Arrived there he wrote a note addressed to the Chief Commissioner, and sent it off by a native. "That will bring him," he muttered; "he always was a bit afraid of me."

It was six o'clock when Sir Lemuel arrived in his carriage. There was a great scurrying about of servants, and no end of salaaming the "Lat" Sahib; for it was not often the Chief Commissioner honored the hotel with his presence. He was shown to Captain Jones's room.

"Take a seat, Lem," said Captain Larry cheerfully. "I wanted to see you, and thought you'd rather come here than receive me at Government House."

"Please be brief, then," said Sir Lemuel, in his most dignified manner; "I have to attend a dinner at the club to-night in honor of the return of our Judicial Commissioner."

"Oh, Sir Lemuel will be there in time for that," chuckled the captain. "But first, Lem, for the sake of old times, I want you to drink a glass of wine with me. You know we took a drink together pretty often the first year of our existence." Then he broke into a loud sailor laugh that irritated the Commissioner.

"While I don't approve of drinking to the extent you have carried it," said Sir Lemuel, with judicial severity, "still I can't refuse a glass proffered by my brother."

"Your twin brother," broke in Larry; "of whom you've always been so fond, you know."

"I really must be going, so please tell me why you've sent for me." But when he had drunk the glass of wine, he gave up all idea of going anywhere but to sleep —for it was drugged.

Then Captain Larry stripped his brother, peeled the august body of the Commissioner as one would strip a willow, and draped him in his own sailor outfit. "You're a groggy-looking captain," he said, as he tried to brace the figure up in a big chair; "you're a disgrace to the service. You'll have your papers taken away, first thing you know."

He had put the alabaster god on the table while he was making the transfer.

"This is all your doing," he said, addressing the figure.

When he had arrayed himself in the purple and fine linen of the Commissioner, he emptied the contents of the bottle of wine through the window. Then he went below and spoke to the proprietor. "The captain up-stairs, who had an important communication to make to me, has become suddenly most completely intoxicated. Never saw a man get drunk so quick in my life. Can you have him sent off to his ship, so that he won't get in disgrace? It's my express wish that this should be done, as he has been of service to me."

"All right, sir," exclaimed the hotel-keeper, touching his forehead with his forefinger in salute, "I will get Captain Davin, who is a great friend of his, to take him off right away."

"Most considerate man, the Chief Commissioner," remarked the boniface, as the carriage rolled away.

The carriage swung in under a shedlike portico at the front of a big straggling bungalow. The driver pulled up his horses; the two yaktail-bearing footmen, who had jumped down from their places behind as the carriage turned in off the

road, ran hastily up, opening the door and lowering the steps for The Presence, the Lat Sahib, the Father of all Burmans. Only, Father and all as he was, none of his children served in the house, the captain noticed. All the servants were from India.

"Hallo! there's the ship's log," exclaimed the captain, looking at the big visitors' book in the entrance. "Wonder where I've got to sign that. The ship musters a big crew," as he ran his eye down the long list of names.

"When does The Presence want the carriage?" asked a ponderous, much-liveried native servant, making a deep salaam.

The captain pulled out his watch—Sir Lemuel's watch. "It's a beauty," he mused, as his eyes fell on its rich yellow sides. "Right away, mate—I mean bos'n—that is, tell him not to go away. Wonder what that fellow's proper title is on the muster?"

"Ah, you're to dine at the club to-night, Sir Lemuel," a cheery English voice said, as a young man came out of a room on the right.

"I know that," angrily answered Larry. "I don't have to be told my business."

"Certainly, Sir Lemuel; but you asked me to jog your memory, as you are so apt to forget these things, you know."

"Quite right, quite right," answered the captain. "If you catch me forgetting anything else, just hold out a signal—that is, tip me the wink, will you?"

"We've had a telegram from Lady Jones, Sir Lemuel——"

The cold perspiration stood out on the captain's forehead. This was something he had forgotten all about. A bachelor himself, it had never occurred to him that Sir Lemuel was probably married and that he would have to face the wife.

"Where is she? When is she coming back?" he gasped.

"Oh, Sir Lemuel, it was only to say that she had arrived safely in Prome."

"Thank God for that!" exclaimed the captain, with a rare burst of reverence.

The private secretary looked rather astonished. Sir Lemuel had always been a very devoted husband, but not the sort of man to give way to an expression of strong feeling simply because his wife had arrived at the end of her journey.

"Do you happen to remember what she said about coming back?" he asked of the wondering secretary.

"No, Sir Lemuel; but she'll probably remain till her sister is out of danger—a couple of weeks, perhaps."

"Of course, of course," said the captain. "Thank the Lord!—I mean I'm so glad that she's had a safe voyage," he corrected himself, heaving a great sigh of relief. "That's one rock out of the channel," he muttered.

A bearer was waiting patiently for him to go and change his dress. The captain whistled softly to himself when he saw the dress suit all laid out and everything in perfect order for a "quick change," as he called it. As he finished dressing, the "bos'n," he of the gorgeous livery, appeared, announcing, "Johnson Sahib, sir."

"Who?" queried Captain Larry.

"Sec'tary Sahib, sir."

"Oh, that's my private secretary," he thought.

"I've brought the speech, Sir Lemuel," said the young man, as he entered. "You'll hardly have time to go through it before we start."

The captain slipped the speech and the little alabaster god in his pocket, and they were soon bowling along to the official dinner. "Look here, Johnson," he said, "I think fever or something's working on me. I can't remember men's faces, and get their names all mixed up. I wouldn't go to this dinner to-night if I hadn't promised to. I ought to stay aboard the ship—I mean I ought to stay at home. Now I want you to help me through, and if it goes off all right, I'll double your salary next month. Safe to promise that," he muttered to himself. "Let Lem attend to it."

At the club, as the captain entered, the band struck up "God save the Queen."

"By jingo, we're late!" he said; "the show's over."

"He *has* got fever or sun, sure," thought his companion. "Oh, no, Sir Lemuel; they're waiting for you, to sit down to dinner. There's Mr. Barnes, the Judicial Commissioner, talking to Colonel Short, sir," added the secretary, pointing to a tall, clerical looking gentleman. "He's looking very much cut up over the loss of his wife."

"Wife dead, must remember that," thought Larry.

Just then the Judicial Commissioner caught sight of the captain, and hastened forward to greet him. "How do you do, dear Sir Lemuel? I called this afternoon. So sorry to find that Lady Jones was away. You must find it very lonely, Sir Lemuel; I understand this is the first time you have been separated during the many years of your married life."

"Yes, I shall miss the little woman. That great barracks is not the same without her sweet little face about."

"That's a pretty tall order," ejaculated a young officer to a friend. And it was, considering that Lady Jones was an Amazonian type of woman, five feet ten, much given to running the whole state, and known as the "Ironclad." But Larry didn't know that, and had to say something.

"Dear Lady Jones," sighed the Judicial Commissioner pathetically. "I suppose she returns almost immediately."

"The Lord forbid—at least, not for a few days. I want her to enjoy herself while she's away. You will feel the loss of your wife, Mr. Barnes, even more than I; for, of course, she will *never* come back to you."

To say that general consternation followed this venture of the captain's is drawing it very mild indeed, for the J. C.'s wife was not dead at all, but had wandered far away with a lieutenant in a Madras regiment.

"It's the Ironclad put him up to that. She was always down on the J. C. for marrying a girl half his age," said an assistant Deputy Commissioner to a man standing beside him.

The secretary was tugging energetically at the captain's coat tails. "What is it, Johnson?" he asked, suddenly realizing the tug.

"Dinner is on, sir."

"Rare streak of humor the chief is developing," said Captain Lushton, with a laugh. "Fancy he's rubbing it into Barnes on account of that appeal case."

Owing to the indisposition of the Chief Commissioner, by special arrangement the secretary sat at his left, which was rather fortunate; for, by the time dinner was over, the captain had looked upon the wine and seen that it was good—had looked several times. What with the worry of keeping his glass empty, and answering, with more or less relevance, respectful questions addressed to him from different parts of the table, he pretty well forgot all about the speech lying in his lap. Once or twice he looked at it, but the approaches to the facts were so ambiguous, and veiled so carefully under such expressions as, "It is deemed expedient under existing circumstances," etc., that he got very little good from it. One or two facts he gleaned, however: that owing to the extraordinary exertion of the Judicial Commissioner all the dacoits had either been hung, transported to the Andamans, or turned from their evil course and made into peaceable tillers of the soil; their two-handed *dah* had been dubbed up, more or less, into a ploughshare.

"Glad of that," thought the captain. "Hate those beastly dacoits. They're like mutineers on shipboard. The padre-like lawyer must be a good one."

Another point that loomed up on his sailor vision like the gleam of a lighthouse was a reference to a petition calling attention to the prevalence of crime connected with sailors during the shipping season, and asking for the establishment of a separate police court, with a special magistrate, to try these cases.

"Shall we have the honor of your presence at the races to-morrow?" pleasantly asked a small, withy man, four seats down the table.

The captain was caught unawares, and blurted out, "Where are they?"

"On the race-course, sir."

The answer was a simple, straightforward one, but, nevertheless, it made everybody laugh.

"I thought they were on the moon," said the captain, in a nettled tone.

A man doesn't laugh at a Chief Commissioner's joke, as a rule, because it's funny, but the mirth that followed this was genuine enough.

"Sir Lemuel is coming out," said Captain Lushton. "Pity the Ironclad wouldn't go away every week."

In the natural order of things, Sir Lemuel had to respond to the toast of "The Queen." Now the secretary had very carefully and elaborately prepared the Chief Commissioner's speech for this occasion. Sir Lemuel had conscientiously "mugged" it up, and if he had not at that moment been a prisoner on board the "Newcastle Maid" would have delivered it with a pompous sincerity which would have added to his laurels as a deep thinker and brilliant speaker. But the captain of a tramp steamer, with a mixed cargo of sherry, hock, and dry monopole in his stomach, and a mischief-working alabaster god in his pocket, is not exactly the proper person to deliver a statistical, semi-official after-dinner speech.

When the captain rose to his feet, the secretary whispered in his ear, "For heaven's sake, don't say anything about the Judicial's wife. Talk about dacoits;" but the speech, so beautifully written, so lucid in its meaning, and so complicated in its detail, became a waving sea of foam.

From out the billowy waste of this indefinite mass there loomed only the tall figure of the cadaverous J. C.; and attached to it, as a tangible something, the fact that he had lost his wife and settled the dacoits.

It was glorious, this getting up before two strings of more or less bald-headed officials to tell them how the state ought to be run—the ship steered, as it were. "Gentlemen," he began, starting off bravely enough, "we are pleased to have among us once more our fellow skipper, the Judicial Commissioner."

"The old buck's got a rare streak of humor on to-night," whispered Lushton.

"His jovial face adds to the harmony of the occasion. I will not allude to his late loss, as we all know how deeply he feels it."

"Gad! but he's rubbing it in," said Lushton.

"I repeat, we are glad to have him among us once again. My secretary assures me that there's not a single dacoit left alive in the province. There's nothing like putting these rebellious chaps down. I had a mutiny myself once, on board 'The Kangaroo.' I shot the ringleaders and made every mother's son of the rest of them walk the plank. So I'm proud of the good work the Judicial has done in this respect."

Now, it had been a source of irritating regret to every Deputy Commissioner in the service that when he had caught a dacoit red-handed, convicted, and sentenced him to be hanged, and sent the ruling up to the Judicial for confirmation, he had been promptly sat on officially, and the prisoner either pardoned or let off with a light sentence. Consequently these little pleasantries of the captain were looked upon as satire.

"There is one other little matter I wish to speak about," continued the captain, in the most natural manner possible, "and that is, the prevalence of what we might call 'sailor crimes' in Rangoon." He told in the most graphic manner of the importance of the shipping interests, for he was right at home on that subject, and wound up by saying: "I've been presented with a largely signed petition praying for the establishment of another assistant magistrate's court to try these cases, presided over by a man more or less familiar with the shipping interests. Now, that's the only sensible thing I ever heard talked of in this heathen land. Set a thief to catch a thief, I say. Put the ship in charge of a sailor himself—of a captain. None of your landlubbers."

His theme was carrying him away; he was on deck again. But the others thought it was only his humor; the strange, unaccountable humor that had taken possession of him since the Ironclad had let go her hold.

"Now, I know of a most worthy captain," he continued, "who would fill this billet with honor to himself and profit to the Judicial. His name is Captain Jones—a namesake of my own, I may say—of the 'Newcastle Maid,' 2,000 tons register. I've known him ever since he was a babe, and the sailors won't fool him, I can tell you. I'd a talk with him this evening down at the hotel, and he's just the man for the job. I'd sign the papers appointing him to-morrow if they were put before me. He ought to have a good salary, though," he said, as he sat down, rather abruptly, some of them thought.

The secretary sighed as he shoved in his pocket the written speech, which the captain had allowed to slip to the floor. "It'll do for another time, I suppose," he said wearily; "when he gets over this infernal touch of sun or Burma head."

People in India get used to that sort of thing happening—of their older officials saying startling things sometimes. That's what the fifty-five years' service is for—to prevent it. The other speeches did not appeal to Captain Larry much; nor, for the matter of that, to the others either. He had certainly made the hit of the evening.

"It's great, this," he said bucolically to the secretary, as they drove home.

"What, sir?"

"Why, making speeches, and driving home in your own carriage. I hate going aboard ship in a jiggledy *sampan* at night. I'll have a string of wharves put all along the front there, so that ships won't have to load at their moorings. Just put me in mind of that to-morrow."

Next day there was considerable diversion on the "Newcastle Maid." "The old man's got the D. T.'s," the chief engineer told the first officer. "I locked him in his cabin last night when they brought him off, and he's banging things around there in great shape. Swears he's the ruler of Burma and Sir Gimnel Somebody. I won't let him out till he gets all right again, for he'd go up to the agents with this cock-and-bull story. They'd cable home to the owners, and he'd be taken out of the ship sure."

That's why Sir Lemuel tarried for a day on the "Newcastle Maid." Nobody would go near him but the chief engineer, who handed him meat and drink through a port-hole and laughed soothingly at his fancy tales.

After *chota hazre* next morning, the secretary brought to Captain Larry a large basket of official papers for his perusal and signature. That was Sir Lemuel's time for work. His motto was, business first, and afterwards more business. Each paper was carefully contained in a cardboard holder secured by red tape.

"The log, eh, mate?" said Larry, when the secretary brought them into his room. "It looks ship-shape, too."

"This file, sir, is the case of Deputy Commissioner Grant, 1st Grade, of Bungaloo. He has memorialized the government that Coatsworth, 2nd Grade, has been appointed over his head to the commissionership of Bhang. He's senior to Coatsworth, you know, sir, in the service."

"Well, why has Coatsworth been made first mate then?"

"Grant's afraid it's because he offended you, sir, when you went to Bungaloo. He received you in a *jahran* coat, you remember, and you were awfully angry about it."

"Oh, I was, was I? Just shows what an ass Sir Lemuel can be sometimes. Make Grant a commissioner at once, and I'll sign the papers."

"But there's no commissionership open, sir, unless you set back Coatsworth."

"Well, I'll set him back. I'll discharge him from the service. What else have you got there? What's that bundle on the deck?"

"They're native petitions, sir."

Larry took up one. It began with an oriental profusion of gracious titles bestowed upon the commissioner, and went into business by stating that the writer, Baboo Sen's, wife had got two children "by the grace of God and the kind favor of Sir Lemuel, the Father of all Burmans." And the long petition was all to the end that Baboo Sen might have a month's leave of absence.

Larry chuckled, for he did not understand the complex nature of a Baboo's English. The next petition gave him much food for thought; it made his head ache. The English was like logarithms. "Here," he said to the secretary, "you fix these petitions up later; I'm not used to them."

He straightened out the rest of the official business in short order. Judgments that would have taken the wind out of Solomon's sails, he delivered with a rapidity that made the secretary's head swim. They were not all according to the code, and would probably not stand if sent up to the privy council. At any rate, they would give Sir Lemuel much patient undoing when he came into his own again. The secretary unlocked the official seal, and worked it, while the captain limited his signature to "L. Jones."

"That's not forgery," he mused; "it means 'Larry Jones.'"

"The Chief's hand is pretty shaky this morning," thought the secretary; for the signature was not much like the careful clerkly hand that he was accustomed to see.

Sir Lemuel's wine had been a standing reproach to Government House. A dinner there either turned a man into a teetotaler or a dyspeptic; and at *tiffin*, when the captain broached a bottle of it, he set his glass down with a roar. "He's brought me the vinegar," he exclaimed, "or the coal oil. Is there no better wine in the house than this?" he asked the butler; and when told there wasn't, he insisted upon the secretary writing out an order at once for fifty dozen Pommery. "Have it back in time for dinner, sure! I'll leave some for Lem too; this stuff isn't good for his blood," he said to himself grimly.

"I'm glad this race meet is on while I'm king," he thought, as he drove down after *tiffin*, taking his secretary with him. "They say the Prince of Wales always gets the straight tip, and I'll be sure to be put on to something good."

And he was. Captain Lushton told him that his mare "Nettie" was sure to win the "Rangoon Plate," forgetting to mention that he himself had backed "Tomboy" for the same race.

"Must have wrenched a leg," Lushton assured Larry when "Nettie" came in absolutely last.

It was really wonderful how many "good things" he got on to that did run last, or thereabouts. It may have been the little alabaster Buddha in his pocket that brought him the bad luck; but as the secretary wrote "I. O. U.'s" for all the bets he made, and as Sir Lemuel would be into his own again before settling day, and would have to pay up, it did not really matter to the captain.

The regiment was so pleased with Sir Lemuel's contributions, that the best they had in their marquee was none too good

for him. The ladies found him an equally ready mark. Mrs. Leyburn was pretty, and had fish to fry. "I must do a little missionary work while the Ironclad's away," she thought. Her mission was to install her husband in the position of port officer. That came out later—came out at the ball that night. The captain assured her that he would attend.

There is always a sort of Donnybrook Derby at the end of a race day in Rangoon. Ponies are gently sequestered from their more or less willing owners, and handed over, minus their saddles, to sailors, who pilot them erratically around the course for a contributed prize. When the captain saw the hat going around for the prize money, he ordered the secretary to write out a "chit" for 200 rupees. "Give them something worth while, poor chaps," he said.

"And to think that the Ironclad has kept this bottled up so long," muttered Lushton.

"I always said you had a good heart," Mrs. Leyburn whispered to the captain. "If people would only let you show it," she added maliciously; meaning, of course, Lady Jones.

The Chief Commissioner was easily the most popular man in Burma that night. It was with difficulty the blue-jackets could be kept from carrying him home on their shoulders. "I hope Lem is looking after the cargo all right," murmured the captain, as he drove home to dinner. "I seem to be getting along nicely. Lucky the old cat's away."

The captain danced the opening quadrille at the ball with the wife of the Financial Commissioner, and bar a little enthusiastic rolling engendered of his sea life, and a couple of torn trails as they swept a little too close, he managed it pretty well. The secretary had piloted him that far. Then Mrs. Leyburn swooped down upon him.

There is an adornment indigenous to every ballroom in the East, known as the *kala jagah;* it may be a conservatory or a bay window. A quiet seat among the crotons, with the drowsy drone of the waltz flitting in and out among the leaves, is just the place to work a man.

I'm telling you this now; but Mrs. Leyburn knew it long ago: moons before Captain Larry opened the ball with the Financial Commissioner's wife. Not that Mrs. Leyburn was the only woman with a mission. Official life in India is full of them; only she had the start—that was all.

"It's scandalous," another missionary said to Captain Lushton. "They've been in there an hour—they've sat out three dances. I'm sorry for poor dear Lady Jones."

Among the crotons the missionary-in-the-field was saying: "I'm sure Jack ordered the launch to meet you at the steamer that time, Sir Lemuel. He knows you were frightfully angry about it, and has felt it terribly. He's simply afraid to ask you for the billet of port officer; and that horrible man who is acting officer now will get it, and poor Jack won't be able to send me up to Darjeeling next hot weather. And you'll be going for a month again next season, Sir Lemuel, won't you?"

Now, as it happened, the captain had had a row with the acting port officer coming up the river; so it was just in his mitt, as he expressed it. "I'll arrange it for Jack to-morrow," he said; "never fear, little woman." ("He spoke of you as Jack," she told Leyburn later on, "and it's all right, love. Lucky the Ironclad was away.")

A lady approaching from the ballroom heard a little rustle among the plants, pushed eagerly forward, and stood before them. Another missionary had entered the field. "I beg pardon, Sir Lemuel," and she disappeared.

"Perfectly scandalous!" she said, as she met Lushton. "Some one ought to advise dear Lady Jones of that designing creature's behavior."

"For Cupid's sake, don't," ejaculated Lushton fervently. "Let the old boy have his fling. He doesn't get out often."

"I've no intention of doing so myself," said his companion, with asperity.

But all the same a telegram went that night to Lady Jones at Prome, which bore good fruit next day, and much of it.

When they emerged from the crotons, Mrs. Leyburn was triumphant. The captain was also more or less pleased with things as they were. "Jack will probably crack Lem's head when he doesn't get his appointment," he thought.

The band was playing a waltz, and he and Mrs. Leyburn mingled with the swinging figures. As they rounded a couple that had suddenly steered across the captain's course, his coat-tails flew out a little too horizontally, and the yellow-faced alabaster god rolled on the floor. It spun around like a top for a few times, and then sat bolt upright, grinning with hideous familiarity at the astonished dancers. Not that many were dancing now, for a won-

dering crowd commenced to collect about the captain and the grotesque little Buddha. The lady-who-had-seen took in the situation in an instant; for jealousy acts like new wine on the intellect. She darted forward, picked up the obese little god, and, with a sweet smile on her gentle face, proffered it to the captain's companion, with the remark, "I think you've dropped one of your children's toys."

Captain Larry was speechless; he was like a hamstrung elephant, and as helpless.

A private secretary is a most useful adjunct to a Chief Commissioner, but a private secretary with brains is a jewel. So when Johnson stepped quickly forward and said, "Excuse me, madam, but that figure belongs to me; I dropped it," the captain felt as though a life-line had been thrown to him.

The secretary put the Buddha in his pocket; and it really appeared as though from that moment the captain's luck departed. He slipped away early from the ball; it seemed, somehow, as though the fun had gone out of the thing. He began to have misgivings as to the likelihood of the chief engineer keeping his brother shut up much longer. "I'll get out of this in the morning," he said, as he turned into bed. "I've had enough of it. I'll scuttle the ship and clear out."

This virtuous intention would have been easy of accomplishment, comparatively, if he had not slept until ten o'clock. When he arose, the secretary came to him with a troubled face. "There's a telegram from Lady Jones, Sir Lemuel, asking for the carriage to meet her at the station, and I've sent it. She's chartered a special train, and we expect her any moment."

"Great Scott! I'm lost!" moaned the captain. "I must get out of this. Help me dress quickly, that's a good fellow."

An official accosted him as he came out of his room. "I want to see you, Sir Lemuel."

"Is that your tom-tom at the door?" answered the captain, quite irrelevantly.

"Yes, Sir Lemuel."

"Well, just wait here for a few minutes. I've got to meet Lady Jones, and I'm late."

Jumping into the cart he drove off at a furious clip. Fate, in the shape of the Ironclad, swooped down upon him at the very gate. He met Lady Jones face to face.

"Stop!" she cried excitedly. "Where are you going, Sir Lemuel?"

"I'm not Sir Lemuel," roared back the disappointed captain.

"Nice exhibition you're making of yourself—Chief Commissioner of Burma."

"I'm not the Commissioner of Burma. I'm not your Sir Lemuel," he answered, anxious to get away at any cost.

"The man is mad. The next thing you'll deny that I'm your wife."

"Neither are you!" roared the enraged captain, and away he sped.

Lady Jones followed. It was a procession; the red spokes of the tom-tom twinkling in and out the bright patches of sunlight as it whirled along between the big banyan trees; and behind, the carriage, Lady Jones sitting bolt upright with set lips. The captain reached the wharf first. He was down the steps and into a *sampan* like a shot.

It was the only *sampan* there. The carriage dashed up at that instant. There was no other boat; there was nothing for it but to wait.

"Come, Lem, get into these duds and clear out," cried the captain, as he burst into his cabin.

"You villain! I'll have you sent to the Andamans for this," exclaimed the prisoner.

"Quick! Your wife's waiting on the dock," said Larry.

That had the desired effect; Sir Lemuel became as a child that had played truant.

"What have you done, Larry?" he cried pathetically. "You've ruined me."

"No, I've done you good. And I've left you some decent wine at the house. Get ashore before she comes off."

"There's no help for it," said Sir Lemuel. "There are your orders to proceed to Calcutta to load; your beastly chief engineer insisted on shoving them in to me."

"Don't 'my love' me!" said the Ironclad, when Sir Lemuel climbed penitently into the carriage. "An hour ago you denied that I was your wife."

And so they drove off, the *syce* taking the tom-tom back to its owner. It took Sir Lemuel days and days to straighten out the empire after the rule of the man who had been "King for a Day."

[*THE GENERAL MANAGER'S STORY.*]

ADVERSITIES OF A PASSENGER ENGINEER.

A NARRATIVE OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

By Herbert E. Hamblen ("Fred. B. Williams"), Author of "On Many Seas."

AN ADVENTURE WITH TRAIN ROBBERS.—ORGANIZING A STRIKE.—RUNNING INTO AN EXCURSION TRAIN.—AN ENCOUNTER WITH A DRUNKEN ENGINEER.

Illustrated with Drawings from Life by W. D. Stevens.

ONE night as I was running along at a good gait, crowding the speed limit a little,—for I was trying to make a certain siding ahead of the express,—some one shook me roughly by the shoulder, and said: "Hey, you!" I wondered that the fireman should be so energetic in addressing me; so it was in a fit of ill-humor that I pulled my head in, and snarling out, "What do you want?" looked along the barrel of a big revolver and into a pair of fierce eyes under the brim of a slouch hat. That was all I could see. But it was enough. I had scraped a hole in the paint on the gauge-lamp globe, to read orders by, and the ray of light from it showed me this unpleasant sight. The cab being all in darkness, the gun and eyes appeared as if suspended in space.

There was also a voice, and it said: "I want you to slack up, right here, so's we kin git off."

"All right, sir," said I, and I shut right off. I reached for the whistle cord to call for brakes, but the voice said: "Hol' on, sonny; none o' that; 'tain't healthy;" so I let her roll. "Git outer the way till I see," said the voice, which, as the fireman had opened the door, I could now see belonged to a big, square-shouldered six-footer. He took my place at the window, and when she had slowed down sufficiently, I could hear voices in the rear counting one, two, three. They were counting themselves as they jumped off. The third man, after calling out his number, sang out, "All right." My friend with the ordnance climbed down on the step and dropped off without a word, and I went on. Presently the conductor came ahead to know why I had shut off. I told him to let off a gang of tramps. That night the express was half an hour late, and passed me in the siding, at the rate of seventy miles an hour.

She had been flagged near where my "tramps" got off. One fellow got on the engine, and entertained the engineer and fireman, while his three partners looted the express car and took up a collection from the passengers.

After that, all freight engines and cabooses were furnished with arms, and as if by magic the tramps deserted our road for nearly a year, by which time the guns had become lost or stolen or useless, and gradually the tramps returned, soon becoming as pestiferous as before.

Owing to the efforts of a firm of real estate speculators, business began to boom on the road to such an extent that two new suburban trains were put on, calling for three passenger engineers, one for each engine, and one to swing between them and take part of a day from each, as the miles and hours were too long.

I was one of the lucky three, and at last found myself in charge of the head end of a passenger train. Being the youngest, I had the relief. That didn't suit me very well, for an engineer always wants to *own* his engine, fix things to suit himself, and have no one to interfere with her. However, it was so very much better than any job I had ever had, that for some time I thought I had reached the very acme of my ambition, and would never ask for anything more; but I had not been on the train six months before a condition arose that was as unpleasant as it was unexpected. It seems that for a couple of years previously the road had not been paying satisfactory dividends, so the board of directors unseated the president and general manager and filled those offices with others, pledged to retrenchment.

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The shop crews were reduced, and even those who were retained were put on short time.

A COSTLY POLICY OF RETRENCHMENT.

A howl went up at once. It was impossible to get work done on engines and cars; breakdowns on the road became the rule instead of, as heretofore, the exception; conductors and engineers had to do most of the repairing when in the side track. The want of links and pins kept the train crews on the lookout for "iron." As brake-shoes were never renewed while a vestige remained, several wrecks were caused by inability to stop trains, any one of which cost the company more than all the brake-shoes used on the road in a year, and for once "no brakes" became, if not a valid, at least a reasonable excuse.

Cheap oil that would not lubricate cut our journals and crankpins, and, besides the time lost on the road, the cars and engines had to be laid up for want of shop men to repair them. Waste was no longer issued, so that the engines became coated with grease and dirt, making it next to impossible to detect a fracture in any of the parts. Under this reform administration the quality of the fuel became so depreciated that it was impossible to make time, the first result of which was that engineers and firemen were suspended, and the next, that business fell off, for people would neither ship their goods nor travel on a road where the service was so unreliable.

Within three months two engines were wrecked, and their engineers killed by broken parallel rods tearing up through the cabs, like huge iron flails, and flogging them to death. In the suit for damages brought by their widows,—as it was proved that the men had reported the necessity of having the brasses in those rods reduced for weeks, but there were no men to do it,—the company had to pay heavy damages. A broken driving-wheel tire ditched a passenger train—more damages.

Discontent was rampant; grumbling and cursing at the management became the order of the day. There was not a mile of safe track on the whole line. The wrecking train was hardly ever idle, and on more than one occasion it became necessary to send another train out to bring her in.

While we were laboring under these aggravating inconveniences, an order was posted on the bulletin board to the effect that, after the first of the next month, all employees receiving one dollar and a half per day, or over, would be cut ten per cent. until further notice. This included engineers, firemen, conductors, and brakemen. The men gathered in knots and discussed the cut; but as there appeared to be no prospect of their arriving at an understanding, Frank Manly, my friend and particular chum, and I adjourned to my room and drew up two notices, as follows:

NOTICE.

All employees of this road engaged in train service who are dissatisfied with bulletin order No. 3, of June 14th, which orders a reduction of ten per cent. in all salaries of $1.50, or over, are requested to meet at Schroeder's assembly room on the evening of July 1st, at 8.15 sharp. By order of

THE COMMITTEE.

These we printed with pen and ink, so as to make it impossible for any one to trace our handwriting; for, never having written anything of importance before, we had an exaggerated idea of our present undertaking. Then we had them posted, one on the round-house bulletin board and one on the conductor's bulletin board. But it proved hard enough to get the men to the meeting. The genuine railroader, although he would like exceedingly to possess the earth and the fulness thereof, is so everlastingly afraid of losing his job, that he submits to impositions that would cause a revolt in a Chinese laundry, contenting himself with damning the company in a low voice from behind the coal-pile or in the seclusion of his home, while a nod of recognition from the division superintendent, or the mention of his first name by the master mechanic, sets his heart to fluttering with ardent self-congratulations.

The meeting really accomplished nothing, and we held a second, and then a third, when a motion was finally passed to appoint a committee to wait on the president. I started in to nominate members for the committee. After I had nominated half a dozen unwilling candidates, an old fellow jumped up and bawled out: "Sa-ay! you've nominated about everybody in the room to serve on this committee, an' now, by gum, I nominate you." There was a roar of laughter at this, and as soon as it subsided, I turned to the chairman, and said, "I accept." This brought down the house. When the cheering was over I nominated the previous speaker, and amid

more noise he accepted. After this we had but little trouble in completing our committee.

AN APPEAL TO THE PRESIDENT.

The next day at eleven o'clock, we of the committee sat dressed in our best clothes in the anteroom of the president's office, waiting for an answer to our request for an audience. Presently the door of the spacious private office was thrown wide open, and we were requested to enter. Hats in hands, and hearts in mouths, we filed in, I, in virtue of my office as chairman, at the head. Standing in the middle of the room, both hands in his pockets, his feet spread wide apart, and with an extremely fragrant cigar cocked at an angle of forty-five towards his left eye, was a tall, gray, spare man, plainly but expensively dressed, who when we at last got ourselves shuffled into some kind of order before him, ran his eye keenly along our rank and said:

"Well, gentlemen, I understand that you are a committee representing the employees of my road. Which is your chairman?"

I told him that I was the chairman.

"Ah, yes! what is your name, please?"

I told him.

"And your occupation?"

"Engineer."

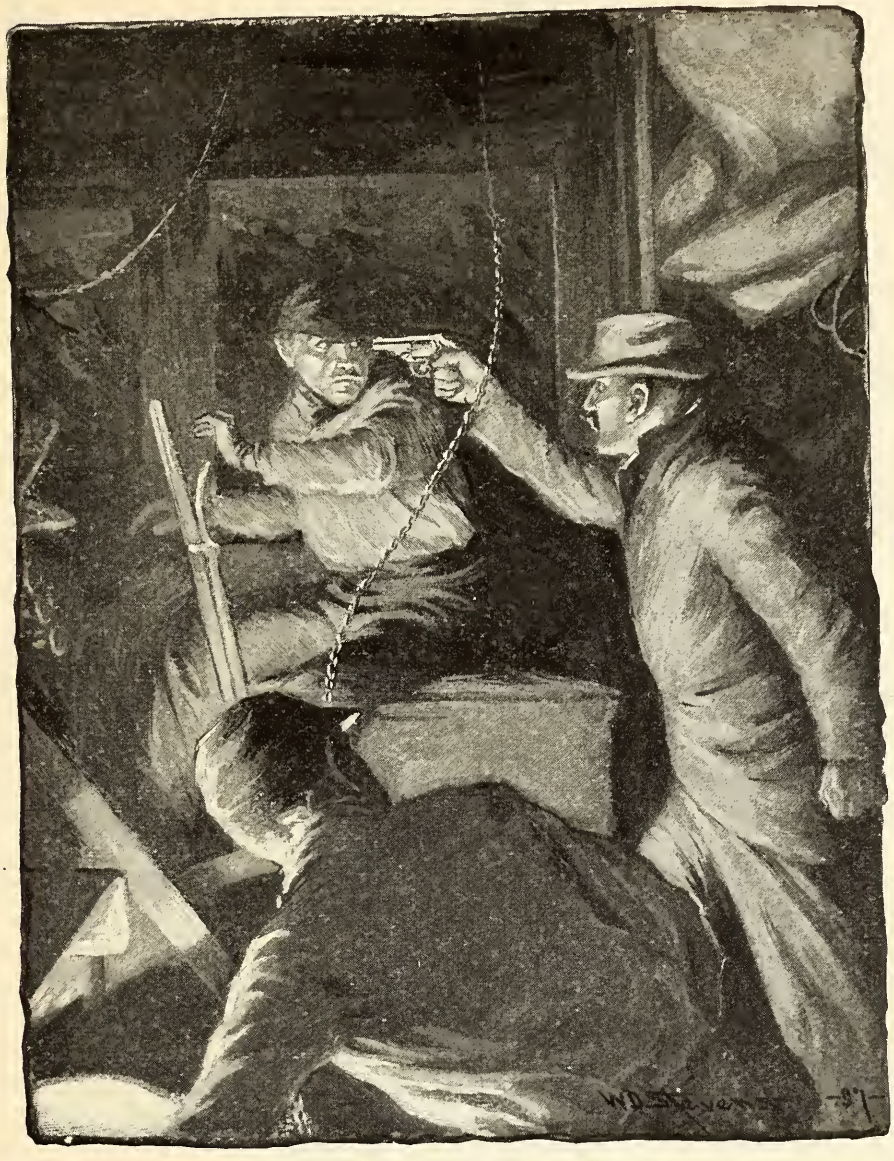
"Yes? very well; now you may introduce your committee, please, giving their names and occupations."

As I called out their names I could see each individual committeeman shrink and shrivel under the keen critical glance of the magnate, who evidently regarded us as imbeciles or freaks, an odd lot to be studied a bit, wheedled into subjection if possible, but under no circumstances to be allowed to interfere with his financial policy.

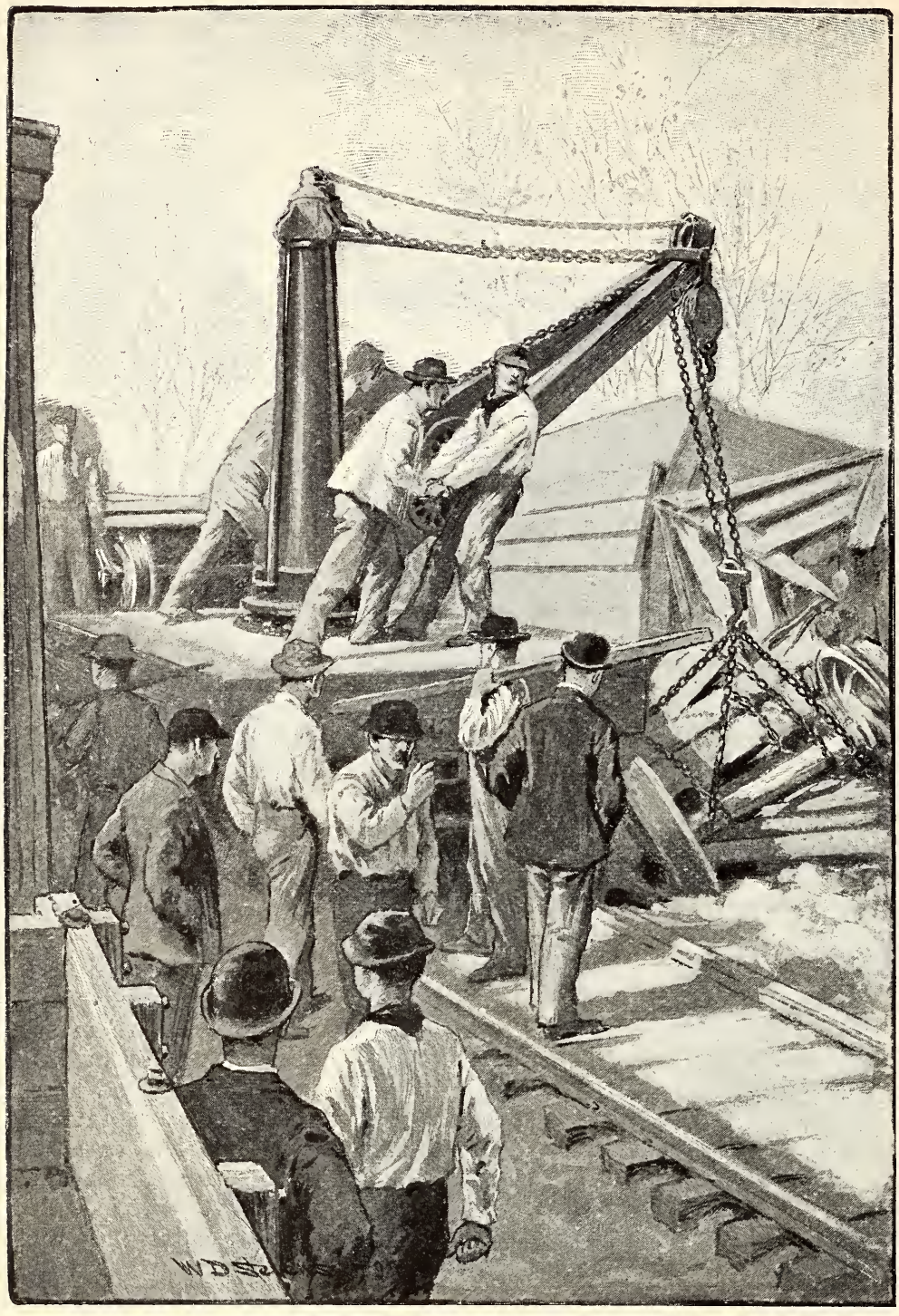
And the committee! I know that every mother's son of them was cursing the enthusiastic folly that caused him to accept the appointment.

The brief ceremony of introduction over, the president asked, with a cynical smile: "Well, gentlemen, what can I do for you?" I told him our errand, and he asked if we thought we were more competent to manage the property than he was. Remembering that he was the president, I lyingly told him no. I told him that we didn't expect or wish to manage the property, but that we were working harder than we had ever done before, and getting less pay, which we didn't consider just.

He said that circumstances, which we would not be able to understand, had reduced the earning capacity of the road so that it was unable to pay the interest on its bonds and pay the wages we had heretofore received. He said that if the investors didn't get satisfactory returns for



"GIT OUTER THE WAY TILL I SEE."



"THE WRECKING TRAIN WAS HARDLY EVER IDLE."

their money they would have the road put in the hands of a receiver; and then we should be paid in scrip, which we should have to sell for what anybody chose to give for it. Did we think we should be any better off then?

I said, "We don't think—" "Hold on, young man," said he; "you're doing altogether too much of the talking. I want to hear from some of the others." Then pointing to the old conductor who had nominated me on the committee, he said: "You're an old railroad man, and, I presume, a man of family; which would you prefer to do—take home your pay at the end of the month in cash, and, by sacrificing ten per cent. for a short time, help to put the road on a paying basis; or receive your pay in scrip, which you would have to sell for perhaps twenty-five per cent., or more, less than its face value, for an indefinite time?"

"I can't pay my bills with what I'm gittin' now," said the old fellow.

The president bit his lip and flushed at the miscarriage of his attempt to flatter the old man into becoming his ally, and said, with ill-suppressed anger: "I'm afraid the exorbitant wages that you men have been receiving heretofore have induced you to live extravagantly; you should economize; I have to. My salary has been reduced in the same proportion as yours, but I don't go to the board of directors and complain; I accept the situation, and am willing to accept even a further reduction, if necessary, to enable the road to pull through. You men don't understand the situation."

"Probably," said Denny King, the fireman, "you get more now than all of us put together."

"Yes, I presume I do. Presidents are usually paid a higher salary than firemen. But come, I haven't time to stand here talking all day. What do you men want? What is it that you expect me to do?"

"We were sent here, sir, by all the men

engaged in train service, to ask you to restore our pay, and they will expect an answer from you. What are we to tell them?" said I.

"You will tell them that I cannot possibly do so, at this time. But as soon as the earnings of the road will warrant the extra expense, I will consider the matter."

"Then you won't promise that we shall ever get it?" said I.

He was angry again, we could see that; but he controlled himself, thought a moment, and then said: "You may tell them from me, that every man from the president down has been included in this reduction of salaries; that I *hope* it will be only a temporary necessity; and that when the time comes to restore them, the restoration shall begin with the lowest-salaried employees, and I will be the last to benefit by it. I can say no more now. If that isn't satisfactory to you, you'll have to do whatever you see fit."

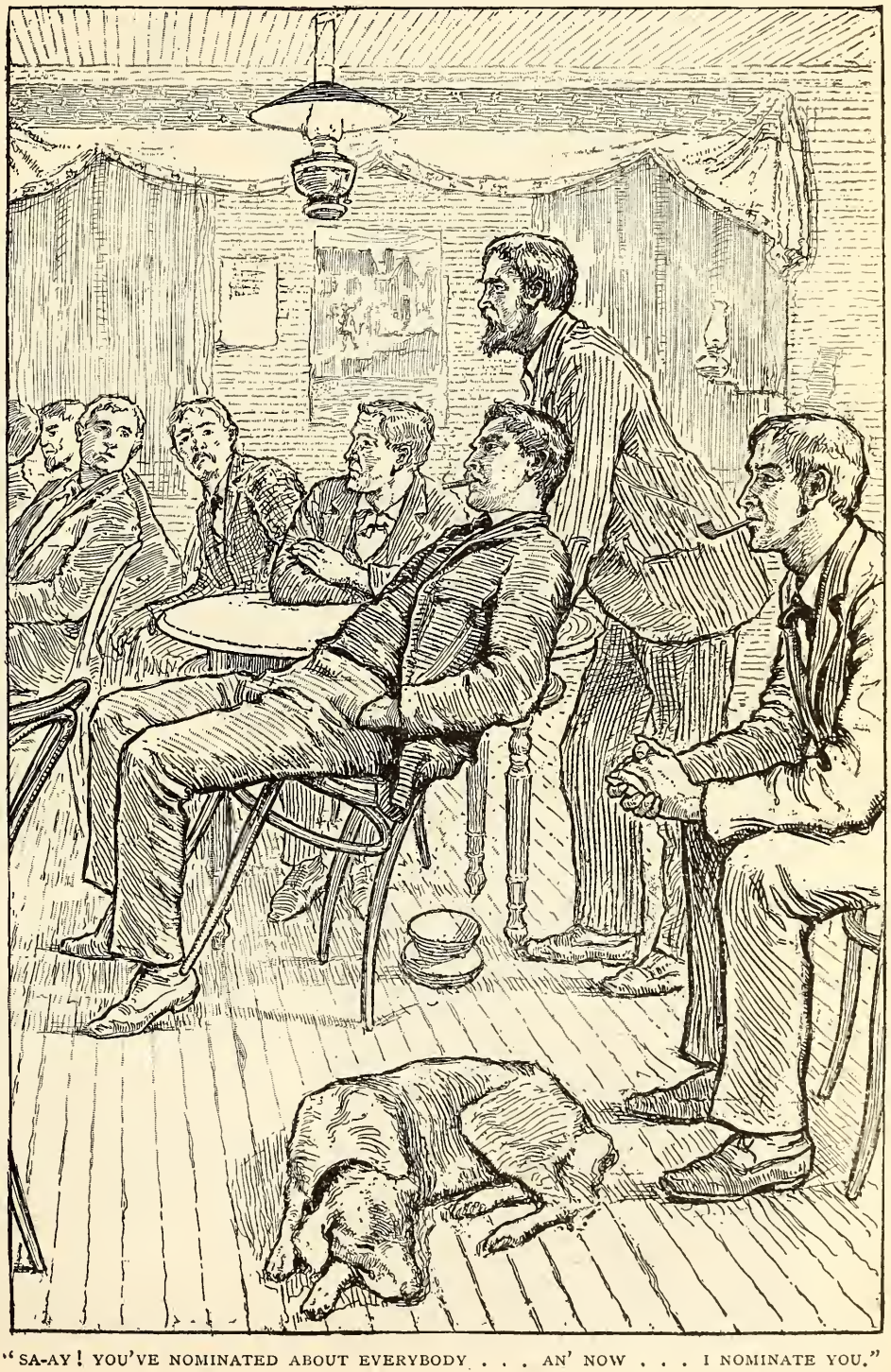
Turning his back to us, he sat down and began to write. Seeing that there was no more to be said, we walked out without so much as saying good day.

We made our report to the meeting that evening, and a furious debate followed. A vote was taken on the sense of the meeting, and it was shown that nearly three-fourths of those present were in favor of giving the company ample time to show whether they intended to deal fairly by us or not.

TAKING VENGEANCE ON THE EMPLOYEES.

But it would seem that the president was indeed bent on having trouble; for now there commenced a series of discharges for the most trivial causes, and the victims were not the radicals either, but they were almost invariably the conservative old fellows who had been for years in the employ of the company, who had the best trains, and considered themselves fixtures; and who had wisely told us that we mustn't think that we could dictate to a railroad company.

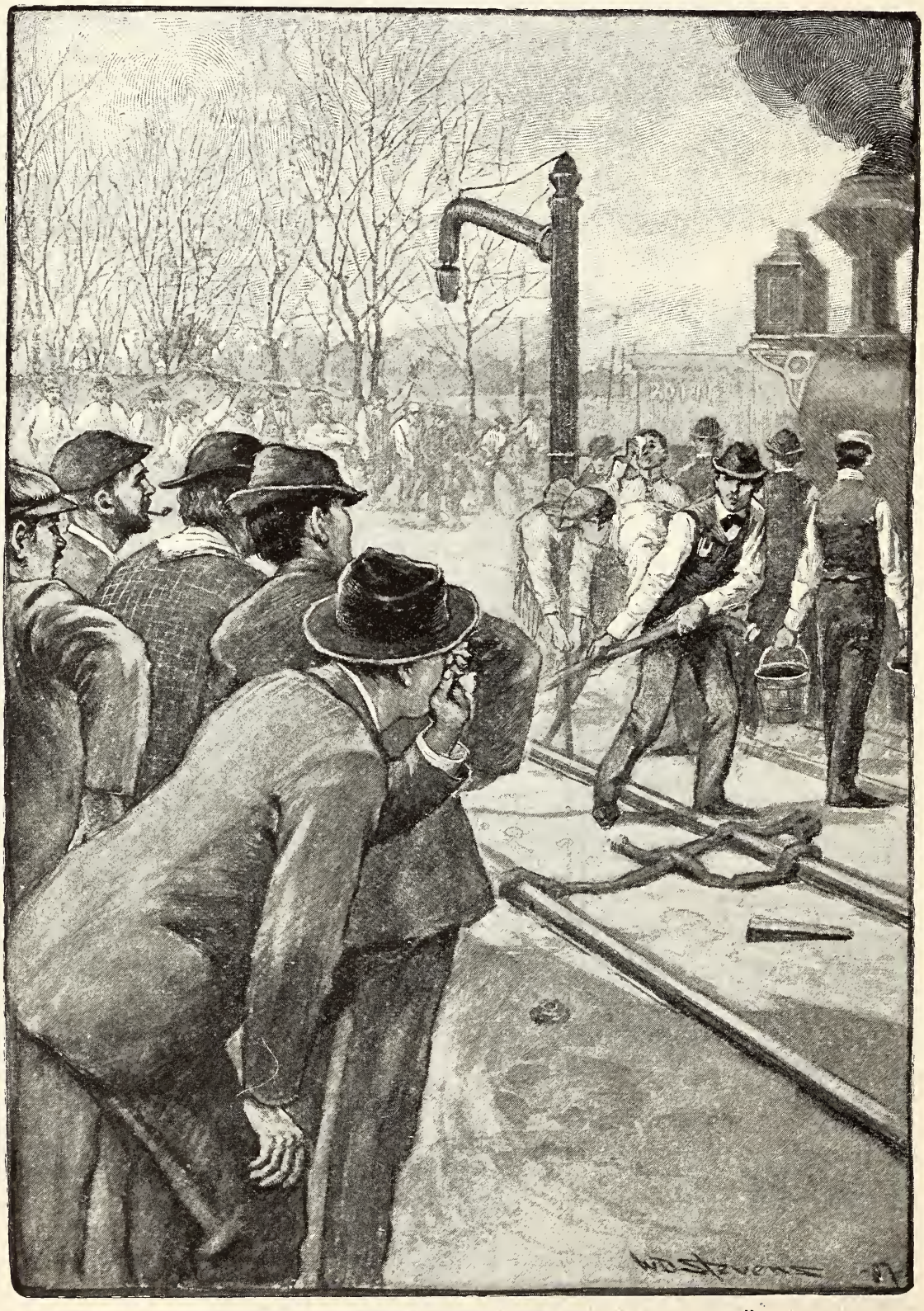
Matters had been going on like this for nearly a year when a rumor began to circulate that the general officers had been put on full pay again. This was soon confirmed by one of the daily papers in a signed article. We called a special meet-



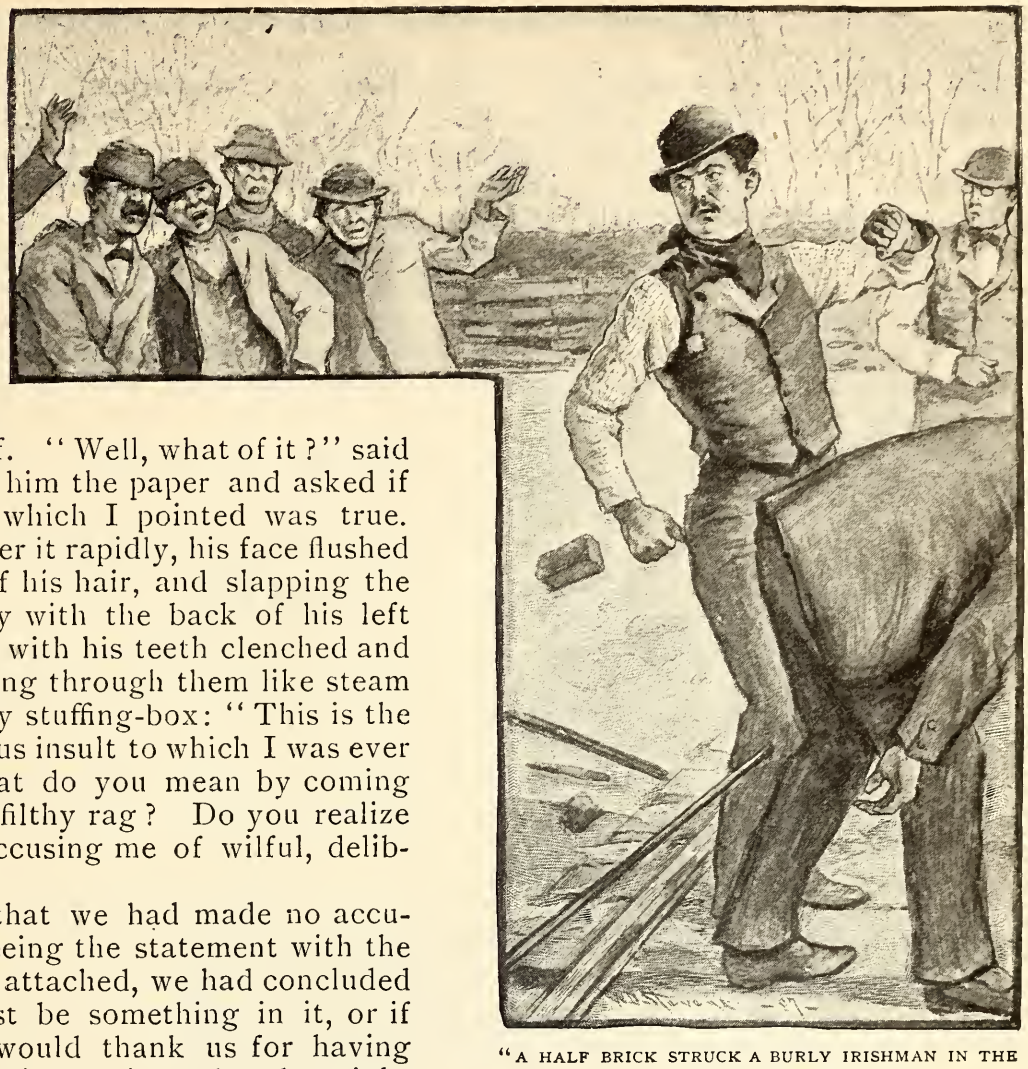
"SA-AY! YOU'VE NOMINATED ABOUT EVERYBODY . . . AN' NOW . . . I NOMINATE YOU."

ing to consider this new grievance. By this time there was no division of opinion. The committee were unanimously instructed to give the president three hours to restore the wages of every man on the road, and if he failed, a word that had been agreed upon was to be sent by telegraph to every conductor and engineer on the road or at work in the yards. A switchman was named in each yard to receive the word, and he was to post it on the bulletin board in the yard-master's office, besides giving it verbally to all the men whom he could reach. The receipt of the word "Rain" constituted a notice for every man to stop work at four P.M. on the following day, no matter where he should be.

The same committee was again sent to interview the president. This time we were not admitted to the inner office; he stepped out into the anteroom and asked



"THE CLERKS IN THE OFFICES WERE HUSTLED OUT INTO THE YARD."



"A HALF BRICK STRUCK A BURLY IRISHMAN IN THE SMALL OF THE BACK."

us our business. I reminded him of his promise: that when wages were restored, he would begin at the lowest-salaried man and remain until the last himself. "Well, what of it?" said he. I handed him the paper and asked if the article to which I pointed was true. He glanced over it rapidly, his face flushed to the roots of his hair, and slapping the paper viciously with the back of his left hand, he said, with his teeth clenched and the words hissing through them like steam through a leaky stuffing-box: "This is the most outrageous insult to which I was ever subjected; what do you mean by coming here with this filthy rag? Do you realize that you are accusing me of wilful, deliberate lying?"

I told him that we had made no accusation; but, seeing the statement with the author's name attached, we had concluded that there must be something in it, or if not, that he would thank us for having called his attention to it so that he might punish the slanderer, and, anyhow, we had been sent to him to ask for a restoration of our pay.

He glared at me like a wild beast; I thought he would jump at my throat; but controlling himself with an effort, he said: "I told you men when you were here before, that when the financial condition of the road warranted the restoration of the former rate of pay, I would consider the matter. When that time comes, and I have considered it, you will be informed of my decision."

The brakeman on the committee chipped in here, and asked him if the report in the paper, that the general officers, including himself, had had their pay restored, was true or not?

"I don't think you know to whom you are talking. I will not be catechised. When I have any communication to make to the employees, it will be made in the usual manner, by means of an order."

He was about to return to his sanctum, and seeing that there was absolutely no hope of getting anything out of him, I said: "One moment, sir, if you please; we are not through yet. Our orders are to notify you that unless an order restoring our pay appears within three hours we will resign in a body."

"Who are *we?*"

"Every employee in the train service of this railroad."

"Very well. I can't help it; and as for this committee, you can consider yourselves discharged now, and I shall issue orders at once to have any of you who may be found trespassing on the company's property arrested and lodged in prison."

The door slammed and he was gone; at the same time a policeman appeared from somewhere, and ordered us out of the building.

A STRIKE ON.

For the next half or three-quarters of an hour we kept a telegraph operator busy sending the word "Rain" to innumerable addresses all along the line. The next day at four o'clock in the afternoon every wheel stopped, and every locomotive fire was dumped on more than seven hundred miles of railroad, including branches and leased

lines. The men were a unit, and the paralysis was perfect.

That night the road was dead. The next morning the papers blazed with accounts of the strike and advertisements for help. Engineers, firemen, railroad men of any kind, laborers who never saw a railroad, anybody that could work, could find permanent employment and good wages at the office of the superintendent of the —— railroad.

The clerks in the offices were hustled out into the yard, and made to sweat and lacerate their delicate hands, tear and soil their clothes, and injure their tender feelings, by pulling spikes from switches, clawing the green coal out of the fireboxes, dragging heavy and "narsty" hoses to the engines, and forming bucket and cordwood brigades, while we sat on the fences and cheered them on to their unaccustomed and unwelcome toil by such remarks as never fail to present themselves to the mind under such circumstances. The new employees, as fast as hired, were sent to help. Their appearance and awkward manner of going about the work offered fresh subjects for our witticisms. Their patience must have been sorely tried. From jeering it was but a short step to throwing various missiles. The clerks dodged in fear and trembling, but the laborers talked back, and gave threat for threat, sarcasm for sarcasm.

At length a half brick struck a burly Irishman in the small of the back as he was straining at the clawbar to draw a spike. He straightened up a moment, rubbed his sore back, and then with a yell of rage he started for a grinning crowd with the heavy clawbar. It was the one spark necessary to kindle a furious conflagration. The whole population of the locality sympathized with us. They were out in force, and when the interloper resented what was considered to be his just deserts, he found that he had stirred up a hornets' nest. The crowd having once broken loose, charged through the yard, driving everything before them. Before the police arrived a dozen fires were started in as many different places; and owing to the impossibility of getting the fire engines through the yard, over fifteen hundred cars, many of them loaded with valuable merchandise, were burned to the ground before the flames could be extinguished, and seven locomotives, their tanks and boilers empty, were completely ruined. The night shut down on a dreary scene of smoking desolation, where but the day before the air had rung with the cheerful sounds of busy commerce. The sheriff telegraphed to the governor for troops, saying that he was unable to control the mob. The next morning militiamen were patrolling the yard, and the work proceeded with no further interruptions than an occasional jeering by the onlookers at the awkward attempts of the new men to get the few remaining dead engines watered and fired up.

"THE NIGHT SHUT DOWN ON A DREARY SCENE OF SMOKING DESOLATION."

In the meantime there was the gravest trouble up the road. At W—— three locomotives had been run into the turntable pit. A rock cut, about a mile west of the station, had been choked by tumbling its natural walls into itself. This was accomplished by dropping cartridges into the seams and cracks along the top and on both sides and exploding them, the natural consequence being that huge blocks were split off and tumbled into the cut. The idea was to close the road and prevent the passage of trains; but after the job was done it occurred to the perpetrators that there was a branch that would enable them to run around the obstruction; so a hand-car was loaded with rend-rock, and four men took it to an iron bridge five miles further east, and before the second morning of the strike dawned, the bridge lay in the creek and the road was most effectually "cut in two."

It took them three days to get the trains in. Then, with such men as they could pick up, they began to operate the road—after a fashion. The president, having now presumably recovered from the first shock of the strike, swore out warrants for the arrest of all the members of the committee. Not caring to gratify the gentleman's animosity by serving the State at his request, I left town between two days, in company with my friend Manly. It was some time before, with hand on throttle and head out of window, I again went spinning over the iron.

WRECK OF AN EXCURSION TRAIN.

I had noticed that the flanges on the leading engine truck wheels were getting worn pretty thin and sharp, and had spoken to the foreman about turning the truck round, so as to bring the good wheels ahead. He had promised to do so, but, as I suppose he didn't consider it a matter of immediate importance, he let it go a week. I let it run for another week, and then, as I didn't consider the engine to be quite safe with them, I told the foreman that I should have to go to the master mechanic about it, if he didn't attend to it right away.

"All right," said he; "I'll surely do it next trip in. I've been so busy for the last couple of weeks that I couldn't possibly spare a man a minute for any purpose."

"Very well," said I; "I'll take her out this trip; but I won't take her out again until that truck's turned round; 'tain't safe."

"THE ENGINE CRASHED DIAGONALLY THROUGH FOUR CARS."

A heavy Sunday-school excursion train left half an hour ahead of me. As she was an extra, I had no occasion to look out for her; it was her business to keep out of my way. They had ten cars, every seat filled, mostly with women and children. The ferry-boat was ten minutes late, and as our time had been shortened up fifteen minutes on the last time-table, I knew I would have hard work to get in on time. So as soon as I got clear of the yard, I let the old girl go for all there was in her, working all the fine points known to engineers to get every ounce of speed out of her, and yet keep her in steam, fire, and water. Eight miles out there was a low ridge over which the road ran; it was a short, rather steep grade up, and then a long gentle sweep down for about two miles, around a curve, and then fairly level running ground for the next twenty-five miles. When she pitched over the top of the knoll, I started down the long grade at a good gait, for here was my chance to get a swing on to carry me over the long level stretch beyond the curve.

As she gathered headway, I hooked her back a notch at a time until she was flying like a comet. The cars rolled like logs in a lake, and as I glanced back the last two were entirely obscured by the dense cloud of dust that we tore up from the track as we sped along. She was going sixty-five miles per hour if she was an inch. As I approached the curve I could see that the excursion train was in the switch just beyond waiting for me. I blew a crossing signal to let them know that I was coming, because excursionists have a great habit of getting off and spreading themselves all over creation every time their train stops, and I didn't wish to kill any of them. I fancied I could hear the women and children utter little frightened screeches as we flew by them.

It was a long, easy curve, and yet the speed was such that she struck it as solidly as if it had been a brick wall; she tossed her head round for an instant, and then plunged straight into the side of that ten-car train crammed full of happy women and children.

The flange of the leading wheel on the engine truck had broken and allowed the engine to leave the track. Naturally, as she tore the rails from the ties in her mad flight, the whole train followed her. The engine crashed diagonally through four cars, smashing them as effectually as you could smash the same number of eggs with an axe. The cars following rammed, telescoped, and climbed over the others. When the engine stopped she lay on her left side beyond the siding. The cab was gone, the fireman was gone, but on my side of the run-board—at my very feet—lay the bodies of three little girls.

I tried to get up, but found that my right leg was held fast by one of the cab braces that had bent over and jammed it. The sounds that came from the wreck were appalling—yells and groans in the shrill voices of women and children, with occasionally a deeper tone, showing where a man was. I did not know at first that I was hurt at all, but now my imprisoned leg began to pain me; then I felt a suffocating sensation within, as if a blood-vessel had been ruptured and I was being drowned out with my own blood. My eyes became dim, my head swam, and I saw horrible sights.

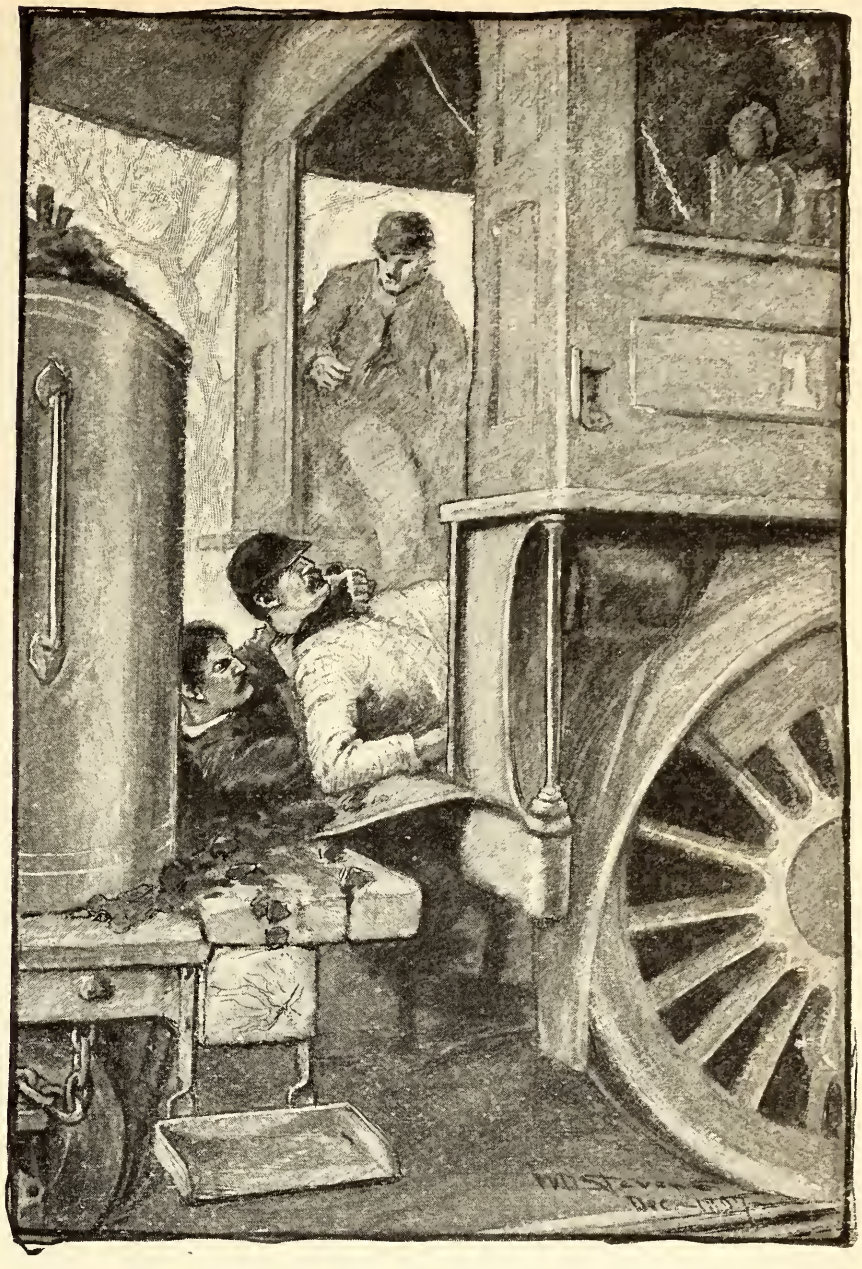
The next thing that I knew I was in a hospital, a "sister" bathing my forehead with cool water. I tried to ask where I was, but she told me to be quiet. It was a week before my wife was allowed to see me; she told me that a large number of people on both trains had been killed outright and many more injured.

When the wrecking-train was called, the round-house foreman, who was called to go with it, disappeared, leaving his job and family behind; and although we heard occasional rumors of his having been seen in various parts of the country, he never came back, and I do not think that his family ever heard from him afterwards.

I had several ribs broken and received internal injuries from the effects of which I have never fully recovered to this day. My fireman was killed and his body completely dismembered, but no other employee on our train, strange to say, was at all severely injured. The baggage-master was found buried under a huge pile of heavy trunks which had been piled to the roof on each side of the car, and although the car rolled over on its side, with the exception of a few bruises he was unhurt.

I was exonerated from all blame both by the coroner and the company, and ordered to report for duty as soon as I felt able to do so; but though I had never been the least bit squeamish over accidents before, this one took a strong hold on me. There were several families in the little town where I lived that had relatives maimed or killed in the wreck; and though I knew that I was not legally responsible,

yet the thought that I might have prevented it by refusing to take the engine out tormented me so that I could hardly sleep nights. My appetite failed and I became thin, weak, and nervous. Finally, during a conversation with my wife, I promised her never to touch a locomotive throttle again, and, with one exception, I never have.



"HE . . . NEARLY SQUELCHED THE BREATH OUT OF MY BODY AS HE FELL ON TOP OF ME."

AN ENCOUNTER WITH A DRUNKEN ENGINEER.

The circumstances of this one exception were peculiar. I had now become a conductor, and I was called on one day to take out a special,—a frequent occurrence, as the land speculators were in the habit of giving free excursions occasionally to prospective purchasers. It was a hot day, and when I went ahead to speak to the engineer and see if he was ready, I noticed that he looked flushed and warm, but paid no attention, as it was quite natural that he should on such a day. We had a little talk concerning the trains and where we had better sidetrack, and it was agreed that we would not be able to make more than ten miles before we would have to take the switch for the first inward-bound train. When the passengers were all on I gave the signal and he pulled out with a jerk, slipping his drivers in a way that was irritating to an old engineer like myself. Before we were clear of the yard he was going at a forty-mile gait and the cars were thumping over the frogs and switches at a great rate. I wondered what he was going so fast for, because we had plenty of time to get to the switch and there was no possibility of our going any further. When we struck out into the open country the speed increased until I remarked to the baggage-master that the engineer seemed to be in an immense hurry. I looked at my watch, made a rapid mental calculation, and decided that he was trying for the next siding, eight miles further along. If he kept up the gait that he was going,—and it was an open question whether he could or not,—he would reach the switch five minutes before the opposing train was due, which was not time enough; besides, a thousand and one things might happen to reduce his speed. And if the steam dropped five pounds it would knock him out. What could he be thinking of? I wondered.

We were within an eighth of a mile of the near end of the siding and I pulled the bell; but he passed the switch without slackening his speed, and paid not the slightest attention to my signal. I stepped into the smoker and pulled the air-valve wide open that set the Westinghouse brakes, and brought the train to a standstill just as the last car cleared the switch.

I told the rear man to open the switch so that we could back in, and jumped down on the ground to give the engineer the signal. As I came in sight of the cab, he stuck his head out of the window and shouted to me in a thick, unsteady voice, which explained at once what the trouble was, "Say, did you pull the air on me?" and he called me everything but a decent white man.

There was no time to blarney with him. I went back into the smoker and got the ventilator stick, which I concealed under my coat. I then told the head brakeman to come with me and look out for the engineer when I should get him out of the cab, and I told the baggage-master that I would blow three short whistles when I got control of the engine, in case I found that I was unable to relieve the brakes, and in that case he should crawl under the cars and bleed them off. I saw that neither of them relished the jobs that I had set them, and I knew that by many of the men I was regarded as an interloper from the East, so there was a chance that they might be more than willing to see me stuck. However, this was a time for action, not words; so, calling to the brakeman to come on, I again jumped off, on the left side, and, shouting to the rear man to go back with his flag, I ran quickly ahead to the engine, where I could hear the engineer vainly attempting to release the brake and cursing away to himself and the fireman as I stepped lightly up into the tender.

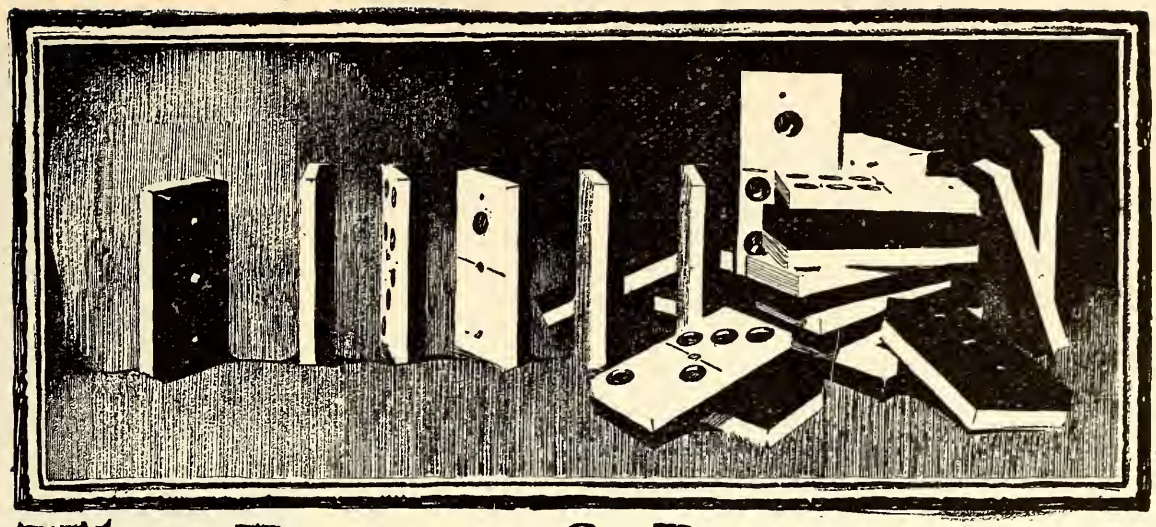
As I got up on the left side, neither of them saw me at first. The fireman was sitting on his seat, watching the engineer and idly ringing the bell, while the engineer himself was just in the act of pulling the reverse lever over to "take the slack," hoping, no doubt, to be able to start her in spite of the brakes.

I let him get her in the back motion, and then seizing him by both shoulders, I settled back with all my might, dragging him from the foot-board down on top of myself. He was a big, fat fellow, and nearly squelched the breath out of my body as he fell on top of me, the wet coal splashing from under us, as when a barrel is dropped into the water. It cost me a couple of minutes' hard struggle to turn him over, but, having done so, I didn't hesitate to give him a hearty rap with the ventilator stick, which quieted him at once; then I looked for my valuable assistant. He was on the ground, looking on. "Get out ahead there and flag," said I, and away he went. Then, stepping up in the cab, I found, to my great relief, that I was able to let the brakes off from there, the air-pump having had time to get the pressure up while I had been arranging matters with the engineer; so, telling the fireman to get off and close the switch after me, I backed the train in and called my head flag. By this time the engineer showed signs of returning consciousness; so I found a piece of bell-cord in the tank-box, and, calling on the baggage-master and brakeman, we tied him and put him in the baggage car. By that time the opposing train had passed, and I started the train. The fireman, who was not any too sober, here interfered, saying he wouldn't fire for "no brass-bound conductor!" My blood was pretty well up now, so I jumped down in the tank and argued with him for about three minutes in a manner that convinced him that his easiest way was to do whatever the "brass-bound conductor" told him to.

I stopped at the first telegraph office and sent back for an engineer. They sent me one, so that I only had to run the engine one way; but I was a sight for gods and men when I returned to the train. My coat was split up the back and one sleeve torn entirely out. I was drenched from head to foot in the inky black water into which I had fallen in the tender, and had a bad cut in the back of my head, from which the blood had flowed copiously, contributing a variety to the otherwise somber uniformity of my dirt.

The engineer was, of course, discharged; and the head brakeman, for having failed to assist me in capturing the engine, was jacked up for thirty days. As no one had seen the scrap between the fireman and me, and as he turned out to be a very decent fellow, with a widowed mother to support, I omitted making any report against him.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the last of Mr. Hamblen's papers depicting the life of the railroad worker as it is in actual daily experience. With this veritable record before them, our readers will now be particularly interested in some short stories soon to begin in the Magazine, which give the story-teller's presentation of the same life. The author of these stories, Mr. John A. Hill, like Mr. Hamblen, has been "all through it" himself. He was a locomotive engineer on the Rio Grande in the early days when every "run" yielded a strange adventure. The stories were published some years ago in a railroad journal, but their extraordinary combination of truth to fact with rare, romantic incident makes them of as much interest to the general public as to railroad people, and justifies their re-publication. A remarkably strong and original story by Mr. Hill, entitled "The Polar Zone," but not strictly a railroad story, will be printed in the May number.



The Row of Dominoes

BY FRANK CRANE

The First Domino set up

THE appearance of a police court in Chicago is very like what I imagine the seat of justice must have been in the gates of an oriental city, where all who had grievances crowded unceremoniously about the judge and vociferously argued their cases, which were decided by the magistrate with summary decision. In front of the police justice's desk there is a jam of miscellaneous and generally unwashed and disreputable humanity. There are thugs, vagrants, thieves, confidence men, and drunkards, together with interested friends, curious onlookers, and the officers. The justice calls the case, and the parties concerned push their way to his desk, which is on an elevated platform, so that the chins of the litigants just appear above the edge of it. He glances at the upturned faces, swiftly administers the oath in a scarcely articulate mutter, and tells them to go on and tell what they know. While they are making their statements the justice is busy signing warrants and making entries on the sheet before him. Occasionally an affidavit is handed him which he looks over; then rises, and without interrupting the witness, administers an oath to some person away back in the mass, who raises his hand, nods his head, and goes away.

On this particular occasion an old man was brought into court charged with stealing a bottle of gin from a department store. This he had done by slyly setting down over it a wrapper of brown paper, done up to look like a parcel, but with one end open. When he picked up his parcel again, it would not have been perceived that the bottle was in it, had not a house detective observed the whole transaction.

After the detective had made his complaint and rehearsed the facts in the case, the magistrate addressed the culprit:

"Well, sir, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Your honor," replied he, "I took it.

". . . a jam of miscellaneous and generally unwashed and disreputable humanity."

I don't deny it. But I took it to get bread for my family. I haven't had any work for three months. My daughter had a job at Frank Brothers', but lost it a week ago. My boy was a messenger for the express company, but a few days back he was let out too. My wife is an invalid. What to do I didn't know. Just the other day a neighbor of mine dropped in, and we got to talking. I told him my situation, and that I had about made up my mind to steal. 'Well,' he says, 'I don't know but that's a good plan. I knew of a man once—he was friend of mine—and he was in just your fix, to a t-y-ty. I'll tell you about him,' he says."

The Second Domino set up

This man's name was Dennis Fagan. He lived over on Halsted Street. He was an iron molder and a good workman, and as industrious as ever a man was. When the big strike came on, he was thrown out of a place. He went around hunting something to do, but he couldn't find anything. He had some forty dollars that his wife had saved up, and that supported them for a while. But by and by that ran out. He was tramping the streets the whole time, and never a job could he strike. At last he gets desperate and says to himself that he'll steal something before he'll see his children starve. There was a butcher shop near by his house, and it was right on the corner of a street and an alley. Dennis had been past there many a time, and had noticed that there was a window in the shed back of the store. In this window he had often observed there was meat hanging up, a ham or a shoulder of mutton or a quarter of beef. So he makes up his mind he will go and take some meat out of that window. So one night he goes and watches around until about one o'clock in the morning, and then, when there's nobody passing and he thinks the coast is all clear, he sneaks down the alley and begins work on the window. He gets it open, and is just making off with a nice big ham when along comes a policeman and nabs him. "What are you doing with that ham?" says he.

"I'm a-taking it home," says Denny.

"Well, this is a pretty time of night to be a-taking meat home," says the policeman. "I guess I'll run you in," says he.

"Why should you be arresting me?" says Denny. "I'm an honest man," says he. "I've been out till late at work over on the North Side, and never got home till twelve, and the old woman made me go and get this meat that she had bought to-day, and bring it home so the children could have it for breakfast," says he.

"That's a pretty story," says the officer. "You remind me of a fellow my partner was a-telling me about the other evening."

The Third Domino set up

My partner was on the detective force of the drainage canal last year. The men employed there were mostly of the tough sort, and they gave the neighbors along the line of the work a good deal of trouble with their pilfering and brawling and disorderly conduct one way and another. There had been considerable complaint, and the chief had given the officers strict orders to keep close lookout for all who were acting suspiciously. One night my partner, whose name was Tompkins, was coming down the street of a little village, near by one of the laborers' camps, and was keeping close to the dark side of the street, under the shadow of the houses, where the moonshine wouldn't disclose him, and he saw a fellow trying to get into a store. He was picking at the lock of the door when Tompkins caught sight of him.

"'Don't shoot,' says the man, 'don't shoot.'"

Tompkins sneaked up as close as he could without alarming the fellow, and then he covered him with his revolver and ordered him to throw up both his hands.

"Don't shoot," says the man, "don't shoot. This is my store. I left something in it that I have to get, and I forgot my key."

"That may be all so," says Tompkins, "but you can explain that to the judge. Your actions are suspicious. You'll come along with me."

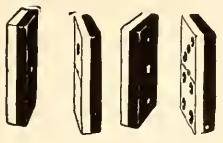
"Who are you?" says the fellow.

"I'm an officer of the law," answers Tompkins, showing his star.

"Well, if that don't beat the mischief!" says the man, and then he burst out laughing. "Arrested for breaking into my own store!" says he.

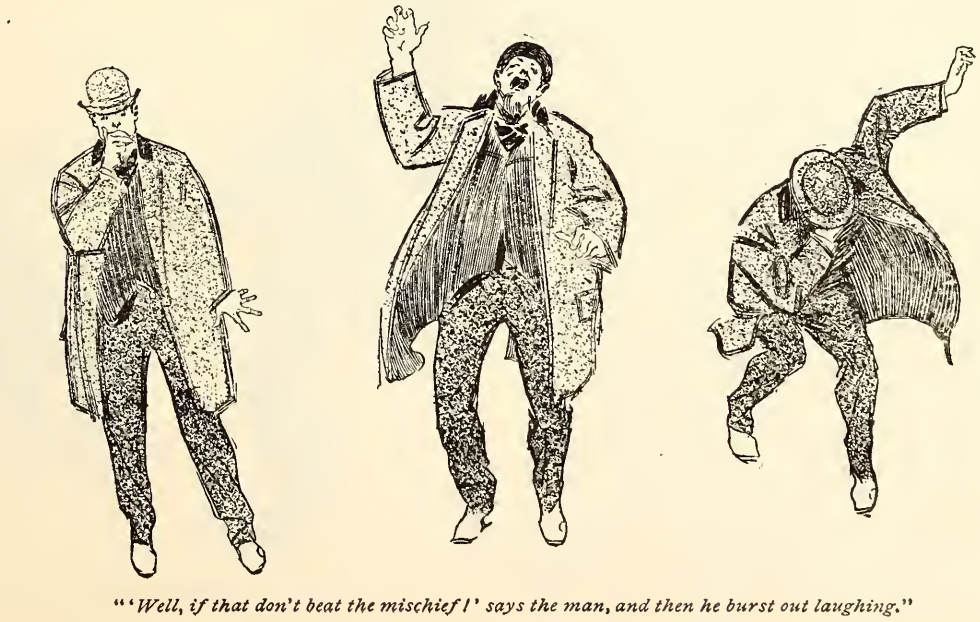
"That's all right," says Tompkins, "but you go along in front of me, and don't you try to get away or give me trouble, or you'll be lame."

So they went on, the fellow marching before and my partner right behind him. As they were going along the fellow says:



The Fourth Domino set up

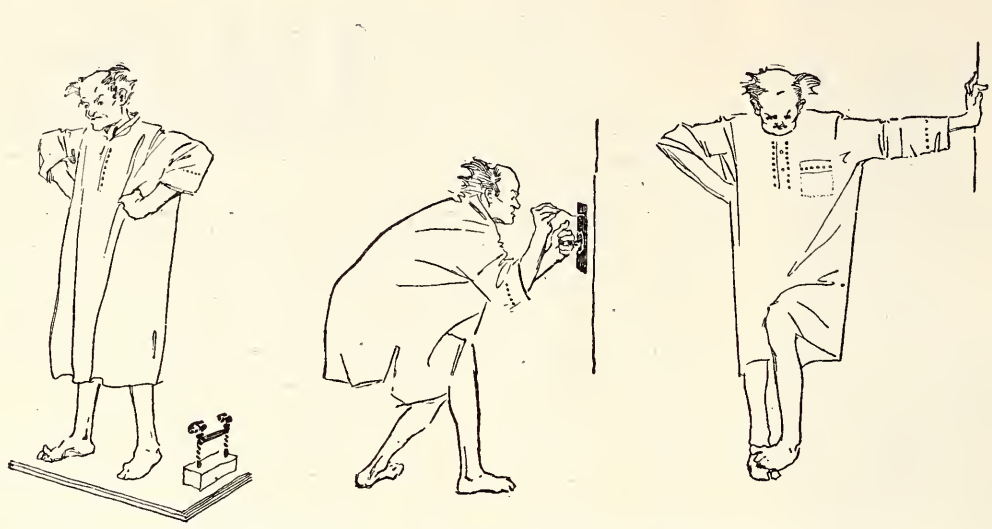
Say, this is rich. By gum! Arrested for burgling my own store! Say, officer, this reminds me of a case that happened an uncle of mine in the war. He was in Sherman's army when it was going from Atlanta to the sea, you know. They had made camp one night down in southern Georgia somewhere, and my uncle, with a lot of other boys, concluded to go out foraging. Victuals weren't so mighty plenty, and there was a sort of an understanding that when the boys got a chance, they could shift for themselves. So this night, about midnight, Uncle George and six or seven others stole out of camp and made for a farmhouse they had seen that day back a piece on the road. After an hour's walk they got to the place, and succeeded in bagging a couple of dozen chickens. They wrung their necks, and put them in a sack, and started for camp. They hadn't gone far till they heard horses' hoofs behind them, and thinking the guerrillas were after them, they broke for the woods on either side of the road. They got separated, and it was nearly daybreak before Uncle George came to our sentries. He was alone, for he had lost the rest of the boys in their run through the timber. The sentry stopped him, and asked him for



"'Well, if that don't beat the mischief!' says the man, and then he burst out laughing."

the countersign; and, sir, by jing! Uncle George had clean forgot it. No, sir, couldn't think of it to save his life. There wasn't any use trying to argue with the sentinel, and so he had to sit there under guard. The sentry knew him well, but he couldn't do anything but arrest him unless he could think of that password. So Uncle George he sat there cursing his luck. Pretty soon he says:

Say, Ed—Ed Beecham was the picket's name—say, Ed, says he, this is something like old man Fister's experience when his wife wouldn't let him into the house, isn't it? Ed said he didn't remember hearing that one. Well, says Uncle George, you remember old man Fister used to live in that big house in Naperville, out in the edge of town? He was a miserly old codger, and terribly afraid of burglars and thieves, and his wife was a heap more fidgety than he was. He used to keep his house locked up with patent locks on the doors, and always had a gun handy where he could shoot anybody prowling around. One night he thought he heard a noise like some one was picking at the lock on the front door. He lay still awhile, and the noise kept on. He crept out of bed, and started to investigate, keeping quiet so he wouldn't wake his wife up. He sneaked down stairs and out at the side door, aiming to peek around the corner of the house to see who was in front. He left the side door open so that he could get back. He crept around the walk and looked, but there wasn't anybody there at the front door. He went up to it and listened, and he could hear a gnawing sound inside. It was a rat that he had heard. Calling himself a fool he went back, but just as he got to the door he had left open, a gust of wind blew it shut. And there he was, with nothing on but his night-shirt. He didn't have a key, and the door was fastened with one of these new-fangled spring locks that wouldn't open for love nor money. He worked at the door a little, and then gave it up. Then he went around to the windows, but they were all fastened



" . . . and there he was . . . he worked at the door a little, and then gave it up."

" Uncle George had clean forgot it!"

"The watchman came up and ordered him to surrender."

tighter than wax with bolts and things. It was in the spring, and not so mighty cold; but along about this time in the morning it was considerably chilly for a man that didn't have anything on but a shirt that took him just below the knees. There was nothing for it but to try to wake his wife. So he went to the front door and rattled it. It was some time before he aroused her, and when he did she woke up with a yell, thinking that the burglars had got her sure. She felt over for her husband, and when she discovered he wasn't there, she was more scared than ever. She didn't waste any time seeing who it was banging at the door, but she just hoisted the window and let out screech after screech for the police. Now, it happened that there was a new man on for town watchman that night, a man that didn't know Fister. He chanced to be near, and came running up with his gun ready to shoot the first thing he saw.

"Don't shoot, please don't!" says Fister, shaking with fear and cold.

The watchman came up and ordered him to surrender. Fister said he would be glad to surrender, as he was freezing to death. He begged the watchman to let him go to the barn for a horse-blanket to wrap himself in. So they went to the barn and got the blanket, and Fister was quite comfortable.

"Now," he says, "if you will just let me tell that idiot of a woman up there who I am, it'll be all right. My name is Fister. I own this house. I thought I heard burglars, and came out to find them, and the door slammed on me, and not having any key I couldn't get back."

They went around to the window where the woman had been screaming, but she wasn't there. She had got so scared that she had gone back to bed and covered her head up in the bedclothes. Fister yelled and yelled, but the old woman was a little deaf and a heap scared, and couldn't have heard Gabriel's trumpet.

"Well, if this don't beat the Jews!" says Fister. "This is about the awkwardest mess I ever heard tell of. It reminds me of what the school-teacher told us last night about what happened to a king once in those books of his."

Muffling himself in the blanket, Fister sat down on a rustic seat with the watchman, under the window, and proceeded to tell:

The Sixth Domino set up

The school-teacher said there was a king once in one of those Eastern countries that thought he would like to do a little investigating on his own account to see about the condition of things among his people, for he had a suspicion that his ministers and courtiers were lying to him. So one night he put on a disguise and escaped from the palace when everybody thought he was in bed and asleep, and started out. He sauntered along the street seeing what he could see. All of a sudden a woman jumped out from behind a porch, and, catching hold of his coat, asked him to come along and help her, for she was in great trouble. The king talked with her a little, trying to find out what was her difficulty; but she wouldn't say anything except she was in great distress and would be ruined unless some noble stranger would come to her rescue. They talked on until they came

"That settled it for him."

under the light that shone from a shop window, and then the king noticed that the woman was mighty pretty. That settled it for him, for he was fond of a beautiful woman, as kings usually are. So he said all right, he'd go. She led him along through the streets until they came to a great big house. She opened the door with her key, and in they went, she cautioning him to keep quiet as he valued his life. Taking his hand she toled him on, and they came to a door, which she opened. Going into the room, he saw by the dim light of a lamp that there was a bed there and the form of a man on it. He went up to the bed to look at the man and saw that he was dead, and the blood had run out of the wound in his breast all over the sheets. Just then the woman set up a loud hollo for help, and cried bloody murder.

The servants came running in, and then, sir, by cracky, if she didn't go and lay the murder of that man on the bed on to the king!

Well, the upshot of it was that they bound him hand and foot and threw him into a dungeon. The next morning they led him before a judge, and the woman came there and swore point blank that she had seen the king murder her husband, when all along, you know, she did it herself. The judge asked the king then what he had to say for himself why he shouldn't be choked to death with a bow-string. The king was brave, and wasn't frightened much, and he said the whole business was a lie; and then he told the straight of the matter, but without letting on who he was.

". . . they bound him hand and foot and threw him into a dungeon."

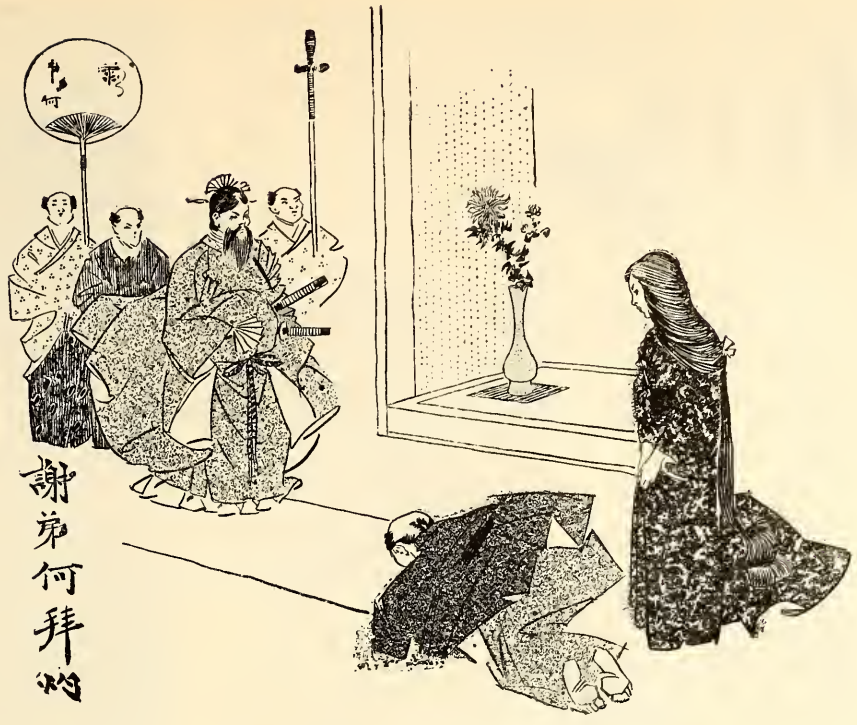
But the woman, or some of her people, slipped money into the judge's hand, and he was for hanging the king right off. The king said that was a curious way of dispensing justice. He said it made him think of a story that had been told him the other day about a monarch that got into difficulty.

The Seventh Domino up set

This monarch, said the king, was called Fan-wing, and he was the emperor of the Chinese. He lived away back yonder some thousands of years ago. One time he was having a war with the Jews, and his army was besieging one of their cities. Just for fun the emperor went out one night with a company of his soldiers, disguised as a common person, to see if they couldn't make a sneak into the enemy's walls. Unfortunately the whole batch of them was captured. They were cast into prison, and the jailer treated them scandalously. But the daughter of the jailer saw this emperor, and fell in love with him, and used to bring him knick-knacks and things, and finally she connived so that he escaped. Not long after this the city fell. The emperor ordered the jailer and his family to be looked after and brought before him. When the jailer came into the emperor's presence and saw that it was his old prisoner that he had so misused, he was scared, you bet; but the girl had hopes, because Fan-wing had talked sweet to her, and had promised in the cell that if he ever got out of that he would do something handsome to the lady that had treated him so kindly.

"Well," says the emperor, "you old rip, what have you got to say for yourself? You treated us outrageous when you had us, and it's nothing but fair that I should rub it into you, now I've got you."

The jailer threw himself down on the



" . . . *he was scared, you bet; but the girl had hopes,* . . ."

floor and fairly wallowed and begged for mercy, and promised never to do it again.

"I don't much think you will," says the monarch, kind of significant like, "because you're liable to have throat trouble mighty soon. As for your beautiful daughter, I'm going to marry her; but I've a notion to have your measly head whacked off at once."

"'Alas!" says the jailer, "this is like the case of our father Adam."

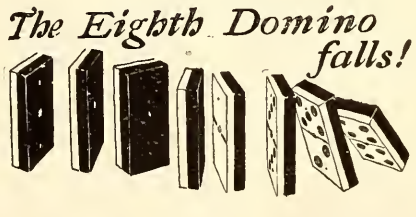
"And what was that?" asks the emperor, for those Orientals are always keen to hear a yarn.

The Eighth Domino set up

Well, says the jailer, it's all about how Adam came to his death. Didn't you ever hear that? The emperor said he never had heard it, and the jailer went on. Adam was only nine hundred and thirty years old, when one day he was out in the woods and was surrounded by a troop of lions. They grabbed him before he could get away, and took him to their king, an old lion that lived up in the mountains. When they had got there and he was brought up before the great beast, he was asked what his name was. He said it was Adam. Then they asked him what kind of a creature he was, and he said, "A Man." And when he said that, the old king lion got mad in a jiffy.

"You are of that race that slays all the other beasts!" he says. "One of my people strayed near your dwelling not long ago, and you slew him and skinned him. What have you to say why you also should not be slain and skinned?"

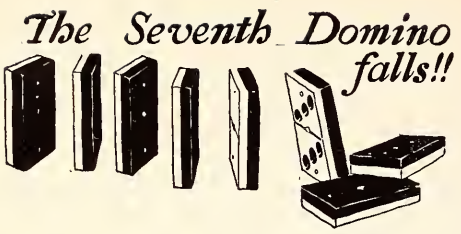
"Your majesty," says Adam, "all I can say is to remind you of an incident that occurred to one of my children. He was——"



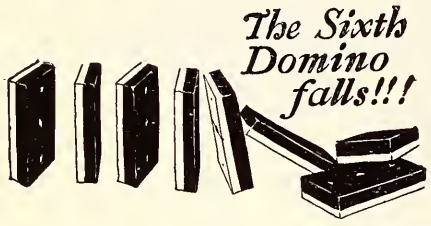
The Eighth Domino falls!

"No, you don't!" says the king lion. "This reminding business has gone far enough. We have got back to the first man now, and if we reverse this thing and start again towards the nineteenth century, there'll be no stopping it. It might as well end right now."

Whereupon the beasts fell upon Adam and finished him.



"Very well," remarked the emperor, "what is good enough for Adam is good enough for you." So he ordered the jailor to be executed, and made his daughter his 135th wife.



When the king had ended his story, some of the courtiers happened in the court-room, recognized him, and rescued him. The king then commanded the unjust judge and the wicked woman to be tied together in a sack and pitched into the river.

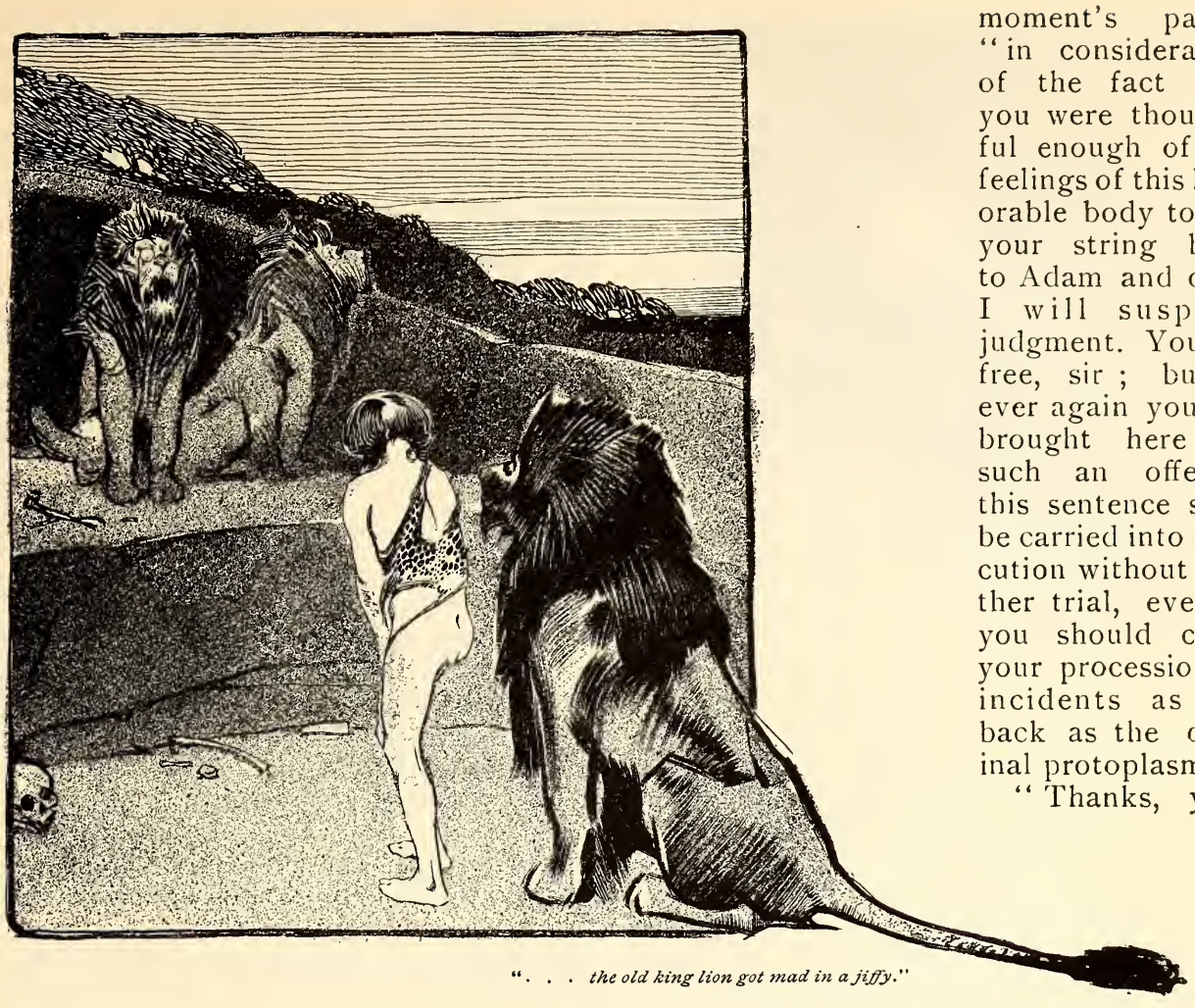
By this time Mrs. Fister had sufficiently recovered from her fright to look out of the window again. She recognized her husband, and let him in.

My uncle George slapped his knee and exclaimed that that recalled the countersign—"Let him in." The sentry laughed, and allowed him to go on to his tent.

As he completed his tale, the supposed burglar, followed by Tompkins, ran across the Chief of Detectives himself, who knew the prisoner as an honest man and released him.

The policeman had become so interested in his own narrative that he was put off his guard, when suddenly the thief bolted with his ham into a dark passageway and escaped. He eluded the bullets fired after him, and was never discovered.

"Well," said the court, "I shall have



"... the old king lion got mad in a jiffy."

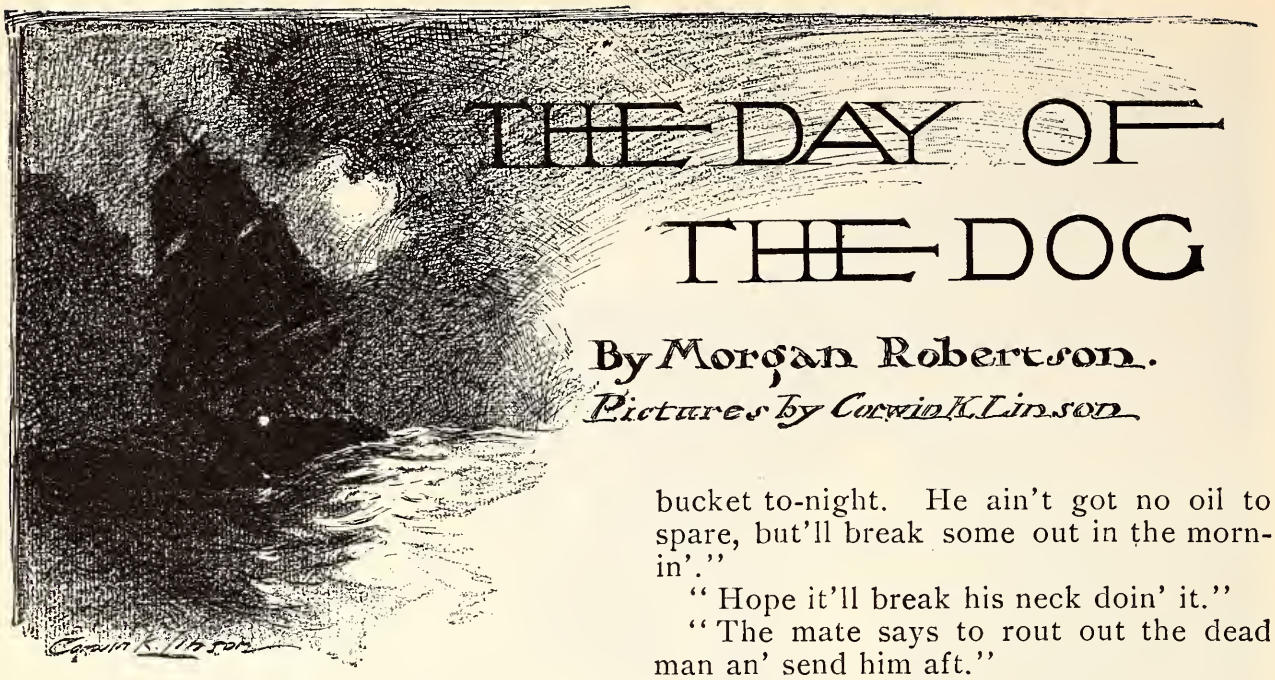
to fine you one hundred dollars and costs, sir, for taking up the valuable time of this court with this rigmarole."

The old man bowed his head and wept.

"But," continued the judge, after a moment's pause, "in consideration of the fact that you were thoughtful enough of the feelings of this honorable body to run your string back to Adam and quit, I will suspend judgment. You are free, sir; but if ever again you are brought here on such an offense, this sentence shall be carried into execution without further trial, even if you should carry your procession of incidents as far back as the original protoplasm."

"Thanks, your honor," returned the venerable Mr. Scheherazade, drying his eyes upon his sleeve, "thanks! Hereafter I shall steal no more; but shall confine myself to the more honorable occupation of lying."

DRAWINGS BY ORSON LOWELL



THE DAY OF THE DOG

By Morgan Robertson.

Pictures by Carwin K. Linson

"LIGHT the glim—who's got a match?"

"Vere is mine kist? I get some stick-plaster."

"Keep yer dukes off thot bag; it's mine."

"It vas in my bunk."

"Yer bunk, ye bloody Dutchman! Take an upper bunk—where ye belong."

"Who's got a match? I'm bleedin' like a stuck pig."

"That mate or me won't finish the voyage 'f he kicks me again."

"No oil in the blasted lamp! Go aft to the steward, one o' ye, an' get some oil."

"Where's that ordinary seaman? Go get some oil; find him in the galley."

"There goes royal sheets—we'll have a reefin' match 'fore mornin'."

"An' I'd be a lot o' use on a yard to-night; I can't take a good breath."

"I dink he stove in your rips, Yim, ven he yump off de fo'castle on you. He loose mine teet."

"He won't do it often. Wonder if sheath-knives'll go in this ship?"

"In my last ship day dake 'em avay by der dock."

"Dry up—you an' yer last ship; it's the likes o' you that ruins American ships. What d'ye let go the t'gallant-sheet for?"

"I dink it vas der bowline. It vas der bowline-pin on."

"Where's that boy? Did he go for some oil?"

"Here he is. Got some oil?"

"Steward says to light up a slush-bucket to-night. He ain't got no oil to spare, but'll break some out in the mornin'."

"Hope it'll break his neck doin' it."

"The mate says to rout out the dead man an' send him aft."

"Where is he? Get an iron slush-bucket out o' the bosun's locker, an' ask Chips for some oakum—never mind, here's a bunch. Where's that feller? Can he move yet?"

"Here he is. Hey, matey, heave out. Gentleman aft on the poop wants to shake hands. Out o' that wi' you!"

"That'll do, that'll do. Am I the corpse that is wanted?"

"Turn out!"

"I've listened to the conversation, but can understand nothing of it beyond the profanity. Can any one inform me in the darkness where I am? Am I at sea?"

"You are—at sea, one day out, in the hottest, bloodiest packet that floats. The mate wants you. Get out, or he'll be here. Come on, now; we've had trouble enough this day."

The flare of burning oakum in a bucket of grease illumined the forecastle and the disfigured faces of seven men who were clustered near a lower bunk. From this bunk scrambled a sad wreck. A well-built young man, it was, with a shock of long, thick hair overhanging a clean-cut face, which the flickering light showed to be as bronzed by sun and wind as those of the sailors about him; but in this face were weary, bloodshot eyes, and tell-tale lines that should not have been there; a quarter-inch stubble of beard and mustache covered the lower part, and it was further embellished by the grime of the gutter. The raggedest rags that could carry the name of shirt, trousers, or coat clothed the body; sockless feet showed through holes in the shoes; and from the shoulders, under the coat, hung by a piece

of cord an empty tomato-can with brilliant label.

"Tramp, be the powers," said one. "Isn't thot the name o' the bird, Jim?"

"Right you are, Dennis," said the one addressed—a tall, active American: he who had been called "Yim" by the sympathizing Swede with the "loosed" teeth.

"Yes," said the wreck, "tramp, that's my latest rôle. How'd I get here? I was in a saloon, drinking, but I don't remember any more. I might have been drugged. My head feels light."

"It'll be heavier with a few bumps on it," said Dennis. "Ye've been shanghaied 'long with three or four more of us. Gwan aft an' git bumped; we've had our share."

"What craft is this?"

"Ship 'Indiana' o' New York. Ye'll know her better 'fore ye see the next pint o' beer."

"'Indiana'?" repeated the wreck. "And do you happen to know, any of you, who owns her?"

"Western Packet Line," said Jim; "J. L. Greenheart's the owner. Get out o' here; the mate wants to see you."

"Thank you; but I don't particularly care to see the mate. The captain will answer very well for me. Allow me to introduce myself—J. L. Greenheart, owner of this ship and employer of every man on board."

Stricken as were those men with sore spots and aching bones, they burst into uproarious laughter at this flippant declaration, during which the ragged one moved toward the door and passed out.

"Lord help him," said Jim, "if he goes aft with that bluff! The mates are horses, but the skipper's a whole team."

Ten minutes later the ragged one returned—feet first and unconscious—in the arms of two of the watch on deck, who bundled him into the bunk he had lately quitted and said to the inquiring men:

"We don't know what happened. They had a lively muss on the poop, an' the skipper an' mates must ha' jumped on him; then they called us aft to get him."

The two passed out, and the seven men, with no time for sympathy or nursing, chose, with much bickering, the bunks they were to occupy, for the passage at least, patched up their hurts with what appliances they possessed, and turned in. But they had no sooner stretched out than the rasping voice of the second mate was heard at the door.

"Heye, in there," he called. "Who's that dock rat ye've got with you?"

"Don't know, Mr. Barker," answered Jim from his bunk. "He didn't sign when we did—shanghaied in place of a good man, likely—but says he's the owner."

"Did he know the owner's name without being told?"

"No, sir—nor the name of the ship; we told him."

"Where is he?"

"In the forrard lower bunk, sir—this side."

The second officer stepped in—the still-burning slush-bucket showing him to be a red-whiskered, red-eyed giant—and scanned closely the grimy features of this latest pupil in nautical etiquette. As though there was hypnotic power in the red eyes, the injured man opened his own and returned the stare, at the same time feeling with his fingers a discolored swelling on his forehead that bore plainly the stamp of a boot-heel.

"An all-round hobo; get him out at eight bells, if he can move," said the officer as he left the forecastle.

At four bells the helmsman was relieved, and reported to his mates in the watch on deck as follows:

"He marches up the poop steps an' tells the mate suthin' pretty sharp, an' then, 'fore the mate could stop him, he was down below routin' out the skipper. They had a run-in down there—I heard 'em plain—he was orderin' the skipper to put back to New York an' land him, an' the skipper got a black eye out of it. Then the second mate turns out, an' the first mate goes down, an' between 'em all three they boosts him up the co'panionway an' kicks him round the poop till he can't wiggle."

And when the lookout came down and told of his appearing on the forecastle deck shortly after the second mate's visit and sitting for an hour on the port anchor, muttering to himself and answering no questions, the watch on deck unanimously agreed that he was demented. At eight bells he was in his bunk, and responded to the vigorous shaking he received by planting his feet in the stomach of Dennis, the shaker, and sending him gasping into the opposite bunk.

"Howly Mother," groaned the sailor, when he could breathe. "Say, you scrap-in's o' Newgate, try yer heels on sam one ilse—the second mate, f'r inshtance. Me cuticle won't hold any more shpots."

Dennis had been disciplined the day before, mainly while prostrate.

"Kicking seems to be the vogue here," said the man as he rolled out, "and I've been a Princeton half-back, so I'm in it. I've been kicked out of the cabin and off the quarter-deck of my own ship—pounded into insensibility with boot-heels. Why is this?"

"Now look-a here," said a sturdy, thoughtful-eyed Englishman—he who had vociferated for oil when the watch went below—"take my advice: turn to an' be civil, an' do as yer told. You can't run the after-end of her—ye've tried it; you can't run the fo'castle—there's too many against you. Stow that guff 'bout ownin' this ship or ye'll be killed. There ain't a Dutchman aboard but what's a better man than you, and every one of us has been hammered an' kicked till we didn't know our names. 'Cause why? 'Cause it's the rule in yer blasted Yankee ships to break in the crew with handspikes. You've caught it harder, 'cause ye didn't know better than to go aft lookin' for trouble. The sooner ye find yer place an' larn yer work, the better for you."

"Thank you for the advice; I'll take it if I have to, but it's against my principles to work—especially under compulsion. My head aches, and I'm pretty hungry, otherwise I——"

"Turn out!" roared a voice at the door, the command being accompanied by choice epithet and profanity. "Bear a hand."

"Who is that?" asked the man of principles. "I've heard that voice."

"Second mate," whispered the other; "don't go first," he added, mercifully, "nor last."

The first man to leave the forecastle was Lars, the Swede, who received a blow in the face that sent him reeling against the fife-rail. Then came Dennis; then Tom, the Englishman; followed by Ned, a burly German; Fred, the ordinary seaman; and David, a loose-jointed Highlander, who the day before had lost all his front teeth by the swinging blow of a heaver and had since, for obvious reasons, added no Scotch dialect to the forecastle discourse. All these escaped that big fist, the second blow, according to packet-ship ethics, being reserved for the last man out; and the last man out now was the man of rags.

But Mr. Barker had not time to deliver that blow. A dirty fist preceded its owner through the door, striking the mate between the eyes, and before the whirling points of light had ceased to dazzle his inner vision a second blow, crashing under his ear, sent him, big man that he was, nearly as far as Lars had gone. Recovering himself, with a furious oath he seized a belaying-pin from the fife-rail and sprang at his assailant. One futile blow only he dealt, and the pin was wrenched from his grasp and dropped to the deck; then with an iron-hard elbow pressing his throat, and a sinewy left arm bearing, fulcrum-like, on his backbone, he was bent over, gasping, struggling, and vainly striking, lifted from his feet, and hurled headlong to the fore-hatch.

"You are one of the three with whom I dealt in the cabin," said a voice above him in the darkness; "now face me alone, curse you! Get up here and fight it out."

"Mr. Pratt," called the officer, rising unsteadily. "Mr. Pratt! Come forrard, sir."

It was a black night, with a promise of dirty weather to come in the sky astern, and the ship was charging along under topgallant-sails before a half-gale of wind, against which no sounds from near the bow could easily reach the quarter-deck. Only at rare intervals did the full moon show through the dense storm clouds racing overhead, and Mr. Barker was alone on a dark deck, surrounded by fifteen men not one of whom would have prayed for him. Dazed as he was, he knew his danger—knew that all these men needed was a leader, a master-spirit, to arouse them from the submissive apathy of the foremast hand to bloody retaliation. And a leader seemed to have appeared. Lars complained bitterly as he held his bleeding face. Angry mutterings came from the others; some drew sheath-knives, some abstracted belaying-pins from the rail; and a few, Tom among them, supplied themselves with capstan-bars from the rack at the break of the topgallant forecastle.

"Mr. Pratt," bawled the demoralized officer as he backed away from his challenger; then, as though suddenly remembering, he drew a revolver from his pocket and pointed it at the man confronting him. At that moment, a lithe, springy man bounded into the group from around the corner of the forward house. Flourishing an iron belaying-pin, he yelled: "What's the matter here? Lay aft, you hounds—lay aft! Aft with you all. Mr. Barker, you here?"

"Here you are, sir—this feller here."

A momentary appearance of the moon gave the newcomer light to see the leveled pistol and the man covered by it, who seemed to be hesitating and about to look around. One bound carried him close.

Down crashed the iron pin on the faltering man's head, and without a word or a groan he fell, limp and lifeless, to the edge of the hatch, and rolled to the deck. A menacing circle closed around the two officers.

"AM I THE CORPSE THAT'S WANTED?"

"Shame, shame!" cried the men. "He warn't in his right mind; he didn't know what he was doin'."

"It's bloody murder, that's what it is," shouted Tom in a fury of horror and rage. "Blast you, kill a man from behind who only wanted a fair fight!" He whirled his capstan-bar aloft, but held it poised, for he was looking into the barrel of the chief officer's pistol.

"Drop that handspike—drop it quick!" said Mr. Pratt. "Quick, or I'll shoot you dead."

Tom allowed the six-foot club to slip slowly through his fingers until it struck the deck; then he let it fall, saying sulkily: "Needs must when the devil drives; but it's only a matter of time, a matter of time. I'll have you hung."

"Put up your knives, every one of you. Put those belaying-pins back in their places, quick," snapped the officer. The two pistols wandered around the group, and the men fell back and obeyed him.

"Now lay aft, every man jack of you."

The incipient mutiny was quelled. They were driven aft before the pistols to the main hatch, where they surrendered their sheath-knives and received a clean-cut lecture on their moral defects from the first officer; then Tom was invited to insert his hands into a pair of shackles. He accepted the invitation (the pistols were still in evidence); and while he was being fastened to a stanchion in the half-deck the men at the wheel and lookout were relieved and the port watch dismissed.

Tom, with forecastle philosophy, congratulated himself on his present immunity from standing watch and stretched out for a nap, flat on his broad back, with arms elevated and hanging by the handcuffs above his head. He had nearly dozed off when the booby-hatch was opened and another prisoner was bundled

down the steps, moaning piteously; and, as he was being ironed to the next stanchion, Tom recognized, by the light of the mate's lantern, the ragged violator of precedent.

"Blow me, matey, but yer hard to kill," he said, when the mate had gone. "I thought you were done for. Know me? I'm the feller that advised ye to go slow."

"Oh, yes. What happened? Why are we here? What place is this?"

"'Tween-decks. We were unkind to the mates—blast 'em—that's why we're here. I'd ha' knocked the first mate stiffer than he knocked you 'f it hadn't been for his gun."

"Was it the first mate who struck me? Oh, there'll be an accounting—my head! Oh, my head!" groaned the man. "I believe I'm injured for life."

"Ye were too reckless, old man; ye oughter ha' watched for the mate. He's a holy terror; he half-killed all hands yesterday; that's why we couldn't stand by ye better. He jumped off the fo'castle on to Dennis, an' the two o' them kicked him all round the fore-hatch. David was knocked endwise with a heaver for goin' to windward o' the skipper, an' his teeth are all gone. Lars got soaked at the wheel—that's against the law, too; and ye see him get it again to-night. Dutch Ned let go the to'gallant sheet, an' the second mate sent him twenty feet. I got it in the nose just 'fore goin' below at eight bells, for no reason on earth but 'cause I was the only man left who hadn't got soaked—besides Fred, the boy; he got clear. An' the other watch got it just as bad. We're all used up an' no good at all; but you got it hardest, 'cause ye earned it. Blow me, but ye done the second mate up brown."

"But why is it necessary, and why do you submit to it—all you men at the mercy of three?"

"Pistols, matey, the pistols. An' Yankee mates are all trained buckoes—rather fight than eat. When the fists an' boots an' belayin'-pins an' handspikes can't do the business they pull their guns—we knew that. An' then, too, mutiny's a serious thing when yer hauled up 'fore the commissioner: all the law's mostly against the sailors."

"I have been drugged, kidnapped, and twice beaten insensible; there is law against that."

"If ye can get it; but ye can't."

"I'll try—I'll try; I've read a little law."

"Yer not a sailorman, matey, I can see; what's yer trade?"

"I have none."

"Never worked?"

"No."

"Jim says you fellers just hoof it round the country, sleepin' under haystacks summer-times an' goin' to jail winters. It's better than goin' to sea. But ye talk like a man that's been educated once. What brought ye down to this—whisky?"

"Y-e-s, and knockout drops. My head is getting worse. I can't talk. How can I lie down? What fiends they are! My head—my head!"

Tom advised the suffering wretch how to dispose himself, and again considered the question of sleep. But no sleep came to him that night. The injured man began muttering to himself; and this muttering, at times intelligible, at others not, often rising to a shriek of pain, lasted until morning and kept him awake. In spite of his life of hard knocks, Tom had so far learned nothing of the alternate delirium and lucidity consequent on slight brain concussion, and supposed this to be the raving of insanity. Kind-hearted as he was, the ceaseless jargon grated on his nerves. He listened to it and the sounds of shortening sail overhead, and wished himself on deck, in the wet and cold, away from this suffering, beyond his power to understand or relieve. At daylight, nearly at the shrieking point himself, he welcomed the throwing back of the scuttle and the appearance of the first mate, who, in yellow sou'-wester and long oilskin coat, descended the ladder and stepped to the side of his victim. Mr. Pratt was a young man, well put together, with black hair and whiskers, and dull gray eyes set in a putty-colored face. It was a face that might grin, but never could smile; yet it wore, as it bent over the moaning, tossing bundle of rags and blood, an expression of mental disquiet.

"How long's he been like this?" he suddenly demanded of Tom.

"Ever since he come down, sir. If you please, sir, I'd like to be put somewhere else or turn to. I wasn't myself last night, Mr. Pratt. I'll be crazy as he is, if I stay here with him."

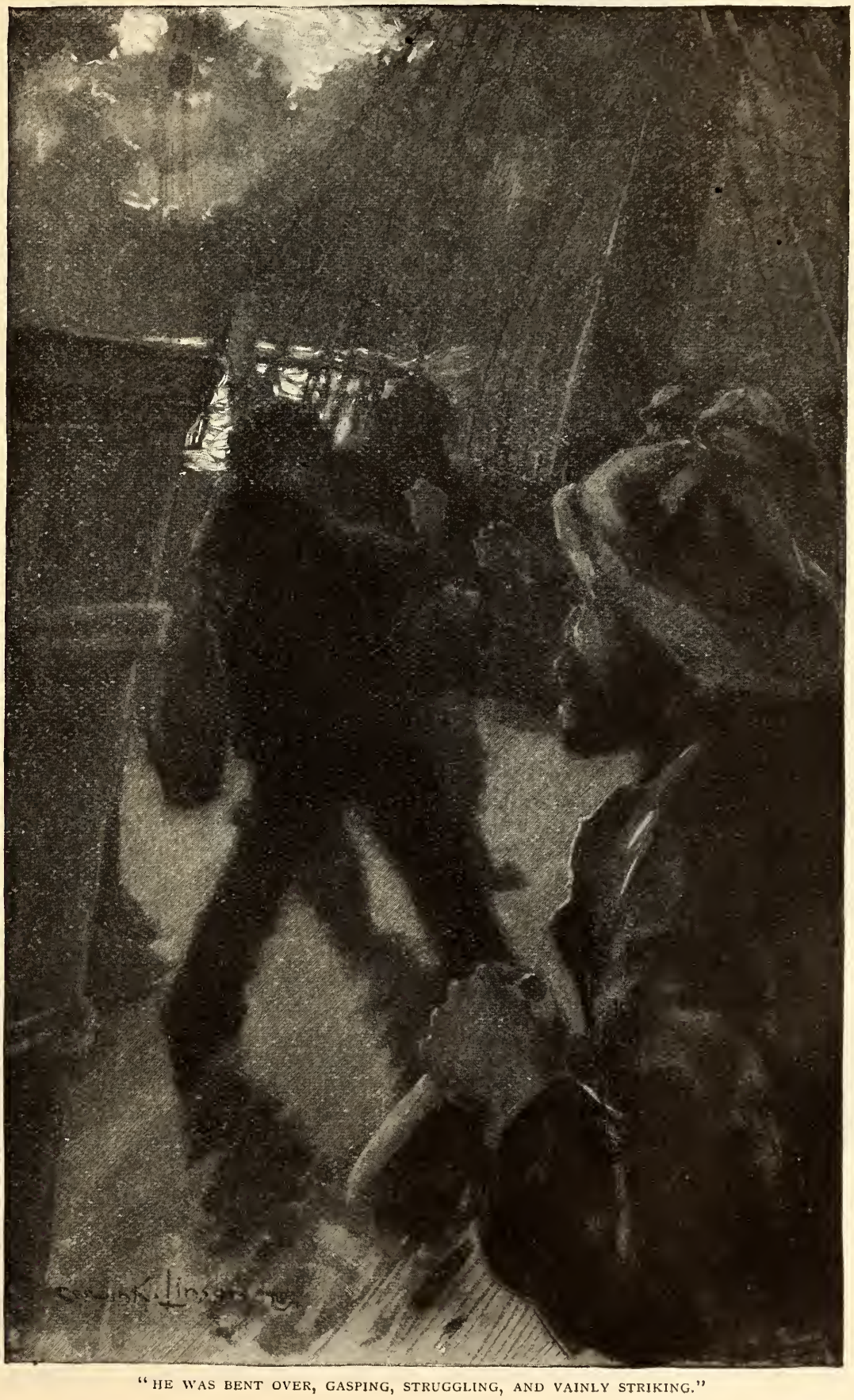
In answer to this, Tom received two or three kicks in the ribs; then the officer went on deck, returning in a few moments with the captain of the ship—a man who in the rôle of jolly sea-dog might play a part well borne out by his physique. He was the very opposite in appearance to his

chief mate—short, broad, and smooth-faced, with an upturn to the corners of his mouth, and twinkling blue eyes, which, in spite of a dark circle around one of them, gave his countenance a deceptive look of suppressed merriment.

"So, ho, my man," he said, breezily, "so you nearly kill my second officer, do you?"

"Not this fellow, Captain Millen," said the mate; "not him, the other. This man raised a handspike over me and threatened to hang me."

"I was excited, Cappen," said Tom.



"HE WAS BENT OVER, GASPING, STRUGGLING, AND VAINLY STRIKING."

"I thought Mr. Pratt had killed the man, which he didn't."

"Will you promise to turn to and do your work, and obey orders civilly, if I let you out?"

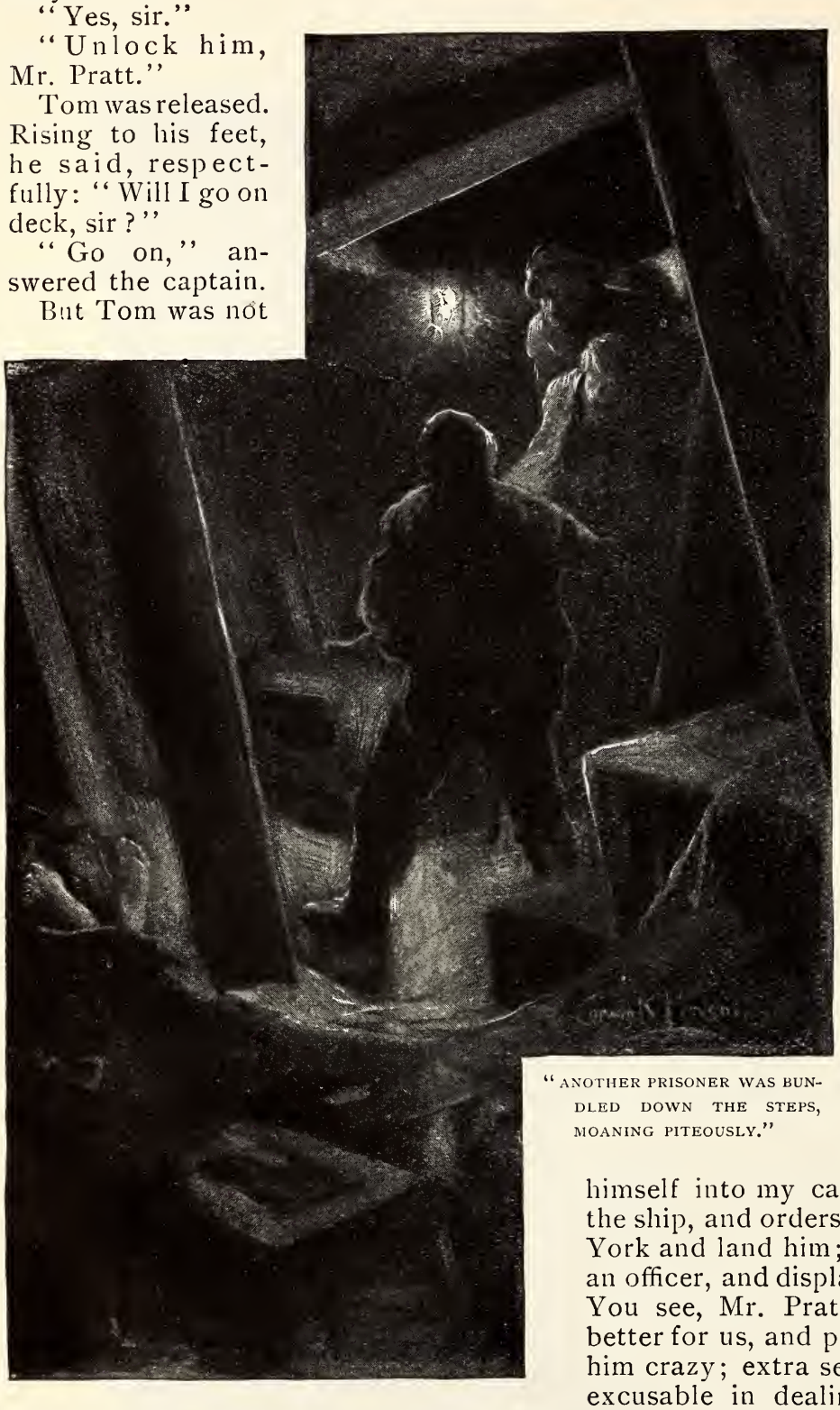
"Yes, sir."

"Unlock him, Mr. Pratt."

Tom was released. Rising to his feet, he said, respectfully: "Will I go on deck, sir?"

"Go on," answered the captain.

But Tom was not to escape so easily. As he passed them, Captain Millen's sledge-like fist shot out, and he fell in a heap.



"ANOTHER PRISONER WAS BUNDLED DOWN THE STEPS, MOANING PITEOUSLY."

"On deck with you," thundered the captain, whose eyes had not ceased to twinkle during the performance. Tom rose again, sneaked up the ladder and passed forward, where he showed his shipmates an eye that in ten minutes was blacker than the captain's.

Captain Millen and Mr. Pratt stooped over and examined the remaining prisoner, now unconscious and breathing heavily, and the mate asked, uneasily: "Think I've done for him, sir?"

"Can't tell; he's all blood and the cut's hidden, and I wouldn't touch him with a fish-pole. I never shipped this hoodlum; the runners kept back a man and sent him."

"The Englishman says he's crazy—the men forrard, too; might be, or his yarn about owning the ship's just the bluff of a tramp."

"Possibly he's daft; but he didn't know the ship's name or the owner's name till the men told him, so Mr. Barker says; and when I told him in the cabin that the owner was a gray-headed man, it threw him out. Guess it's only a bluff. Have you logged him?"

"Yes, sir. Wrote him down just after I ironed him."

"I'll put him in the official log as a maniac; evidence enough even without the men's testimony—forces himself into my cabin and claims to own the ship, and orders me to run back to New York and land him; unprovoked assault on an officer, and display of maniacal strength. You see, Mr. Pratt, if he dies it'll look better for us, and particularly you, to have him crazy; extra severity is necessary and excusable in dealing with dangerous lunatics. But we don't want him to die—we're too short-handed."

"Shall I have the steward down to fix him up, sir?"

"Yes, and tell him to get what he wants from the medicine-chest; and better be more careful, Mr. Pratt; it don't pay to get the law after you. I know it was

dark and Mr. Barker was badly scared; but, just the same, a light whack will always answer. Never strike a man near the temple, especially with an iron belaying-pin or a handspike; and when you have him down, kick him on the legs or above the short ribs. It's altogether unnecessary to disable a man, and unwise with a short crew. Be more careful, Mr. Pratt."

"Yes, sir," said the pupil humbly; "but they had their knives out, and I had no time to pick spots; I just let go."

They left the half-deck, and the steward, busy with the cabin breakfast, was ordered to desist and attend to the wants of the prisoner, which repugnant duty he performed perfunctorily, yet with the result of bringing him to consciousness and inducing him to eat. This, his first meal since he had come aboard, was followed by a refreshing sleep, with his bandaged head pillowed on a coil of new rope; and when he wakened in the afternoon he was able, with his shackles removed to his ankles, to minister to his own hurts.

His condition improved steadily; but a week passed before his nerves and faculties were sufficiently under control to warrant him in, as he expressed it, "taking another fall out o' them." He sent a request for an interview to the captain, who granted it.

"Well, what d'ye want?" he roared, before he was half way down the ladder.

"Want to talk to you," answered the unconquered wreck, in nearly as loud a tone.

"Y' do, hey? Well, talk civil, and be quick about it."

"Exactly. I am anxious to impress upon your mind, as quickly as your mind will receive the impression, the fact that you have made a serious mistake—that you have maltreated and confined in irons, on board one of his own ships, John L. Greenheart, your employer. You have not met him before, because you have only dealt with James L. Greenheart, his uncle and manager."

"Oh, you've struck a new lay, have you—invented a nephew to carry out your bluff? Well, it don't go." But there was a look of intelligent earnestness in the weary eyes of the claimant that induced Captain Millen to continue in defense of his denial—a needless waste of words, had he stopped to think.

"I've sailed in this employ twenty-five years," he stormed; "and I know, if I know anything, that there are no vagabonds in the Greenheart family. Why, you infernal jail-bird, your dirty hide is as tanned as a shell-back's from tramping the highways."

"Just back from a yachting cruise in southern waters, Captain—I haven't yet learned your name."

"Rats! And when did you shave last? What kind of clothes do ship-owners wear?"

"I was slumming disguised as a tramp, when I was drugged and kidnapped. As for being unshaved, I was in the middle of a champagne spree—or I shouldn't have gone slumming at all—and scissored off my beard to heighten the disguise."

Captain Millen did not know what "slumming" meant, and did not care to ask, so he listened no further. The interview ended with a hearty round of profane abuse from him, and the aphorism, "Every dog has his day," from the other.

A few days later he sent a second request to the quarter-deck for a talk with the captain, but the favor was not granted. Fred, the messenger, who now brought his meals from the forecastle, repeated the errand on the following day, was kicked off the quarter-deck, and refused to go again; so it was another week before he was able to communicate. Then Mr. Barker, rummaging the half-deck in the line of duty, listened to a proposition that he be allowed to work with the crew on terms of abdication and submission. This brought the captain.

"My health is suffering from this confinement," he said. "I cannot eat the swill you feed to me without the appetite coming from exercise in the open air. I am willing to work as a common sailor; and, as you will not recognize the name I give you, I will answer to any."

"Will you shut up about that owner racket?"

"I will."

"And do as you're told, and try to learn your work, so that you can be worth your grub?"

"Yes."

"'Yes?' Say 'Yes, sir,' when you speak to me or the officers. Learn that first."

"Yes, sir."

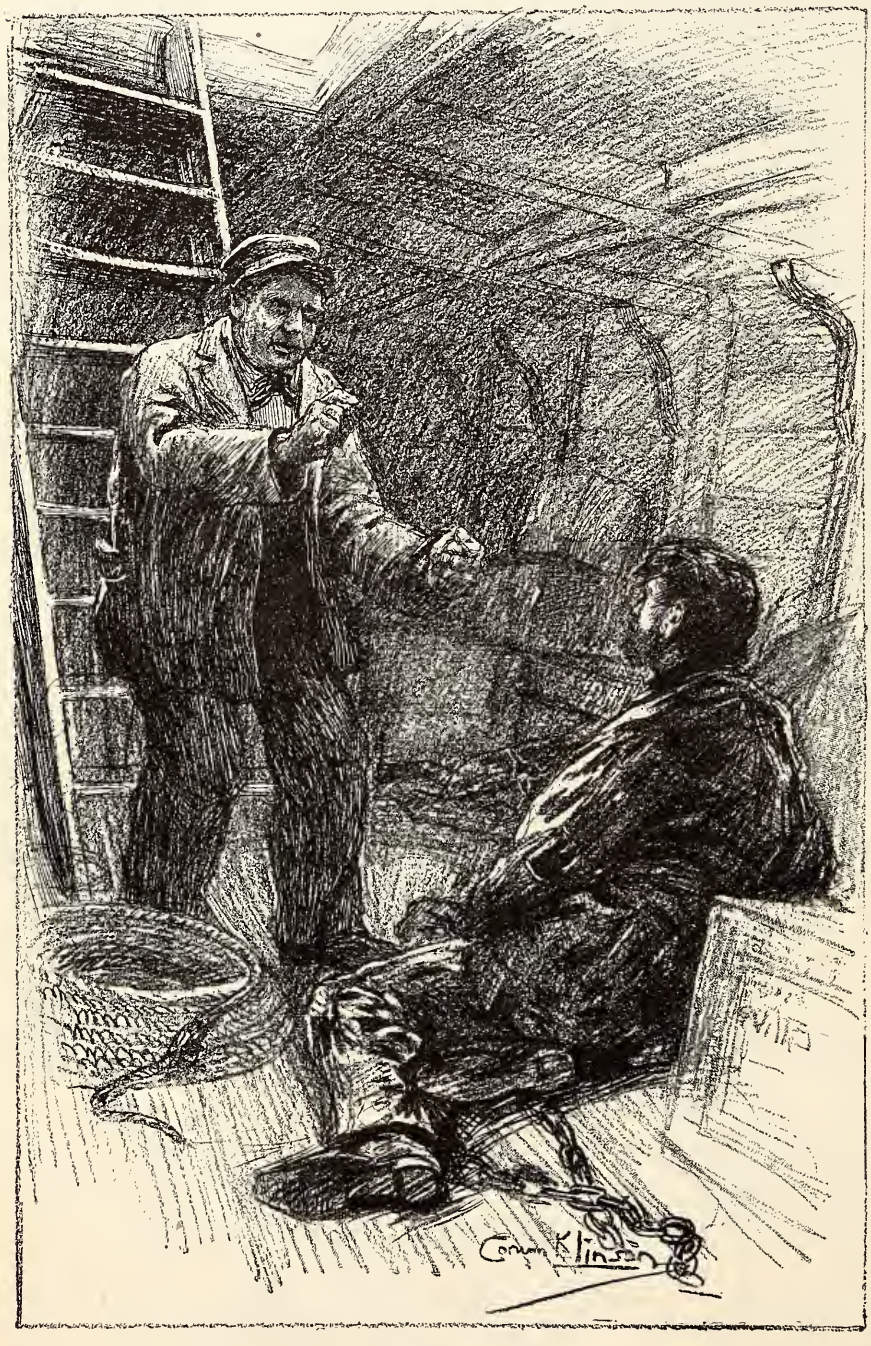
"All right; and mind you, any monkey work'll get you into more trouble. You're on the articles as Hans Johanne Von Dagerman, Dutchman, able seaman, fourteen dollars a month, and a month's advance—remember that when you're paid off. And you're down in my official log

as a dangerous lunatic. If you raise any row aboard my ship, you'll be shot, and your character and record will excuse it. Understand?"

"I do. I accept the warning, the name, the nationality, and the conditions—even the lunacy. Only, Captain, as I am officially insane, I cannot be punished if I kill you all three—remember that." The weary eyes were sparkling.

"Oh, that's your game, is it? Want to get out to kill somebody? Down you go in my log as threatening my life and the lives of my officers, and here you stay in double-irons on bread and water."

So he was logged again, and another pair of manacles fastened to his wrists, with a foot of chain connecting the center links to the stanchion. This gave him scope to lift from the deck to his mouth the one biscuit allowed him each day, and to drink from his tomato-can, which had been saved for him. But it was not the diet that broke him down. The water was good; and the biscuit, though not the soft, fluffy morsel eaten at tea-tables on shore, was the cleanest and sweetest food on the forecastle menu, and one a day was as much as he could masticate during his waking hours. It was the confinement and double-irons. After three weeks, pale and emaciated, he sent up another plea for liberty, in which he relinquished the privileges of the insane, and to Captain Millen, when he appeared, he promised a line of good behavior while on board which debarred him the right to return a blow. He made this promise on his honor, which he said was all they had left him. As the ship was short-handed, the captain accepted the promise and his services. Then, with his tomato-can in his hand, able-seaman Hans Johanne Von Dagerman, as we must now know him, went forward, a member of the starboard watch. At the end of the first day he had proved his incapacity and was disrated to ordinary seaman, at eleven dollars a month. This did not trouble him, until, having heard of the "slop-chest"—the store of clothing which captains lay in to sell to sailors at sea—he learned that he could not purchase until out of debt to the ship. His pay had stopped when he became a prisoner, and the time required to work off the fourteen dollars advance charged against him brought the ship, bound to Shanghai, well into the chilly weather to the south of Cape of Good Hope before he could draw from the slop-chest; and then he bought, not clothing, but salt-water soap, with which he washed his own

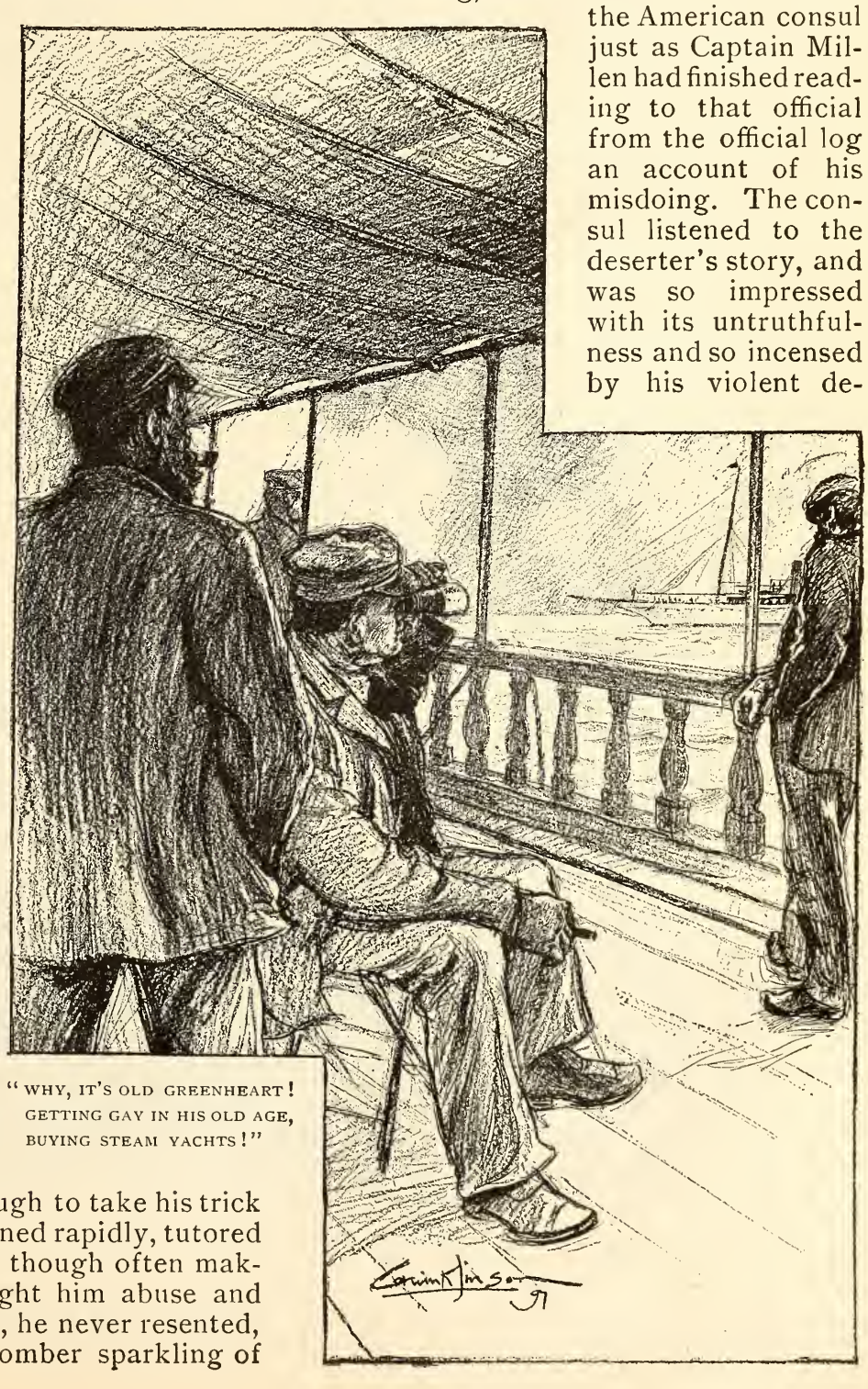


"HERE YOU STAY IN DOUBLE-IRONS ON BREAD AND WATER."

and the scant supply of rags contributed by his pitying shipmates, and took a chilly bath over the bows with a draw-bucket. He was certainly insane, and the men not only pitied him but feared him, forbearing all the petty persecutions which able seamen may inflict on a green hand in the watch below. He occasionally borrowed his friend Tom's scissors and looking-glass and kept his growing beard trimmed to a point — an outlandish, lubberly style, inspired, no doubt, by his lunacy. He manufactured, from the inner bristles of a condemned paint-brush, a fairly serviceable tooth-brush, with which, and a piece of bath-brick coaxed from the cook, he scoured his teeth—remarkably white and well-set—after each meal. Every morning, no matter what the weather, he took his douche-bath, using up valuable time in his watch below for the performance. When he had earned more money, he bought clothing, and paid his debts to his mates in kind—new shirts, etc., for old; and then only did he buy for himself. He refused to talk of his past, but frankly confessed to the others that he was crazy. All these idiosyncrasies counted against him, and drifting aft, through the medium of the cook and steward, were entered in the official log as additional evidence of his mental derangement.

He seemed to know something of sailors' work when he began—that is, he knew starboard from port, and the names of the sails, but not the ropes; and he could steer well enough to take his trick in fine weather. He learned rapidly, tutored by Tom and Jim; and, though often making mistakes that brought him abuse and sometimes knockdowns, he never resented, only showing, by the somber sparkling of his weary eyes, that he appreciated and remembered. The big second mate, however, though prolific in profanely worded expressions of disapproval, avoided personal contact with him, candidly admitting to Mr. Pratt that once was enough for one lifetime and that he took no stock in the promises of crazy men.

At Shanghai, Hans Johanne Von Dagerman applied for liberty to go ashore, which was denied him; for he had drawn his wages up to date in slop-clothing, and with nothing to hold him to the ship, he might desert. As a consequence, he slipped overboard in the night, swam ashore, hid until morning, and entered the office of the American consul just as Captain Millen had finished reading to that official from the official log an account of his misdoing. The consul listened to the deserter's story, and was so impressed with its untruthfulness and so incensed by his violent de-



"WHY, IT'S OLD GREENHEART! GETTING GAY IN HIS OLD AGE, BUYING STEAM YACHTS!"

mands that he depose Captain Millen from command, that he ordered him back to the ship in irons. He remained in the half-deck until the ship sailed for New York, and was then glad to be released on a second promise of good conduct.

On the homeward passage he kept his place and his promise, becoming, under the influence of his watch-mates, who began to like him, a fairly proficient sailorman—quick and intelligent in judgment, active and strong in the execution of orders. The ozone of the sea, with his hygienic personal habits, religiously clung to, had cleared the bloodshot eye, smoothed the premature lines in his sunburned face, and transformed him from the dilapidated wreck of humanity first introduced, to as handsome and manly-looking a sailor as ever pulled a rope.

The ship reached New York, and Captain Millen, according to instructions brought to him at Quarantine, anchored the "Indiana" off Staten Island pending the vacating of her dock by another ship. As this would not be for a fortnight, the men were sent ashore on a tug, and three days later paid off at the shipping-office. Then they disappeared from the ken and concern of Captain Millen and his officers, who, with the steward, remained by the ship, killing time as best they could. Smoking lazily under the quarter-deck awning one day, they became interested in a large steam yacht approaching on the starboard quarter. A dainty piece of cabinet-work she was, glistening with varnish paint and polished brass, with the American yacht ensign at the stern and the burgee of the New York Yacht Club at the fore-truck, yet showing, by her square stern and gaffs peaked from the deck, her probable English origin. Blue-shirted sailors dotted her white deck, two uniformed officers conned her from the bridge; and aft, on the fan-tail, seated in a wicker-work deck-chair, was a white-haired old gentleman. Captain Millen, viewing her through his glasses, suddenly exclaimed:

"Why, it's old Greenheart! Getting gay in his old age, buying steam yachts. Hope he won't dock my pay to make up for this."

As the beautiful craft drew up alongside and stopped, the old gentleman arose and took off his cap, which salute they answered; then a gig was lowered, manned by a neatly-dressed crew, and steered to the ship's gangway by a spruce young coxswain, who mounted the side and approached them. Touching his cap, he said:

"Mr. Greenheart would like to see Captain Millen, Mr. Pratt, and Mr. Barker on board the yacht."

"Well, well—certainly—yes, of course," said the captain. "Pratt, get a collar on; you, too, Barker. 'Tisn't every day we get into good society. Hurry up. Ready in a minute, young fellow." The coxswain descended to the gig, and the two mates to their rooms, where they made such hurried toilet as the urgency would admit of. As they came up, the captain said, impressively:

"Don't let on, now, that you expect anything: the old man's finicky; but I think this means promotion for all of us. The new ship was launched last week, and I'm more than likely to get her. That'll leave a vacancy here, and I've spoken well of both of you. But don't let on."

They entered the gig and were pulled to the yacht, where, on climbing the gangway steps, they found the side manned for them. Two lines of men, marshaled by a keen-eyed second mate, who stared curiously at the visitors, stretched across the deck, forming a lane through which they must pass. And these two lines were composed of the port and starboard watches of the "Indiana," spick and span, in clean blue uniform, each man gazing stonily over the shoulder of his *vis-à-vis*, and only one giving any sign of recognition. David, who had not smiled during the voyage, now grinned cheerfully around a set of false teeth. Agape with astonishment, the three visitors passed on until they were met by the smiling old gentleman, who shook hands with them and said:

"A little out of the ordinary, Captain—no, not my yacht—my nephew's. He has just returned from abroad, and thinks he was in the China seas about the time you were there. He wants to meet you and compare notes, and suggested a spin down the Bay. John," he called down the cabin stairs, "will you come up? Captain Millen is here. Allow me to introduce you. Gentlemen, my nephew, Mr. Greenheart. John, this is Captain Millen, our commodore——"

"Exactly."

Hans Johanne Von Dagerman had come up the stairs and seated himself in the deck-chair. His tar-stained hands were hidden in gloves; his symmetrical figure was clad in the New York Yacht Club uniform; and the weary eyes glittered in his bronzed face with an expression as deadly in its earnestness as the gesture which

brought two revolvers from his pockets and up to a line with the visitors' heads.

"Exactly," he repeated; "we've met before. Don't trouble yourself to introduce them, uncle—allow me. Allow me to make you acquainted with three as black-hearted, inhuman scoundrels as ever disgraced humanity."

"Why, John, John, what does this mean?" exclaimed the puzzled old gentleman, while Captain Millen, pale and embarrassed, stuttered: "I didn't know, sir; why didn't you tell me?" Mr. Pratt and Mr. Barker said nothing, but looked from the leveled pistols forward to the two lines of observant men, and noticed that the yacht was under way and heading to sea.

"Uncle, how long has Captain Millen commanded a ship for father?"

"Over twenty-five years, John; and he now stands first—as good, capable, and honest a captain as ever sailed a ship. I am astonished."

"Um—humph—I see. Yet I am afraid that if father knows now how his money was made,—how every dollar was wrung from the sweat, and the blood, and the suffering of slaves,—he is not resting easy in his grave. Uncle, you are getting old. In a week I shall expect a statement of the business of the line, with the names and whereabouts of the ships and the names of the captains. There is going to be one line of American sailing-ships conducted on humane principles. But before you relinquish control, examine the official log of the 'Indiana' for the last voyage, and you will learn that one Hans Johanne Von Dagerman is insane and not responsible for his actions. An official log is excellent testimony in court. Now, then, you three, off with your coats and throw them down the companionway—quickly, or I'll lift the tops of your heads."

He was still seated in the deck-chair, but his voice rang out like the blare of a trumpet; and they obeyed him, while the old gentleman wrung his hands nervously.

"Turn your trousers pockets inside out," he commanded, and was obeyed again.

"Now, boys," he called, excitedly, "they haven't any pistols, and we've got them right where we want them. Tom—Jim—Ned—hurrah! here; come on! Lars—drive in; there's a railful of brass belaying-pins; there's a rack of handspikes; David, remember your teeth. Come on, Fred! Come on, the whole crowd of you! Let them know how it feels. Give it to them!"

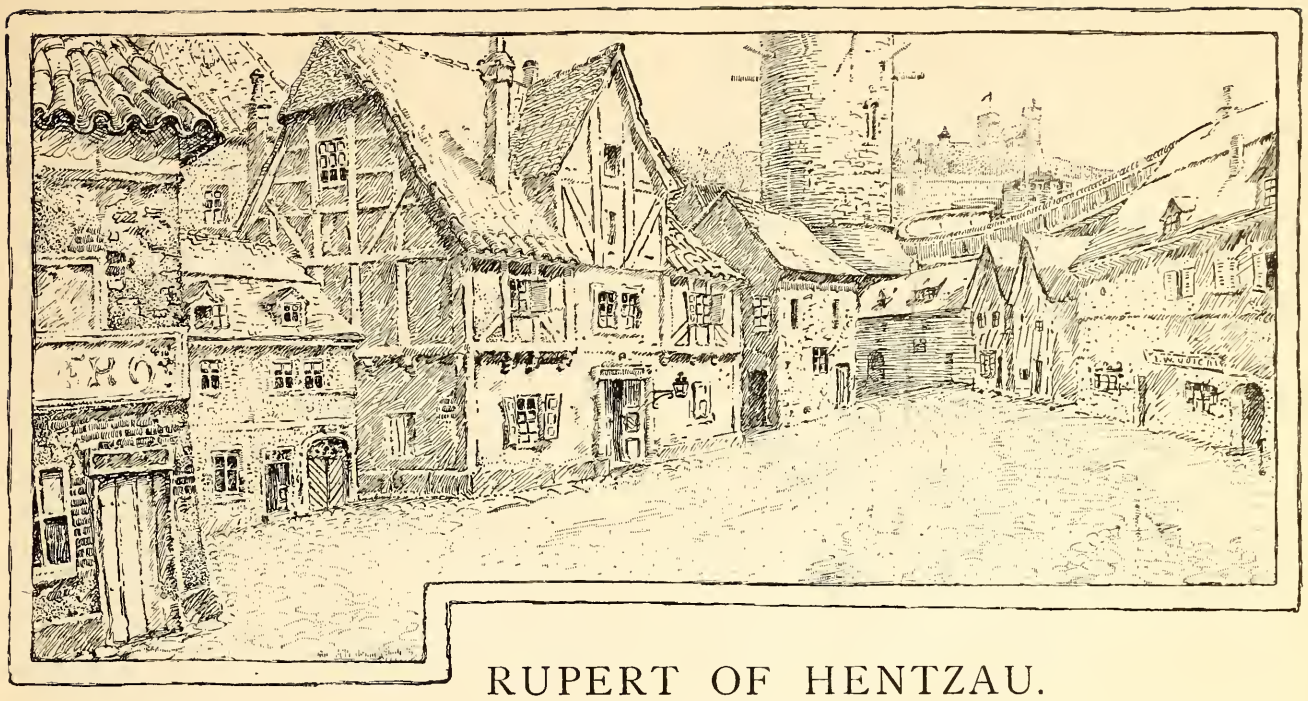
An hour later, three men—scarred, bleeding, and groaning—stripped to remnants of underclothing, conscious of nothing but their terrible pain, were lowered into a boat and landed at the wharf of Bellevue Hospital, from which institution emanated, in a few days, certain official notifications to the police which resulted in certain official inquiries that were immediately hushed.

A few days later a shocked and agitated old gentleman betook himself to the mountains to be treated for nervous prostration; and in a few months a young club man—former good fellow, lately returned from abroad—had excited much gossip and puzzled comment among his friends, because of his serious demeanor, changed habits, and strict attention to business.

Drawn by Charles Dana Gibson.

"I heard her sobs." See page 556.

"RUPERT OF HENTZAU," CHAPTER XIV.



RUPERT OF HENTZAU.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF FRITZ VON TARLENHEIM.

By Anthony Hope.

Being the sequel to a story by the same writer entitled "The Prisoner of Zenda."

With full-page illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson.

INTRODUCTION AND SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Rudolf Rassendyll, as an act of friendship to Rudolf, King of Ruritania, his distant relative, takes advantage of a close resemblance between them and impersonates the king through a grave crisis in the latter's affairs. He even plays the king's part as the prospective husband of the Princess Flavia. But in so doing he loses his heart, while the princess suddenly discovers in her lover a fervor and fascination she had not found in him before. In the end, the princess dutifully marries the real king; but thereafter, once a year, she sends a gift and a verbal message to Rassendyll in token of her remembrance of him. This continues for three years. Then, under a passionate impulse, she sends with her yearly gift a letter. The bearer, Fritz von Tarlenheim, is betrayed by his servant Bauer, and assaulted and robbed of the letter by Rupert of Hentzau. The queen and her friends—Rassendyll, Von Tarlenheim, Colonel Sapt, and Lieutenant Bernenstein—now put forth all their power and ingenuity to recover the letter. Despite their precautions, Rupert gets to the king one night when the latter is staying at a remote hunting-lodge. But before Rupert can give him the letter, or tell him of it, they fall into a quarrel, and the king is killed. Rupert flies. Sapt, Von Tarlenheim, and Rassendyll's servant, James, coming soon after to the lodge, learn what has happened from the king's attendant, Herbert, who himself soon dies of a wound received in the fight. Rischenheim (Rupert's accomplice), the queen, and Rassendyll are now at Strelsau, where Rassendyll is trying to get a meeting with Rupert, at Rupert's lodging, No. 19 Königstrasse, and force the letter from him. Rassendyll is generally supposed to be the king, and at present he dare not correct the mistake.

CHAPTER XIII.

A KING UP HIS SLEEVE.

THE tall handsome girl was taking down the shutters from the shop front at No. 19 in the Königstrasse. She went about her work languidly enough, but there was a tinge of dusky red on her cheeks and her eyes were brightened by some suppressed excitement. Old Mother Holf, leaning against the counter, was grumbling angrily because Bauer did not come. Now it was not likely that Bauer would come just yet, for he was still in the infirmary attached to the police-cells, where a couple of doctors were very busy setting him on his legs again. The old woman knew nothing of this, but only that he had gone the night before to reconnoitre; where he was to play the spy she did not know, on whom perhaps she guessed.

"You're sure he never came back?" she asked her daughter.

"He never came back that I saw," answered the girl. "And I was on the watch with my lamp here in the shop till it grew light."

"He's twelve hours gone now, and never a message! Aye, and Count Rupert should

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be here soon, and he'll be in a fine taking if Bauer's not back."

The girl made no answer; she had finished her task and stood in the doorway, looking out on the street. It was past eight, and many people were about, still for the most part humble folk; the more comfortably placed would not be moving for an hour or two yet. In the road the traffic consisted chiefly of country carts and wagons, bringing in produce for the day's victualling of the great city. The girl watched the stream, but her thoughts were occupied with the stately gentleman who had come to her by night and asked a service of her. She had heard the revolver shot outside; as it sounded she had blown out her lamp, and there behind the door in the dark had heard the swiftly retreating feet of the fugitives and, a little later, the arrival of the patrol. Well, the patrol would not dare to touch the king; as for Bauer, let him be alive or dead: what cared she, who was the king's servant, able to help the king against his enemies? If Bauer were the king's enemy, right glad would she be to hear that the rogue was dead. How finely the king had caught him by the neck and thrown him out! She laughed to think how little her mother knew the company she had kept that night.

The row of country carts moved slowly by. One or two stopped before the shop, and the carters offered vegetables for sale. The old woman would have nothing to say to them, but waved them on irritably. Three had thus stopped and again proceeded, and an impatient grumble broke from the old lady as a fourth, a covered wagon, drew up before the door.

"We don't want anything: go on, go on with you!" she cried shrilly.

The carter got down from his seat without heeding her, and walked round to the back.

"Here you are, sir," he cried. "Nineteen, Königstrasse."

A yawn was heard, and the long sigh a man gives as he stretches himself in the mingled luxury and pain of an awakening after sound refreshing sleep.

"All right; I'll get down," came in answer from inside.

"Ah, it's the count!" said the old lady to her daughter in satisfied tones. "What will he say, though, about that rogue Bauer?"

Rupert of Hentzau put his head out from under the wagon-tilt, looked up and down the street, gave the carter a couple of crowns, leapt down, and ran lightly across the pavement into the little shop. The wagon moved on.

"A lucky thing I met him," said Rupert cheerily. "The wagon hid me very well; and handsome as my face is, I can't let Strelsau enjoy too much of it just now. Well, mother, what cheer? And you, my pretty, how goes it with you?" He carelessly brushed the girl's cheek with the glove that he had drawn off. "Faith, though, I beg your pardon," he added a moment later: "the glove's not clean enough for that," and he looked at his buff glove, which was stained with patches of dull rusty brown.

"It's all as when you left, Count Rupert," said Mother Holf, "except that that rascal Bauer went out last night——"

"That's right enough. But hasn't he returned?"

"No, not yet."

"Hum. No signs of—anybody else?" His look defined the vague question.

The old woman shook her head. The girl turned away to hide a smile. "Anybody else" meant the king, so she suspected. Well, they should hear nothing from her. The king himself had charged her to be silent.

"But Rischenheim has come, I suppose?" pursued Rupert.

"Oh, yes; he came, my lord, soon after you went. He wears his arm in a sling."

"Ah!" cried Rupert in sudden excitement. "As I guessed! The devil! If only I could do everything myself, and not have to trust to fools and bunglers! Where's the count?"

"Why, in the attic. You know the way."

"True. But I want some breakfast, mother."

"Rosa shall serve you at once, my lord."

The girl followed Rupert up the narrow, crazy staircase of the tall old house. They passed three floors, all uninhabited; a last steep flight brought them right under the deep arched roof. Rupert opened a door that stood at the top of the stairs, and, followed still by Rosa with her mysterious happy smile, entered a long, narrow room. The ceiling, high in the center, sloped rapidly down on either side, so that at door and window it was little more than six feet above the floor. There were an oak table and a few chairs; a couple of iron bedsteads stood by the wall near the window. One was empty; the Count

of Luzau-Rischenheim lay on the other, fully dressed, his right arm supported in a sling of black silk. Rupert paused on the threshold, smiling at his cousin; the girl passed on to a high press or cupboard, and, opening it, took out plates, glasses, and the other furniture of the table. Rischenheim sprang up and ran across the room.

"What news?" he cried eagerly. "You escaped them, Rupert?"

"It appears so," said Rupert airily; and, advancing into the room, he threw himself into a chair, tossing his hat on to the table. "It appears that I escaped, although some fool's stupidity nearly made an end of me."

Rischenheim flushed.

"I'll tell you about that directly," he said, glancing at the girl who had put some cold meat and a bottle of wine on the table, and was now completing the preparations for Rupert's meal in a very leisurely fashion.

"Had I nothing to do but look at pretty faces—which, by heaven, I wish heartily were the case—I would beg you to stay," said Rupert, rising and making her a profound bow.

"I've no wish to hear what doesn't concern me," she retorted scornfully.

"What a rare and blessed disposition!" said he, holding the door for her and bowing again.

"I know what I know," she cried to him triumphantly from the landing. "Maybe you'd give something to know it too, Count Rupert!"

"It's very likely, for, by heaven, girls know wonderful things!" smiled Rupert; but he shut the door and came quickly back to the table, now frowning again. "Come, tell me, how did they make a fool of you, or why did you make a fool of me, cousin?"

While Rischenheim related how he had been trapped and tricked at the Castle of Zenda, Rupert of Hentzau made a very good breakfast. He offered no interruption and no comments, but when Rudolf Rassendyll came into the story he looked up for an instant with a quick jerk of his head and a sudden light in his eyes. The end of Rischenheim's narrative found him tolerant and smiling again.

"Ah, well, the snare was cleverly set," he said. "I don't wonder you fell into it."

"And now you? What happened to you?" asked Rischenheim eagerly.

"I? Why, having your message which was not your message, I obeyed your directions which were not your directions."

"You went to the lodge?"

"Certainly."

"And found Sapt there?—Anybody else?"

"Why, not Sapt at all."

"Not Sapt? But surely they laid a trap for you?"

"Very possibly, but the jaws didn't bite." Rupert crossed his legs and lit a cigarette.

"But what did you find?"

"I? I found the king's forester, and the king's boar-hound, and—well, I found the king himself, too."

"The king at the lodge?"

"You weren't so wrong as you thought, were you?"

"But surely Sapt, or Bernenstein, or some one was with him?"

"As I tell you, his forester and his boar-hound. No other man or beast, on my honor."

"Then you gave him the letter?" cried Rischenheim, trembling with excitement.

"Alas, no, my dear cousin. I threw the box at him, but I don't think he had time to open it. We didn't get to that stage of the conversation at which I had intended to produce the letter."

"But why not—why not?"

Rupert rose to his feet, and, coming just opposite to where Rischenheim sat, balanced himself on his heels, and looked down at his cousin, blowing the ash from his cigarette and smiling pleasantly.

"Have you noticed," he asked, "that my coat's torn?"

"I see it is."

"Yes. The boar-hound tried to bite me, cousin. And the forester would have stabbed me. And—well, the king wanted to shoot me."

"Yes, yes! For God's sake, what happened?"

"Well, they none of them did what they wanted. That's what happened, dear cousin."

Rischenheim was staring at him now with wide-opened eyes. Rupert smiled down on him composedly.

"Because, you see," he added, "heaven helped me. So that, my dear cousin, the dog will bite no more, and the forester will stab no more. Surely the country is well rid of them?"

A silence followed. Then Rischenheim, leaning forward, said in a low whisper, as though afraid to hear his own question:

"And the king?"

"The king? Well, the king will shoot no more."

For a moment Rischenheim, still leaning forward, gazed at his cousin. Then he sank slowly back into his chair.

"My God!" he murmured: "my God!"

"The king was a fool," said Rupert. "Come, I'll tell you a little more about it." He drew a chair up and seated himself in it.

While he talked Rischenheim seemed hardly to listen. The story gained in effect from the contrast of Rupert's airy telling; his companion's pale face and twitching hands tickled his fancy to more shameless jesting. But when he had finished, he gave a pull to his small, smartly-curled mustache and said with a sudden gravity:

"After all, though, it's a serious matter."

Rischenheim was appalled at the issue. His cousin's influence had been strong enough to lead him into the affair of the letter; he was aghast to think how Rupert's reckless dare-deviltry had led on from stage to stage till the death of a king seemed but an incident in his schemes. He sprang suddenly to his feet, crying:

"But we must fly—we must fly!"

"No, we needn't fly. Perhaps we'd better go, but we needn't fly."

"But when it becomes known——?" He broke off and then cried: "Why did you tell me? Why did you come back here?"

"Well, I told you because it was interesting, and I came back here because I had no money to go elsewhere."

"I would have sent money."

"I find that I get more when I ask in person. Besides, is everything finished?"

"I'll have no more to do with it."

"Ah, my dear cousin, you despond too soon. The good king is unhappily gone from us, but we still have our dear queen. We have also, by the kindness of heaven, our dear queen's letter."

"I'll have no more to do with it."

"Your neck feeling . . . ?" Rupert delicately imitated the putting of a noose about a man's throat.

Rischenheim rose suddenly and flung the window open wide.

"I'm suffocated," he muttered with a sullen frown, avoiding Rupert's eyes.

"Where's Rudolf Rassendyll?" asked Rupert. "Have you heard of him?"

"No, I don't know where he is."

"We must find that out, I think."

Rischenheim turned abruptly on him.

"I had no hand in this thing," he said, "and I'll have no more to do with it. I was not there. What did I know of the king being there? I'm not guilty of it: on my soul, I knew nothing of it."

"That's all very true," nodded Rupert.

"Rupert," cried he, "let me go, let me alone. If you want money, I'll give it you. For God's sake take it, and get out of Strelsau!"

"I'm ashamed to beg, my dear cousin, but in fact I want a little money until I can contrive to realize my valuable property. Is it safe, I wonder? Ah, yes, here it is."

He drew from his inner pocket the queen's letter. "Now if the king hadn't been a fool!" he murmured regretfully, as he regarded it.

Then he walked across to the window and looked out; he could not himself be seen from the street, and nobody was visible at the windows opposite. Men and women passed to and fro on their daily labors or pleasures; there was no unusual stir in the city. Looking over the roofs, Rupert could see the royal standard floating in the wind over the palace and the barracks. He took out his watch; Rischenheim imitated his action: it was ten minutes to ten.

"Rischenheim," he called, "come here a moment. Here—look out."

Rischenheim obeyed, and Rupert let him look for a minute or two before speaking again.

"Do you see anything remarkable?" he asked then.

"No, nothing," answered Rischenheim, still curt and sullen in his fright.

"Well, no more do I. And that's very odd. For don't you think that Sapt or some other of her majesty's friends must have gone to the lodge last night?"

"They meant to, I swear," said Rischenheim with sudden attention.

"Then they would have found the king. There's a telegraph wire at Hofbau, only a few miles away. And it's ten o'clock. My cousin, why isn't Strelsau mourning for our lamented king? Why aren't the flags at half-mast? I don't understand it."

"No," murmured Rischenheim, his eyes now fixed on his cousin's face.

Rupert broke into a smile and tapped his teeth with his fingers.

"I wonder," said he meditatively, "if that old player Sapt has got a king up his sleeve again! If that were so——" He stopped and seemed to fall into deep thought. Rischenheim did not interrupt him, but stood looking now at him, now out of the window. Still there was no stir in the streets, and still the standards floated at the summit of the flagstaffs. The king's death was not yet known in Strelsau.

"Where's Bauer?" asked Rupert suddenly. "Where the plague can Bauer be? He was my eyes. Here we are, cooped up, and I don't know what's going on."

"I don't know where he is. Something must have happened to him."

"Of course, my wise cousin. But what?"

Rupert began to pace up and down the room, smoking another cigarette at a great pace. Rischenheim sat down by the table, resting his head on his hand. He was wearied out by strain and excitement, his wounded arm pained him greatly, and he was full of horror and remorse at the event which had happened unknown to him the night before.

".I wish I was quit of it," he moaned at last.

Rupert stopped before him.

"You repent of your misdeeds?" he asked. "Well, then, you shall be allowed to repent. Nay, you shall go and tell the king that you repent. Rischenheim, I must know what they are doing. You must go and ask an audience of the king."

"But the king is——"

"We shall know that better when you've asked for your audience. See here."

Rupert sat down by his cousin and instructed him in his task. This was no other than to discover whether there were a king in Strelsau, or whether the only king lay dead in the hunting-lodge. If there were no attempt being made to conceal the king's death, Rupert's plan was to seek safety in flight. He did not abandon his designs: from the secure vantage of foreign soil he would hold the queen's letter over her head, and by the threat of publishing it insure at once immunity for himself and almost any further terms which he chose to exact from her. If, on the other hand, the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim found a king in Strelsau, if the royal standards continued to wave at the summit of their flagstaffs, and Strelsau knew nothing of the dead man in the lodge, then Rupert had laid his hand on another secret; for he knew who the king in Strelsau must be. Starting from this point, his audacious mind darted forward to new and bolder schemes. He could offer again to Rudolf Rassendyll what he had offered once before, three years ago—a partnership in crime and the profits of crime—or if this advance were refused, then he declared that he would himself descend openly into the streets of Strelsau and proclaim the death of the king from the steps of the cathedral.

"Who can tell," he cried, springing up, enraptured and merry with the inspiration of his plan, "who can tell whether Sapt or I came first to the lodge? Who found the king alive, Sapt or I? Who left him dead, Sapt or I? Who had most interest in killing him—I, who only sought to make him aware of what touched his honor, or Sapt, who was and is hand and glove with the man that now robs him of his name and usurps his place while his body is still warm? Ah, they haven't done with Rupert of Hentzau yet!"

He stopped, looking down on his companion. Rischenheim's fingers still twitched nervously and his cheeks were pale. But now his face was alight with interest and eagerness. Again the fascination of Rupert's audacity and the infection of his courage caught on his kinsman's weaker nature, and inspired him to a temporary emulation of the will that dominated him.

"You see," pursued Rupert, "it's not likely that they'll do you any harm."

"I'll risk anything."

"Most gallant gentleman! At the worst they'll only keep you a prisoner. Well, if you're not back in a couple of hours, I shall draw my conclusions. I shall know that there's a king in Strelsau."

"But where shall I look for the king?"

"Why, first in the palace, and secondly at Fritz von Tarlenheim's. I expect you'll find him at Fritz's, though."

"Shall I go there first, then?"

"No. That would be seeming to know too much."

"You'll wait here?"

"Certainly, cousin—unless I see cause to move, you know."

"And I shall find you on my return?"

"Me, or directions from me. By the way, bring money too. There's never any harm in having a full pocket. I wonder what the devil does without a breeches-pocket!"

Rischenheim let that curious speculation

alone, although he remembered the whimsical air with which Rupert delivered it. He was now on fire to be gone, his ill-balanced brain leaping from the depths of despondency to the certainty of brilliant success, and not heeding the gulf of danger that it surpassed in buoyant fancy.

"We shall have them in a corner, Rupert," he cried.

"Ay, perhaps. But wild beasts in a corner bite hard."

"I wish my arm were well!"

"You'll be safer with it wounded," said Rupert with a smile.

"By God, Rupert, I can defend myself."

"True, true; but it's your brain I want now, cousin."

"You shall see that I have something in me."

"If it please God, dear cousin."

With every mocking encouragement and every careless taunt Rischenheim's resolve to prove himself a man grew stronger. He snatched up a revolver that lay on the mantelpiece and put it in his pocket.

"Don't fire, if you can help it," advised Rupert.

Rischenheim's answer was to make for the door at a great speed. Rupert watched him go, and then returned to the window. The last his cousin saw was his figure standing straight and lithe against the light, while he looked out on the city. Still there was no stir in the streets, still the royal standard floated at the top of the flagstaffs.

Rischenheim plunged down the stairs: his feet were too slow for his eagerness. At the bottom he found the girl Rosa sweeping the passage with great apparent diligence.

"You're going out, my lord?" she asked.

"Why, yes; I have business. Pray stand on one side, this passage is so cursedly narrow."

Rosa showed no haste in moving.

"And the Count Rupert, is he going out also?" she asked.

"You see he's not with me. He'll wait——" Rischenheim broke off and asked angrily: "What business is it of yours, girl? Get out of the way!"

She moved aside now, making him no answer. He rushed past; she looked after him with a smile of triumph. Then she fell again to her sweeping. The king had bidden her be ready at ten. It was half-past ten. Soon the king would have need of her.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE NEWS COMES TO STRELSAU.

On leaving No. 19, Rischenheim walked swiftly some little way up the Königstrasse and then hailed a cab. He had hardly raised his hand when he heard his name called, and, looking round, saw Anton von Strofzin's smart phaeton pulling up beside him. Anton was driving, and on the other seat was a large nosegay of choice flowers.

"Where are you off to?" cried Anton, leaning forward with a gay smile.

"Well, where are you? To a lady's, I presume, from your bouquet there," answered Rischenheim as lightly as he could.

"The little bunch of flowers," simpered young Anton, "is a cousinly offering to Helga von Tarlenheim, and I'm going to present it. Can I give you a lift anywhere?"

Although Rischenheim had intended to go first to the palace, Anton's offer seemed to give him a good excuse for drawing the more likely covert first.

"I was going to the palace to find out where the king is. I want to see him, if he'll give me a minute or two," he remarked.

"I'll drive you there afterwards. Jump up. That your cab? Here you are, cabman," and, flinging the cabman a crown, he displaced the bouquet and made room for Rischenheim beside him.

Anton's horses, of which he was not a little proud, made short work of the distance to my home. The phaeton rattled up to the door and both the young men got out. The moment of their arrival found the chancellor just leaving to return to his own home. Helsing knew them both, and stopped to rally Anton on the matter of his bouquet. Anton was famous for his bouquets, which he distributed widely among the ladies of Strelsau.

"I hoped it was for my daughter," said the chancellor slyly. "For I love flowers, and my wife has ceased to provide me with them; moreover, I've ceased to provide her with them, so, but for my daughter, we should have none."

Anton answered his chaff, promising a bouquet for the young lady the next day, but declaring that he could not disappoint his cousin. He was interrupted by Rischenheim, who, looking round on the group of bystanders, now grown numerous, exclaimed: "What's going on here,

my dear chancellor? What are all these people hanging about here for? Ah, that's a royal carriage!"

"The queen's with the countess," answered Helsing. "The people are waiting to see her come out."

"She's always worth seeing," Anton pronounced, sticking his glass in his eye.

"And you've been to visit her?" pursued Rischenheim.

"Why, yes. I—I went to pay my respects, my dear Rischenheim."

"An early visit!"

"It was more or less on business."

"Ah, I have business also, and very important business. But it's with the king."

"I won't keep you a moment, Rischenheim," called Anton, as, bouquet in hand, he knocked at the door.

"With the king?" said Helsing. "Ah, yes, but the king——"

"I'm on my way to the palace to find out where he is. If I can't see him, I must write at once. My business is very urgent."

"Indeed, my dear count, indeed! Dear me! Urgent, you say?"

"But perhaps you can help me. Is he at Zenda?"

The chancellor was becoming very embarrassed; Anton had disappeared into the house; Rischenheim buttonholed him resolutely.

"At Zenda? Well, now, I don't—— Excuse me, but what's your business?"

"Excuse me, my dear chancellor; it's a secret."

"I have the king's confidence."

"Then you'll be indifferent to not enjoying mine," smiled Rischenheim.

"I perceive that your arm is hurt," observed the chancellor, seeking a diversion.

"Between ourselves, that has something to do with my business. Well, I must go to the palace. Or—stay—would her majesty condescend to help me? I think I'll risk a request. She can but refuse;" and so saying, Rischenheim approached the door.

"Oh, my friend, I wouldn't do that," cried Helsing, darting after him. "The queen is—well, very much engaged. She won't like to be troubled."

Rischenheim took no notice of him, but knocked loudly. The door was opened, and he told the butler to carry his name to the queen and beg a moment's speech with her. Helsing stood in perplexity on the step. The crowd was delighted with the coming of these great folk and showed no sign of dispersing. Anton von Strofzin did not reappear. Rischenheim edged himself inside the doorway and stood on the threshold of the hall. There he heard voices proceeding from the sitting-room on the left. He recognized the queen's, my wife's, and Anton's. Then came the butler's, saying, "I will inform the count of your majesty's wishes."

The door of the room opened; the butler appeared, and immediately behind him Anton von Strofzin and Bernenstein. Bernenstein had the young fellow by the arm, and hurried him through the hall. They passed the butler, who made way for them, and came to where Rischenheim stood.

"We meet again," said Rischenheim with a bow.

The chancellor rubbed his hands in nervous perturbation. The butler stepped up and delivered his message: the queen regretted her inability to receive the count. Rischenheim nodded, and, standing so that the door could not be shut, asked Bernenstein whether he knew where the king was.

Now Bernenstein was most anxious to get the pair of them away and the door shut, but he dared show no eagerness.

"Do you want another interview with the king already?" he asked with a smile. "The last was so pleasant, then?"

Rischenheim took no notice of the taunt, but observed sarcastically: "There's a strange difficulty in finding our good king. The chancellor here doesn't know where he is, or at least he won't answer my questions."

"Possibly the king has his reasons for not wishing to be disturbed," suggested Bernenstein.

"It's very possible," retorted Rischenheim significantly.

"Meanwhile, my dear count, I shall take it as a personal favor if you'll move out of the doorway."

"Do I incommode you by standing here?" answered the count.

"Infinitely, my lord," answered Bernenstein stiffly.

"Hallo, Bernenstein, what's the matter?" cried Anton, seeing that their tones and glances had grown angry. The crowd also had noticed the raised voices and hostile manner of the disputants, and began to gather round in a more compact group.

Suddenly a voice came from inside the hall: it was distinct and loud, yet not without a touch of huskiness. The sound of it hushed the rising quarrel and silenced

the crowd into expectant stillness. Bernenstein looked aghast, Rischenheim nervous yet triumphant, Anton amused and gratified.

"The king!" he cried, and burst into a laugh. "You've drawn him, Rischenheim!"

The crowd heard his boyish exclamation and raised a cheer. Helsing turned, as though to rebuke them. Had not the king himself desired secrecy? Yes, but he who spoke as the king chose any risk sooner than let Rischenheim go back and warn Rupert of his presence.

"Is that the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim?" called Rudolf from within. "If so, let him enter and then shut the door."

There was something in his tone that alarmed Rischenheim. He started back on the step. But Bernenstein caught him by the arm.

"Since you wished to come in, come in," he said with a grim smile.

Rischenheim looked round, as though he meditated flight. The next moment Bernenstein was thrust aside. For one short instant a tall figure appeared in the doorway; the crowd had but a glimpse, yet they cheered again. Rischenheim's hand was clasped in a firm grip; he passed unwillingly but helplessly through the door. Bernenstein followed; the door was shut. Anton faced round on Helsing, a scornful twist on his lips.

"There was a deuced lot of mystery about nothing," said he. "Why couldn't you say he was there?" And without waiting for an answer from the outraged and bewildered chancellor he swung down the steps and climbed into his phaeton.

The people round were chatting noisily, delighted to have caught a glimpse of the king, speculating what brought him and the queen to my house, and hoping that they would soon come out and get into the royal carriage that still stood waiting.

Had they been able to see inside the door, their emotion would have been stirred to a keener pitch. Rudolf himself caught Rischenheim by the arm, and without a moment's delay led him towards the back of the house. They went along a passage and reached a small room that looked out on the garden. Rudolf had known my house in old days, and did not forget its resources.

"Shut the door, Bernenstein," said Rudolf. Then he turned to Rischenheim. "My lord," he said, "I suppose you came to find out something. Do you know it now?"

Rischenheim plucked up courage to answer him.

"Yes, I know now that I have to deal with an impostor," said he defiantly.

"Precisely. And impostors can't afford to be exposed."

Rischenheim's cheek turned rather pale. Rudolf faced him, and Bernenstein guarded the door. He was absolutely at their mercy; and he knew their secret. Did they know his—the news that Rupert of Hentzau had brought?

"Listen," said Rudolf. "For a few hours to-day I am king in Strelsau. In those few hours I have an account to settle with your cousin: something that he has, I must have. I'm going now to seek him, and while I seek him you will stay here with Bernenstein. Perhaps I shall fail, perhaps I shall succeed. Whether I succeed or fail, by to-night I shall be far from Strelsau, and the king's place will be free for him again."

Rischenheim gave a slight start, and a look of triumph spread over his face. They did not know that the king was dead.

Rudolf came nearer to him, fixing his eyes steadily on his prisoner's face.

"I don't know," he continued, "why you are in this business, my lord. Your cousin's motives I know well. But I wonder that they seemed to you great enough to justify the ruin of an unhappy lady who is your queen. Be assured that I will die sooner than let that letter reach the king's hand."

Rischenheim made him no answer.

"Are you armed?" asked Rudolf.

Rischenheim sullenly flung his revolver on the table. Bernenstein came forward and took it.

"Keep him here, Bernenstein. When I return I'll tell you what more to do. If I don't return, Fritz will be here soon, and you and he must make your own plans."

"He shan't give me the slip a second time," said Bernenstein.

"We hold ourselves free," said Rudolf to Rischenheim, "to do what we please with you, my lord. But I have no wish to cause your death, unless it be necessary. You will be wise to wait till your cousin's fate is decided before you attempt any further steps against us." And with a slight bow he left the prisoner in Bernenstein's charge, and went back to the room where the queen awaited him. Helga was with her. The queen sprang up to meet him.

"I mustn't lose a moment," he said. "All that crowd of people know now that

the king is here. The news will filter through the town in no time. We must send word to Sapt to keep it from the king's ears at all costs: I must go and do my work, and then disappear."

The queen stood facing him. Her eyes seemed to devour his face; but she said only: "Yes, it must be so."

"You must return to the palace as soon as I am gone. I shall send out and ask the people to disperse, and then I must be off."

"To seek Rupert of Hentzau?"

"Yes."

She struggled for a moment with the contending feelings that filled her heart. Then she came to him and seized hold of his hand.

"Don't go," she said in low, trembling tones. "Don't go, Rudolf. He'll kill you. Never mind the letter. Don't go: I had rather a thousand times that the king had it than that you should . . . Oh, my dear, don't go!"

"I must go," he said softly.

Again she began to implore him, but he would not yield. Helga moved towards the door, but Rudolf stopped her.

"No," he said; "you must stay with her; you must go to the palace with her."

Even as he spoke they heard the wheels of a carriage driven quickly to the door. By now I had met Anton von Strofzin and heard from him that the king was at my house. As I dashed up, the news was confirmed by the comments and jokes of the crowd.

"Ah, he's in a hurry," they said. "He's kept the king waiting. He'll get a wigging."

As may be supposed, I paid little heed to them. I sprang out and ran up the steps to the door. I saw my wife's face at the window: she herself ran to the door and opened it for me.

"Good God," I whispered, "do all these people know he's here, and take him for the king?"

"Yes," she said. "We couldn't help it. He showed himself at the door."

It was worse than I dreamt: not two or three people, but all that crowd were victims of the mistake; all of them had heard that the king was in Strelsau—ay, and had seen him.

"Where is he? Where is he?" I asked, and followed her hastily to the room.

The queen and Rudolf were standing side by side. What I have told from Helga's description had just passed between them. Rudolf ran to meet me.

"Is all well?" he asked eagerly.

I forgot the queen's presence and paid no sign of respect to her. I caught Rudolf by the arm and cried to him: "Do they take you for the king?"

"Yes," he said. "Heavens, man, don't look so white! We shall manage it. I can be gone by to-night."

"Gone? How will that help, since they believe you to be the king?"

"You can keep it from the king," he urged. "I couldn't help it. I can settle with Rupert and disappear."

The three were standing round me, surprised at my great and terrible agitation. Looking back now, I wonder that I could speak to them at all.

Rudolf tried again to reassure me. He little knew the cause of what he saw.

"It won't take long to settle affairs with Rupert," said he. "And we must have the letter, or it will get to the king after all."

"The king will never see the letter," I blurted out, as I sank back in a chair.

They said nothing. I looked round on their faces. I had a strange feeling of helplessness, and seemed to be able to do nothing but throw the truth at them in blunt plainness. Let them make what they could of it, I could make nothing.

"The king will never see the letter," I repeated. "Rupert himself has insured that."

"What do you mean? You've not met Rupert? You've not got the letter?"

"No, no; but the king can never read it."

Then Rudolf seized me by the shoulder and fairly shook me; indeed I must have seemed like a man in a dream or a torpor.

"Why not, man; why not?" he asked in urgent low tones.

Again I looked at them, but somehow this time my eyes were attracted and held by the queen's face. I believe that she was the first to catch a hint of the tidings I brought. Her lips were parted, and her gaze eagerly strained upon me. I rubbed my hand across my forehead, and, looking up stupidly at her, I said:

"He never can see the letter. He's dead."

There was a little scream from Helga; Rudolf neither spoke nor moved; the queen continued to gaze at me in motionless wonder and horror.

"Rupert killed him," said I. "The boar-hound attacked Rupert; then Herbert and the king attacked him; and he killed them all. Yes, the king is dead. He's dead."

Now none spoke. The queen's eyes never left my face.

"Yes, he's dead!" said I; and I watched her eyes still. For a long while (or long it seemed) they were on my face; at last, as though drawn by some irresistible force, they turned away. I followed the new line they took. She looked at Rudolf Rassendyll, and he at her. Helga had taken out her handkerchief, and, utterly upset by the horror and shock, was lying back in a low chair, sobbing half-hysterically; I saw the swift look that passed from the queen to her lover, carrying in it grief, remorse, and most unwilling joy. He did not speak to her, but put out his hand and took hers. She drew it away almost sharply, and covered her face with both hands. Rudolf turned to me.

"When was it?"

"Last night."

"And the . . . He's at the lodge?"

"Yes, with Sapt and James."

I was recovering my senses and my coolness.

"Nobody knows yet," I said. "We were afraid you might be taken for him by somebody. But, my God, Rudolf, what's to be done now?"

Mr. Rassendyll's lips were set firm and tight. He frowned slightly, and his blue eyes wore a curious entranced expression. He seemed to me to be forgetful of everything, even of us who were with him, in some one idea that possessed him. The queen herself came nearer to him and lightly touched his arm with her hand. He started as though surprised, then fell again into his reverie.

"What's to be done, Rudolf?" I asked again.

"I'm going to kill Rupert of Hentzau," he said. "The rest we'll talk of afterwards."

He walked rapidly across the room and rang the bell.

"Clear those people away," he ordered. "Tell them that I want to be quiet. Then send a closed carriage round for me. Don't be more than ten minutes."

The servant received his peremptory orders with a low bow, and left us. The queen, who had been all this time outwardly calm and composed, now fell into a great agitation, which even the consciousness of our presence could not enable her to hide.

"Rudolf, must you go? Since—since this has happened——"

"Hush, my dearest lady," he whispered. Then he went on more loudly, "I won't quit Ruritania a second time leaving Rupert of Hentzau alive. Fritz, send word to Sapt that the king is in Strelsau—he will understand—and that instructions from the king will follow by midday. When I have killed Rupert, I shall visit the lodge on my way to the frontier."

He turned to go, but the queen, following, detained him for a minute.

"You'll come and see me before you go?" she pleaded.

"But I ought not," said he, his resolute eyes suddenly softening in a marvellous fashion.

"You will?"

"Yes, my queen."

Then I sprang up, for a sudden dread laid hold on me.

"Heavens, man," I cried, "what if he kills you—there in the Königstrasse?"

Rudolf turned to me; there was a look of surprise on his face.

"He won't kill me," he answered.

The queen, looking still in Rudolf's face, and forgetful now, as it seemed, of the dream that had so terrified her, took no notice of what I said, but urged again: "You'll come, Rudolf?"

"Yes, once, my queen," and with a last kiss of her hand he was gone.

The queen stood for yet another moment where she was, still and almost rigid. Then suddenly she walked or stumbled to where my wife sat, and, flinging herself on her knees, hid her face in Helga's lap; I heard her sobs break out fast and tumultuously. Helga looked up at me, the tears streaming down her cheeks. I turned and went out. Perhaps Helga could comfort her; I prayed that God in His pity might send her comfort, although she for her sin's sake dared not ask it of Him. Poor soul! I hope there may be nothing worse scored to my account.

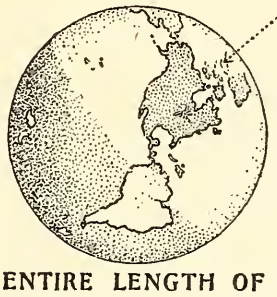
(To be continued.)

THE NATION'S RAILROADS.

By George B. Waldron.

WHEN George Stephenson taught the world how to make a steam engine propel itself along parallel rails, he opened a new chapter in industrial development. But no doubt even his sanguine mind did not apprehend that some then living would see these shining bands of steel binding whole continents as one people, and almost the entire globe in one commerical union.

Seventy years ago there was not a mile of steam railroad in the United States, and even a half century ago there were but 6,000 miles. Twenty years later, at the close of the Rebellion, the mileage was only 40,000; but it jumped to 80,000 in 1878, and to 150,000 a decade later. To-day 440,000 miles of railroad interlace the earth's surface, of which 185,000 miles are in our own country. Add the second, third, and fourth tracks, the terminals and the sidings, and the aggregate in the United States reaches 245,000 miles, or enough to complete one gigantic span from the earth to the moon.

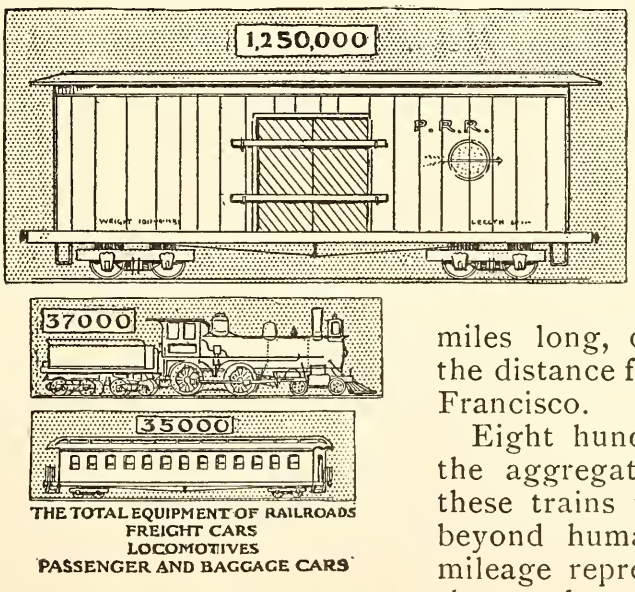


ENTIRE LENGTH OF TRACKS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Were this roadway equally distributed over the nation's territory, there would not be a spot on the entire 3,000,000 square miles more than eight miles distant from some road. This mileage, however, is far from equally distributed. While for each hundred square miles of territory in New Jersey, Massachusetts, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Illinois there is from twenty to thirty miles of railroad, the vast western empires of Idaho, Nevada, Wyoming, Arizona, New Mexico, and Oklahoma have barely one mile for each hundred square miles of area. Those States lying north of the Ohio and the Potomac, and east of the Missouri, comprising more than half the nation's population, but less than a fourth of the territory, have fully half of the mileage.

The ownership of this choice treasure is distributed among about 800 independent companies, whose roads range in length from a few hundred feet to above 6,000 miles. A bare dozen of the companies control a quarter, and a score own a third, of the entire mileage.

For the equipment of the roads 37,000 locomotives are required, of which 10,000 are passenger, 21,000 freight engines, and the rest for yard and switching service. These draw 35,000 passenger and baggage cars and 1,250,000 freight cars. Were all the road engines in use at one time, there would be an average of one train on every six miles of road the country over. End to end with all the cars attached, they would make one solid train over 9,000 miles long, or nearly three times the distance from New York to San Francisco.

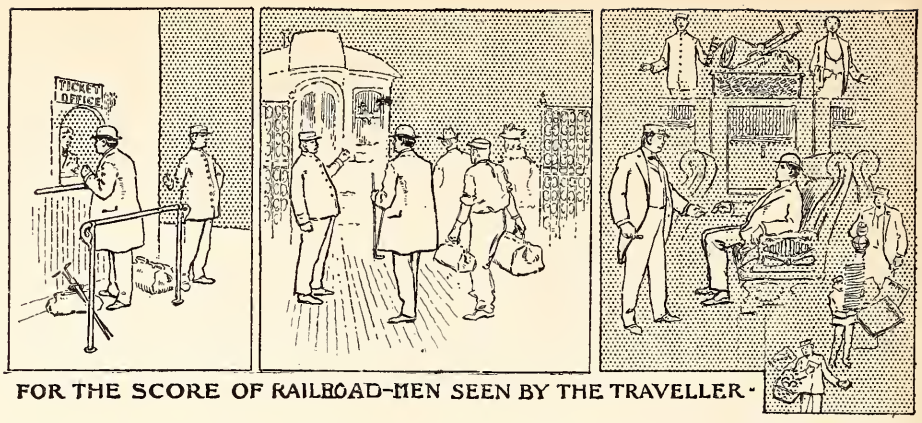


THE TOTAL EQUIPMENT OF RAILROADS
FREIGHT CARS
LOCOMOTIVES
PASSENGER AND BAGGAGE CARS

Eight hundred million miles is the aggregate distance made by these trains in the year, a figure beyond human conception. This mileage represents nine trips from the earth to the sun, and over three thousand to the moon. It means an average of 2,250,000 miles a day, nearly 100,000 each hour, and a train gird-

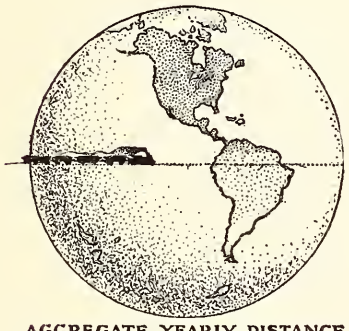
ing the earth at the equator every fifteen minutes.

But each of the passenger trains on the average carries forty passengers, making the aggregate distance traveled by individuals fourteen thousand million miles. This represents 4,000,000 trips from ocean to ocean, and nearly 600,000 journeys around the world; or one every minute of the day and night during the year. At the average rapidity of travel the total time spent on trains during a single year by the American people aggregates 80,000 years.

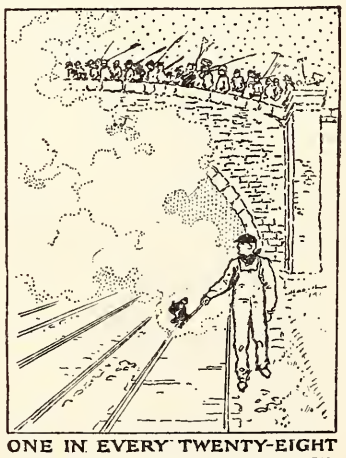


FOR THE SCORE OF RAILROAD-MEN SEEN BY THE TRAVELLER.

Equally striking are the facts as to the movement of freight. Not less than 800,000,000 tons are transported an average of 125 miles, making a total, during the year, of one hundred thousand million ton miles. Load this freight into one solid train, and it would fill 40,000,000 cars, which would cover every mile of track in the country. Store the goods in dwelling houses, and those transported during one Presidential term would crowd from cellar to garret every dwelling in the United States.


AGGREGATE YEARLY DISTANCE MADE BY TRAINS, MEANS, A TRAIN GIRDING THE EARTH AT THE EQUATOR EVERY 15 MINUTES.

To move this enormous freightage there is needed an army of some 850,000 employees. One in twenty-eight of the working population of the nation is employed in railroad service. Their earnings aggregate nearly a half billion dollars. With their families and those of workers in the allied industries furnishing needed supplies of all kinds, probably 5,000,000 people draw their support from the railroads.


ONE IN EVERY TWENTY-EIGHT WORKING MEN IS EMPLOYED IN THE RAILROAD SERVICE.

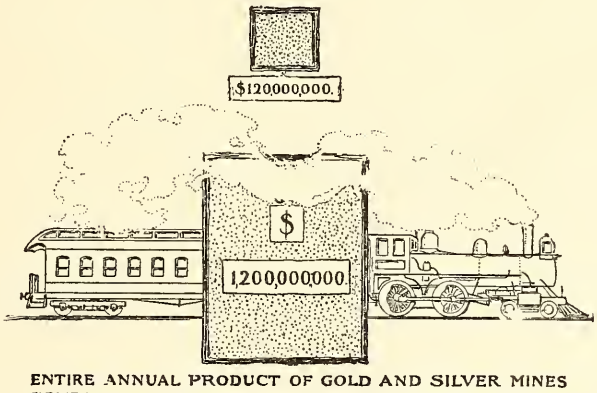
In making a trip of 1,000 miles across the country on main trunk lines, two or three station agents may sell a passenger tickets, half a dozen gatemen and porters aid him in getting aboard his trains. Four or five conductors and as many more trainmen may minister to his comforts on the journey. He may catch sight of the engineer and firemen, oil-stained and grimy, in their cab. But for the score of railroad men he sees on the way, there are 10,000 whom he may never see. To operate a thousand miles of road in the Eastern States requires over 900 engineers and firemen, 1,400 conductors and trainmen, 1,300 station men, 600 switchmen and flagmen, 1,900 trackmen, 2,200 in the repair shops, and 400 officials and clerks in the central offices. Of the hundreds of thousands employed on the railroads in this country, not one in four is actually in train service.

Consider the financial side of the nation's roads. In building and equipping the 185,000 miles, there have been issued five and a half billions of stock, and an equal amount of bonds. Add another billion for floating debt, and the total securities aggregate twelve thousand millions, or about one-sixth of the entire wealth of the nation. Distribute these securities equally among the people, and to each family would fall about $900. Turn this wealth into gold, and 20,000 teams would be needed to carry away the precious metal. But the entire gold stock of the world is not large enough to purchase more than a third of the roads of this one nation.

From the operations of these thoroughfares the gross annual revenues reach $1,200,000,000, about one-fourth of which comes from passenger traffic. This is more than ten times the entire annual product of the gold and

THERE ARE THOUSANDS HE NEVER SEES, MANY OF WHOM COOPERATE TO MAKE HIS JOURNEY SAFE AND COMFORTABLE.

silver mines of the country. Add the iron, copper, lead, and other minerals, and the sum is still but a fourth of the receipts of the railroads. Include the millions of tons of coal, the building stone, petroleum, gas, and every other product extracted from the earth, and the aggregate falls short by half. Now add the values to the farmers of all the wheat, rye, oats, barley, potatoes, and tobacco produced by the entire nation, and the sum would still fail to equal the tolls collected by the railroads each year.

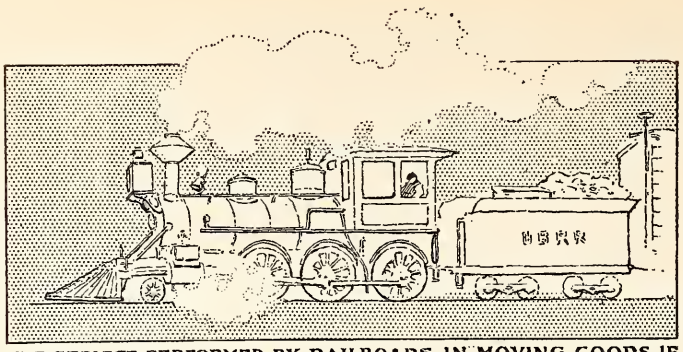


ENTIRE ANNUAL PRODUCT OF GOLD AND SILVER MINES COMPARED TO GROSS ANNUAL REVENUES OF RAILROADS.

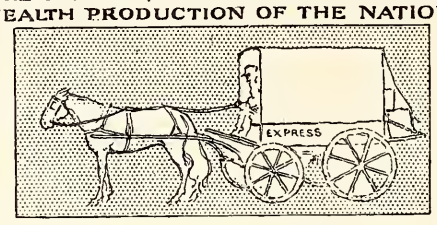
Of this immense sum, seven hundred millions goes for wages, supplies, repairs, and other necessary running expenses, leaving a round half billion to be applied on capital. So enormous, however, is the investment, that, save in a few favored instances, the returns are exceedingly meagre. Some $350,000,000 is absorbed in interest on the bonds, yet nearly $1,000,000,000 of these securities receives no return for its use. Dividends on stock reach $90,000,000. But about $4,000,000,000 of the stock, or seventy dollars in every hundred, is passed by in the distribution. Little wonder, therefore, that during the last twenty years more than 500 companies have failed to meet their obligations and have gone into the hands of receivers. The combined length of these bankrupt roads is 100,000 miles, or more than half the present mileage. Their stocks and bonds aggregated five and a half billions, which is about one-half the entire issue of railroad securities. Of this no less than 29,000 miles, representing one and three quarters billions of values, went under during the single panic year of 1893. How much of this wealth has been lost in the wreckage or wiped out through the various schemes of reorganization is best known to the unfortunate holders. Certain it is that these losses in the aggregate must reach hundreds of millions.

IF THE TOTAL SECURITIES OF THE RAILROADS WERE DISTRIBUTED AMONG THE PEOPLE EACH FAMILY WOULD GET ABOUT $900

An interesting feature of railroad travel is the element of personal safety. With myriads of opportunities for men to blunder and for steel to fail, the wonder is that accidents are so few. Each of the 2,000 passenger trains moving night and day has from forty to a hundred or more wheels, while the wheels on one of the 4,000 constantly moving freight trains may number 500. These wheels strike 300,000,000,000 rails during the twelve months. Yet scarcely fifty wheels and a hundred rails give way so far as to cause a recorded train accident in the course of the year. On the average a person would travel 4,500,000 miles before being injured, and 72,000,000 miles before being killed. Traveling night and day year after year the passenger would sustain his first injury at the end of twenty-five years, and meet his death by train accident at the end of four centuries.



THE SERVICE PERFORMED BY RAILROADS IN MOVING GOODS, IF DONE IN THE OLD WAY, WOULD COST TWICE THE ANNUAL WEALTH PRODUCTION OF THE NATION.

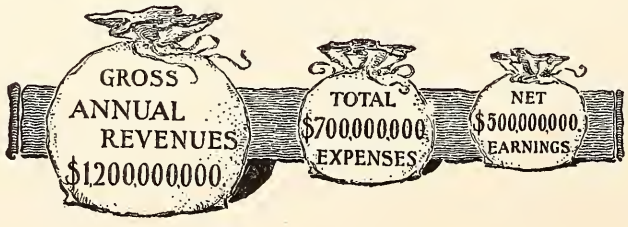


Comparatively safe as is the traveler, no such assurance belongs to the man who holds his life in custody. The railroads of the country, on the average, kill four employees a day, and cripple and maim eighty-two. Of the men directly concerned with the moving trains, one in every ten is injured during the year, and one in each 150 meets his death.

Next to the general officers the engineer receives the highest pay; but unless he has nerves of steel his life can scarcely be a happy one. Besides the scores of passengers whose safety may depend upon the quickness of his eye and hand, he has under his charge a train whose value may easily be $100,000—more than he could earn in a lifetime. A wrong reading of a signal, a mistake in an order, and two of these palatial trains may crash together, involving the company in an instant in perhaps $500,000 of damages. For besides the valuable rolling stock, there are the passengers, whose injuries have a commercial value in a court of law.

The service performed by these highways in moving goods is difficult to appreciate. The work done in a single year is equal to the transporting of one ton of freight 100,000,000,000 miles, or from ocean to ocean every second of the twenty-four hours. To accomplish this in the old way, by wagons, would require twice as many horses as are to-day in the entire country, and at a cost equal to twice the present annual wealth production of the nation. With the aid of the railroads one man's daily work on the average transports a ton of goods 500 miles. A man with two horses probably could not accomplish the same result in a month. On tracks as level and smooth as those provided by the leading trunk lines, one two-inch cube of coal weighing a pound will furnish power sufficient to move a ton of goods with its share of the train two miles along its journey.

A half century ago the canvas-top wagon was the pioneer of American civilization. But just in the nick of time came the railroads. These have built up the broad empire of the West until our nation stands first in wealth, first in industrial progress, and is rapidly taking the lead in the commerce of the world. Not yet have these thoroughfares approached the natural limit of their development. When the States of the South and West shall have become as well supplied as those of the northeast, the mileage will increase threefold, and the business swell to some seven or more times its present proportions. That time can come only when, developed by these same railroads, the nation will have a population numbered by the hundreds of millions, and when Denver and San Francisco rival in size the Chicago and New York of to-day.



REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND EVENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

By Charles A. Dana,

Assistant Secretary of War from 1863 to 1865.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT COLLECTION OF CIVIL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS.

VI.

MR. LINCOLN AND HIS CABINET.

DURING the first winter I spent in Washington in the War Department, 1863–64, I had constant opportunities of seeing Mr. Lincoln, and of conversing with him in the cordial and unofficial manner which he always preferred. Not that there was ever any lack of dignity in the man. Even in his freest moments one always felt the presence of a will and of an intellectual power which maintained the ascendancy of his position. He never posed or put on airs or attempted to make any particular impression; but he was always conscious of his own ideas and purposes, even in his most unreserved moments.

I knew, too, and saw frequently, all the members of his cabinet. When Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated as President, his first act was to name his cabinet; and it was a common remark at the time that he had put into it every man who had competed with him for the nomination. The first in importance was William H. Seward, of New York, Mr. Lincoln's most prominent competitor. Mr. Seward was made Secretary of State. He was an interesting man, of an optimistic temperament, and he probably had the most cultivated and comprehensive intellect in the administration. He was a man who was all his life in controversies, yet he was singular in this, that, though forever in fights, he had almost no personal enemies. Seward had great ability as a writer, and he had what is very rare in a lawyer, a politician, or a statesman—imagination. A fine illustration of his genius was the acquisition of Alaska. That was one of the last things that he did before he went out of office, and it demonstrated more than anything else his fixed and never-changing idea that all North America should be united under one government.

Mr. Seward was an admirable writer and an impressive, though entirely unpretentious, speaker. He stood up and talked as though he were engaged in conversation, and the effect was always great. It gave the impression of a man deliberating "out loud" with himself.

The second man in importance and ability to be put into the cabinet was Mr. Chase of Ohio. He was an able, noble, spotless statesman, a man who would have been worthy of the best days of the old Roman republic. He had been a candidate for the Presidency, though a less conspicuous one than Seward. Mr. Chase was a portly man—tall, and of an impressive appearance, with a very handsome, large head. He was genial, though very decided, and he occasionally would criticize the President, a thing I never heard Mr. Seward do. Chase had been successful in Ohio politics, and in the Treasury Department his administration was satisfactory to the public. He was the author of the national banking law. I remember going to dine with him one day—I did that pretty often, as I had known him well when I was on the "Tribune"—and he said to me: "I have completed to-day a very great thing. I have finished the National Bank act. It will be a blessing to the country long after I am dead."

The Secretary of the Navy throughout the war was Gideon Welles, of Connecticut. Welles was a curious-looking man: he wore a wig which was parted in the middle, the hair falling down on each side; and it was from his peculiar appearance, I have always thought, that the idea that

he was an old fogy originated. I remember Governor Andrew of Massachusetts coming into my office at the War Department one day and asking where he could find that "old Mormon deacon, the Secretary of the Navy." In spite of his peculiarities, I think Mr. Welles was a very wise, strong man. There was nothing decorative about him; there was no noise in the street when he went along; but he understood his duty, and did it efficiently, continually, and unvaryingly. There was a good deal of opposition to him, for we had no navy when the war began, and he had to create one without much deliberation; but he was patient, laborious, and intelligent at his task.

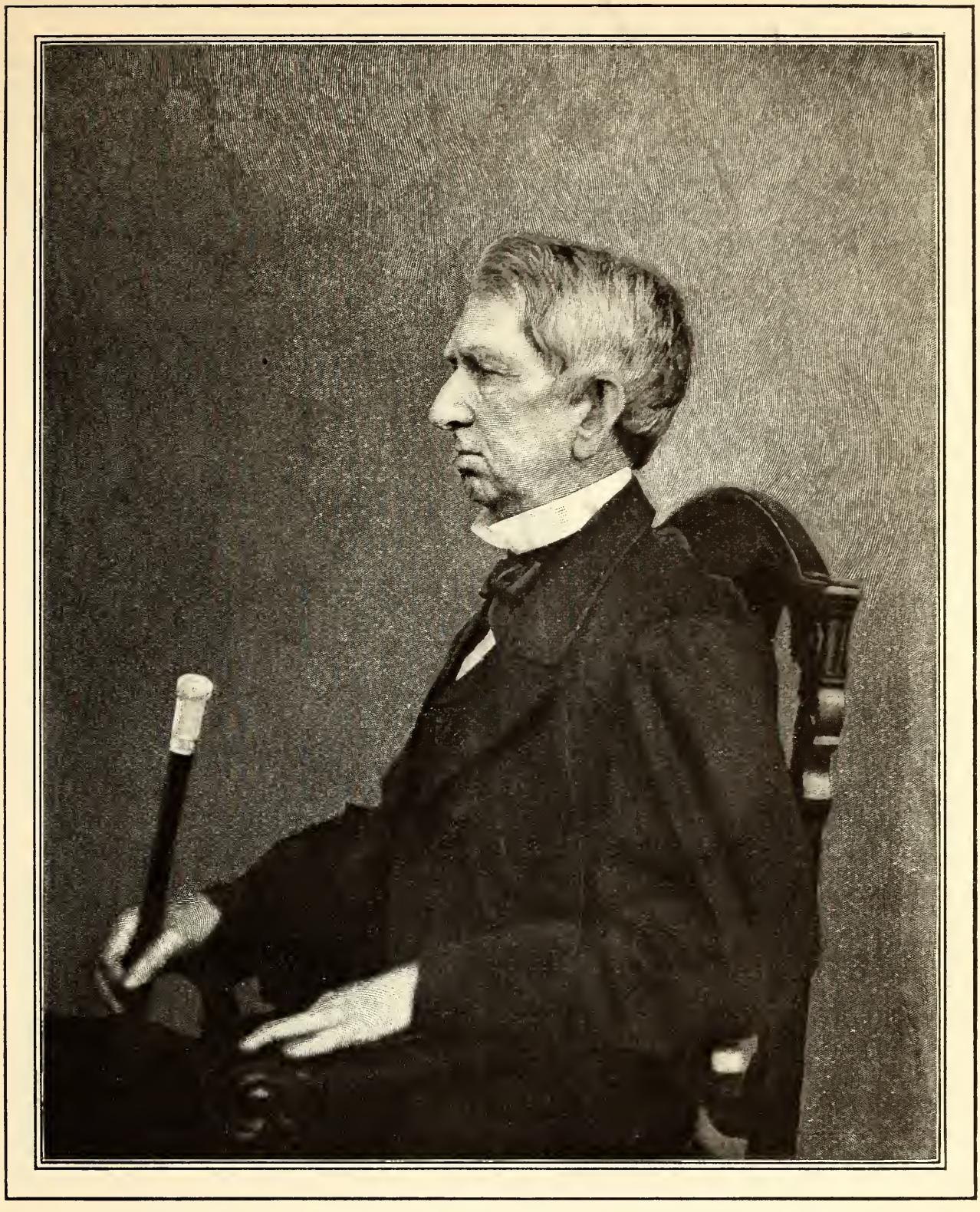
Montgomery Blair was Postmaster-General in Mr. Lincoln's cabinet. He was a capable man, sharp, keen, perhaps a little cranky, and not friendly with everybody; but I always found him pleasant to deal with, and I saw a great deal of him. He and Mr. Stanton were not very good friends, and when he wanted anything in the War Department he was more likely to come to an old friend like me than to go to the Secretary. Stanton, too, rather preferred that.

The first Attorney-General of the cabinet was Edward Bates of Missouri. Bates had been Mr. Greeley's favorite candidate for the Presidency. He was put into the cabinet partly, I suppose, because his reputation was good as a lawyer, but principally because he had been advocated for President by such powerful influences. Bates must have been about sixty-eight years old when he was appointed Attorney-General. He was a very eloquent speaker. Give him a patriotic subject, where his feelings could expand, and he would make a beautiful speech. He was a man of very gentle, cordial nature, but not one of extraordinary brilliancy.

The relations between Mr. Lincoln and the members of his cabinet were always friendly and sincere on his part. He treated every one of them with unvarying candor, respect, and kindness; but, though several of them were men of extraordinary force and self-assertion—this was true especially of Mr. Seward, Mr. Chase, and Mr. Stanton—and though there was nothing of selfhood or domination in his manner toward them, it was always plain that he was the master and they the subordinates. They constantly had to yield to his will in questions where responsibility fell upon him. If he ever yielded to theirs, it was because they convinced him that the course they advised was judicious and appropriate. I fancied during the whole time of my intimate intercourse with him and with them that he was always prepared to receive the resignation of any one of them. At the same time I do not recollect a single occasion when any member of the cabinet had got his mind ready to quit his post from any feeling of dissatisfaction with the policy or conduct of the President. Not that they were always satisfied with his actions; the members of the cabinet, like human beings in general, were not pleased with everything. In their judgment much was imperfect in the administration; much, they felt, would have been done better if their views had been adopted and they individually had had charge of it. Not so with the President. He was calm, equable, uncomplaining. In the discussion of important questions, whatever he said showed the profoundest thought, even when he was joking. He seemed to see every side of every question. He never was impatient, he never was in a hurry, and he never tried to hurry anybody else. To every one he was pleasant and cordial. Yet they all felt that it was his word that went at last; that every case was open until he gave his decision.

LINCOLN'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

This impression of authority, of reserve force, Mr. Lincoln always gave to those about him. Even physically he was impressive. According to the record measurements, he was six feet four inches in height. That is, he was at least four inches taller than the ordinary man. When he rode out on horseback to review an army, as I have frequently seen him do, he wore usually a high hat, and then he looked like a giant. There was no waste or excess of material about his frame; nevertheless, he was very strong and muscular. I remember that the last time I went to see him at the White House—the afternoon before he was killed—I found him in a side room with coat off and sleeves rolled up, washing his hands. He had finished his work for the day, and was going away. I noticed then the thinness of his arms, and how well developed, strong, and active his muscles seemed to be. In fact, there was nothing flabby or feeble about Mr. Lincoln physically. He was a very quick man in his movements when he chose to be, and he had immense physical endurance. Night after night



WILLIAM H. SEWARD, SECRETARY OF STATE IN LINCOLN'S CABINET. BORN, 1801; DIED, 1872.

he would work late and hard without being wilted by it, and he always seemed as ready for the next day's work as though he had done nothing the day before.

Mr. Lincoln's face was thin, and his features were large. His hair was black, his eyebrows heavy, his forehead square and well developed. His complexion was dark and quite sallow. His smile was something most lovely. I have never seen a woman's smile that approached it in its engaging quality; nor have I ever seen another face which would light up as Mr. Lincoln's did when something touched his heart or amused him. I have heard it said that he was ungainly, that his step was awkward. He never impressed me as being awkward. In the first place, there was such a charm and beauty about his expression, such good humor and friendly

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A series of important portraits of Lincoln will be found in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for February, 1898. A portrait of Secretary Stanton appeared with the first of Mr. Dana's papers, in the number for November, 1897.

spirit looking from his eyes, that when you were near him you never thought whether he was awkward or graceful; you thought of nothing except, What a kindly character this man has! Then, too, there was such shrewdness in his kindly features that one did not care to criticize him. His manner was always dignified, and even if he had done an awkward thing the dignity of his character and manner would have made it seem graceful and becoming.

The great quality of his appearance was benevolence and benignity: the wish to do somebody some good if he could; and yet there was no flabby philanthropy about Abraham Lincoln. He was all solid, hard, keen intelligence combined with goodness. Indeed, the expression of his face and of his bearing which impressed one most, after his benevolence and benignity, was his intelligent understanding. You felt that here was a man who saw through things, who understood, and you respected him accordingly.

LINCOLN AS A POLITICIAN.

Lincoln was a supreme politician. He understood politics because he understood human nature. I had an illustration of this in the spring of 1864. The administration had decided that the constitution of the United States should be amended so that slavery should be prohibited. This was not only a change in our national policy, it was also a most important military measure. It was intended, not merely as a means of abolishing slavery forever, but as a means of affecting the judgment and the feelings and the anticipations of those in rebellion. It was believed that such an amendment to the constitution would be equivalent to new armies in the field, that it would be worth 1,000,000 men, that it would be an intellectual army that would tend to paralyze the enemy and break the continuity of his ideas.

In order thus to amend the constitution, it was necessary first to have the proposed amendment approved by three-fourths of the States. When that question came to be considered, the issue was seen to be so close that one State more was necessary. The State of Nevada was organized and admitted into the Union to answer that purpose. I have sometimes heard people complain of Nevada as superfluous and petty, not big enough to be a State; but when I hear that complaint, I always hear Abraham Lincoln saying, "It is easier to admit Nevada than to raise another million of soldiers."

In March, 1864, the question of allowing Nevada to form a State government finally came up in the House of Representatives. There was strong opposition to it. For a long time beforehand the question had been canvassed anxiously. At last, late one afternoon, the President came into my office, in the third story of the War Department. He used to come there sometimes rather than send for me, because he was fond of walking and liked to get away from the crowds in the White House. He came in, and shut the door.

"Dana," he said, "I am very anxious about this vote. It has got to be taken next week. The time is very short. It is going to be a great deal closer than I wish it was."

"There are plenty of Democrats who will vote for it," I replied. "There is James E. English of Connecticut; I think he is sure, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes; he is sure on the merits of the question."

"Then," said I, "there's 'Sunset' Cox of Ohio. How is he?"

"He is sure and fearless. But there are some others that I am not clear about. There are three that you can deal with better than anybody else, perhaps, as you know them all. I wish you would send for them."

He told me who they were; it isn't necessary to repeat the names here. One man was from New Jersey and two from New York.

"What will they be likely to want?" I asked.

"I don't know," said the President; "I don't know. It makes no difference, though, what they want. Here is the alternative: that we carry this vote, or be compelled to raise another million, and I don't know how many more, men, and fight no one knows how long. It is a question of three votes or new armies."

"Well, sir," said I, "what shall I say to these gentlemen?"

"I don't know," said he; "but whatever promise you make to them I will perform."

I sent for the men and saw them one by one. I found that they were afraid of their party. They said that some fellows in the party would be down on them. Two of them wanted internal revenue collectors' appointments. "You shall have it," I said. Another one wanted a very important appointment about the custom-house

of New York. I knew the man well whom he wanted to have appointed. He was a Republican, though the Congressman was a Democrat. I had served with him in the Republican county committee of New York. The office was worth perhaps $20,000 a year. When the Congressman stated the case, I asked him, "Do you want that?"

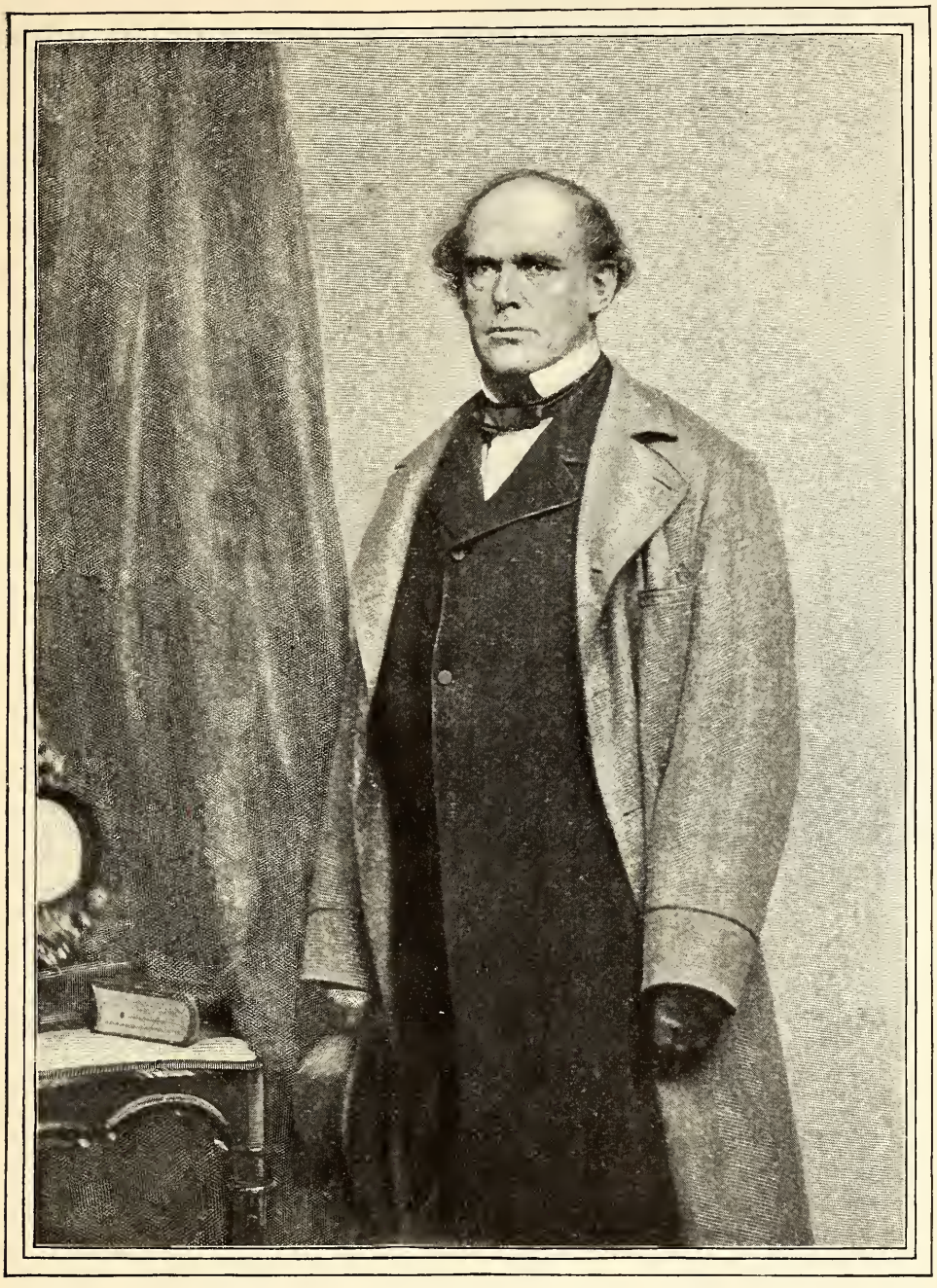
"Yes," said he.

"Well," I answered, "you shall have it."

"I understand, of course," said he, "that you are not saying this on your own authority?"

"Oh, no," said I; "I am saying it on the authority of the President."

Well, these men voted that Nevada be allowed to form a State government, and thus they helped secure the vote which was required. The next October the President signed the proclamation admitting the State. In the February following, Nevada was one of the States which ratified the Thirteenth Amendment, by which slavery was abolished by constitutional prohibition in all of the United States. I have always felt that this little piece of side politics was one of the most judicious, humane, and wise uses of executive authority that I ever assisted in or witnessed.



SALMON P. CHASE, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY IN LINCOLN'S CABINET. BORN, 1808; DIED, 1873.

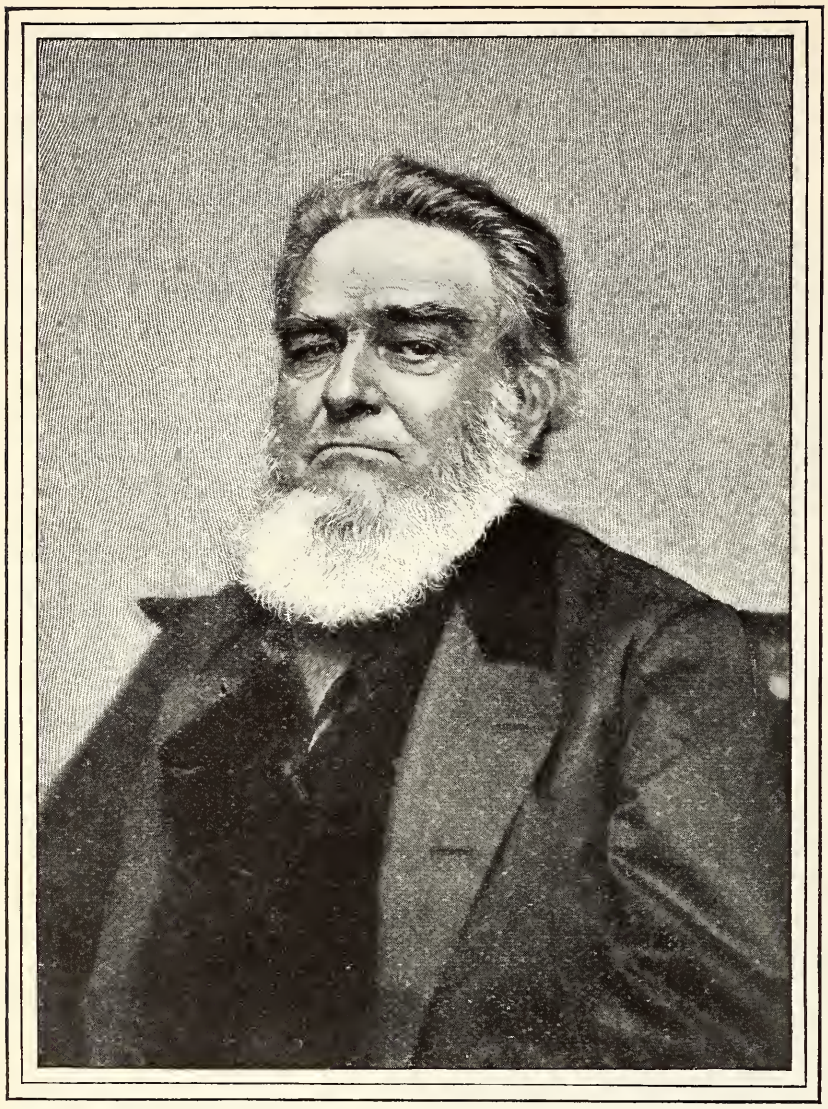
The appointment in the New York custom-house was to wait until the term of the actual incumbent had run out. My friend, the Democratic Congressman, was quite willing. "That's all right," he said; "I am in no hurry." Well, before the time had expired, Mr. Lincoln was murdered and Andrew Johnson became President. I was in the West, when one day I got a telegram from Roscoe Conkling:

"Come to Washington." So I went.

"I want you to go and see President Johnson," Mr. Conkling said, "and tell him that the appointment of this man to the custom-house is a sacred promise of Mr. Lincoln and that it must be kept."

Then I went to the White House, and saw President Johnson.

"This is Mr. Lincoln's promise," I urged. "He regarded it as saving the necessity of another call for troops and raising, perhaps, a million more men, to continue the war. I trust, Mr. President,



EDWARD BATES, ATTORNEY-GENERAL IN LINCOLN'S CABINET. BORN, 1793; DIED, 1869.

that you will see your way clear to execute this promise."

"Well, Mr. Dana," he replied, "I don't say that I won't; but I have observed in the course of my experience that such bargains tend to immorality."

The appointment was not made. I am happy to say, however, that the gentleman to whom the promise was given never found any fault either with President Lincoln or with the Assistant Secretary who had been the means of making the promise to him.

One of the cleverest minor political moves which Mr. Lincoln ever made was an appointment he once gave Horace Greeley. Mr. Greeley never approved of Mr. Lincoln's manner of conducting the war, and he sometimes abused the President roundly for his deliberation. As the war went on, Greeley grew more and more irritable, because the administration did not make peace on some terms. Finally, in July, 1864, he received a letter from a pretended agent of the Confederate authorities in Canada, saying:

> "I am authorized to state to you, for your use only, not the public, that two ambassadors of Davis & Co. are now in Canada with full and complete powers for a peace, and Mr. Sanders requests that you come on immediately to me at Cataract House to have a private interview; or, if you will send the President's protection for him and two friends, they will come on and meet you. He says the whole matter can be consummated by me, them, and President Lincoln."

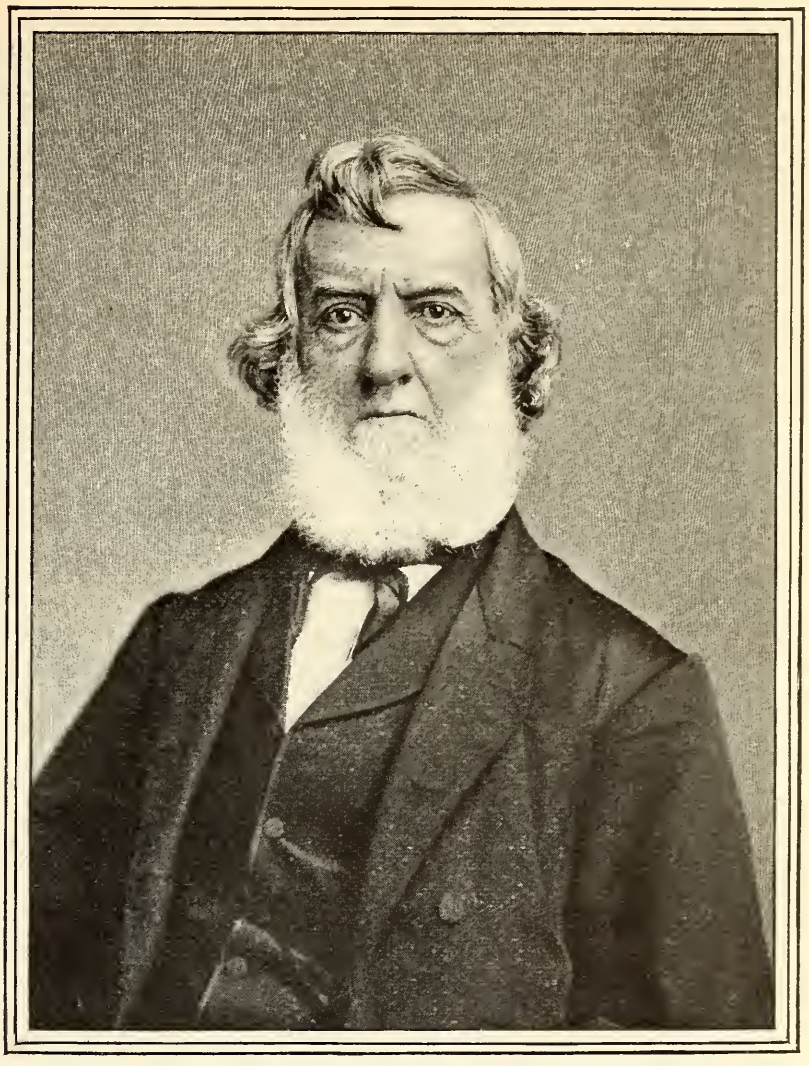
This letter was followed the next day by a telegram, saying: "Will you come here? Parties have full power."

Upon receiving this letter Mr. Greeley wrote to President Lincoln, more or less in the strain of the articles that he had published in the "Tribune." He complained bitterly of the way the business of the government was managed in the great crisis, and told the President that now there was a way open to peace. He explained that the Confederates wanted a conference, and he told Mr. Lincoln that he thought that he ought to appoint an ambassador, or a diplomatic agent, of the United States Government, to meet the Confederate agents at Niagara and hear what they had to say. Mr. Lincoln immediately responded by asking Mr. Greeley to be himself that representative and to go to Niagara Falls.

"If you can find any person anywhere," the President wrote, "professing to have any proposition of Jefferson Davis, in writing, for peace, embracing the restoration of the Union and abandonment of slavery, whatever else it embraces, say to him he may come to me with you, and that if he really brings such proposition he shall at the least have safe conduct with the paper (and without publicity, if he chooses) to the point where you shall have met him. The same, if there be two or more persons."

Mr. Greeley went to Niagara, but his mission ended in nothing. The poor man, led astray by too great confidence, failed

in his undertaking and was almost universally laughed at. I saw the President not long after that, and he said, with a funny twinkle in his eye: "I sent Brother Greeley a commission. I guess I am about even with him now."



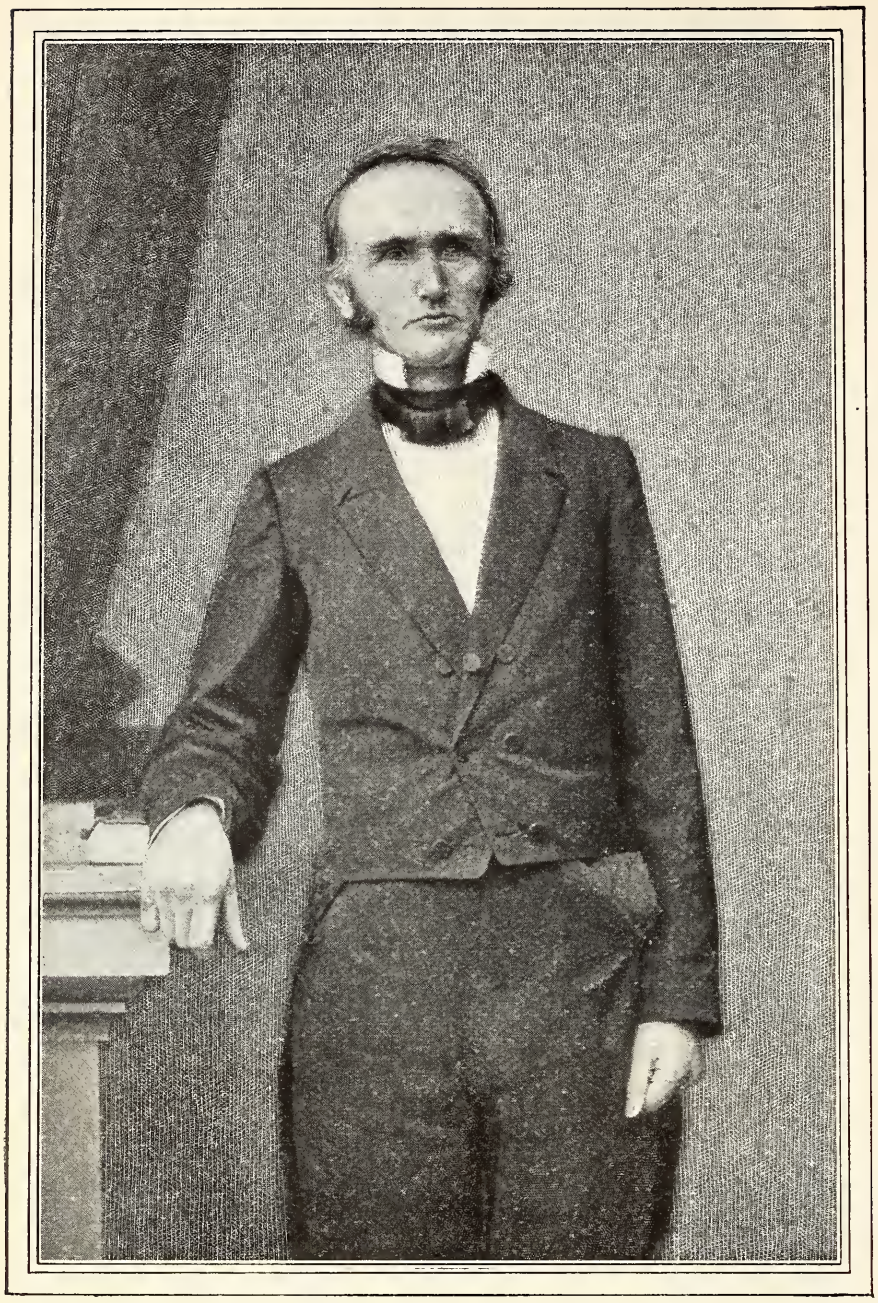
GIDEON WELLES, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY IN LINCOLN'S CABINET. BORN, 1802; DIED, 1878.

THE CHARACTER OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Lincoln had the most comprehensive, the most judicious mind; he was the least faulty in his conclusions of any man I have ever known. He never stepped too soon, and he never stepped too late. When the whole Northern country seemed to be clamoring for him to issue a proclamation abolishing slavery, he didn't do it. Deputation after deputation went to Washington. I remember once a hundred gentlemen, dressed in black coats, mostly clergymen, from Massachusetts, came to Washington to appeal to him to proclaim the abolition of slavery. But he did not do it. He allowed Mr. Cameron and General Butler to execute their great idea of treating slaves as contraband of war and protecting those who had got into our lines against being recaptured by their Southern owners; but he would not prematurely make the proclamation that was so much desired. Finally the time came, and of that he was the judge. Nobody else decided it; nobody commanded it; the proclamation was issued as he thought best, and it was efficacious. The people of the North, who during the long contest over slavery had always stood strenuously by the compromises of the constitution, might themselves have become half rebels if this proclamation had been issued too soon. At last they were tired of waiting, tired of endeavoring to preserve even a show of regard for what was called "the compromises of the constitution" when they believed the constitution itself was in danger. Thus public opinion was ripe when the proclamation came, and that was the beginning of the end. He could have issued this proclamation a year before, perhaps, and the consequence of it might have been our entire defeat; but when it came it did its work, and it did us no harm whatever. Nobody protested against it, not even the Confederates themselves.

This unerring judgment, this patience which waited and which knew when the right time had arrived, is an intellectual quality that I do not find exercised upon any such scale and with such unerring precision by any other man in history. It proves Abraham Lincoln to have been intellectually one of the greatest of rulers. If we look through the record of great men, where is there one to be placed beside him? I do not know.

Another interesting fact about Abraham Lincoln is that he developed into a great military man; that is to say, a man of supreme military judgment. I do not risk anything in saying that if one will study the records of the war and study the writings relating to it, he will agree with me that the greatest general we had, greater than Grant or Thomas, was Abraham Lincoln. It was not so at the beginning; but after three or four years of constant practice in the science and art of war, he ar-



MONTGOMERY BLAIR, POSTMASTER-GENERAL IN LINCOLN'S CABINET. BORN, 1813; DIED, 1883.

rived at this extraordinary knowledge of it, so that Von Moltke was not a better general, or an abler planner or expounder of a campaign, than was President Lincoln. To sum it up, he was a born leader of men. He knew human nature; he knew what chord to strike, and was never afraid to strike it when he believed that the time had arrived.

Mr. Lincoln was not what is called an educated man. In the college that he attended a man gets up at daylight to hoe corn, and sits up at night by the side of a burning pine-knot to read the best book he can find. What education he had, he had picked up. He had read a great many books, and all the books that he had read he knew. He had a tenacious memory, just as he had the ability to see the essential thing. He never took an unimportant point and went off upon that; but he always laid hold of the real question, and attended to that, giving no more thought to other points than was indispensably necessary.

Thus, while we say that Mr. Lincoln was an uneducated man in the college sense, he had a singularly perfect education in regard to everything that concerns the practical affairs of life. His judgment was excellent, and his information was always accurate. He knew what the thing was. He was a man of genius, and contrasted with men of education the man of genius will always carry the day. Many of his speeches illustrate this.

I remember very well Mr. Stanton's comment on the Gettysburg speeches of Edward Everett and Mr. Lincoln. "Edward Everett has made a speech," he said, "that will make three columns in the newspapers, and Mr. Lincoln has made a speech of perhaps forty or fifty lines. Everett's is the speech of a scholar, polished to the last possibility. It is elegant, and it is learned; but Lincoln's speech will be read by a thousand men where one reads Everett's, and will be remembered as long as anybody's speeches are remembered who speaks in the English language."

That was the truth. Who ever thinks of or reads Everett's Gettysburg speech now? If one will compare those two speeches he will get an idea how superior genius is to education; how superior that intellectual faculty is which sees the vitality of a question and knows how to state it; how superior that intellectual faculty is which regards everything with the fire of earnestness in the soul, with the relentless purpose of a heart devoted to objects beyond literature.

Another remarkable peculiarity of Mr. Lincoln's was that he seemed to have no illusions. He had no freakish notions that things were so, or might be so, when they were not so. All his thinking and reasoning, all his mind, in short, was based continually upon actual facts, and upon facts of which, as I said, he saw the essence. I never heard him say anything that was not so. I never heard him foretell things; he told what they were, but I never heard him intimate that such and such consequences were likely to happen without the consequences following. I should say, perhaps, that his greatest quality was wisdom. And that is something superior to talent, superior to education. It is again genius; I do not think it can be acquired. All the advice that he gave was wise, and it was always timely. This wisdom, it is scarcely necessary to add, had its animating philosophy in his own famous words, "With charity toward all, with malice toward none."

H. W. HALLECK, GENERAL-IN-CHIEF OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY FROM JULY 23, 1862, TO MARCH 12, 1864. BORN, 1815; DIED, 1872.

Another remarkable quality of Mr. Lincoln was his great mercifulness. A thing it seemed as if he could not do was to sign a death warrant. One day General Augur, who was the major-general commanding the forces in and around Washington, came to my office and said:

"Here is So-and-So, a spy. He has been tried by court-martial; the facts are perfectly established; he has been sentenced to death, and here is the warrant for his execution, which is fixed for to-morrow morning at six o'clock. The President is away. If he were here, the man certainly wouldn't be executed. He isn't here. I think it very essential to the safety of the service and the safety of everything that an example should be made of this spy. They do us great mischief; and it is very important that the law which all nations recognize in dealing with spies, and the punishment which every nation assigns to them, should be inflicted upon at least one of these wretches who haunt us around Washington. Do you know whether the President will be back before morning?"

"I understand that he won't be back until to-morrow afternoon," I replied.

"Well, as the President is not here, will you sign the warrant?"

"Go to Mr. Stanton," I said; "he is the authority."

"I have been to him, and he said I should come to you."

Well, I signed the order; I agreed with General Augur in his view of the question. At about eleven o'clock the next day I met the general. "The President got home at two o'clock this morning," he said, "and he stopped it all."

But it was not only in matters of life and death that Mr. Lincoln was merciful. He was kind at heart towards all the world. I noticed his sweetness of nature particularly with his little son, a child at that time perhaps seven or nine years old, who used to roam the departments and whom everybody called "Tad." He had a defective palate, and couldn't speak very plainly. Often I have sat by his father, reporting to him some important matter that I had been ordered to inquire into, and he would have this boy on his knee. While he would perfectly understand the report, the striking thing about him was his affection for the child.

He was good to everybody. Once there was a great gathering at the White House on New Year's day, and all the diplomats came in their uniforms, and all the officers of the army and navy in Washington were in full costume. A little girl of mine said, "Papa, couldn't you take me over to see that?" I said, Yes; so I took her over and put her in a corner, where she beheld the gorgeous show. When it was finished, I went up to Mr. Lincoln and said, "I have a little girl here who wants to shake hands with you." He went over to her, and took her up and kissed her and talked to her. She will never forget it if she lives to be a thousand years old.

BACK TO THE FRONT.

I remained in Washington the entire winter of 1863–64, occupied mainly with the routine business of the Department. Meantime the Chattanooga victory had made Grant the great military figure of the country, and deservedly so. The grade of lieutenant-general had been immediately revived by act of Congress, and the President had promptly promoted him to the new rank, and made him general-in-chief of all the armies of the United States. His military prestige was such that everything was put into his hands, everything yielded to his wishes. The coming of Grant was a great relief to the President and the Secretary. Halleck, the late general-in-chief, consented to serve as Grant's chief-of-staff in Washington, practically continuing his old service of chief military adviser to the President and the Secretary of War, while Grant took the field in active direction of operations against Richmond. Halleck was not thought to be a great man in the field, but he was nevertheless a man of military ability, and by reason of his great accomplishments in the technics of armies and of war was almost invaluable as an adviser to the civilians Lincoln and Stanton. He was an honest man, perhaps something lacking in moral courage, yet earnest and energetic in his efforts to sustain the national government. I have heard Halleck accused of being unjust to his inferiors, especially Grant. I believe this wrong. I never thought him unjust to anybody. He always had his own ideas, and insisted strenuously on following his own course, but I never detected a sign of injustice in his conduct towards others. I think this false impression came from the fact that he was a very critical man. The first impulse of his mind towards a new plan was not enthusiasm; it was analysis, criticism. His habit of picking men and manners to pieces to see what they were worth gave the idea that he was unjust and malicious towards certain of his subordinates.

It was March when Grant came to Washington to receive his new grade of lieutenant-general. Soon afterwards he joined the Army of the Potomac. On the 4th of May he had moved out from Culpeper, where the army had been in winter quarters since the previous December, and crossed the Rapidan with an effective force of 120,000 men. General Lee, his opponent, had about 70,000.

For two days after Grant moved we had no authentic reports from the army, although it was known that great events were transpiring. Mr. Stanton and Mr. Lincoln had begun to get uneasy. The evening of May 6th I was at a reception, when a messenger came with summons to the War Department. I hurried over to the office in evening dress. The President was there, talking very soberly with Stanton.

"Dana," said Mr. Lincoln, "you know we have been in the dark for two days since Grant moved. We are very much troubled, and have concluded to send you down there. How soon can you start?"

"In half an hour," I replied.

In about that time I had an engine fired up at Alexandria, and a cavalry escort of a hundred men awaiting me there. I had gotten into my camp clothes, had bor-

rowed a pistol, and with my own horse was aboard the train at Maryland Avenue that was to take me to Alexandria. My only baggage was a tooth-brush. I was just starting, when an orderly galloped up with word that the President wished to see me. I rode back to the Department in hot haste. Mr. Lincoln was sitting in the same place.

"Well, Dana," said he, looking up, "since you went away I've been thinking about it. I don't like to send you down there."

"But why not, Mr. President?" I asked, a little surprised.

"You can't tell," continued the President, "just where Lee is or what he is doing, and Jeb Stuart is rampaging around pretty lively in between the Rappahannock and the Rapidan. It's a considerable risk, and I don't like to expose you to it."

"Mr. President," I said, "I have a cavalry guard ready and a good horse myself. If we are attacked, we probably will be strong enough to fight. If we are not strong enough to fight, and it comes to the worst, we are equipped to run. It's getting late, and I want to get down to the Rappahannock by daylight. I think I'll start."

"Well, now, Dana," said the President, with a little twinkle in his eyes, "if you feel that way, I rather wish you would. Good night, and God bless you."

By seven o'clock the morning of May 7th I was at the Rappahannock, where I found a rear guard of the army. I stopped there for breakfast, and then hurried on to Grant's headquarters, which were at Piney Branch Meeting House. There I learned of the crossing of the Rapidan by our army, and of the desperate battle of the Wilderness on May 5th and 6th.

CUPID'S MESSENGER.

By Gertrude Adams.

MISS PORTER, the learned Ph.D. and professor of logic, sat in her study in their joint apartments looking up some points on fallacies. Edith was in the reception-room adjoining, and although the door was closed, Miss Porter knew from the earnest masculine voice that occasionally interrupted the feminine treble that the persevering Mr. Paul Verdenal had again appeared to waste two or three hours of Edith's time. Edith had come to New York to pursue music, and Mr. Verdenal had come to New York to pursue Edith. Mr. Verdenal, apparently, that afternoon, had the inside track. At last there was the sound of a closing door, and Edith appeared in the study.

"He's—he's asked me," she said, walking to the window and frowning out at the Palisades.

"Did you tell him yes or no?" Miss Porter inquired crisply.

"Dear me, I didn't tell him either," the girl replied. "A question like that, a question of your whole future happiness, you know, could scarcely be decided upon in one mad instant, and I've a short enough time as it is, heaven knows. I've given my word of honor to send an answer to the steamer before ten to-night. That means getting a messenger-boy——"

"Special delivery is cheaper and just as sure. The postman collects at five," interrupted Miss Porter.

"That gives me only two hours to think it over. Still, if I can save as much as fifteen cents, it's worth the extra brain pressure. You see," the girl went on, "he—Mr. Verdenal—Paul—Mrs. Paul Verdenal—" she said meditatively, and then stopped, blushing and smiling all to herself. It was fully five minutes before she came out of the sentimental labyrinth in which she had lost herself. "Paul," she resumed, at length, "sails to-morrow noon for South America. It's a good long eighteen months' mining contract this time, so, of course, he wants all his business settled up before he sails, and——"

"And you are to be settled up, too, along with the other unfinished business," Miss Porter supplied.

"Yes," she said; "and he wanted me to tell him right smack off whether I would or wouldn't. He's so awfully direct. 'Come,' he said, 'you know whether it's yes or no.' But I begged for a little time. He has a lot of business down town to see about, so he can't come up town again to find out. My answer must be at the steamer for him. He's

going aboard to-night, so that he can see about the loading of his mining things early to-morrow morning. He was awfully curt when I told him I couldn't for the life of me tell him yes or no. Oh, dear, I dare say he fancied—well, I don't know what. And here it is after three!"

She got up and looked at herself in the mirror over the fireplace, and then gazed half enviously at Miss Porter, who was cutting her way through the pages of a thick logic with the complacent expression of one whose mind is at ease.

"It means giving up my freedom," Edith said wistfully, looking at Miss Porter and inviting contradiction.

"A married woman is under the thumb of her husband," that lady found time to say, as she slid her paper-knife between the leaves.

Edith wriggled uneasily.

"Don't," she said; "I feel as though an iron clamp or vise was around somewhere. Does Paul strike you as a tyrannical sort of man?"

"He's the sort of man who would be master in his own house, I think," said Miss Porter.

"Oh, well," said Edith, cocking her head on one side and looking critically at Miss Porter, "after all, what do you know about him? You can't judge him, you really can't, from the little you have seen of him. And, besides, you've always managed to get on the wrong subjects with him—women's having latch-keys, and their going alone to the theaters at night. He never shows off at his best on those subjects, because he has such mediæval opinions, you know. But, anyway, tyrannical or not, I should loathe a man I could twist around my finger; now, wouldn't you?"

"'HE'S—HE'S ASKED ME,' SHE SAID, WALKING TO THE WINDOW AND FROWNING OUT AT THE PALISADES."

"I should not, under any circumstances, enjoy life with a bully," rejoined Miss Porter, after a moment's thought.

"We are not considering life with a bully," said Edith, "we are considering life with a mining engineer."

She seated herself at Miss Porter's desk, and began pulling over the note paper.

"I'm going to write here, if you don't mind," she said. "I don't want to go

to my own desk. It's stuffed so full of Paul's letters that I haven't room for a thing in it."

She seized a pen, and began scratching away.

"If you have any advice to offer," she said, while she was writing, "speak now. It's your last chance."

"If you love him," said Miss Porter deliberately, "tell him yes. If you do not love him, tell him no."

"Thank you," laughed Edith. "Oh, wise and upright Ph.D., you have made it so very clear and simple. I see my way perfectly."

At the end of ten minutes Edith's voice broke the silence.

"Do you want to hear this?"

Miss Porter signified her willingness.

Edith read aloud, slowly and impressively:

"*Dear Paul*,—I have thought it all over very carefully, and it seems to me I am not the kind of woman to make you happy. This is my final decision. I most earnestly trust that it will make no difference in our friendship.

"Yours very sincerely,

"EDITH ARMITAGE."

"A BLUE SCARF FLOATED STEADILY OUT IN THE OCTOBER BREEZE."

There was silence for a moment.

"Well, what do you think of it?" Edith asked.

"I think it sounds a little—cold," said Miss Porter.

"Well, you can't make that sort of letter sound very warm and effusive," Edith replied calmly; "but now how's this?"

She took up a sheet of blue note paper, and began reading aloud:

"'Dear, dear Paul;'" she got no further, however, and after a moment's hesitation, she handed the note to Miss Porter, who quickly read this brief note upon the blue paper:

"*Dear, dear Paul*—Yes, yes, yes. You asked me three times this afternoon the same question, and I have answered you now for all time.

"EDITH."

"But why two?" asked Miss Porter, with a puzzled frown, as she gave back the note, "and which are you going to send?"

"I don't know yet," she said. "I have until five to decide, and I want them both ready, so that I shall be perfectly free to think up to the last minute, and then I am prepared for whatever I decide upon. Now I am going off by myself, so that I can have it perfectly quiet to think."

She disappeared, and five minutes later the "Du und Du Waltz" awoke the echoes of the quiet apartment. Miss Porter recollected Edith's saying that when she and Paul were children together, in San Francisco, they used to waltz to the "Du und Du," and Miss Porter concluded that playing this waltz was Edith's way of thinking.

Ten minutes later the "Du und Du" died a harmonic death, and twenty minutes later Edith appeared in the study in her bicycle suit.

"I haven't made up my mind yet," she announced. "But I am going out on my wheel. I can always think better when I am whizzing along in the open air. You can't think, you know, all stewed up in a little apartment."

She was buttoning her jacket, and tucking in the long ends of a blue Liberty scarf which she had around her neck, as she spoke.

"Are your eyes good?" she demanded abruptly.

"I can tell a hawk from a handsaw," Miss Porter replied.

"Yes, but at what range? Come here to the window," she commanded.

Miss Porter rose, and crossed the room.

"Do you see that car," Edith asked, "down by the hospital? What color is it?"

"Blue," replied Miss Porter.

"Good," exclaimed the examiner. "Now, I am going out for my spin, and I am going to think all the time, and at about five minutes to five I shall ride up to that corner, and I shall signal to you which letter you are to post to Paul. If I wave my handkerchief, put the special delivery stamp on the white envelope and send it; and if I wave my blue scarf, then send the blue one."

"Child's play," Miss Porter commented, with a smile. "Why don't you take them both with you, and send the one you want to send yourself?"

"I should have to carry them in my pocket, which would spoil the hang of my skirt; and, besides, I might—I am in such an agony of doubt—send them both," the girl replied.

When she had gone, Miss Porter tried to settle down to the quiet reading which her soul loved; but after each paragraph she gave a startled look at the clock, fearing that her absorption might tempt the hands of the clock to more rapid movement than the government allows. At ten minutes of five, with a look of relief, she rose and went to the window. Promptly at the appointed time she saw Edith flash into sight around the corner of St. Luke's Hospital. The opera glasses which Miss Porter focused upon her, revealed her riding slowly about in a circle, fumbling at her jacket. Presently she turned her wheel so that it faced Miss Porter, and as she rode half up the street, and then turned and rode down again, a blue scarf floated steadily out in the October breeze, adding a new note of color to the red sunset clouds that were sending their glow over the Palisades and across the Hudson.

Miss Porter turned from the window as Edith wheeled away to the Boulevard.

At five o'clock there was in the hands of the postman a letter in a blue envelope, addressed:

"Mr. Paul Verdenal,
"S.S. 'Advance,'
"West Twenty-seventh Street Pier,
"New York."

Edith was back just in time to dress for dinner.

"We must go somewhere," she said to Miss Porter, who seemed inclined to protest. "I can't bear to be left alone with my thoughts any longer; I want a radical change of atmosphere and tone. Now, what do you say to our going after dinner to that place where that English music-hall singer is?"

"HE PULLED HIS CHAIR NEARER AND LEANED ON THE EDGE OF THE BOX-RAIL."

Miss Porter said several things, and would have said several more had not Edith interrupted her with, "Yes, I know it's smoky and all that, but it's perfectly respectable, oh, perfectly; and I've often heard you say you were thankful that you were sufficiently emancipated to go without fear anywhere in New York where a respectable man would go. And from the point of view of my music, it is really my duty to go. The newspapers and the musical journals say it is really something new in the way of recitative singing."

The programme had already begun when she and Miss Porter took their seats quite far back in the music-hall, and gazed

through the air blue with smoke at an expert juggler juggling with hoops and glass balls. Miss Porter tired of him soon, and interested herself in watching the house. While she was gazing about, a party of men filed into one of the stage-boxes. They were not in evening dress; indeed one of the men wore rough tweeds. There was something familiar to Miss Porter in the appearance of the one thus clad—something in his carriage, for she could not see his face. After he sat down, he turned slightly and lighted his cigarette.

"It's Paul Verdenal," exclaimed Miss Porter.

Edith turned about quickly, and glanced in the direction in which Miss Porter was looking. She did not speak.

There were five men in the box, and they seemed to be in the gayest mood as they talked and laughed and smoked. A hopeless "left-out" expression slowly spread itself over Edith's face.

The juggler meanwhile vanished from the stage in a whirlwind of glass balls and hoops, and an Irish "lady artiste" of imposing height and magnificent breadth advanced to the front of the stage and began a stentorian music-hall recitative, "Ain't I a nice little gurrul?"

"AN EXPERT JUGGLER JUGGLING WITH HOOPS AND GLASS BALLS."

The box full of men clapped enthusiastically. Paul Verdenal's shoulders shook with convulsive enjoyment at each repetition of the coy inquiry. He pulled his chair nearer and leaned on the edge of the box-rail as his interest waxed.

"Come, let's go," said Edith, with a little gasp. "That woman is singing off the key, and this smoke is choking me."

When they were once again in the cool night air and had turned into Broadway, Edith spoke:

"Do you know," she began, "Paul said business would keep him down-town? Now, I don't think going to a place like that is business."

"It must be," murmured Miss Porter; "for it certainly isn't pleasure."

"He said," Edith went on in a sepulchral tone, "'I am so sorry I can't see you again; but business, and saying good-by to one or two old friends, sandwiched in between, will keep me down-town until I sail.' Those were his very words. And he said, too, he couldn't draw a free breath until he knew whether he could look forward to a—a—a—well, have me, you know. Now, for a man who has said all that, I really do think he is enjoying himself amazingly, don't you?"

Miss Porter acknowledged that Paul Verdenal, with his fate hanging in the balance, gave every evidence of a man who was on very good terms with the world.

They walked after this for some time in silence. When they were opposite Madison Square Edith spoke again, very gravely.

"That letter this afternoon was sent off without due deliberation. I am going to ask you to do something for me. They say the friendship of women isn't like the friendship of men; but you will be as faithful as a man friend, won't you?"

"I will try to be," Miss Porter replied cautiously.

"Will you go down to that steamer and get Paul to give me back that letter I sent him? You may tell him that you sent it, and that I want it back; that there is a mistake about it. He won't refuse you. If you go over at once, you will be there when he goes aboard. He said he would go aboard at ten. Tell him that he shall have his answer from me before he sails to-morrow noon. Now go; get a cab."

"But, Edith," remonstrated Miss Porter, "why do you want me to go to the steamer? You can write and tell him that you have changed your mind."

"No, no; it's cruel to let him read that note of mine and then get another note from me taking it all back. Now, do go. I have such a strong intuition that I have made a mistake. I don't think he cares for me as he vows he does, and his tastes are wholly different from mine. Now go; take a cab."

Edith gave one final imploring glance in Miss Porter's direction, and then darted out into the middle of the street, toward a cable-car which had stopped at her signal.

A few moments later, Miss Porter, characteristically disregarding the expensive cab advice, got into a cross-town car and jogged thoughtfully over to the West Side. From the terminus she walked up to Twenty-seventh Street. It was not a pleasant walk; but the thought that she compared most favorably with any faithful friend of the other sex cheered Miss Porter's uneven path over rough cobblestones and past forbidding warehouses.

As she walked down the long pier, fragrant with licorice and other South American products, an unpleasant thought assailed her. Who could tell how long she might be forced to wait for the festive Mr. Verdenal? Might he not prolong his farewell ceremonies until cock-crow?

Notwithstanding these cheerless forebodings, Miss Porter walked resolutely up the gang-plank and sat down on the deck of the clean white steamer.

There was an unusually heavy cargo to be shipped South, and, late as it was, great trucks and wagons came rolling down the pier with freight to be loaded into the hold.

One of the ship's officers appeared on the deck, and, as he was pacing slowly by her, Miss Porter stopped him to explain that she was waiting to see a Mr. Verdenal who expected to come aboard that night. She also asked if it would be possible to ascertain whether a special delivery letter addressed to Mr. Verdenal had been received on the steamer. The officer sent some one below to inquire. Presently the man returned to say that there were several letters awaiting Mr. Verdenal, but none of them bore a special delivery stamp.

After this information, and while Miss Porter was strolling restlessly toward the forward end of the deck, there was a sound of light wheels rolling down the pier. She turned quickly and walked over to the deck-rail. A hansom had paused at the gang-plank, and two men got out. One of them she recognized as Paul. He and his companion hurried up the gangway, and before she had time to reach them they were on their way down into the saloon.

She waited on deck, slightly annoyed at the delay, but secure in the knowledge that Edith's letter had not yet been delivered.

Presently they were heard coming up the stairs, but Paul went to his stateroom, and the friend came out on deck alone, sitting down not far from Miss Porter. While she sat there in the half-light, wishing herself well out of the affair, and wondering when Paul would emerge again, he shot suddenly out of the cabin and across the deck to where his friend was sitting.

"It's all right, Jim, old fellow," Miss Porter heard him say. "I wasn't at all sure. But it went, after all, straight as water through a sluice-box. The matter's clinched now."

Then, to the amazement of Miss Porter, Paul executed a sort of clog-dance in front of his friend, who evidently had seen enough of that sort of thing at the music-hall; for he seized Paul by the arm, took the pipe from between his own lips, and growled out:

"Well, keep your hair on, old man. You're not the first fish that's been hooked."

Miss Porter fancied from this, to her, half-foreign language, that Paul had received good news from some business venture; and, rising, she walked to the other end of the deck, until he should be quiet enough to behave like a rational being.

It was getting late, and as no messenger had come aboard since her arrival, it seemed to her foolhardy to wait until the delivery of the letter. She concluded, therefore, that she would pledge Paul upon his honor to return to Edith, unopened, the letter for which she had come. This required tactful handling, and she was mentally rehearsing an opening plea, when she heard quick steps behind her. Turning, she faced Paul Verdenal.

"You? Miss Porter!" he exclaimed; then he swiftly concealed his overpowering amazement, like the well-bred man he was. "The steward just told me that there was a lady who had been waiting to see me for some time, but I could not imagine who it could be."

"Mr. Verdenal," Miss Porter began, "Miss Armitage——"

"Edith," he interrupted, with a radiant smile. "Of course, you know all about it. She told me she was going to consult you. She has the greatest opinion of your judgment, you know. Yes, I've just got her note," he rattled on, not noticing Miss Porter's start of surprise, for he seemed totally lost in a mist of amiable joyousness. "Edith said she would have it here by ten. I got here to the minute, but the note was nowhere to be found in the saloon. I was completely bowled over. You know she always keeps her word. Then I went up to my stateroom, and there I found her note. I was relieved, you can fancy. Tell Edith she can have no idea of the suspense I have been in to-night."

"'YOU? MISS PORTER!' HE EXCLAIMED."

"She perhaps has just a faint idea of it," said Miss Porter.

"Well, possibly," Paul admitted. "And I am so glad that, when Edith consulted you in this little affair, your judgment didn't fail you, Miss Porter."

While Paul, in the excess of his gratitude, was shaking hands with Miss Porter, she suddenly gave his hand a most cordial pressure, and resolved, at that instant, that her duty for the night was over. She could not get the note. Cruel it might be to keep Paul Verdenal in ignorance of the truth, but it was Edith's, not her task to enlighten him. The only task that claimed her attention was the sufficiently difficult one of offering a plausible excuse for her singular appearance on shipboard at that hour of the night.

"It is getting late, Mr. Verdenal," she said, "and I must go. Good-by. You have my best wishes, and I am glad to have had this little glimpse of you. Edith was sure I would see you if I came here at this time."

"And you took all this trouble just to say good-by to me?" he said, looking both touched and amazed, as well he might, at this unexpected devotion on Miss Porter's part. "I was going to ask for you, this afternoon; but the truth is, I forgot all about it. You understand the —the agitation I was in made me forget much that I should have remembered."

He accompanied her with great ceremony down the gangway, and insisted upon sending her home in the cab which was waiting on the pier for his friend.

"Tell Edith," he said, just before the cab turned, "that I shall be up in the morning to see her. I don't sail until noon; so tell her if she has any musical engagements to cut them."

"It's very easy for Edith to change her plans," said Miss Porter, smiling grimly. "I shall deliver your messages."

When she reached home, she found that it would be necessary, before delivering any messages, to awaken Edith. That

young lady was curled up like a kitten, sound asleep, in a nest of pillows upon the broad window seat in Miss Porter's study.

"Well?" she said sleepily, opening her eyes and smiling at Miss Porter, who exclaimed in an indignant voice:

"Edith, you amaze me; you ought to be walking the floor!"

"I did until I got tired; you have been gone such a long, long time."

"He had opened your note," said Miss Porter, sinking into her arm-chair and drawing off her gloves, "before I could speak to him, so I told him nothing. I let him think I was an erratic fool of a woman who took the trouble to wish him *bon voyage* in a romantic, unconventional way. When you write your refusal, do explain briefly about me."

"He had read my note, had he?" said Edith, who was then very wide awake. "How did he seem about it?"

"Very happy," replied Miss Porter; "quite mad with delight. Poor fellow, I never liked him so much as I do to-night, Edith."

"And he was very happy, was he?" said Edith, thoughtfully. "Well, he does think a great deal of me, after all. Do you know—coming home I—I thought I had been a little too hasty in deciding to get the note back."

Edith had here the grace to blush.

"I wish you had been hasty enough to notify me of your change of mind," observed Miss Porter.

"Ah, but I couldn't do that, you know," said Edith. She had piled all the fluffy pillows in her lap, and, resting her round chin on the top of one, she smiled at Miss Porter over the barricade.

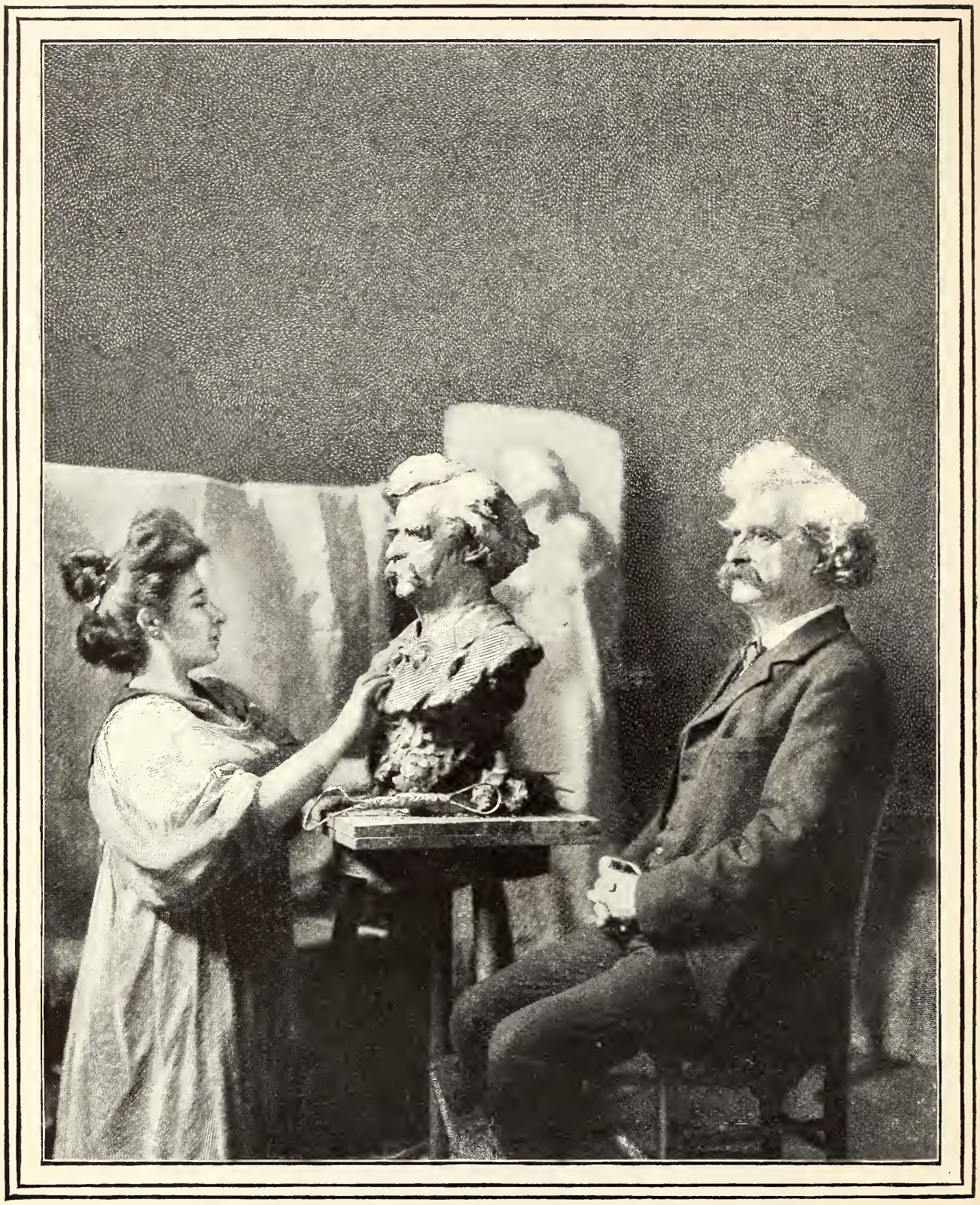
"Because, don't you see, it was just the—the thought of your going over there, and undoing my acceptance of him, and making him appear in the light of one lost to me forever, that made me realize how—how much I cared for him after all. It was that thought, and the thought, too, that it wouldn't be long before Paul would be attracted by some other girl; he's a dear fellow, Paul, but fickle, I am afraid. Yes, it was the thought of this other girl's inevitable appearance that made me decide that, even if you did wrest the letter from him, I should send it right back to him the first thing in the morning. Now, you can understand exactly what it was that changed me. It's quite in your line; there's no intuition about it, it's all perfectly logical."

"It's all perfectly dog-in-the-mangerical," replied Miss Porter. "Paul Verdenal deserves to be accepted for some better reason, too."

The pile of pillows was scattered into the four corners of the study. Edith sprang to her feet.

"You dear thing," said she, "you're cross. You don't know it, but you are; and I am going to make you a Welsh rabbit. We'll have a nice little bachelor supper to celebrate my engagement."

"THAT YOUNG LADY WAS CURLED UP LIKE A KITTEN, SOUND ASLEEP."



MARK TWAIN SITTING FOR HIS PORTRAIT, MARCH, 1898.

From a recent photograph by Ch. Scolik, Vienna. Mark Twain is here shown sitting to Miss Theresa Feodorowna Ries, a young Russian sculptress of rising fame, who has just completed very successfully the bust of Mark Twain that appears in the picture as in course of modeling.

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THE POLAR ZONE.

A Story by John A. Hill.

VERY few of my friends know me for a seafaring man, but I sailed the salt seas, man and boy, for nine months and eighteen days, and I know just as much about sailing the hereinbefore mentioned salt seas as I ever want to.

Ever so long ago, when I was young and tender, I used to have fits of wanting to go into business for myself. Along about the front edge of the seventies, pay for "toting" people and "truck" over the eastern railroads of New England was not of sufficient plenitude to worry a man as to how he would invest his pay check—it was usually invested before he got it. One of my periodical fits of wanting to go into business for myself came on suddenly one day, when I got home and found another baby in the house. I was right in the very worst spasms of it when my brother Enoch, whom I hadn't seen for seventeen years, walked in on me.

Enoch was fool enough to run away to sea when he was twelve years old—I suppose he was afraid he would get the chance to do something besides whaling. We were born down New Bedford way, where another boy and myself were the only two fellows in the district, for over forty years, who didn't go hunting whales, icebergs, foul smells, and scurvy, up in King Frost's bailiwick, just south of the Pole.

Enoch had been captain and part owner of a Pacific whaler; she had recently burned at Honolulu, and he was back home now to buy a new ship. He had heard that I, his little brother John, was the best locomotive engineer in the whole world, and had come to see me—partly on account of relationship, but more to get my advice about buying a steam whaling-ship. Enoch knew more about whales and ships and such things than you could put down in a book, but he had no more idea *how* steam propelled a ship than I had what a "skivvie tricer" was.

Well, before the week was out, Enoch showed me that he was pretty well fixed in a financial way, and as he had no kin but me that he cared about, he offered me an interest in his new steam whaler, if I would go as chief engineer with her to the North Pacific.

The terms were liberal and the chance a good one, so it seemed, and after a good many consultations, my wife agreed to let me go for *one* cruise. She asked about the stops to be made in going around the Horn, and figured mentally a little after each place was named—I believe now, she half expected that I would desert the ship and walk home from one of these stops, and was figuring on the time it would take me.

When the robins were building their nests, the new steam whaler, "Champion," left New Bedford for parts unknown (*via* the Horn), with the sea-sickest chief engineer that ever smelt fish oil. The steam plant wasn't very much—two boilers and a plain twenty-eight by thirty-six double engine, and any amount of hoisting rigs, blubber-boilers, and other paraphernalia. We refitted in San Francisco, and on a clear summer morning turned the white-painted figure-head of the

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"Champion" toward the north and stood out for Behring Sea. But, while we lay at the mouth of the Yukon River, up in Alaska, getting ready for a sally into the realm of water above the Straits, a whaler, bound for San Francisco and home, dropped anchor near us, the homesickness struck in on me, and—never mind the details now—your Uncle John came home without any whales, and was mighty glad to get on the extra list of the old road.

The story I want to tell, however, is another man's story, and it was while lying in the Yukon that I heard it. I was deeply impressed with it at the time, and meant to give it to the world as soon as I got home, for I set it all down plain then, but I lost my diary, and half forgot the story—who wouldn't forget a story when he had to make two hundred and ten miles a day on a locomotive and had five children at home? But now, after twenty years, my wife turns up that old diary in the garret this spring while house-cleaning. Fred had it and an old Fourth-of-July cannon put away in an ancient valise, as a boy will treasure up useless things.

Under the head of October 12th, I find this entry:

"At anchor in Yukon River, weather fair, recent heavy rains; set out packing and filed main-rod brasses of both engines. Settled with Enoch to go home on first ship bound south. Demented white man brought on board by Indians, put in my cabin."

In the next day's record there appears the following: "Watched beside sick man all night; in intervals of sanity he tells a strange story, which I will write down to-day."

The 14th has the following:

"Wrote out story of stranger. See the back of this book."

And at the back of the book, written on paper cut from an old log of the "Champion," is the story that now, more than twenty-five years later, I tell you here:

On the evening of the 12th, I went on deck to smoke and think of home, after a hard day's work getting the engines in shape for a siege. The ship was very quiet, half the crew being ashore, and some of the rest having gone in the boat with Captain Enoch to the "Enchantress," homeward bound and lying about half a mile below us. I am glad to say that Enoch's principal business aboard the "Enchantress" is to get me passage to San Francisco. I despise this kind of dreariness—rather be in State prison near the folks.

I sat on the rail, just abaft the stack, watching some natives handle their big canoes, when a smaller one came alongside. I noticed that one of the occupants lay at full length in the frail craft, but paid little attention until the canoe touched our side. Then the bundle of skins and Indian clothes bounded up, almost screamed, "At last!" made a spring at the stays, missed them, and fell with a loud splash into the water.

The Indians rescued him at once, and in a few seconds he lay like one dead on the deck. I saw at a glance that the stranger in Indian clothes was a white man and an American.

"The Indians rescued him at once."

A pretty stiff dram of liquor brought him to slightly. He opened his eyes, looked up at the rigging, and, closing his eyes, he murmured: "Thank God!—'Frisco—Polaria!"

I had him undressed and put him into my berth. He was shaking as with an ague, and when his clothes were off we plainly saw the reason—he was a skeleton, starving. I went on deck at once to make some inquiry of the Indians about our strange visitor, but their boat was just disappearing in the twilight.

The man gained strength, as we gave him nourishment in small, frequent doses, and talked in a disjointed way of everything under the sun. I sat with him all night. Toward morning he seemed to sleep longer at a time, and in the afternoon of yesterday fell into a deep slumber, from which he did not waken for nearly twenty hours.

When he did waken, he took nourishment in larger quantities, and then went off into another long sleep. The look of pain on his face lessened, a healthy glow appeared on his cheek, and he slept so soundly that I turned in—on the floor.

". . . *Leaving him with his arms around his 'sacred' package.*"

I was awake along in the small hours of the morning, and heard my patient stirring, so I got up and drew the little curtain over the bulls-eye port—it was already daylight. I gave him a drink and a biscuit, and told him I would go to the cook's galley and get him some broth, but he begged to wait until breakfast time—said he felt refreshed, and would just nibble a sea biscuit. Then he ate a dozen in as many minutes.

"Did you take care of my pack?" he said eagerly, throwing his legs out of the berth, and looking wildly at me.

"Yes, it's all right; lie down and rest," said I; for I thought that to cross him would set him off his head again.

"Do you know that dirty old pack contains more treasures than the mines of Africa?"

"It don't look it," I answered, and laughed to get him in a pleasant frame of mind—for I hadn't seen nor heard of his pack.

"Not for the little gold and other valuable things, but the proofs of a discovery as great as Columbus made, the discovery of a new continent, a new people, a new language, a new civilization, and riches beyond the dreams of a Solomon——"

He shut his eyes for a minute, and then continued: "But beyond Purgatory, through Death, and the other side of Hell——"

Just here Enoch came in to inquire after his health, and sat down for a minute's chat. Enoch is first, last, and all the time captain of a whaler; he knows about whales and whale-hunters just as an engineer on the road knows every speck of scenery along the line, every man, and every engine. Enoch couldn't talk ten minutes without being "reminded" of an incident in his whaling life; couldn't meet a whaleman without "yarning" about the whale business. He lit his pipe and asked: "Been whaling, or hunting the North Pole?"

"Well, both."

"What ship?"

"The 'Duncan McDonald.'"

"The—the 'McDonald!' —why, man, we counted her lost these five years; tell me about her, quick. Old Chuck Burrows was a particular friend of mine—where is he?"

"Captain, Father Burrows and the 'Duncan McDonald' have both gone over the unknown ocean to the port of missing ships."

"Sunk?"

"Aye, and crushed to atoms in a frozen hell."

Enoch looked out of the little window for a long time, forgot his pipe, and at last wiped a tear out of his eye, saying, as much to himself as to us: "George Burrows made me first mate of the first ship he ever sailed. She was named for his mother, and we left her in the ice away up about the seventy-third parallel. He was made of the salt of

" What seemed to be a giant iceberg . . ."

the earth—a sailor and a nobleman. But he was a dare-devil—didn't know fear—and was always venturing where none of the rest of us would dare go. He bought the ' McDonald,' remodeled and refitted her after he got back from the war—she was more than a whaler, and I had a feeling that she would carry Burrows and his crew away forever——"

Eight bells rung just here, and Enoch left us, first ordering breakfast for the stranger, and saying he would come back to hear the rest after breakfast.

As I was going out, a sailor came to the door with a flat package, perhaps six inches thick and twelve or fourteen square, covered with a dirty piece of skin made from the intestines of a whale, which is used by the natives of this clime because it is light and waterproof.

" We found this in a coil of rope, sir; it must belong to him. It must be mostly lead."

It was heavy, and I set it inside the door, remarking that here was his precious pack.

" Precious! aye, aye, sir; precious don't describe it. Sacred, that's the word. That package will cause more excitement in the world than the discovery of gold in California. This is the first time it's been out of my sight or feeling for months and months; put it in the bunk here, please."

I went away, leaving him with his arms around his " sacred " package.

After breakfast, Enoch and I went to the little cabin to hear the stranger's story, and I, for one, confess to a great deal of curiosity. Our visitor was swallowing his last bowl of coffee as we went in. " So you knew Captain Burrows and the ' Duncan McDonald,' " said he. " Let me see, what is your name ? "

" Alexander, captain of the ' Champion,' at your service, sir."

" Alexander; you're not the first mate, Enoch Alexander, who sat on a dead whale all night, holding on to a lance staff, after losing your boat and crew ? "

" The same."

" Why, I've heard Captain Burrows speak of you a thousand times."

" But you were going to tell us about the ' Duncan McDonald.' Tell us the whole cruise from stem to stern."

" Let's see, where shall I begin ? "

" At the very beginning," I put in.

" Well, perhaps you've noticed, and perhaps you have not, but I'm not a sailor by inclination or experience. I accidentally went out on the ' Duncan McDonald.' How old would you take me to be ? "

" Fifty or fifty-five," said Enoch.

" Thanks, Captain, I know I must look all of that; but, let me see, forty-five, fifty-five, sixty-five, seventy—seventy—what year is this ? "

" Seventy-three."

"Seventy-three. Well, I'm only twenty-eight now."

"Impossible! Why, man, you're as gray as I am, and I'm twice that."

"I was born in forty-five, just the same. My father was a sea captain in the old clipper days, and a long time after. He was in the West India trade when the war broke out, and as he had been educated in the navy, enlisted at once. It was on one of the gun-boats before Vicksburg that he was killed. My mother came of a well-to-do family of merchants, the Clarks of Boston, and—to make a long story short—died in sixty-six, leaving me considerable money.

"An itching to travel, plenty of money, my majority, and no ties at home, sent me away from college to roam, and so one spring morning in sixty-seven found me sitting lazily in the stern of a little pleasure boat off Fort Point in the Golden Gate, listlessly watching a steam whaler come in from the Pacific. My boatman called my attention to her, remarking that she was spick-and-span new, and the biggest one he ever saw, but I took very little notice of the ship until, in tacking across her wake, I noticed her name in gold letters across the stern—'Duncan McDonald.' Now that is my own name, and was my father's; and try as I would, I could not account for this name as a coincidence, common as the name might be in the highlands of the home of my ancestors; and before the staunch little steamer had gotten a mile away, I ordered the boat to follow her. I intended to go aboard and learn, if possible, something of how her name originated.

"As she swung at anchor, off Goat Island, I ran my little boat alongside of her and asked for a rope. 'Rope?' inquired a Yankee sailor, sticking his nose and a clay pipe overboard; 'might you be wantin' to come aboard?'

"'Yes, I want to see the captain!'

"'Well, the cap'en's jest gone ashore; his gig is yonder now, enemost to the landin'. You come out this evenin'. The cap'en's particular about strangers, but he's always to home of an evenin'.'

"'Who's this boat named after?'

"'The Lord knows, stranger; I don't. But I reckon the cap'en ken tell; he built her.'

"I left word that I would call in the evening, and at eight o'clock was alongside again. This time I was assisted on board and shown to the door of the captain's cabin; the sailor knocked and went away. It was a full minute I stood there before the knock was answered, and then from the inside, in a voice like the roar of a bull, came the call: 'Well, come in!'

"I opened the door on a scene I shall never forget. A bright light swung from

"The long-boat landed our little party of six men and seven dogs."

"We could see, on the rocks at the foot of the crags, seals, and some other animals."

the beams above, and under it sat a giant of the sea—Captain Burrows. He had the index finger of his right hand resting near the North Pole of an immense globe; there were many books about, rolls of charts, firearms, instruments, clothing, and apparent disorder everywhere. The cabin was large, well-furnished, and had something striking about it. I looked around in wonder, without saying a word. Captain Burrows was the finest-looking man I ever saw—six feet three, straight, muscular, with a pleasant face; but the keenest, steadiest blue eye you ever saw. His hair was white, but his long flowing beard had much of the original yellow. He must have been sixty. But for all the pleasant face and kindly eye, you would notice through his beard the broad, square chin that proclaimed the decision and staying qualities of the man."

"That's George Burrows, stranger, to the queen's taste—just as good as a photograph," broke in Enoch.

"Well," continued the stranger, "he let me look for a minute or two, and then said: 'Was it anything particular?'

"I found my tongue then, and answered: 'I hope you'll excuse me, sir; but I must confess it is curiosity. I came on board out of curiosity to——'

"'Reporter, hey?' asked the captain.

"'No, sir; the fact is that your ship has an unusual name, one that interests me, and I wish to make so bold as to ask how she came to have it.'

"'Any patent on the name?'

"'Oh, no, but I——'

"'Well, young man, this ship—by the way, the finest whaler that was ever stuck together—is named for a friend of mine; just such a man as she is a ship—the best of them all.'

"'Was he a sailor?'

"'Aye, aye, sir, and such a sailor. Fight! why, man, fighting was meat and drink to him——'

"'Was he a whaler?'

"'No, he wa'n't; but he was the best man I ever knew who wa'n't a whaler. He was a navy sailor, he was, and a whole ten-pound battery by hisself. Why, you jest ort to see him waltz his old tin-clad gun-boat up agin one of them reb forts—jest naturally skeered 'em half to death before he commenced shooting at all.'

"'Wasn't he killed at the attack on Vicksburg?'

"'Yes, yes; you knowed him, didn't you? He was a——'

"'He was my father.'

"'What? Your father?' yelled Captain Burrows, jumping up and grasping both my hands. 'Of course he was; darn my lubberly wit that I couldn't see that before!' Then he hugged me as if I was a ten-year-old girl, and danced around me like a maniac.

"'By all the gods at once, if this don't seem like Providence—yes, sir, old man Providence himself! What are you a-doin'?

When did you come out here? Where be you goin', anyway?'

"I found my breath, and told him briefly how I was situated. 'Old man Providence has got his hand on the tiller of this craft or I'm a grampus! Say! do you know I was wishin' and waitin' for you? Yes, sir; no more than yesterday, says I to myself, Chuck Burrows, says I, you are gettin' long too fur to the wind'ard o' sixty fur this here trip all to yourself. You ort to have young blood in this here enterprise; and then I just clubbed myself for being a lubber and not getting married young and havin' raised a son that I could trust. Yes, sir, jest nat'rally cussed myself from stem to stern, and never onct thought as mebbe my old messmate, Duncan McDonald, might 'a'done suthin' for his country afore that day at Vicks—say! I want to give you half this ship. Mabee I'll do the square thing and give you the whole of the tub yet. All I want is for you to go along with me on a voyage of discovery—be my helper, secretary, partner, friend—anything. What de ye say? Say!' he yelled again, before I could answer, 'tell ye what I'll do! Bless me if—if I don't adopt ye; that's what I'll do. Call me pop from this out, and I'll call you son. *Son!*' he shouted, bringing his fist down with a bang on the table. '*Son!* that's the stuff! By the bald-headed Abraham, who says Chuck Burrows ain't got no kin? The 'Duncan McDonald,' Burrows & Son, owners, captain, chief cook, and blubber cooker. And who says they ain't?'

"And the old captain glared around as if he defied anybody and everybody to question the validity of the claims so excitedly made.

"Well, gentlemen, of course there was much else said and done, but that announcement stood; and to the day of his death I always called the captain Father Burrows, and he called me 'son,' always addressing me so when alone, as well as when in the company of others. I went every day to the ship, or accompanied Father Burrows on some errand into the city, while the boat was being refitted and prepared for a three-years' cruise.

"Every day the captain let me more and more into his plans, told me interesting things of the North, and explained his theory of the way to reach the Pole, and what could be found there; which fascinated me. Captain Burrows had spent years in the North, had noted that particularly open seasons occurred in what appeared cycles of a given number of years, and proposed to go above the eightieth parallel and wait for an open season. That, according to his figuring, would occur the following year.

"I was young, vigorous, and of a venturesome spirit, and entered into every detail with a zest that captured the heart of the old sailor. My education helped him greatly, and new books and instruments were added to our store for use on the trip. The crew knew only that we were going on a three-years' cruise. They had no share in the profits, but were paid extra big wages in gold, and were expected to go to out-of-the-way places and further north than usual. Captain Burrows and myself only knew that there was a brand-new twenty-foot silk flag rolled up in oil-skin in the cabin, and that Father Burrows had declared: 'By the hoary-headed Nebblekenizer, I'll put them stars and stripes on new land, and mighty near to the Pole, or start a butt a-trying.'

"In due course of time we were all ready, and the 'Duncan McDonald' passed out of the Golden Gate into the broad Pacific, drew her fires, and stopped her engines, reserving this force for a more urgent time. She spread her ample canvas, and stood away toward Alaska and the unknown and undiscovered beyond.

". . . *The frozen carcass of an immense mastodon.*"

"The days were not long for me, for they were full of study and anticipation. Long chats with the eccentric but masterful man whose friendship and love for my father had brought us together were the entertainment and stimulus of my existence—a man who knew nothing of science, except that he was master of it in his own way; who knew all about navigation, and to whom the northern seas were as familiar as the contour of Boston Common was to me; who had more stories of whaling than you could find in print, and better ones than can ever be printed.

"I learned first to respect, then to admire, and finally to love this old salt. How many times he told me of my father's death, and how and when he had risked his life to save the life of Father Burrows or some of the rest of his men. As the days grew into weeks, and the weeks into months, Captain Burrows and myself became as one man.

"I shall never forget the first Sunday at sea. Early in the morning I heard the captain order the boatswain to pipe all hands to prayers. I had noticed nothing of a religious nature in the man, and, full of curiosity, went on deck with the rest. Captain Burrows took off his hat at the foot of the mainmast, and said:

"'My men, this is the first Sunday we have all met together; and as some of you are not familiar with the religious services on board the 'Duncan McDonald,' I will state that, as you may have noticed, I asked no man about his belief when I employed him—I hired you to simply work this ship—but on Sundays it is our custom to meet here in friendship, man to man, Protestant and Catholic, Mohammedan, Buddhist, Fire-worshiper, and pagan, and look into our own hearts, worshiping God as we know him, each in his own way. If any man has committed any offense against his God, let him make such reparation as he thinks will appease that God; but if any man has committed an offense against his fellow-man, let him settle with that man now and here, and not worry God with the details. Religion is goodness and justice and honesty; no man needs a sky-pilot to lay a course for him, for he alone knows where the channel, and the rocks, and the bar of his own heart are—look into your hearts.'

"Captain Burrows stood with his hat in his hand, and bowed as if in prayer, and all the old tars bowed as reverently as if the most eloquent divine was exhorting an unseen power in their behalf. The new men followed the example of the rest. It was just three minutes by the wheel-house clock before the captain straightened up and said 'Amen,' and the men turned away about their tasks.

"'Beats mumblin' your words out of a book, like a Britisher,' said the captain to me; 'can't offend no man's religion, and helps every one on 'em.'

"Long months after, I attended a burial service conducted in the same way—in silence.

"In due course of time we anchored in Norton Sound, and spent the rest of the winter there; and in the spring of sixty-eight, we worked our way north through the ice. We passed the seventy-fifth parallel of latitude on July 4th. During the summer we took a number of whales, storing away as much oil as the captain thought necessary, as he only wanted it for fuel and our needs, intending to take none home to sell unless we were unsuccessful in the line of discovery—in that event he intended to stay until he had a full cargo."

Here our entertainer gave out, and had to rest; and while resting he went to sleep, so that he did not take up his story until the next day.

In the morning our guest expressed a desire to be taken on deck; and, dressed in warm sailor clothes, he rested his hand on my shoulder, and slowly crawled on deck and to a sheltered corner beside the captain's cabin. Here he was bundled up; and again Enoch and I sat down to listen to the strange story of the wanderer.

"I hope it won't annoy you, gentlemen," said he, "but I can't settle down without my pack; I find myself thinking of its safety. Would you mind sending down for it?"

It was brought up, and set down beside him; he looked at it lovingly, slipped the rude strap-loop over his arm, and seemed ready to take up his story where he left off. He began:

"I don't remember whether I told you or not, but one of the objects of Captain Burrows's trip was to settle something definite about the location of the magnetic pole, and other magnetic problems, and determine the cause of some of the well-known distortions of the magnetic needle. He had some odd, perhaps crude, instruments, of his own design, which he had caused to be constructed for this purpose, and we found them very efficient devices in the end. Late in July, we found much open water, and steamed steadily in a northwesterly course. We

would find a great field of icebergs, then miles of floe, and then again open water. The aurora was seen every evening, but it seemed pale and white.

"Captain Burrows brought the 'Duncan McDonald's' head around to the west in open water, one fine day in early August, and cruised slowly; taking a great many observations, and hunting, as he told me, for floating ice—he was hunting for a current. For several days we kept in the open water, but close to the ice, until one morning the captain ordered the ship to stand due north across the open sea.

"He called me into his cabin, and with a large map of the polar regions on his table, to which he often referred, he said: 'Son, I've been hunting for a current; there's plenty of 'em in the Arctic Ocean, but the one I want ain't loafing around here. You see, son, it's currents that carries these icebergs and floes south; I didn't tell you, but some days when we were in those floes, we lost as much as we gained. We worked our way north through the floe, but not on the surface of the globe; the floe was taking us south with it. Maybe you won't believe it, but there are currents going north in this sea; once or twice in a lifetime, a whaler or passage-hunter returns with a story of being drifted *north*—now that's what I want, I am hunting for a northern current. We will go to the northern shore of this open water, be it one mile or one thousand, and there—well, hunt again.'

"Well, it was in September when we at last got to what seemed the northern shore of this open sea. We had to proceed very slowly, as there were almost daily fogs and occasional snow-storms; but one morning the ship rounded to, almost under the shadow of what seemed to be a giant iceberg. Captain Burrows came on deck, rubbing his hands in glee.

"We were often obliged to go around a great boulder of granite."

"'Son,' said he, 'that is no iceberg; that's ancient ice, perpetual ice, the great ice-ring—palæocrystic ice, you scientific fellows call it. I saw it once before, in thirty-seven, when a boy; that's it, and, son, beyond that there is something. Take notice that that is ice; clear, glary ice. You know a so-called iceberg is really a snowberg; it's three-fourths under water. Now, it may be possible that, that being ice which will float more than half out of water, the northern currents may go under it—but I don't believe it. Under or over, I am going to find one of 'em, if it takes till doomsday.'

"We sailed west, around close to this great wall of ice, for two weeks, without seeing any evidence of a current of any kind, until there came on a storm from the northwest that drove a great deal of ice around the great ring; but it seemed to keep rather clear of the great wall of ice and to go off

in a tangent toward the south. The lead showed no bottom at one hundred fathoms, even within a quarter of a mile of the ice.

"It was getting late in the season, the mercury often going down to fifteen below zero, and every night the aurora became brighter. We sailed slowly around the open water, and finally found a place where the sheer precipice of ice disappeared and the shore sloped down to something like a beach. Putting out a sea-anchor, the 'Duncan McDonald' kept within a half-a-mile of this icy shore. The captain had determined to land and survey the place, which far away back seemed to terminate in mountain peaks of ice.

"That night the captain and I sat on the rail of our ship, talking over the plans for to-morrow's expedition, when the ship slowly but steadily swung around her stern to the mountain of ice—the engines had been moving slowly to keep her head to the wind. Captain Burrows jumped to his feet in joy. 'A current!' he shouted; 'a current, and toward the north, too—old man Providence again, son; he allus takes care of his own!'

"Some staves were thrown overboard, and, sure enough, they floated toward the ice; but there was no evidence of an opening in the mighty ring, and I remarked to Captain Burrows that the current evidently went under the ice.

"'It looks like it did, son; it looks like it did; but if it goes under, we will go over.'

"After we had taken a few hours of sleep, the long-boat landed our little party of five men and seven dogs. We had food and drink for a two weeks' trip, were well armed, and carried some of our instruments. It appeared to be five or six miles to the top of the mountain, but it proved more than thirty. We were five days in getting there, and did so only after a dozen adventures that I will tell you at another time.

"We soon began to find stones and dirt in the ice, and before we had gone ten miles, found the frozen carcass of an immense mastodon—its great tusks only showing above the level; but its huge, woolly body quite plainly visible in the ice. The ice was melting, and there were many streams running towards the open water. It was warmer as we proceeded. Dirt and rocks became the rule, instead of the exception, and we were often obliged to go around a great boulder of granite. While we were resting, on the third day, for a bite to eat, one of the men took a dish, scooped up some sand from the bottom of the icy stream, and 'panned' it out. There was gold in it: gold enough to pay to work the ground. About noon of the fifth day, we reached the summit of the mountain, and from there looked down the other side—upon a sight the like of which no white men had ever seen before.

"From the very summits of this icy-ring mountain the northern side was a sheer precipice of more than three thousand feet, and was composed of rocks, and rocks only, the foot of the mighty crags being washed by an open ocean; and this was lighted up by a peculiar crimson glow. Great white

"There were some wild screams in the air, and a bird came down."

whales sported in the waters; huge sea-birds hung in circles high in the air; yet below us, and with our glasses, we could see, on the rocks at the foot of the crags, seals and some other animals that were strange to us. But follow the line of beetling crags and mountain peaks where you would, the northern side presented a solid blank wall of awful rocks, in many places the summit overhanging and the shore well under in the mighty shadow. Nothing that any of us had ever seen in nature before was so impressive, so awful. We started on our return, after a couple of hours of the awe-inspiring sight beyond the great ring, and for full two hours not a man spoke.

"'Father Burrows,' said I, 'what do you think that is back there?'

"'No man knows, my son, and it will devolve on you and me to name it; but we won't unless we get to it and can take back proofs.'

"'Do you think we could get down the other side?'

"'No, I don't think so, and we seem to have struck it in the lowest spot in sight. I'd give ten years of my life if the "Duncan McDonald" was over there in that duck pond.'

"'Captain,' said Eli Jeffries, the second mate, 'do you know what I've been thinkin'? I believe that 'ere water we seen is an open passage from the Behring side of the frozen ocean over agin' some of them 'ere Roosian straits. If we could get round to the end of it, we'd sail right through the great North-west Passage.'

"'You don't think there is land over there somewhere?'

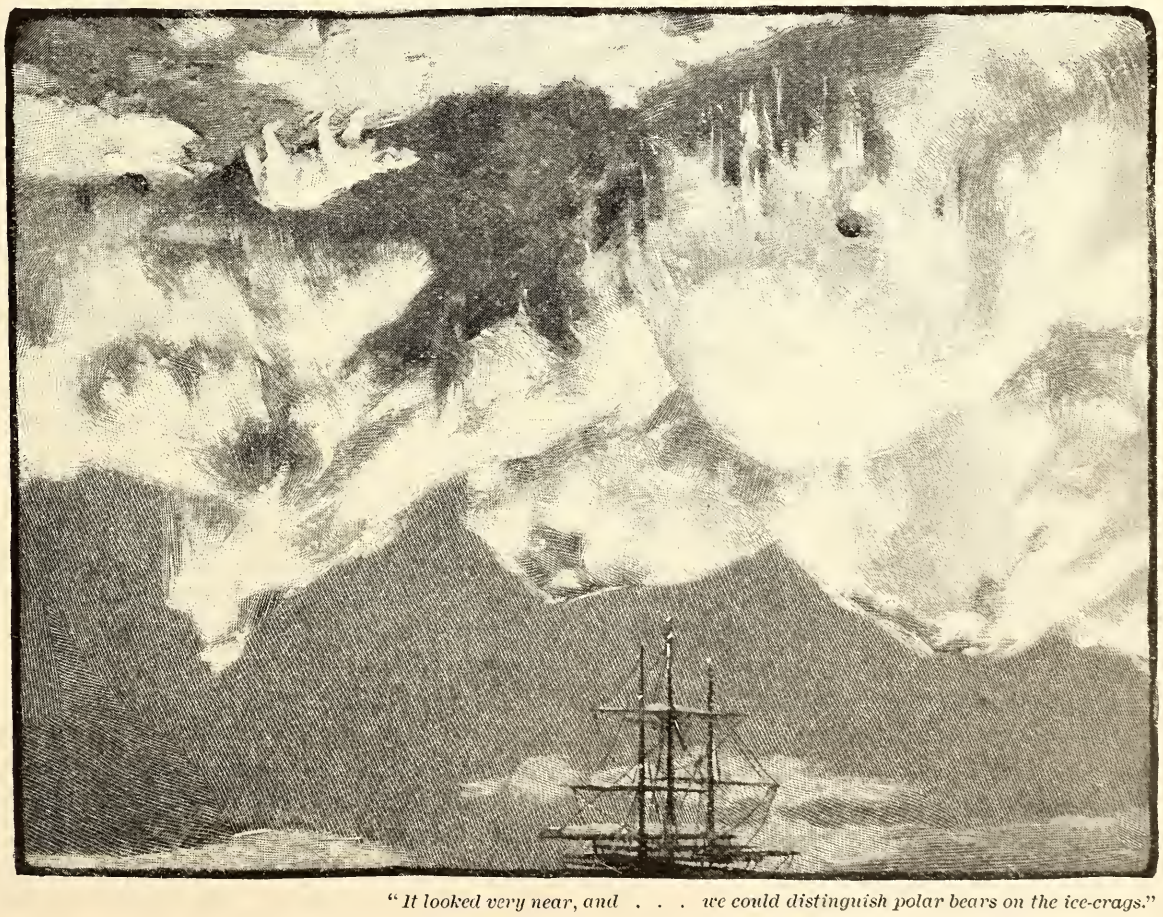
"'Nope.'

"'Didn't take notice that the face of your "passage" was granite or quartz rocks, hey? Didn't notice all them animals and birds, hey?——'

"'Look out!' yelled the man ahead with the dog-sledge.

"A strange, whirring noise was heard in the foggy light, that sounded over our heads. We all dropped to the ground, and the noise increased, until a big flock of huge birds passed over us in rapid flight north. There must have been thousands of them. Captain Burrows brought his shot-gun to his shoulder and fired. There were some wild screams in the air, and a bird came down to the ice with a loud thud. It looked very large a hundred feet away, but sight is very deceiving in this white country in the semi-darkness. We found it a species of duck, rather large and with gorgeous plumage.

"'Goin' north, to Eli's "passage" to lay her eggs on the ice,' said the captain, half sarcastically.



"It looked very near, and . . . we could distinguish polar bears on the ice-crags."

"We reached the ship in safety, and the captain and I spent long hours in trying to form some plan for getting beyond the great ice-ring.

"'If it's warm up there, and everything that we've seen says it is, all this cold water that's going north gets warm and goes out some place; and rest you, son, wherever it goes out, there's a hole in the ice.'

"Here we were interrupted by the mate, who said that there were queer things going on overhead, and some of the sailors were ready to mutiny unless the return trip was commenced at once. Captain Burrows went on deck at once, and you may be sure I followed at his heels.

"'What's wrong here?' demanded the captain, in his roaring tone, stepping into the midst of the crew.

"'A judgment against this pryin' into God's secrets, sir,' said an English sailor, in an awe-struck voice. 'Look at the signs, sir,' pointing overhead.

"Captain Burrows and I both looked over our heads, and there saw an impressive sight, indeed. A vast colored map of an unknown world hung in the clouds over us—a mirage from the aurora. It looked very near, and was so distinct that we could distinguish polar bears on the ice-crags. One man insisted that the mainmast almost touched one snowy peak, and most of them actually believed that it was an inverted part of some world, slowly coming down to crush us. Captain Burrows looked for several minutes before he spoke. Then he said: 'My men, this is the grandest proof of all that Providence is helping us. This thing that you see is only a picture; it's a mirage, the reflection of a portion of the earth on the sky. Just look, and you will see that it's in the shape of a crescent, and we are almost in the center of it; and, I tell you, it's a picture of the country just in front of us. See this peak? See that low place where we went up? There is the great wall we saw, the open sea beyond it, and, bless me, if it don't look like something green over in the middle of that ocean! See, here is the "Duncan McDonald," as plain as A, B, C, right overhead. Now, there's nothing to be afraid of in that; if it's a warning, it's a good one—and if any one wants to go home to his mother's, and is old enough, *he can walk!*'

"The captain looked around, but the sailors were as cool as he was—they were reassured by his honest explanation. Then he took me by the arm, and, pointing to the painting in the sky, said: 'Old man Providence again, son, sure as you are born; do you see that lane through the great ring? There's an open, fairly straight passage to the inner ocean, except that it's closed by about three miles of ice on our side; see it there, on the port side?'

"Yes, I could see it, but I asked Captain Burrows how he could account for the open passages beyond and the wall of ice in front; it was cold water going in.

"'It's strange,' he answered, shading his eye with his hand, and looking long at the clear passage, like a great canal between the beetling cliffs. All at once, he grasped my arm and said in excitement, pointing towards the outer end of the passage: 'Look!'

"As I looked at the mirage again, the great mass of ice in front commenced to slowly turn over, outwardly.

"'It's an iceberg, sir, only an iceberg!' said the captain, excitedly, 'and she is just holding that passage because the current keeps her up against the hole; now, she will wear out some day, and then—in goes the "Duncan McDonald"!'

"'But there are others to take its place,' and I pointed to three other bergs, apparently some twenty miles away, plainly shown in the sky; 'they are the reinforcements to hold the passage.'

"'Looks that way, son, but by the great American buzzard, we'll get in there somehow, if we have to blow that berg up.'

"As we looked, the picture commenced to disappear, not fade, but to go off to one side, just as a picture leaves the screen of a magic lantern. Over the inner ocean there appeared dark clouds; but this part was visible last, and the clouds seemed to break at the last moment, and a white city, set in green fields and forests, was visible for an instant, a great golden dome in the center remaining in view after the rest of the city was invisible.

"'A rainbow of promise, son,' said the captain.

"I looked around. The others had grown tired of looking, and were gone. Captain Burrows and myself were the only ones that saw the city.

"We got under way for an hour, and then stood by near the berg until eight bells the next morning; but you must remember it was half dark all the time up there then. While Captain Burrows and myself were at breakfast, he cudgeled his brains over ways and means for moving that ice, or prevent-

"A white city . . . was visible for an instant."

ing other bergs from taking its place. When we went on deck, our berg was some distance from the mouth of the passage, and steadily floating away. Captain Burrows steamed the ship cautiously up toward the passage; there was a steady current coming out.

"'I reckon,' said Eli Jeffries, 'they must have a six-months' ebb and flow up in that ocean.'

"'If that's the case,' said Captain Burrows, 'the sooner we get in, the better;' and he ordered the 'Duncan McDonald' into the breach in the world of ice.

"Gentlemen, suffice it to say that we found that passage perfectly clear, and wider as we proceeded. This we did slowly, keeping the lead going constantly. The first mate reported the needle of the compass working curiously, dipping down hard, and sparking—something he had never seen. Captain Burrows only said: 'Let her spark!'

"As we approached the inner ocean, as we called it, the passage was narrow; it became very dark and the waters roared ahead. I feared a fall or rapid, but the 'Duncan McDonald' could not turn back. The noise was only the surf on the great crags within. As the ship passed out into the open sea beyond, the needle of the compass turned clear around and pointed back. 'Do you know, son,' said Captain Burrows, 'that I believe the so-called magnetic pole is a great ring around the true Pole, and that we just passed it there? The whole inside of this mountain looks to me like rusted iron instead of stone, anyhow.'"

Here our story-teller rested and dozed for a few minutes; then rousing up, he said: "I'll tell you the rest to-morrow; yes, to-morrow; I'm tired now. To-morrow I'll tell you about a wonderful country; wonderful cities; wonderful people! I'll show you solar pictures such as you never saw, of scenes, places, and people you never dreamed of. I will show you implements that will prove that there's a country where gold is as common as tin at home—where they make knives and forks and stew-pans of it! I'll show you writing more ancient and more interesting than the most treasured relics in our Sanscrit libraries. I'll tell you of the two years I spent in another world. I'll tell you of the precious cargo that went to the bottom of the frozen ocean with the staunch

little ship, 'Duncan McDonald'; of the bravest, noblest commander, and the sweetest angel of a woman that ever breathed and lived and loved. I'll tell you of my escape and the hell I've been through. To-morrow——"

He dozed off for a few moments again.

"But I've got enough in this pack to turn the world inside out with wonder—ah, what a sensation it will be, what an educational feature! It will send out a hundred harum-scarum expeditions to find Polaria—but there are few commanders like Captain Burrows; he could do it, the rest of 'em will die in the ice. But when I get to San Fran——. Say, Captain, how long will it take to get there, and how long before you start?"

Enoch and I exchanged glances, and Enoch answered: "We wa'n't goin' to 'Frisco."

"Around the Horn, then?" inquired the stranger, sitting up. "But you will land me in 'Frisco, won't you? I can't wait, I must——"

"We're goin' *in*," said Enoch; "goin' north, for a three-years' cruise."

"North!" shouted the stranger, wildly. "Three years in that hell of ice. Three years! My God! North! North!"

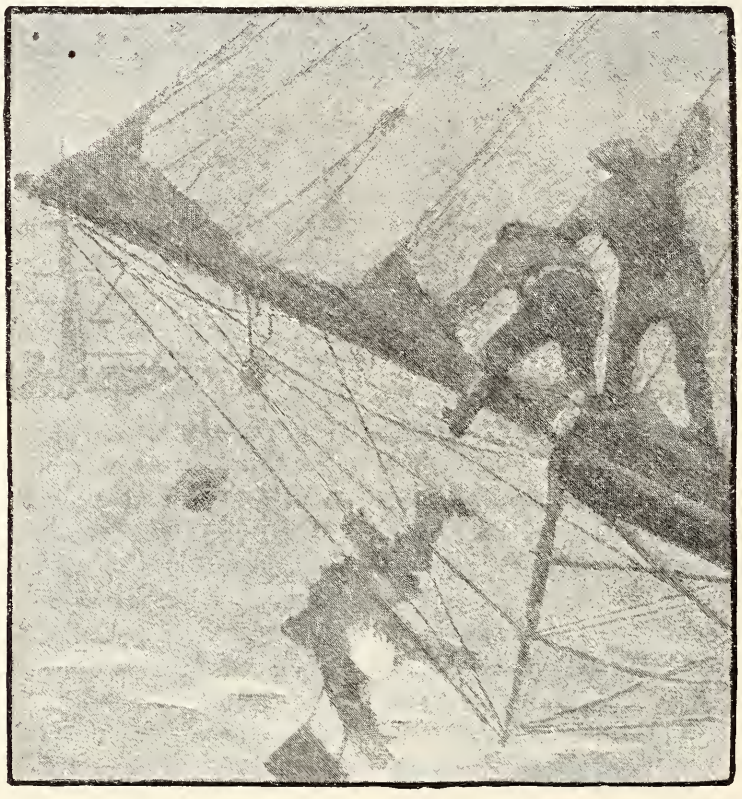
He was dancing around the deck like a maniac, trying to put his pack-loop over his head. Enoch went toward him, to tell him how he could go on the "Enchantress," but he looked wildly at him, ran forward and sprang out on the bowsprit, and from there to the jib. Enoch saw he was out of his mind, and ordered two sailors to bring him in. As they sprang on to the bow, he stood up and screamed:

"No! No! No! Three years! Three lives! Three hells! I never——"

One of the men reached for him here, but he kicked at the sailor viciously, and turning sidewise, sprang into the water below.

A boat, already in the water, was manned instantly; but the worn-out body of another North Pole explorer had gone to the sands of the bottom where so many others have gone before; evidently his heavy pack had held him down, there to guard the story it could tell—in death as he had in life.

"The worn-out body of another North Pole explorer had gone."



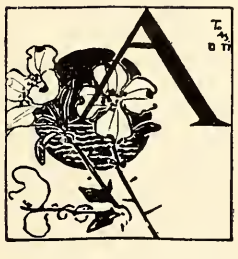
EDITOR'S NOTE.—"The Polar Zone" is the first of a number of short stories written by Mr. John A. Hill that are to appear in MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE. This story is of the sea; but, as the story itself discloses, Mr. Hill is a railroad man, and the succeeding stories will treat of railroad life, which Mr. Hill has known in its most adventurous and romantic phases. The stories were published some years ago in a railroad journal; but they have perhaps more interest for the general public even than for railroad people, and their extraordinary quality fully warrants their republication.

Professor Milne's house at Shide, Isle of Wight.

JOHN MILNE: OBSERVER OF EARTHQUAKES.

By Cleveland Moffett.

IN AN EARTHQUAKE OBSERVATORY.—PLOTTING THE GREATER HOLLOWS OF THE SEA.



T the very center of the Isle of Wight, in a little place called Shide, that most people in England never heard of, lives a scientist who probably knows more about earthquakes than any one else in the world—John Milne, member of learned societies, late professor of seismology at the University of Tokio, and a charming man into the bargain. His house looks down upon the roads where the Queen drives daily while at Osborne, and not far distant rise the towers of Carisbrooke Castle, where Charles I. was a prisoner.

Here, on a quiet hill, grown over with old trees and banks of ivy, away from all rush and noise, Professor Milne may be found, as I found him, working among strange instruments of his own devising, operated by clockwork and electricity, and possessing such sensitiveness that an earthquake shock in Borneo will set them swinging for hours. With these wonderful pendulums, of which I shall speak presently, the Professor watches throbbings and quiverings of the earth that are unfelt by our unaided senses, and draws conclusions to serve the needs of men.

It is Professor Milne to whom London editors despatch hurrying reporters when news comes from Japan of another earthquake calamity, and he usually corrects their information—as in June, 1896, when Shide was besieged by newspaper men.

"This earthquake happened on the 17th," said they, "and the whole eastern coast of Japan was overwhelmed with tidal waves, and 30,000 lives were lost."

"That last is very probable," answered the Professor, "but the earthquake happened on the 15th, not on the 17th;" and then he gave them the exact hour and minute when the shocks began and ended.

"But our cables put it on the 17th."

GIFU, JAPAN, AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE OF 1891.

This and the pictures following on pages 19, 20, 21 are from Japanese photographs reproduced in "The Great Earthquake in Japan, 1891," by John Milne and W. K. Burton.

"Your cables are mistaken."

And, sure enough, later despatches came with information that the destructive earthquake had occurred on the 15th, within half a minute of the time Professor Milne had specified. There had been some error of transmission in the earlier despatches.

Again, a few months later, the newspapers published cablegrams to the effect that there had been a severe earthquake at Kobe, with great injury to life and property.

"That is not true," said Professor Milne. "There may have been a slight earthquake at Kobe, but nothing that need cause alarm."

And the mail reports a few weeks later confirmed his reassuring statement, and showed that the previous sensational despatches had been grossly exaggerated.

Professor Milne is also the man to whose words cable companies lend anxious ear; for what he says often means thousands of pounds to them. Early in January, 1898, it was officially reported that two West Indian cables had broken on December 31, 1897.

"That is very unlikely," said Professor Milne; "but I have a seismogram showing that these cables may have broken at 11.30 A.M. on December 29, 1897." And then he located the break at so many miles off the coast of Haiti.

This sort of thing, which is constantly happening, would look very much like magic if Professor Milne had kept his secrets to himself; but he has given them freely to all the world, and for a year or more has been making every effort, with the encouragement of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, to have earthquake observatories established at various points on the earth's surface, with instruments similar to his own, so that by comparison of records, fuller knowledge may be had of movements in the earth's crust and changes in the ocean's bed.

And various governments, universities, and learned societies, quick to see the importance of such knowledge, have sent favorable replies, so that now Harvard University, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, has its own earthquake observatory; Yerkes Observatory at Williams' Bay, Wisconsin, is expected to have one shortly; New Zealand is putting up

RAILROAD TRACK TWISTED BY THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE IN JAPAN IN 1891.

two; South Africa has one, at Cape Town; Toronto, Canada, has one; India has three; Japan has one; Mauritius has one; South America has one, in Argentina; Beirout, in Syria, is in correspondence for one, and so also is Siberia.

In short, there seems to be little doubt that within a few months no fewer than twenty of these seismic stations will be in operation in different parts of the globe, all equipped with the Milne instruments, and all in regular communication with the head, or central, station at Shide. It is taken as certain that a comparison of records from all these earthquake observatories will make it impossible for an important seismic disturbance to occur anywhere, whether on land or under the sea, without its precise location being immediately known, as well as all essential facts regarding it. And when it is borne in mind that at present seventy-five per cent. of the whole number of earthquakes occur in the bed of the ocean, the value of such statistics to cable companies (and what country is not interested in the proper working of ocean cables?) is at once apparent.

Twice, for instance, it has happened in Australia (in 1880 and 1888) that the whole island has been thrown into excitement and alarm, the reserves called out, and other measures taken, because the sudden breaking of cable connections with the outside world has led to the belief that military operations against the country were preparing by some foreign power. A Milne pendulum at Sydney or Adelaide would have made it plain in a moment that the whole trouble was due to a submarine earthquake occurring at such a time and such a place. As it was, Australia had to wait in a fever of suspense (in one case there was a delay of nineteen days) until steamers arriving brought assurances that neither Russia nor any other possibly unfriendly power had begun hostilities by tearing up the cables.

PROFESSOR MILNE'S LIFE AND EXPERIMENTS IN JAPAN.

Before explaining the workings of these wonderful seismic instruments which are to do the world such famous service, I will tell how it happened that Professor Milne be-

THE WORK OF THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE OF 1891 IN NEO VALLEY, JAPAN.

came a student of earthquakes; for, unlike poetry, seismology is not a career that men are born to. In the Professor's own words: "It was Japan that did it, and that famous cable-laying American, Cyrus Field." Mr. Field heard of Milne back in the seventies, when the young Lancashireman had just finished his studies at King's College, London, and the School of Mines, and was casting about him for such work as the world might have for him to do. He had no more idea then of becoming an earthquake specialist in Japan than he had of hunting pigs in Borneo. Yet he lived to do both. Mr. Field had inquired at the School of Mines for a bright, competent young man who could go out to Newfoundland in the service of the cable company and locate some coal fields for them. Milne was selected, and told to report at a certain office in the city.

"I am glad to see you, sir," said the millionaire, when Milne was shown in. "We want to know if you can sail for Newfoundland on Tuesday next?" This in the most matter-of-fact tone and with scarcely any prelude.

Milne was fairly at a loss for words; he was barely twenty-one, and had but small experience in business matters. Finally he managed to ask about compensation.

"There will be no trouble on that point," said Mr. Field; "you can leave a memorandum on Monday of what you want for your services; I dare say it will be satisfactory. The point is now, can you sail on Tuesday?"

That was Friday, and Milne pointed out that the shops closed early on Saturdays, and on Sunday he could get nothing, so he was uncertain whether he could be ready in time.

At this, Mr. Field leaned forward on his desk, and said, with a look half serious, half quizzical, that Milne never forgot: "My young friend, I suppose you have read that the world was made in six days. Now do you mean to tell me that, if this whole world was made in six days, you can't get together the few things you need in four?"

EFFECT OF THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE OF 1891 ON THE NAGARA GAWA RAILWAY BRIDGE, JAPAN.

Milne was silent a moment, and then said: "I'll be ready, sir, on Tuesday." And so he sailed for Newfoundland—and what he did there is a separate chapter. But it was all to his credit, for soon came an offer from the Japanese Government, intent upon getting the best brains in Europe to assist in the nation's development, inviting Milne to join its service, at a handsome salary, in the department of mines and public works.

So it came about, twenty-five years ago, that this young Englishman took up his abode in Tokio, and in due course turned his attention to earthquakes. This happens quite naturally when one finds oneself in a country where there are two or three earthquakes a day on an average, counting small and large, throughout the year, and where in many instances a single one of these earthquakes has been a more serious matter to Japan in loss of life, and almost as serious a matter in resulting expenditure, as her recent war with China.

Under such circumstances, it was not difficult for a keenly interested and scientifically-trained European to develop into an earthquake enthusiast; and Milne was soon putting forth seismic theories with the best of them, and trying experiments with rough-and-ready seismoscopes and seismometers, which were sometimes rows of pins propped up in a certain way, so that in falling they would give indications as to wave direction, or sometimes bits of string with weights at the end designed to act as recording pendulums; or, again, gravestones tumbled over on their sides in the hope that by their slide or shifting they would show the line and intensity of the earthquake movement.

He produced plans of earthquake-proof houses: houses with roof-timbers running down to the floor sills, which was equivalent, practically, to having the roof rest on the ground. He also showed the Japanese engineers how to build bridges with parabolic piers, so that at any horizontal section they offer equal resistance to effects of momentums applied at the base.

And, as the value of his conclusions became apparent through actual tests, the Japanese Government, properly grateful, established a chair of seismology at the uni-

versity, and picked Milne out as the one best qualified to fill it; which meant that here was a young man, fresh from a country where there are no earthquakes, officially appointed to teach people who had lived among earthquakes all their lives what earthquakes are, and what measures should be taken against them—in short, the whole business of seismology.

Then began an interesting set of experiments, carried on for years by Professor Milne, with artificial earthquakes, which he could turn on at will by touching an electric button. Dynamite was used here, buried in the ground, and exploded when the seismographer was ready. Sometimes he would set off five or six of these little earthquakes at one time, and take the records with a like number of seismographs placed at different distances, and connected electrically, so as to show the rate of wave transmission. Once the Professor, in his eagerness to watch the seismograph at the very moment of shock, placed himself within twenty feet of a mine, his position being barricaded by earthworks, with an old door over the top to keep off falling stones.

When all was ready, he waved his hand to an assistant who stood at some distance ready to send the current. Bang! went the dynamite like a broadside of heavy cannon, and the Professor had scarcely fixed his eyes upon the moving smoked-glass disk with the little recording fingers on it, when about a ton of earth came smashing down upon the door, flattening out man and instrument, and bringing that experiment to an untimely end.

On another occasion, at the command of the emperor, a seismic exhibition was organized in the palace yard, where a number of miniature towns and villages had been laid out neatly for the purpose of being blown up and shaken down when his majesty should touch the button. Everything went off perfectly, and the courtiers were delighted. For twenty years Professor Milne carried on his experiments, and success seldom failed him. Then he returned to England.

Coming now to Professor Milne's instruments and their work at Shide, I will repeat what may have been already understood, that they are designed to record movements in the earth coming from distant, not near-by, centers of disturbance; they would be of no more service for an earthquake within a hundred miles of them

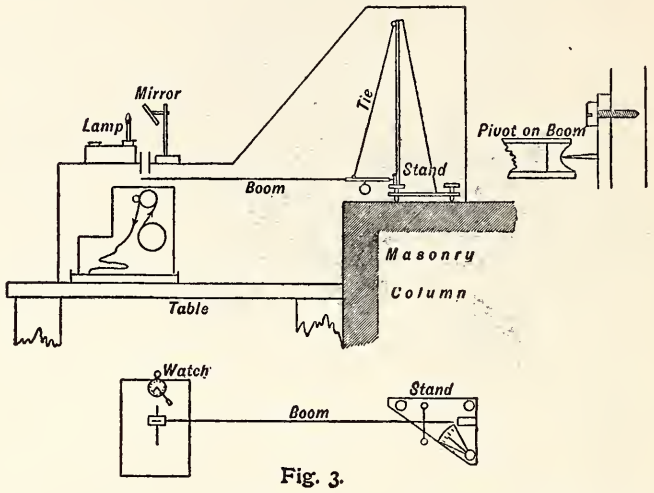
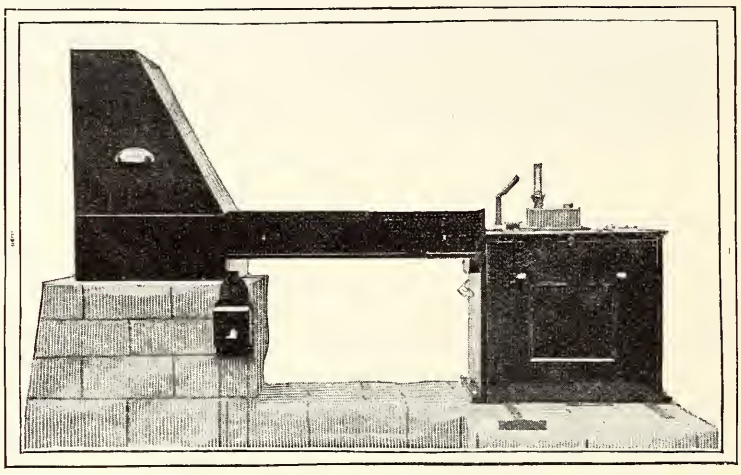
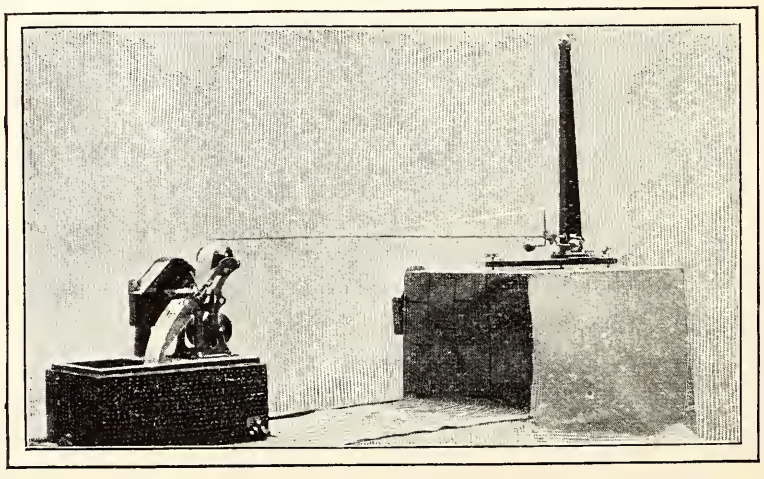


Fig. 3.

DIAGRAM SHOWING VERTICAL AND HORIZONTAL SECTIONS OF THE MORE SENSITIVE OF PROFESSOR MILNE'S TWO PENDULUMS, OR SEISMOGRAPHS.



PROFESSOR MILNE'S SENSITIVE PENDULUM, OR SEISMOGRAPH, AS IT APPEARS ENCLOSED IN ITS PROTECTING BOX.



THE SENSITIVE PENDULUM, OR SEISMOGRAPH, AS IT APPEARS WITH THE PROTECTING BOX REMOVED.

than a telescope would be at the theatre. The seismographs used all over Japan record earthquakes that can be felt; the Milne horizontal pendulums record earthquake waves that cannot be felt. After years given to the practical side of seismology, Professor Milne is now studying its theoretical side, although, as has been seen, much practical good is resulting from his investigations.

THE EARTHQUAKE OBSERVATORY.

My first view of the instruments was at night. Professor Milne walked beside me, carrying a lantern, and his Japanese assistant, Shinobo Hirota, who is nicknamed "Snow" on the Isle of Wight, went ahead to open the doors of the strong-walled little houses where the pendulums were guarded. There are two of these pendulums, both constructed on the same principle, but the one more sensitive than the other. "Snow" showed us the sensitive one first; and when I saw it, I saw only a little lamp burning on a red box with steps to it. The box covered the pendulum. The whole place suggested some silent altar with undying flame. I could hear a clock ticking inside the box.

"What is the lamp for?" I asked.

"To photograph the end of the boom," said the Professor. "It lets a point of light down through that slit. When the earth moves, the boom swings."

"Oh," said I. "And what is the clock for?"

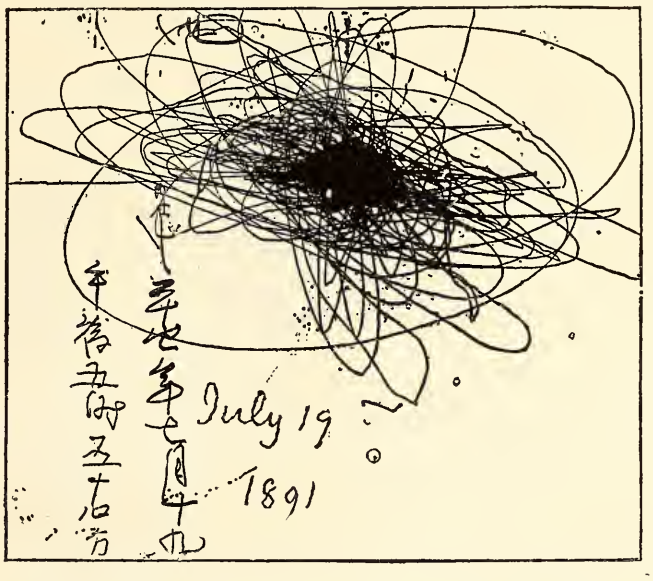
"The clock works the machinery. I'll explain it in the morning, and show you how 'Snow' develops the seismograms."

"Snow" looked pleased, and led the way to the other little house. Here we found a pendulum that was not covered up. It rested on a heavy column of masonry, and one end of it pressed a tiny silver needle against a vertical band of smoked paper that moved slowly between two rollers. There was a clock ticking here also, but no little lamp.

"This," said the Professor, "is an everyday pendulum, to let us know if anything is happening. If there is, then we look at the other pendulum for fuller details. The other one is not so easy to get at. Just glance along that paper band and you can see if there has been an earthquake anywhere in the last twenty-four hours. No, there has been nothing; the line is straight; see—that long white line—the needle makes it as the band turns."

"Suppose there had been an earthquake?"

"I'll show you what would have happened. Come around here; that's right. Now press against the column, not hard, just with your hand. There it goes. See?"



RECORD MADE ON A STATIONARY SURFACE BY THE VIBRATIONS OF THE JAPANESE EARTHQUAKE OF JULY 19, 1891.

Showing the complicated character of the motion (common to most earthquakes), and also the course of a point at the center of disturbance.

It was like pressing against a chimney, but the boom of the pendulum responded instantly, and the needle swerved out on the paper and then back again, marking a narrow loop.

"You tipped the column and altered its level just as an earthquake wave from Japan or Borneo would have done. That is the whole purpose of these instruments, to indicate slight changes of level. They are sensitive to a difference in level of one inch in ten miles. That's not a very steep grade, is it?"

And then he went on to tell how a pair of these pendulums, placed on two buildings at opposite sides of a city thoroughfare, would show that the buildings literally lean toward each other during the heavy traffic period of the day, dragged over from their level by the load of vehicles and people pressing down upon the pavement.

"All these tons of weight make the earth's surface contract between the two rows of buildings, and that tips them together just as you tipped this column. You see the earth is so elastic that a comparatively small impetus will set it vibrating. Why, even two

hills tip together when there is a heavy load of moisture in a valley between them. And then when the moisture evaporates in a hot sun, they tip away from each other. These pendulums show that."

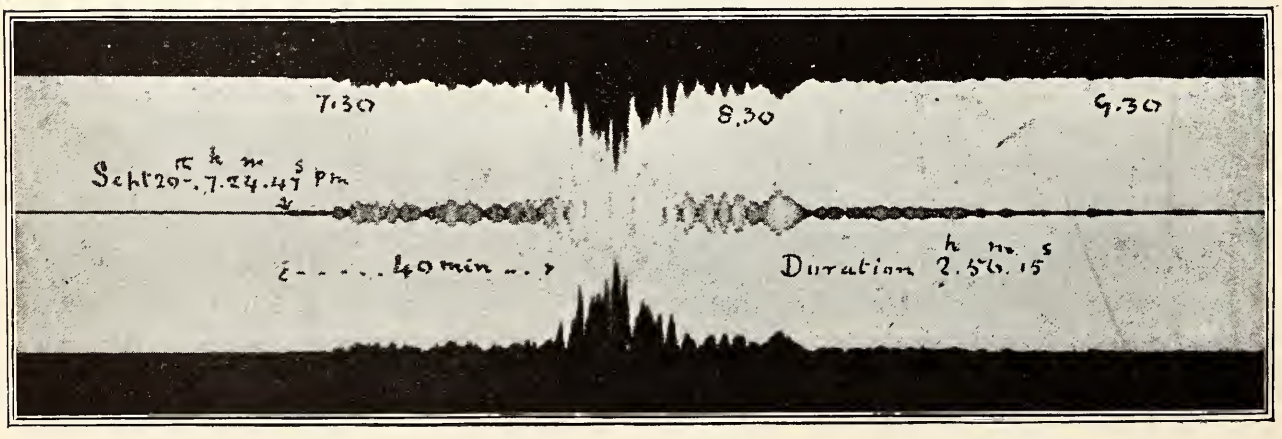
I listened in wonder, and presently we went back into the house, which is a real corner of Japan, with a Japanese servant salaaming about and bringing in pleasant things to drink, and the Professor's wife, a Japanese lady, doing the honors with all the grace of her own country.

And the Professor gave some amusing reminiscences of their troubles in getting the instruments properly set up. To begin with, there were imperceptible air currents that would set the booms swinging in a most perplexing way; and when these were disposed of, there came the ghost of Charles I. out of its dungeon and blew the little lamp out, being displeased, so the neighbors declared, at their invading old Carisbrooke Castle (as they did) with such unholy contrivances. After much vain conjecture over this lamp incident, "Snow" finally discovered that it was the doing of a small beetle, which had managed to drop down the tiny glass chimney from the castle ceiling and get himself burned to ashes before extinguishing the flame.

Next there appeared upon the scene—or rather made himself felt—a little gray "money-spinner," that managed to hide inside the red box and would come out nights for experiments of his own. This little spider knew nothing about earthquakes, but took the greatest interest in the swinging of the boom, and soon began to join in the game himself. He would catch the end of the boom with his feelers and tug it over to one side as far as ever he could. Then he would anchor himself there and hold on like grim death until the boom slipped away. Then he would run after it, and tug it over to the other side, and hold it there until his strength failed again. And so he would keep on for an hour or two until quite exhausted, enjoying the fun immensely, and never dreaming that he was manufacturing wonderful seismograms to upset the scientific world, since they seemed to indicate shocking earthquake disasters in all directions.

Such yarns as these the Professor spun for me that evening in his charming Japanese-English home, and he showed me photographs of earthquakes in Japan, taken by himself and his friend Professor Burton, and pictures of volcanoes blowing their heads off, and he told me of exciting adventures crossing Iceland with a remarkable man named Watts, who would jump across yawning chasms just to see if he could do it. Finally, we went to bed.

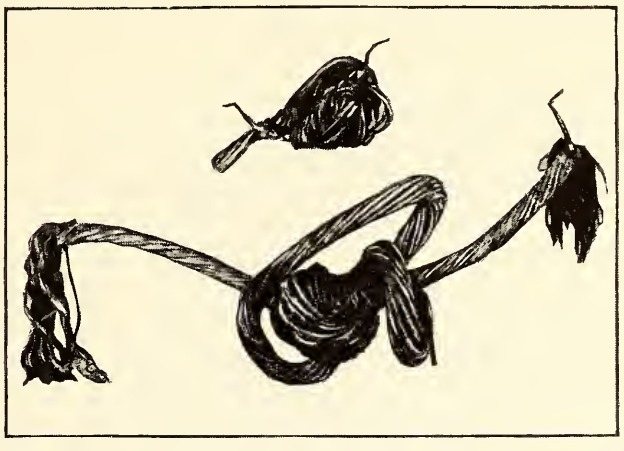
The next day gave me a better understanding of the instruments, and a good idea of the regular routine of work in an earthquake observatory. I followed "Snow" through his ordinary round in the little houses, saw him wind the clocks that keep the record bands moving, glance through the slit in the red box to make sure that the boom was swinging free, fill the lamp, see that the watch which marks the hours on the band was right to the second, mix some fresh developer for the films, and then, for my especial benefit, draw the red window, and develop the accumulation of four days, a strip about fifteen feet long, which might have on it a record of earthquake horrors, or might have nothing. You can never tell until the end of the week, when in the ordinary course a batch of seven days' films is developed. In this case there was nothing, only a straight line down the length of the band. The earth had been behaving itself. But they showed me other films from other weeks that indicated a very different state of things.



SEISMOGRAM OF A BORNEO EARTHQUAKE THAT OCCURRED SEPTEMBER 20, 1897.

As for the instruments, I saw that they are simple enough in principle, though most admirable in perfection of adjustment and delicacy of working. Beautiful devices they are, to do for our sense of level, if I may so express it, what the microscope does for our eyesight. A horizontal pendulum, or boom, poised against a knife edge at the base of a mast, that is the essential feature. A wire stay from the masthead supports the far end of the boom, and a weight hung from it keeps everything taut.

Then two backscrews allow either leg of the supporting tripod to be raised or lowered by the thickness of a spider's web, and even so small a change of level as that disturbs the end of the boom. And that makes the point of light move on the band of paper, and that movement is photographed, so that the record shows a slight loop. As nothing is allowed to disturb the boom, once the pendulum is adjusted, it follows that if the record band shows loops and curves instead of a straight line, it is because the earth's surface has moved underneath the supporting column and changed its level.



PIECES OF A SUBMARINE CABLE PICKED UP IN THE GULF OF MEXICO IN 1888. THE KINKS ARE CAUSED BY SEISMIC DISTURBANCES, AND THEY SHOW HOW MUCH DISTORTION A CABLE CAN SUFFER AND STILL REMAIN IN GOOD ELECTRICAL CONDITION, AS THIS WAS FOUND TO BE.

As a matter of fact, the earth's surface moves very frequently with tremors like a creature of life, and with long heavings caused by distant seismic disturbances. And for each of these movements the pendulums give an individual record with characteristic waverings and loops on the band, and queer ups and downs that mean nothing to the inexperienced eye, but everything to the seismologist. When "Snow" brings in news of something on the band, there is excitement in that quiet house at Shide as among waiting tiger hunters at a crashing in the jungle.

In each of these records the time is marked in hours along the edge of the band, this being done automatically by hourly passage of the long hand of the watch over the slit in the red box, that shuts off the light for an instant and makes a line on the photographic film.

When a man finds himself in the midst of such an unfamiliar subject as earthquake shocks that cannot be felt, he naturally asks questions, and I asked a great many during my stay at Shide. For instance:

"Does the ground really move, Professor, when these waves come from the other side of the earth?"

"Undoubtedly; it rises and falls just as the ocean does. You see, the earth's crust is very elastic; it is constantly quivering and pulsatory, I might almost say breathing."

"How much does the ground rise and fall with one of these waves?"

"Oh, about three inches."

"What! the solid earth comes up three inches right under us and then goes down three inches?"

"Certainly, it does that very frequently."

"But why don't we see it or feel it?"

"Because it moves so slowly and evenly; fifteen seconds, perhaps, for the lift, and as many more for the descent. And then the waves are so long—several miles between two crests—that everything about us rises and falls together; half of all London heaves up and settles down with a single breathing."

"And how long does it take these waves to travel around the earth, say from Japan?"

"They don't travel around the earth—they travel through the earth; that is one of the most important discoveries we have made. If they were transmitted in the earth's crust around the circumference we should get two records for every earthquake—one coming the shortest way round, the other coming the longest way; for, of course, these wave-movements would be propagated in both directions. Waves through the air, for instance, from volcanic explosions, always come to us both ways around the earth, the one being recorded after the other. Do you see that?"

"Yes."

"Well, we never get two records of earthquakes, we only get one; so we conclude

from this and other reasons, that the transmission is straight through the earth. Do you understand?"

"You mean that these waves come to us along the chord of the arc instead of along the arc itself," I ventured, recalling my geometry.

"Exactly, and now I come to the most important thing: we find that all these waves from distant earthquakes reach Shide in practically the same number of minutes, no matter where the earthquakes occur. They come from Japan in sixteen minutes, from South America in sixteen minutes, from Java in sixteen minutes, and so on as far as our data extend. When all the stations are working, we shall be able to verify this conclusion; but it certainly looks already as if the period of wave transmission through the earth was uniform."

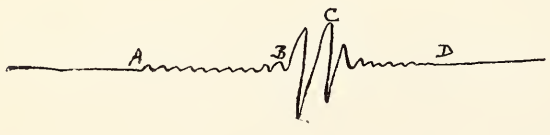
"I don't see, Professor, if all these different earthquake waves get here in the same time, how you can tell one from the other, or know that this one started in South America and that one in South Africa, and so on?"

"I may say in a general way," he replied, "that we know them by their signatures, just as you know the handwriting of your friends; that is, an earthquake wave which has traveled 3,000 miles makes a different record in the instruments from one that has traveled 5,000 miles, and that again a different record from one that has traveled 7,000 miles, and so on. Each one writes its name in its own way, as you have seen on the bands. It's a fine thing, isn't it, to have the earth's crust harnessed up so that it is forced to mark down for us on paper a diagram of its own movements!"

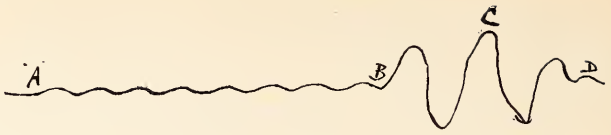
"Are these differences in the wave signatures due to differences in the distance traveled?"

"Exactly. See here, I can make it plain to you in a moment."

He took pencil and paper again, and dashed off an earthquake wave like this:



"There you have the signature of an earthquake wave which has traveled only a short distance, say 3,000 kilometers; but here is the signature of the very same wave after traveling, say, 9,000 kilometers.



"You see the difference at a glance; the second seismogram (that is what we call these records) is very much more stretched out than the first, and a seismogram taken at 12,000 kilometers from the start would be more stretched out still. This is because the waves of transmission grow longer and longer, and slower and slower, the further they spread from the source of disturbance. In both figures, the point A, where the straight line begins to waver, marks the beginning of the earthquake; the rippling line AB shows the preliminary tremors which always precede the heavy shocks, marked C; and D shows the dying away of the earthquake in tremors similar to AB.

"Now it is chiefly in the preliminary tremors (we call them the P.T.'s) that the various earthquakes reveal their identity. The slower waves come, the longer it takes to record them, and the more stretched out they become in the seismograms. And by carefully noting these differences, especially those in time, we get our information. Suppose we have an earthquake in Japan. If you were there in person you would feel the preliminary tremors very fast, five or ten in a second, and their whole duration before the heavy shocks would not exceed ten or twenty seconds. But these preliminary tremors, transmitted to the Isle of Wight, would keep the pendulums swinging from thirty to thirty-two minutes before the heavy shocks, and each vibration would occupy five seconds.

"There would be similar differences in the duration of the heavy vibrations; in Japan they would come at the rate of about one a second, here at the rate of about one in twenty or forty seconds. It is the time, then, occupied by the preliminary tremors that tells us the distance of the earthquake. Earthquakes in Borneo, for instance, give P. T.'s occupying about forty-one minutes, in Japan about half an hour, in the earthquake region east of Newfoundland about eight minutes, in the disturbed region of the West Indies about nineteen or twenty minutes, and so on."

"Then, really, the information you get from the seismogram is simply that an earthquake has occurred somewhere at a certain distance from the instrument?"

"Yes; but that is quite sufficient to locate the earthquake with absolute precision,

since the other stations working with us have similar information. So many miles from Shide, and so many miles from Batavia, and so many miles from Argentina, and we must, with the help of a pair of compasses on the map, fix the place beyond question. And that is why it is desirable to have as many observatories as possible in different parts of the earth. Who can say, for instance, what great sums might be saved cable companies if they knew the precise boundaries of danger regions in the ocean's bed?"

"Are such regions well marked?"

"So well marked that a blind man could pick them out by running his fingers over a map of the ocean's bottom made in relief. Wherever he found sudden slopes going down from hundreds to thousands of fathoms, he could say with confidence, 'There is one.' We know in a general way some of these dangerous regions — there is one off the west coast of South America from Ecuador down; there is one in the mid-Atlantic, about the equator, between twenty degrees and forty degrees west longitude; there is one at the Grecian end of the Mediterranean; one in the Bay of Bengal; and one bordering the Alps; there is the famous 'Tuscarora Deep,' from the Phillippine Islands down to Java; and there is the North Atlantic region, about 300 miles east of Newfoundland. In the 'Tuscarora Deep' the slope increases 1,000 fathoms in twenty-five miles, until it reaches a depth of 4,000 fathoms.

PROFESSOR JOHN MILNE.

From a photograph by S. Suzuki, Kudanzaka, Tokio.

"There have been submarine earthquakes here, like that of June 15, 1896, that have shaken the earth from pole to pole; and more than once different cables from Java have been broken simultaneously, as in 1890, when the three cables to Australia snapped in a moment. And the great majority of breaks in the North Atlantic cables have occurred at the place just indicated, where there are two slopes, one from 708 to 2,400 fathoms in a distance of sixty miles, and the other from 275 to 1,946 fathoms within thirty miles. On October 4, 1884, three cables, lying about ten miles apart, broke simultaneously at the spot. The significance of such breaks is greater when you bear in mind that cables frequently lie uninjured for many years on the great level plains of the ocean bed, where seismic disturbances are infrequent."

Then the Professor went on to explain in detail how the cables are broken by these submarine earthquakes, the two chief causes being landslides, where enormous masses of earth plunge from a higher to a lower level, and in so doing crush down upon the cable, and "faults," that is, subsidences of great areas, which occur on land as well as at the bottom of the sea, and which in the latter case may drag down imbedded cables with them. Statistics show that fifteen breaks in Atlantic cables between 1884 and 1894 cost the companies about $3,000,000, and it is estimated that if the whole coast line of the world was looped with cables, as may be the case some day, there would be not less than three hundred interruptions annually from seismic disturbances.

It is evident, then, that as the laying of ocean cables increases, it is of the first importance that cable companies be in possession of the best available knowledge as to the more dangerous regions in the ocean's bed and the safer regions. This knowledge can come only through the study of such phenomena as are being investigated now at the earthquake observatories of the world.

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND EVENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

By Charles A. Dana,

Assistant Secretary of War from 1863 to 1865.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT COLLECTION OF CIVIL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS.

VII.

WITH GRANT AND HIS GENERALS IN THE MARCH TO PETERSBURG. —IN THE PANIC AT WASHINGTON RAISED BY EARLY.

THE Army of the Potomac, to which I went in May, 1864, at Mr. Lincoln's request, was composed of the Second, Fifth, Sixth, and Ninth Army Corps, and of one cavalry corps. In command of the army was Major-General George G. Meade. He was a tall, thin man, rather dyspeptic, I should suppose, from the fits of nervous irritation to which he was subject. He was totally lacking in cordiality with those with whom he had business, and, as a consequence, was generally disliked by his subordinates. With General Grant, Meade got along perfectly, because he had the first virtue of a soldier—that is, obedience to orders. He was an intellectual man, agreeable to talk to when his mind was free; but silent and indifferent to everybody when he was occupied with that which interested him.

As a commander, Meade seemed to me to lack the boldness that was necessary to bring the war to a close; he lacked self-confidence and tenacity of purpose; and he had not the moral authority that Grant had attained from his grand successes in other fields. As soon as Meade had a commander, he was all right; but when he himself was the commander, he began to hesitate. Meade had entirely separate headquarters and a separate staff, and Grant sent his orders to him.

THE CORPS COMMANDERS.

In command of the Second Army Corps was Major-General W. S. Hancock. He was a splendid fellow, a brilliant man, as brave as Julius Cæsar, and always ready to obey orders, especially if they were fighting orders. He had more of the aggressive spirit than almost anybody else in that army. Major-General G. K. Warren, who commanded the Fifth Army Corps, was an accomplished engineer.

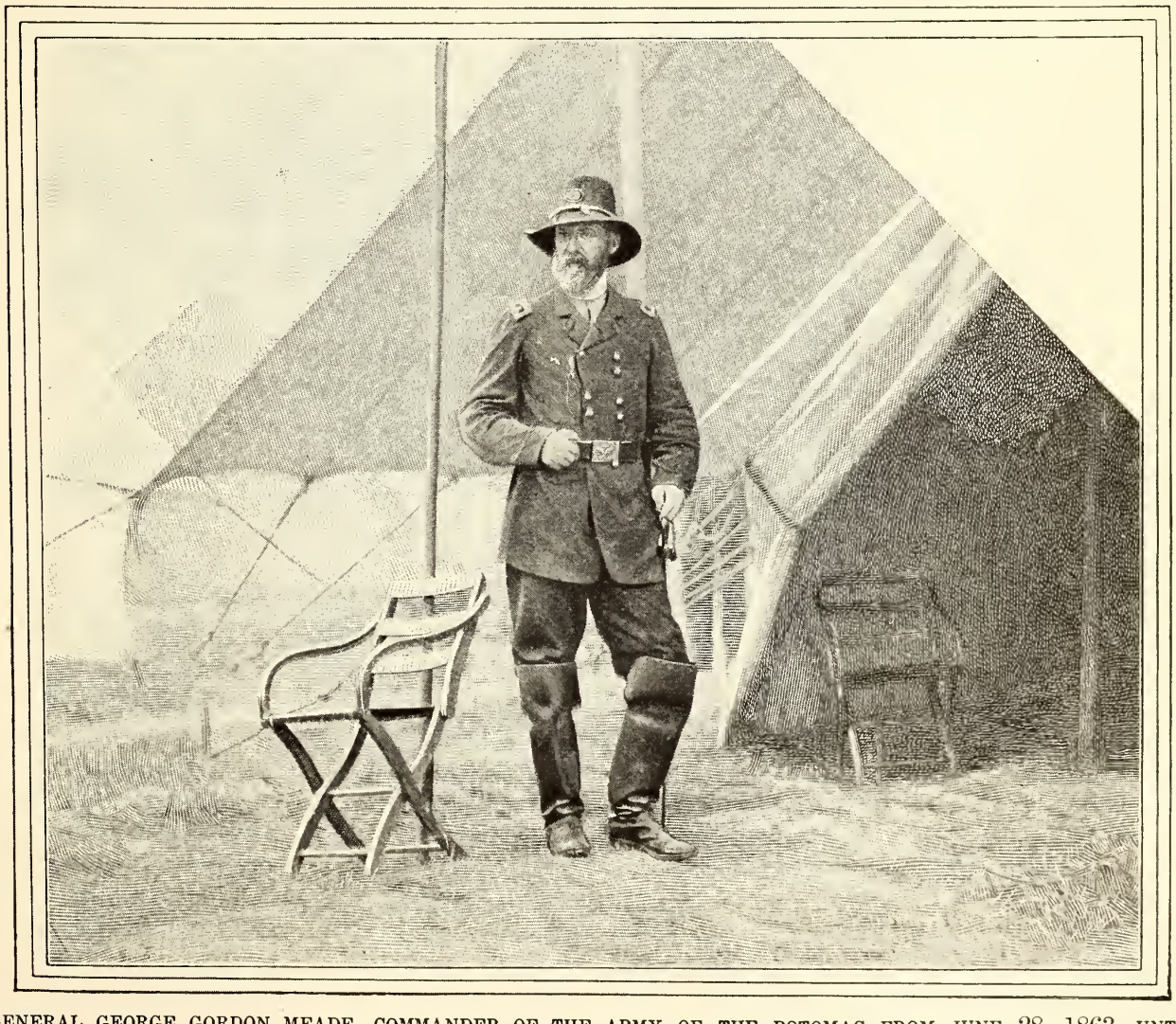
Major-General John Sedgwick, who commanded the Sixth Army Corps, I had known for over twenty years. Sedgwick graduated at West Point in 1837, and was appointed a second lieutenant in the Second Artillery. At the time of the Mackenzie rebellion in Canada, Sedgwick's company was stationed at Buffalo, New York, a considerable length of time. I was living at Buffalo then, and in this rebellion the young men of the town organized a regiment of city guards, and I was a sergeant in one of those companies; so that I became quite familiar with all the military movements then going on. Then it was that I got acquainted with Sedgwick. He was a very solid man; no flummery about him; you could always tell where he was to be found, and in a battle that was apt to be where the hardest fighting was. He was not an ardent, impetuous man, like Hancock, but was steady and sure.

Two days after I reached the army, on May 9th, not far from Spotsylvania Court House, Sedgwick was killed. He had gone out in the morning to inspect his lines, and, getting beyond the point of safety, was struck in the forehead by a sharpshooter and instantly killed. The command of the Sixth Corps was given to General H. G. Wright. Wright was another engineer officer, well educated, of good, solid intellect, with capacity for command, but no special predilection for fighting. From the moment Meade assumed command of the army, two days before Gettysburg, the engineers rapidly came to

the front; for Meade had the pride of corps strongly implanted in his heart.

Major-General A. E. Burnside, whom I had last seen at Knoxville, in December, was in command of the Ninth Army Corps. Immediately after the siege of Knoxville, at his own request, Burnside had been relieved of the command in East Tennessee by Major-General John G. Foster. The President, somehow, always showed Burnside great respect and good will. After Grant's plans for the spring campaign were made known, the Ninth Corps was moved by rail to Annapolis, where it was recruited up to about 25,000 men. As the time for action neared, it was set in motion, and by easy marches reached and reinforced the Army of the Potomac on the morning of the 6th of May, in the midst of the battle of the Wilderness. It was not formally incorporated with that army until later; but, by a sort of fiction, was held as a distinct army, Burnside acting in concert with Grant, and receiving his orders directly from him, as did Meade. These two armies were the excuse for Grant's personal presence without actually superseding Meade.

In my opinion, the great soldier of the Army of the Potomac was General Humphreys. He was the chief of staff to General Meade, and was a strategist, a tactician, and an engineer. Humphreys was a fighter, too, and in this an exception to most engineers. He was a very interesting figure. He used to ride about in a black felt hat, the brim of which was turned down all around, making him look like a Quaker. He was very pleasant to deal with, unless you were fighting against him, and then he was not so pleasant. He was one of the loudest swearers that I ever knew. The men of distinguished and brilliant profanity in the war were General Sherman and General Humphreys—I could not mention any others to be classed with them. General Logan was a strong swearer, but he was not a West Pointer: he was a civilian. Sherman and Humphreys would swear to make everything blue, when some despatch had not been delivered correctly, or they were provoked.



GENERAL GEORGE GORDON MEADE, COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC FROM JUNE 28, 1863, UNTIL THE CLOSE OF THE WAR. BORN, 1815; DIED, 1872.

Humphreys was a very charming man, and quite destitute of vanity. I think he had consented to go and serve with Meade as chief of staff out of pure patriotism. He preferred an active command, and, eventually, on the eve of the end, succeeded to the command of the Second Corps, and bore a conspicuous part in the Appomattox campaign.

GRANT'S PLAN OF CAMPAIGN IN 1864.

Meade was in command of the Army of the Potomac, but it was Grant, the Lieutenant-General of the Armies of the United States, who was really directing its movements. The central idea of the campaign had not developed to the army when I reached headquarters, but it was soon clear to everybody. Grant's great operation was the endeavor to interpose the Federal army between Lee's army and Richmond, so as to cut Lee off from his base of supplies. He meant to get considerably in advance of Lee —between him and Richmond—thus compelling Lee to leave his intrenchments and hasten southward. If in the collision thus forced Grant found that he could not smash Lee, he meant to make another move to get behind his army. That was to be the strategy of the campaign of 1864. That was what Lee thwarted, though he had a narrow escape more than once.

The previous history of the Army of the Potomac had been to advance and fight a battle, then either to retreat or lie still, and finally to go into winter quarters. The men had become so accustomed to this that few, if any, of them believed that the new commander-in-chief would be able to do differently from his predecessors. I remember distinctly the sensation in the ranks when the rumor first went around that our position was south of Lee's. It was the morning of May 8th. The night before, the army had made a forced march on Spotsylvania Court House. There was no indication the next morning that Lee had moved in any direction. As the army began to realize that we were really moving south, and at that moment were probably much nearer Richmond than was our enemy, the spirits of men and officers rose to the highest pitch of animation. On every hand I heard the cry, "On to Richmond."

But there were to be a great many more obstacles to our reaching Richmond than General Grant himself, I presume, realized on May 8, 1864. We met one that very morning; for when our advance reached Spotsylvania Court House, it found Lee's troops there, ready to dispute the right of way with us, and two days later Grant was obliged to fight the battle of Spotsylvania before we could make another move south. It is no part of my present plan to go into detailed description of the battles of this campaign, but rather to recall incidents and deeds which impressed me most deeply at the moment. In the battle of Spotsylvania, a terrific struggle, with many dramatic features, there is nothing I remember more distinctly than a little scene in General Grant's tent between him and a captured Confederate officer, General Edward Johnson. The battle had begun on the morning of May 10th, and had continued all day. On the 11th the armies had rested, but at half-past four on the morning of the 12th, fighting had been begun by an attack by Hancock on a rebel salient. Hancock attacked with his accustomed impetuosity, storming and capturing the enemy's fortified line, with some 4,000 prisoners and twenty cannon. The captures included nearly all of Major-General Edward Johnson's division, together with Johnson himself and General George H. Steuart.

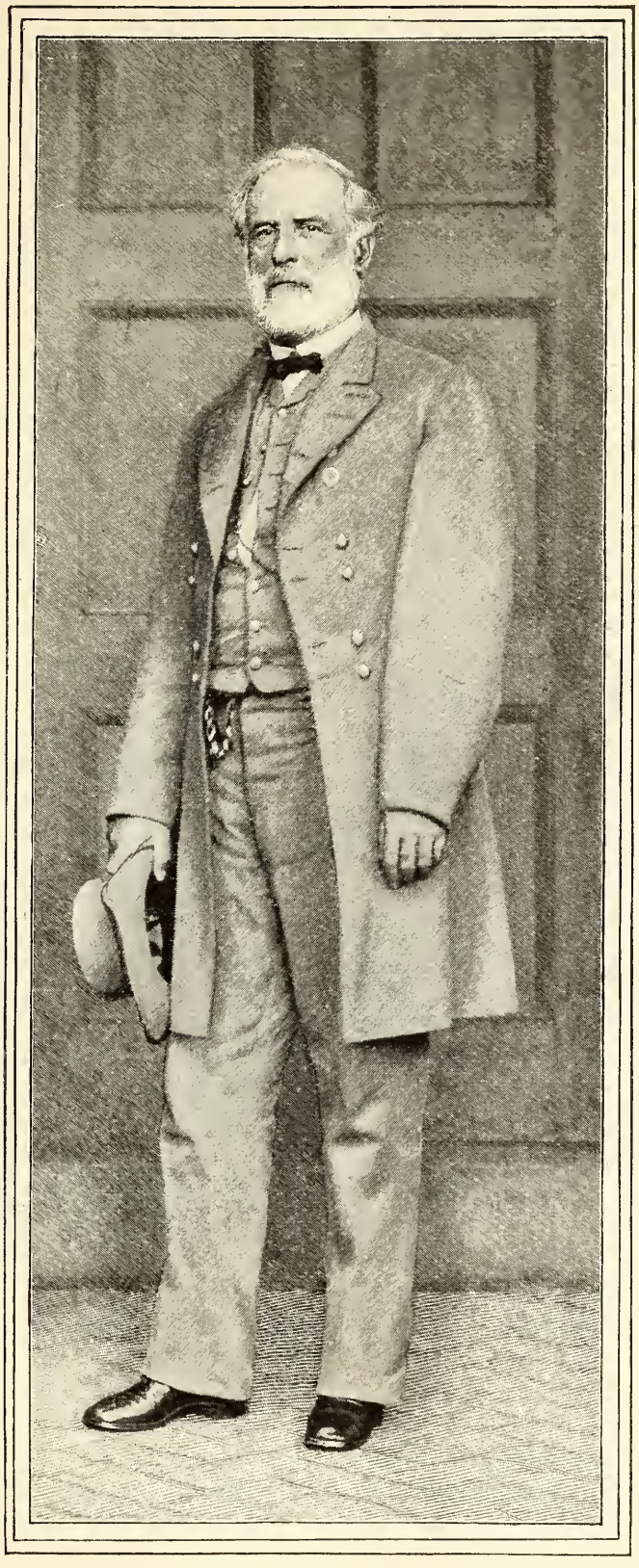
CURIOUS MEETING OF GRANT AND JOHNSON.

I was at Grant's headquarters when General Johnson was brought in a prisoner. He was a West Pointer, had been a captain in the old army before secession, and was an important officer in the Confederate service, having distinguished himself in the Valley in 1863, and at Gettysburg. Grant had not seen him since they had been in Mexico together. The two men shook hands cordially, and at once began a brisk conversation, which was very interesting to me, because nothing was said in it on the subject in which they were both most interested just then, that is, the fight that was going on and the surprise that Hancock had effected. It was the past alone of which they talked.

It was quite early in the morning when Hancock's prisoners were brought in. The battle raged without cessation throughout the day. The results of the struggle were that we crowded the enemy out of some of his most important positions and weakened him by losses of between 6,000 and 7,000 men killed, wounded, and captured, besides taking many battle flags and much artillery, and that our troops rested upon the ground they had fought for.

ON THE SPOTSYLVANIA BATTLE-FIELD.

After the battle was over and firing had nearly ceased, Rawlins and I went out to ride over the field. We went first to the salient which Hancock had attacked in the morning. The two armies had struggled for hours for this point, and the loss had been so terrific that the place has always been known since as the "Bloody Angle." The ground around the salient had been trampled and cut in the struggle until it was almost impassable for one on horseback; so Rawlins and I dismounted, and climbed up the bank, over the outer line of the rude breastworks. Within we saw a fence over which earth evidently had been banked, but which now was bare and half down. It was here the fighting had been fiercest. We picked our way to this fence, and stopped to look over the scene. The night was coming on, and, after the horrible din of the day, the silence was intense: nothing broke it but distant and occasional firing, or the low groans of the wounded. I remember that as I stood there I was almost startled to hear a bird twittering in a tree. All around us the underbrush and trees had been riddled and burnt. The ground was thick with dead and wounded men, among whom the relief corps was at work. The earth, which was soft from the heavy rains we had been having before and during the battle, had been trampled by the fighting of the thousands of men until it was soft like thin hasty pudding. Beyond the fence against which we leaned lay a great pool of this mud, its surface as smooth as that of a pond. As we stood there looking silently down at it, of a sudden the leg of a man was lifted up from the pool, and the mud dripped off his boot. It was so unexpected, so horrible, that for a moment we were stunned. Then we pulled ourselves together and called to some soldiers near by to rescue the owner of the leg. They pulled him out with but little trouble, and discovered that he was not dead, only wounded. He was taken to the hospital, where he got well, I believe.



GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE, COMMANDER OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA FROM JUNE 1, 1862, TO THE CLOSE OF THE WAR. BORN, 1807; DIED, 1870.

The first news which passed through the ranks the morning after the battle of Spotsylvania was that Lee had abandoned his position during the night. Though our army was greatly fatigued from the enormous efforts of the day before, the news of Lee's departure inspired the men with fresh energy, and everybody was eager to be in pursuit. Our skirmishers soon found the enemy along the whole

GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK, COMMANDER OF THE SECOND CORPS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, IN 1864. BORN, 1824; DIED, 1886.

line, however, and the conclusion was that their retrograde movement had been made to correct their position after the loss of the key-points taken from them the day before, and that they were still with us, in a new line as strong as the old one. Of course, we could not determine this point without a battle, and nothing was done that day to provoke one. It was necessary to rest the men.

The two armies were then lying in a semi-circle, the Federal left well around to the south. We were concentrated to the last degree, and, so far as we could tell, Lee's forces were equally compact. On the 15th, 16th, and 17th, we lay in about the same position. This inactivity was caused by the weather: a pouring rain had begun on the 11th, and had continued until the morning of the 16th; the mud was so deep that any offensive operation, however successful, could not be followed up. There was nothing to do but lie still and wait for better weather and drier roads.

While waiting for the rain to stop, we had time to consider the field returns of losses which were handed in. The army had left winter quarters at Culpeper Court House on May 4th, and on May 16th the total of killed, wounded, and missing in the Army of the Potomac and the Ninth Corps amounted to a little over 33,000 men. The missing alone numbered 4,900, but some of these were in fact killed or wounded. When Grant looked over the returns, he expressed great regret at the loss of so many men. Meade, who was with him, remarked, I remember, "Well, General, we can't do these little tricks without losses."

OUT-MANŒUVRING LEE.

By the afternoon of May 17th, the weather was splendid, and the roads were rapidly becoming dry, even where the mud was worst. Grant determined to engage Lee, and orders for a decisive movement of the army were issued, to be executed during the night. The attempt was a failure. Lee was not to be ousted; and Grant, convinced of it, issued orders for another movement, which he had had in contemplation for several days, but which he did not wish to try till after a last attempt to get the enemy out of his stronghold. This was nothing less than to slip away from Lee and march on to Richmond again.

The new movement was begun on the night of the 20th. We had anticipated that Lee, discovering our plans, would try to stop our advance, or at least attack our rear; but he did nothing of the kind. The army was withdrawn absolutely without interruption, and by the morning of the 22d the whole force was south of the Mattapony River. We were now in a fine, clear country, good to move and fight in, and the advance of the 22d was most successful. The operations of the next day were much embarrassed by our ignorance of the road and the entire incorrectness of our maps. Nevertheless, by one o'clock in the afternoon, our right wing reached the North Anna. The rest of the army was soon up, and concerted effort was making to cross the stream, which was soon effected. But now, for the first time, Lee blocked our southward march.

By the morning of the 25th, Grant was sure that Lee was before him and strongly intrenched. He soon determined on a new move. This was to withdraw his whole army as quickly as possible, and, before Lee discovered his intention, to move it southeast, across the Pamunkey, and perhaps on across the Chickahominy and the James. The orders for the new move were received with the best spirits by the army, in spite of the fact that the men were much jaded.

Indeed, one of the most important results of the campaign thus far was the entire change which had taken place in the feelings of the armies. The Confederates had lost all confidence, and were already morally defeated. Our army had learned to believe that it was sure of ultimate victory. Even our officers had ceased to regard Lee as an invincible military genius. On the part of the enemy this change was evinced, not only by their not attacking, even when circumstances seemed to invite it, but by the unanimous statements of prisoners taken from them. I never saw more discouraged men than some of those we captured in our efforts to get across the North Anna. Lee had deceived them, they said, and they declared that his army would never fight again except behind breastworks.

The morning after we began to move from our position on the North Anna, I was so confident that I wrote Mr. Stanton: "Rely upon it, the end is near as well as sure."

It was on the night of the 26th that our army was withdrawn from the North Anna. By midnight of the 28th, the troops were all across the Pamunkey and occupying a new position of great strength. The movement had been executed with admirable celerity, and officers and men were in high spirits. The question now was, Where is Lee? By the 30th, we discovered that he was close at hand and strongly intrenched. General Grant wanted to fight, but he declared he would not run his head against heavy works, and so on that day he began to push his lines ahead. This southward move drew Lee out of his breastworks, but we did not succeed in bringing on a battle. There was fighting, to be sure, and we suffered heavy losses; but before we were ready for a general engagement, Lee was again concentrated and intrenched on our front.

The battle Grant sought did not come until June 3d—that of Cold Harbor. Then, by his order, an early morning attack was made on Lee's line. From half-past four in the morning until half-past one in the afternoon, the struggle to break the rebel line continued, with fearful loss to our army. When convinced that success was impossible, Grant ordered the movement suspended, and the army settled back into position. Again it was evident that Lee

was not to be driven from his position. And again a flank movement was decided upon, this time south of the James River. But this movement was much more difficult than those from Spotsylvania and the North Anna, and Grant would not move until his preparations were complete. The result was that we lay for nine days where we had fought.

During this time the opposing lines were very close together, and on our side the troops made regular siege approaches to the rebel works. The days passed quietly, with no fighting except an occasional rattle of musketry and now and then a cannon shot. There was frequently a scare on the line, for the enemy was so near that in the dark our men often thought he was coming out to attack; but it never amounted to anything. As a rule, everything was quiet except the picket firing, which could not be prevented when the men were so close together. The only time when this ceased was during the truces to bury the dead.

While we lay at Cold Harbor, as when we had been at Spotsylvania, the principal topic of conversation was the losses of the army. The discussion has never ceased. There are still many persons who bitterly accuse Grant of butchery in this campaign. As a matter of fact, Grant lost fewer men in his successful effort to take Richmond and end the war than his predecessors lost in making the same attempt and failing. An official table showing the aggregate of the losses sustained by the armies of McDowell, McClellan, Pope, Burnside, Hooker, Meade, Butler, and Ord, in the effort to capture the Confederate capital, is here published. It shows exactly what Richmond cost us from May 24, 1861, when McDowell crossed the Potomac into Virginia, to Lee's surrender at Appomattox; and it proves that Grant in eleven months secured the prize with less loss than his predecessors suffered in failing to win it after a struggle of three years.*

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT OF THE LOSSES

Sustained in action by the Army of Northeastern Virginia, the Army of the Potomac, and the Army of Virginia, under command of Generals McDowell, McClellan, Pope, Burnside, Hooker, and Meade, from May 24, 1861, to May 4, 1864, and the Army of the Potomac (Meade) and the Army of the James (Butler and Ord), constituting the armies operating against Richmond under General Grant, from May 5, 1864, to April 9, 1865:

	KILLED.	WOUNDED.	CAPTURED OR MISSING.	AGGREGATE.
Losses from May 24, 1861, to May 4, 1864:				
McDowell, May 24 to August 19, 1861	493	1,176	1,342	3,011
McClellan, August 20, 1861, to April 4, 1862	80	268	815	1,163
McClellan, April 5 to August 8, 1862	3,263	13,868	7,317	24,448
Pope, June 26 to September 2, 1862	2,065	9,908	4,982	16,955
McClellan, September 3 to November 14, 1862	2,716	11,979	13,882	28,577
Burnside, November 15, 1862, to January 25, 1863	1,296	9,642	2,276	13,214
Hooker, January 26 to June 27, 1863	1,955	11,160	11,912	25,027
Meade, June 28, 1863, to May 4, 1864	3,877	18,078	9,575	31,530
Total	15,745	76,079	52,101	143,925
Grant's losses from May 5, 1864, to April 9, 1865:				
May 5 to June 24, 1864—Army of the Potomac, from the Rapidan to the James	7,621	38,339	8,966	54,926
May 5 to June 14—Army of the James, south of James River	634	3,903	1,678	6,215
June 15 to July 31—Army of the Potomac and Army of the James	2,928	13,743	6,265	22,936
Aug. 1 to Dec. 31—Army of the Potomac and Army of the James	2,172	11,138	11,311	24,621
Jan. 1 to April 9, 1865—Army of the Potomac and Army of the James and Sheridan's cavalry	1,784	10,625	3,283	15,692
Total	15,139	77,748	31,503	124,390
SUMMARY:				
Armies of McDowell, McClellan, Pope, Burnside, Hooker and Meade	15,745	76,079	52,101	143,925
Armies under Grant	15,139	77,748	31,503	124,390
Grand Aggregate	30,884	153,827	83,604	268,315

Aggregate of Losses from May 24, 1861, to May 4, 1864	143,925
Aggregate of Losses from May 4, 1864, to April 9, 1865	124,390
Difference in Grant's favor	19,535

* This is the first complete table ever published of the losses of the armies named; but the comparison was first suggested in the New York "Sun" and other newspapers, some years ago, by Leslie J. Perry, of the War Records Commission.—EDITOR.

TROUBLE WITH NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS.

While we were encamped at Cold Harbor, General Meade was very much disturbed by a letter published in a Cincinnati paper saying that, after the battle of the Wilderness, he counseled retreat, a course which would have destroyed the nation, but which Grant prohibited. This was entirely untrue. Meade had not shown any weakness since moving from Culpeper, nor once intimated doubt as to the successful issue of the campaign. Nor had he intimated that any other plan or line would be more likely to win. The correspondent who was responsible was with us, and Meade ordered that, as a punishment, he should be paraded through the lines and afterward expelled from the army. This was done on June 8th, the correspondent being led through the army on horseback by the provost-marshal guard. On his back and breast were tacked placards inscribed, "Libeler of the Press."

It was not often, considering the conditions, that correspondents got into trouble in the army. As a rule they were discreet. Besides this case of Meade, I remember now only one other in which I was actively interested; that was a few months later, after I had returned to the Department. Mr. Stanton was annoyed by a telegram which had been published about Sherman's movements, and ordered me to send it to the General, so that we might know how much truth there was in it. I wired him as follows:

WAR DEPARTMENT, *November* 9, 1864.

MAJOR-GENERAL SHERMAN,
KINGSTON, GEORGIA.

Following, copied from evening papers, is sent for your information:

"CINCINNATI, *November* 9, 1864.

"Yesterday's Indianapolis 'Journal' says: 'Officers from Chattanooga report that Sherman returned to Atlanta early last week with five corps of his army, leaving two corps in Tennessee to watch Hood. He destroyed the railroad from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and is sending the iron into the former place. Atlanta was burned, and Sherman is now marching for Charleston, South Carolina.'"

Sherman sent back two characteristic despatches. The first ran:

KINGSTON, GEORGIA,
November 10, 1864.

HON. C. A. DANA.

Despatch of 9th read. Can't you send to Indianapolis and catch that fool, and have him sent to me to work on the forts? All well.

W. T. SHERMAN,
Major-General.

The second:

KINGSTON, GEORGIA,
November 10, 1864.

HON. C. A. DANA,
ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR.

If indiscreet newspaper men publish information too near the truth, counteract its effect by publishing other paragraphs calculated to mislead the enemy, such as "Sherman's army has been much reinforced, especially in the cavalry, and he will soon move several columns in circuit, so as to catch Hood's army;" "Sherman's destination is not Charleston, but Selma, where he will meet an army from the Gulf," etc.

W. T. SHERMAN,
Major-General.

So I telegraphed to Indianapolis, to General A. P. Hovey, who was stationed there:

WAR DEPARTMENT, *November* 10, 1864.

MAJOR-GENERAL A. P. HOVEY,
INDIANAPOLIS.

In compliance with the request of Major-General Sherman, the Secretary of War directs that you ascertain what persons furnished the information respecting Sherman's alleged movement, published in the Indianapolis "Journal" of the 8th inst. You will arrest them and send them under guard to such point in the Department of the Cumberland as Major-General Thomas may prefer, where they will be employed in hard labor upon the fortifications until General Sherman shall otherwise order.

General Hovey never found the man, however.

MOVING SOUTH OF THE JAMES.

By the morning of the 12th of June, Grant was ready for his last flank movement of the campaign. Our army at that time, including Sheridan's cavalry, consisted of approximately 115,000 fighting men. The plan for moving this great body was as follows: The Eighteenth Corps was to move to White House without baggage or artillery, and there embark for City Point. The Fifth Corps was to cross the Chickahominy at Long Bridge, and take up position to secure the passage of the remainder of the army, after which it was to cover the rear. The Second, Sixth, and Ninth Corps were to cross in two columns at Long Bridge and Jones's Bridge.

The Fifth Corps having prepared the way, the whole army left the lines about Cold Harbor on schedule time, just as soon after nightfall on the 12th as its movements would be concealed from the observation of the enemy. It was in drawing orders for such complicated movements as these, along different roads and by different crossings, that the ability of General Humphreys, the chief of staff, was displayed. Everything went

perfectly from the start. That evening at seven o'clock, when I reached Moody's, four miles from Long Bridge, Warren's (the Fifth) corps was moving rapidly past us. Our cavalry advance, under General Wilson, who had also been transferred to the East, had previously taken Long Bridge and laid a pontoon bridge in readiness for its crossing, so that by nine o'clock that evening the Fifth Corps was south of the Chickahominy, well out toward and covering the approaches from Richmond. All day on the 13th, the army was hurrying toward the James. By night the Sixth Corps had reached the river, and the rest of the troops were on the march between there and the Chickahominy, which was our rear.

When I reached the James, early the next day (the 14th), large numbers of men were hard at work on the pontoon bridge and its approaches, by which it was intended that the artillery and trains should be crossed. It was a pretty heavy job to corduroy the marsh, which was fully half a mile wide and quite deep. The bridge of itself was unprecedented in military annals, except perhaps by that of Xerxes, being nearly 700 yards long.

All day on the 14th, everything went like a miracle. The pontoon bridge was finished at two A.M. on the 15th, and the cavalry of Wilson's leading brigade, followed by the artillery trains, instantly began crossing. By ten o'clock that day, Hancock's corps had been ferried over, and he was off toward Petersburg to support Smith, who had taken the Eighteenth Corps around by water from White House, and had been ordered to attack Petersburg that morning. All the news we had that night at City Point, where headquarters had been set up, was that Smith had assaulted and carried the principal line of the enemy before Petersburg.

The next morning early I was off for the heights southeast of the town. Smith's success appeared to be of the most important kind. He had carried heights which were defended by very formidable works. He thought, and indeed we all thought for the moment, that his success gave us perfect command of the city and railroad. I went over the conquered lines with General Grant and the engineer officers, and they all agreed that the works were of the very strongest kind; more difficult even to take than Missionary Ridge, at Chattanooga.

General Smith told us that the negro troops fought magnificently, the hardest fighting being done by them. The forts they stormed were, I think, the worst of all. After the affair was over, General Smith went to thank them, and tell them he was proud of their courage and dash. He said they had no superiors as soldiers, and that hereafter he should send them into a difficult place as readily as the best white troops. They captured six out of the sixteen cannon which he took.

It soon appeared, however, that Smith was far from having captured points which commanded Petersburg. His success had but little effect in determining the final result. He had stopped his advance a few minutes and a considerable space too soon, because, as he subsequently alleged, it was too dark and his men were too much fatigued for further operations, and he feared Lee had already reinforced the town.

On June 16th, the day after Smith's attack, more of the troops arrived before Petersburg. General Meade also arrived on the ground, and the job of capturing Petersburg was now taken up in earnest by the whole Army of the Potomac. It was no longer a mere matter of advancing eighty or one hundred rods, as on the night previous, for meanwhile the enemy had been largely and rapidly reinforced. Much time and many thousands of valuable lives were to be expended in getting possession of this vital point, which had really been in our grasp on the evening of the 15th. That afternoon commenced a series of assaults on the works of the enemy. The fighting lasted all night, the moonlight being very clear. Our loss in these attacks was heavy.

The next day (the 17th) another attack was made at Petersburg. It was long persisted in, but Meade found that his men were so worn out with marching, fighting, and digging that they must have rest, and so laid off until noon of the 18th, when, all of the army being up, a general assault was ordered. Nothing important was gained, and General Grant directed that no more assaults should be made. He said that after this he should manœuver to get possession of Petersburg.

LEE LOSES GRANT.

During all this period, from Cold Harbor to Petersburg, we knew nothing of Lee. In making the disposition for this great and successful movement—a far more brilliant evolution than McClellan's "change of base," two years before, over the same

roads almost—an eye was had, of course, to deceiving Lee as to the ultimate direction of the army. The design succeeded beyond Grant's most sanguine hopes. As soon, on the morning of the 13th, as the Confederate chieftain discovered our withdrawal, he moved his army across the Chickahominy in hot haste, flinging it between his capital and the foe supposed to be advancing on a new line between the James and Chickahominy. He held and fortified a line from White Oak Swamp to Malvern Hill, and he remained stock still for four days, wondering what had become of Grant.

He had been completely deceived, and could not be made to believe by Beauregard, on the 15th, 16th, and 17th, that Grant's whole army had turned up before Petersburg. His troops, as we know now, did not cross the James, to go to the relief of Beauregard, until the 17th. He was caught napping, and but for mistakes by subordinates in carrying out Grant's plans, Lee's cause would have been lost. In the operations from the night of the 12th, when Grant changed his line and base, with an army of 115,000 men and all its vast trains and artillery, crossing a wide and deep river on a temporary bridge, until June 18th, when at last Lee awoke to the situation, General Beauregard shines out on the Confederate side far more brilliantly than the general-in-chief. He unquestionably saved Petersburg, and probably (for the time) the Confederacy itself; but for him, Lee had at that time lost the game.

THE FIRST WEEKS BEFORE PETERSBURG.

Grant had decided against a further direct attack on the works of Petersburg, but he was by no means idle. He sent out expeditions to break up the railroads leading into the town. He began extending his lines around to the south and southwest, so as to make the investment as complete as possible. Batteries were put in place, weak spots in the fortifications were felt for, and regular siege works were begun. Indeed, by July 1st, the general opinion seemed to be that the only way we should ever gain Petersburg would be by a systematic siege.

Before the army had recovered from its long march from Cold Harbor and the failure to capture the town, there was an unusual amount of controversy going on among the officers. Smith was being berated generally for failing to complete his attack on June 15th, and subsequently he and Hancock had a bitter controversy about the responsibility for the failure. Butler and "Baldy" Smith were deep in a controversial correspondence, and Meade and Warren were so at loggerheads that Meade notified Warren on the 20th that he must either ask to be relieved as corps commander or he (Meade) would prefer charges against him. It seemed as if Meade grew more unpopular every day after we reached Petersburg. Finally, the difficulties between him and his subordinates became so serious that a change in the commander of the Army of the Potomac seemed probable. Grant had great confidence in Meade, and was much attached to him personally; but the almost universal dislike of Meade which prevailed among officers of every rank who came in contact with him, and the difficulty of doing business with him, felt by every one except Grant himself, so greatly impaired his capacity for usefulness, and rendered success under his command so doubtful, that Grant seemed to be coming to the conviction that he must be relieved.

I had long known Meade to be a man of the worst possible temper, especially toward his subordinates. I think he had not a friend in the whole army. No man, no matter what his business or his service, approached him without being insulted in one way or another; and his own staff officers did not dare to speak to him unless first spoken to, for fear of either sneers or curses. The latter, however, I had never heard him indulge in very violently; but he was said to apply them often without occasion and without reason. At the same time—as far as I was able to ascertain—his generals had lost their confidence in him as a commander. His orders for the last series of assaults upon Petersburg, in which we lost 10,000 men without gaining any decisive advantage, were, in effect, that he had found it impracticable to secure the coöperation of corps commanders, and that, therefore, each one was to attack on his own account and do the best he could by himself. The consequence was that each gained some advantage of position, but each exhausted his own strength in so doing; while for the want of a general purpose and a general commander to direct and concentrate the whole, it all amounted to nothing but heavy loss to ourselves.

The first week of July, the subject came to pretty full discussion at Grant's headquarters, on occasion of a correspondence between Meade and Wilson. The Richmond

"Examiner" had charged Wilson's command with stealing, not only negroes and horses, but silver plate and clothing, on a raid he had just made against the Danville and Southside railroads; and Meade, taking up the statement of the "Examiner" for truth, read Wilson a lecture, and called on him for explanations. Wilson denied the charge, and said he hoped Meade would not condemn his command because its operations had excited the ire of the public enemy. Meade replied that Wilson's explanation was satisfactory; but this correspondence started a conversation in which Grant expressed himself quite frankly as to the general trouble with Meade and his fear that it would become necessary to relieve him. In that event, he said it would be necessary to put Hancock in command.

About the only pleasant incident which relieved all this disputing was a visit the President made us on June 21st. As soon as he arrived, he wanted to visit the lines before Petersburg. General Grant, Admiral Lee, myself, and several others went with him. I remember that, as we passed along the lines, Mr. Lincoln's high hat was brushed off by the branch of a tree. There were a dozen young officers whose duty it was to get it and give it back to the President; but Admiral Lee was off his horse before any of these young chaps, and recovered the hat for the President. Admiral Lee must have been forty-five or fifty years old. It was his agility that impressed me so much.

As we came back, we passed through the division of colored troops which had so greatly distinguished itself under Smith on the 15th. They were drawn up in double lines on each side of the road, and welcomed the President with hearty shouts. It was a memorable thing to behold him whose fortune it was to represent the principle of emancipation, passing bareheaded through the enthusiastic ranks of those negroes armed to defend the integrity of the nation.

EARLY'S RAID ON WASHINGTON.

In the first days of July, we began to get inquiries at City Point from Washington concerning the whereabouts of the Confederate Generals Early and Ewell. It was reported in the capital, our despatches said, that they were moving down the Shenandoah Valley. We seemed to have pretty good evidence that Early was with Lee, defending Petersburg, and so I wired the Secretary on July 3d. The next day we felt less positive. A deserter came in on the morning of the 4th, and said that it was reported in the enemy's camp that Ewell had gone into Maryland with his entire corps. Another twenty-four hours, and Meade told me that he was at last convinced that Early and his troops had gone down the Valley. In fact, Early had been gone three weeks. He left Lee's army near Cold Harbor on the morning of the 13th of June, when we were on the march to the James. Hunter's defeat of Jones near Staunton had forced Lee to divide his army, in order to stop Hunter's dangerous advance on Lynchburg.

On the 6th, General Grant was convinced that Washington was the objective. The raid threatened was sufficiently serious to compel the sending of troops to its defence, and a body of men immediately embarked. Three days later, I started myself to Washington, in order to keep Grant informed of what was going on. When I arrived, I found both Washington and Baltimore in a state of great excitement; and both cities filled with people who had fled from the enemy. The damage to private property done by the invaders was said to have been almost beyond calculation. Mills, workshops, and factories of every sort were reported destroyed, and from twenty-five to fifty miles of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad torn up.

During my first day in town (July 11th), all sorts of rumors came in. General Lew Wallace, in command at Baltimore, sent us word that a large force of the enemy had been seen that morning near Baltimore. The Confederate generals were said to have dined together at Rockville a day or two before. The houses of Governor Bradford and Francis P. Blair, Sr., and his son Montgomery, the Postmaster-General, were reported burned. We could see from Washington clouds of dust in several quarters around the city which we believed to be raised by bodies of hostile cavalry. There was some sharp skirmishing that day, too, on the Tennallytown road, as well as later in front of Fort Stevens, and at night the telegraph operators at the latter place reported a considerable number of camp-fires visible in front of them.

I found that the Washington authorities had utilized every man in town for defense. Some fifteen hundred employees of the quartermaster's department had been armed and sent out; the veteran reserves about Washington and Alexandria had likewise been sent to the front. General Augur, commanding the defenses of Washington, had also

drawn from the fortifications on the south side of the town all the men that in his judgment could possibly be spared. To this improvised force were added that day some six boat-loads of troops which General Grant had sent from the Army of the Potomac. These troops went at once to Fort Stevens.

With the troops coming from Grant, there was force enough to save the capital; but I soon saw that nothing could possibly be done toward pursuing or cutting off the enemy, for want of a commander. General Hunter and his forces had not yet returned from their swing around the circle. General Augur commanded the defenses of Washington, with A. McD. McCook and a lot of brigadier-generals under him, but he was not allowed to go outside. Wright only commanded his own corps. General Gillmore had been assigned to the temporary command of those troops of the Nineteenth Corps just arrived from New Orleans and all other troops in the Middle Department, leaving Wallace to command Baltimore alone. But there was no head to the whole. General Halleck would not give orders, except as he received them from Grant; the President would give none; and until Grant directed positively and explicitly what was to be done, everything was practically at a standstill. Things, I saw, would go on in the deplorable and fatal way in which they had been going for a week. Of course, this want of head was causing a great deal of sharp comment on all sides. Postmaster-General Blair was particularly incensed, and indeed with real cause, for he had lost his house at Silver Springs. Some of his remarks reached General Halleck, who immediately wrote Mr. Stanton the following letter:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON, *July* 13, 1864.

HON. E. M. STANTON,
SECRETARY OF WAR.

Sir: I deem it my duty to bring to your notice the following facts: I am informed by an officer of rank and standing in the military service that the Hon. M. Blair, Postmaster-General, in speaking of the burning of his house in Maryland, this morning, said, in effect, that the officers in command about Washington are poltroons; that there were not more than 500 rebels on the Silver Springs road, and we had 1,000,000 of men in arms; that it was a disgrace; that General Wallace was in comparison with them far better, as he would at least fight. As there have been for the last few days a large number of officers on duty in and about Washington who have devoted their time and energies, night and day, and have periled their lives in the support of the Government, it is due to them, as well as to the War Department, that it should be known whether such wholesale denouncement and accusation by a member of the Cabinet receives the sanction and approbation of the President of the United States. If so, the names of the officers accused should be stricken from the rolls of the Army; if not, it is due to the honor of the accused that the slanderer should be dismissed from the Cabinet.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

H. W. HALLECK,
Major-General and Chief of Staff.

The very day on which Halleck wrote this letter, we had evidence that the enemy had taken fright at the arrival in Washington of the troops sent by Grant and were moving off toward Edwards Ferry. It was pretty certain that they were carrying off a large amount of cattle and other plunder with them. By the end of another day, there seemed no doubt that Early had got the main body of his command across the river with his captures. What they were, it was impossible to say precisely. One herd of cattle was reported as containing 2,000 head, and the number of horses and mules taken from Maryland was reported as about 5,000. This, however, was probably somewhat exaggerated.

The veterans, of course, moved out at once to attempt to overtake the enemy. The irregulars were withdrawn from the fortifications, General Meigs marching his division of quartermaster's clerks and employees back to their desks; and Admiral Goldsborough, who had marshaled the marines and sailors, returning to smoke his pipe on his own doorstep.

The pursuit of Early proved, on the whole, an egregious blunder, relieved only by a small success at Winchester, in which four guns and some prisoners were captured. Wright accomplished nothing, and drew back as soon as he got where he might have done something worth while. As it was, Early got off with the whole of his plunder.

One of the best letters Grant sent me during the War was at the time of this Early raid on Washington. When the alarms of invasion first came, Grant ordered Major-General David Hunter, then stationed at Parkersburg, West Virginia, to take direction of operations against the enemy's forces in the Valley. Hunter did not come up to Mr. Stanton's expectations in this crisis, and when I reached Washington, the Secretary told me to telegraph Grant that, in his opinion, Hunter ought to be removed. Three days later, I repeated in my despatch to Grant certain rumors about Hunter that had reached the War Department. The substance of them was that Hunter had been

engaged in an active campaign against the newspapers in West Virginia, and that he had horsewhipped a soldier with his own hand. I received an immediate reply.

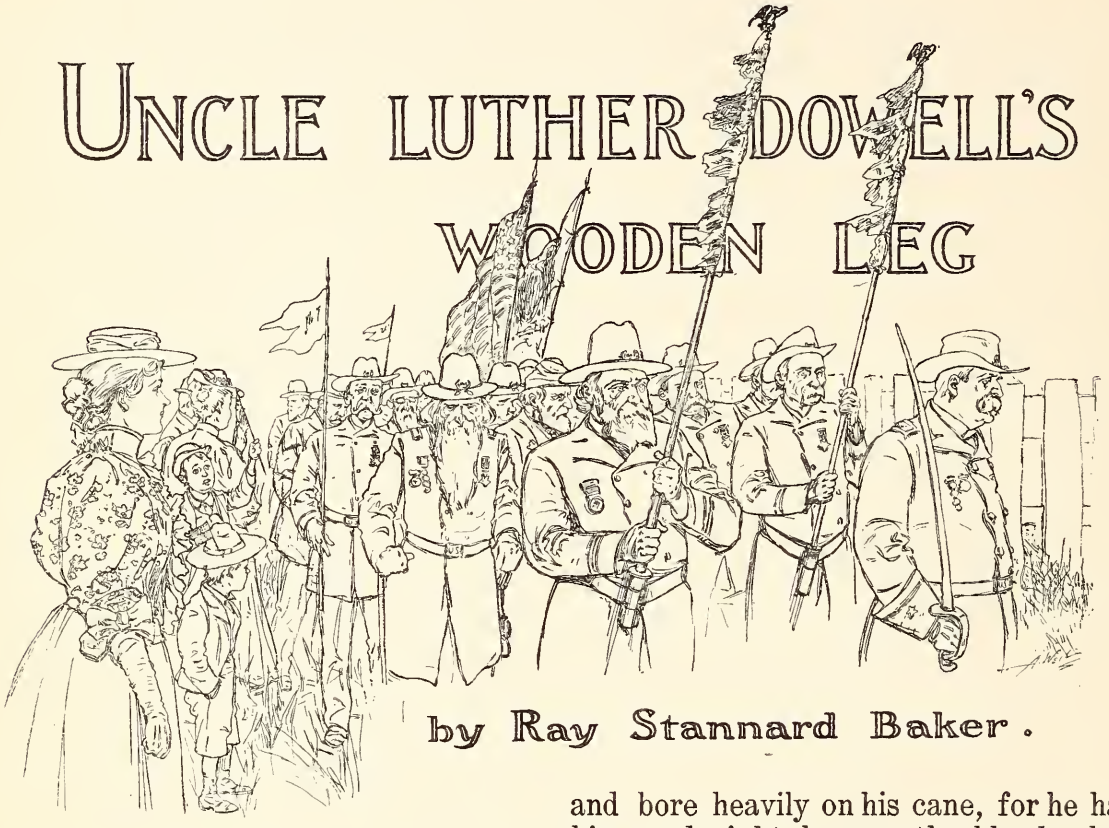
CITY POINT, VA., *July* 15, 1864.—8 P.M.

C. A. DANA,
ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR.

I am so sorry to see such a disposition to condemn so brave an old soldier as General Hunter is known to be, without a hearing. He is known to have advanced into the enemy's country toward their main army, inflicting a much greater damage upon them than they have inflicted upon us with double his force, and moving directly away from our main army. Hunter acted, too, in a country where he had no friends; whilst the enemy have only operated in territory where, to say the least, many of the inhabitants are their friends. If General Hunter has made war upon the newspapers in West Virginia, probably he has done right. In horsewhipping a soldier he has laid himself subject to trial; but, nine chances out of ten, he only acted on the spur of the moment, under great provocation. I fail to see yet that General Hunter has not acted with great promptness and great success. Even the enemy give him great credit for courage, and congratulate themselves that he will give them a chance of getting even with him.

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General.

UNCLE LUTHER DOWELL'S WOODEN LEG



by Ray Stannard Baker.

UNCLE TOMMY DOWELL and Uncle Luther Dowell were twins only in age and patriotism. In everything else they were as different as black and white or hot and cold. Uncle Tommy was short, and puffy, and bald of head, with a reminiscent twinkle in his blue eye, and a certain sprightliness in his step that quite belied his age. Also, he had two good, stout, stubby legs, although they were a bit bowed and stiff, so that he thumped smartly with his heels when he walked.

What Uncle Tommy lacked of reaching nature's standard of a man, Uncle Luther made up. He was gaunt and stooping, and so spare that one almost expected to hear him rattle in his old blue clothes like withered peas in a pod. Fine trouble lines mapped his forehead, and his beard was thin and gray. When he walked, he lurched at every step and bore heavily on his cane, for he had left his good right leg on the bloody slopes at Chickamauga, and for nearly thirty years he had stumped painfully about on a wooden leg.

Uncle Tommy was bluff and prosperous. He lived in a comfortable house in West Alden, and when all of his children came home for Thanksgiving dinner, Uncle Tommy's wife put all the spare leaves in the dining-table and carved two turkeys.

Uncle Luther had a little one-story shop, across the county line in the adjoining town of Amery, where he soldered leaky milk pans and tinkered clocks. It was next the lane, in the farther corner of his son Jonathan's land, and he made up his own bed and cooked his meals in the little room in the rear. He seemed at least twenty years older than Uncle Tommy, and he had become querulous and quavery, so that Jonathan and his thrifty wife groaned under the responsibility of looking after him.

And that shows how two brothers, who have been boys together, men together, and soldiers together, may drift apart. For years Uncle Tommy and Uncle Luther had not met, except at gatherings of old soldiers, and these were not pleasant meetings. For the two little towns, albeit they lay out on the wide Minnesota prairie, with only an imaginary line between them, could not agree. It was the kind of dissension that grows rank and strong in little communities where there are few outside interests to occupy the intervals of attention. And the old soldiers took it up, and fought it out as valiantly as they had marched on Vicksburg. They might have had a Grand Army post, with reminiscent camp-fires, and they might have had Fourth of July celebrations and Memorial Day parades; but as certainly as Uncle Tommy led the hosts of West Alden in one direction, Amery and Captain Enoch Bradley could be depended upon to march in exactly the opposite direction.

As for Uncle Luther, he always followed Uncle Tommy's procession, wherever it might lead. Again and again the old soldiers of the two towns met in the interests of harmony. Uncle Tommy would come to preside, and Uncle Luther would second the motions, and then they all would slump off into the quagmire of dissension. At such times the fires of a stirring past would blaze up in Uncle Luther's faded eyes, his stooped shoulders would stiffen back, a faint flush would steal into his cheeks, and he would nod his old gray head as if in time to martial music that none but he could hear. Sometimes the tears came up to his eyes, and the boy who was fortunate enough to hear him talk thrilled with the quick pride of strife, and longed to shoulder a carbine and march away to the music of fife and drum.

"Where he soldered leaky milk pans and tinkered clocks."

For two years the towns had held Memorial Day services, but they had been mournfully dispirited. Uncle Tommy, by sheer force of character, had been marshal of the day, and Uncle Luther and a few stragglers from Amery had marched with the parade; but Captain Enoch and his supporters stood by with gloomy forbearance, and offered no word of encouragement. There was really little need of Memorial Day services, except in the abstract. The cemetery, where the discord of the two towns was buried, lay on a bare prairie knoll, set around with precise rows of spindling cottonwoods that languished half the summer with thirst and whipping winds and dust—and it contained no soldiers' graves. But Uncle Tommy's parades marched up the road to the cemetery gate and back again, and Uncle Luther felt that the country's dead, wherever they might lie, had been honored.

On the third year the old soldiers met again, thoroughly determined to be harmonious. In ten minutes' time Uncle Tommy was thumping on the pine table with his cane, and several of the other old soldiers were clinging to Captain Enoch's coat-tails, while the two men glared and threatened. And then Captain Enoch executed a well-planned flank movement, routed Uncle Tommy, and ran up the Amery colors. A few minutes later his faction, acting with the right of might, had decided upon all the important features of the parade. And to further rout Uncle Tommy and his retainers, they appointed Uncle Luther to the honored position of marshal of the day.

At first Uncle Luther was dumb with astonishment. He had as good right to be marshal as Uncle Tommy. They had be-

longed to the same regiment, and both had reached the rank of corporal, Uncle Luther on one leg and Uncle Tommy on two. But Uncle Luther always had deferred to Uncle Tommy as if he had been an older brother, and it seemed to him hardly short of sacrilege to appear as Uncle Tommy's rival. So he struggled to his feet, and held up a lean finger to catch Captain Enoch's eye.

"I rather have Tommy have the place," he faltered; "he's better fitted for it than I be."

But Uncle Tommy was storming down the room.

"Keep it," he roared, and he went out, slamming the door after him.

Uncle Luther followed him a few steps, wistfully, and then he dropped back in his seat, and listened dumbly while Captain Enoch and the exultant revolters planned the details of the parade.

"It's Amery's turn this year," gloated Captain Enoch.

Uncle Luther walked up the road alone. His step was brisker than usual, and there was a brighter gleam in his eye. He could not help feeling proud that he had been honored. There were other men in Amery who would have served better in his place—he knew that well enough, for he was old, and he didn't walk easily—but he was glad with the joy of appreciation. For so many years he had been an unnoticed, crippled tinker, and when at last recognition came to him, even at the expense of his more fortunate brother, he could not help exulting.

"Well, I fought fer it," he mumbled; "an' I bled fer it. I'd a-given both my legs, if necessary—they know that." Then, after a pause, he said aloud: "But I wisht Tommy'd got it."

He opened the door of his little shop, and went in. His eyes swept the familiar disorder of the room, the rusty tools hanging on the wall, the blear-faced old clocks, the pots and pans, all the toys of a second childhood. He was glad to be at home again, for he was worn out and trembling with the unwonted excitement of the meeting. Outside, the sun shone on the green prairies, and there was warm, puddly dust in the road; but Uncle Luther's blood was thin and cold, and he shivered in the damp interior of the shop. So he brought his soldering brazier from the corner and stirred the coals into a bright glow. Then he bent over to warm his hands.

Jonathan Dowell came down the lane between his prosperous fields, on his way to town. Little Dick was with him. When Uncle Luther saw them, he went to the door and beckoned.

"Come in, Jonathan, come in," he called.

His face shone with pride, and he told with feverish eagerness of the new honor which the day had brought him.

"Nonsense," interrupted Jonathan, testily; "don't you know, father, that you're gettin' too old an' feeble to take part in such things? You ain't able to walk to the graveyard an' back, an' you're only stirrin' up trouble between the

"Several of the other old soldiers were clinging to Captain Enoch's coat-tails."

families. Uncle Tommy'll never forgive you."

"I know it," he faltered; "I know it, Jonathan. Tommy'd ought to have it. I told 'em so. I said Tommy'd ought to have it."

The end of the lane was the end of Dick's little world, and he turned and loitered back, humming a tune to himself, as a child will. Uncle Luther stood in the doorway, and watched him wistfully. Of a sudden he recalled how Uncle Tommy had looked when they were boys together.

"Jus' like Tommy, exactly," he said, half aloud, gazing fondly at the little fellow. Then he bent over stiffly and beckoned.

"Come see gran'pa," he said, smiling enticingly.

Dick crossed his hands behind his back, and looked at Uncle Luther soberly. He was a sunny-haired little fellow, with blue eyes and puckery red lips, and he stood full in the bright May sunshine.

"Dick crossed his hands behind his back."

Uncle Luther regarded him seriously.

"I told 'em I didn't want to march," he said protestingly. "I said Tommy'd do it better'n I could; but Captain Enoch, ner any of 'em, wouldn't listen to me. Don't go 'way, Dicky, don't go 'way, an' leave gran'pa," beseechingly.

But the little boy was edging away; he didn't understand, and he was afraid.

"Don't go 'way," said Uncle Luther, eagerly; "come an' see what gran'pa's got for Dicky."

He turned, and hobbled painfully across his shop. He put on his spectacles, and opened a drawer in his work-bench, and in its depths he found a stick of horehound candy. Dick stood with one pudgy hand resting on the door frame, peering into the shop with wide eyes.

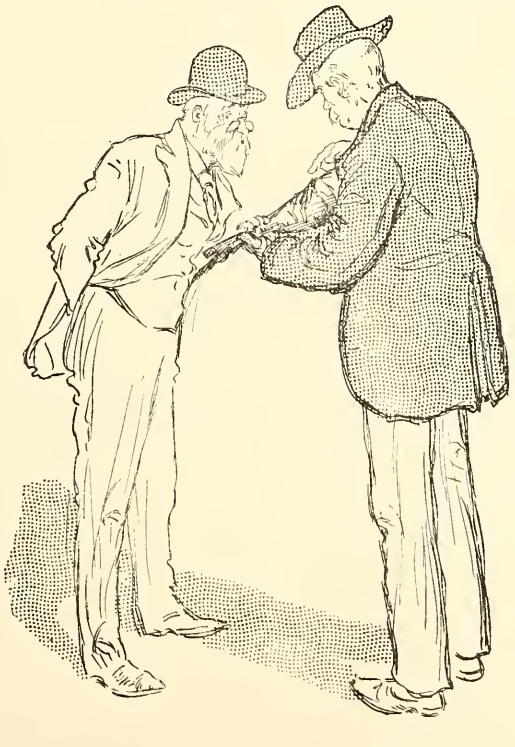
"Candy," announced Uncle Luther expressively.

Dick drew a little nearer, glancing from the candy to his grandfather's wrinkled face. Uncle Luther waved the stick like a wizard's wand, and lured Dick nearer and nearer until a dirty little hand closed over the candy. Then he reached out slyly and cautiously, and gathered Dick in his arms.

"Ain't you goin' to kiss gran'pa?" he asked eagerly.

But the little boy wriggled away, and ran out of the door. Uncle Luther watched him loitering up the lane in the sunshine, sucking his candy, until the vision blurred in his dim old eyes. Then he returned to his brazier. He sat down, and drew his chair almost over it. He bent double, with his elbows on his knees and his head resting on his hands, and there he sat alone for a long time. Finally he straightened up. The subtle warmth of the fire had stolen through all his body. He leaned back in his chair, his head drooped over to one side, and his work-worn old hands lay palm upward on his knees. He was fast asleep.

The brazier under him continued to glow, and send its cheery comfort stealing up around his chair. It had a friendliness and hearty warmth that were more than the kindness of many of the old man's friends.



"To examine the remains of the fifty-dollar leg."

The dusk of evening came down, and filled the corners with shadows. And presently a glow that was not all in the brazier began to illumine the center of the room. A thin, wavering mist of smoke curled up around the old man, and crept silently along the dingy ceiling. A moment later there was a sharp burst of flame, that disappeared as suddenly as it came. The old man's trouser-leg rested against the hot brasier, and the fine fire gnawed and sparkled in the heavy cloth. A few shavings on the littered floor of the shop were crisping with sudden wisps of flame, and the chair legs were on fire.

But Uncle Luther slept on, wholly unconscious of his danger.

Jonathan Dowell, returning from the village, saw a sinister glare in the shop windows. He rushed into the room, seized the old man, and lifted him swiftly to one side. Then he beat out the fire with a gunny sack.

Uncle Luther sat up, trembling and terrified. His wooden leg was gone. It had burned almost to the stump, and the charred remains were still smoking.

Jonathan Dowell's voice rang with anger.

"What won't you do next, father?" he said. "You've set yourself on fire, and nearly burned up the shop. That wooden leg of yours cost me just fifty dollars, and it'll be a long time before I can afford another."

And then he saw dimly the agony in his father's face, and he softened. He was not a bad man, nor even a harsh man—only thoughtless. "You must learn to be more careful, father," he said gently, and yet insistently, as if he talked to a child.

Uncle Luther was glad when his son went away. He crept to his little back room like a wounded dog, and lay down on the bed. Old age had made him slow, and he could not realize at first the full magnitude of his disaster; but he knew that he had deeply angered his son.

"Too bad to trouble Jonathan an' his wife," he muttered. "Cory *is* so thrifty an' partic'lar. I'm careless, I know it. I'm gettin' old." And then after a time his mind reverted to the earlier interests of the day, and he said aloud: "I wisht Tommy'd got it."

"To point out where the fire had charred the chair."

News travels quickly in a small town, and the next morning the sympathetic and the curious came to condole with Uncle Luther, and to examine the remains of the fifty-dollar leg, and to point out where the fire had charred the chair. They went about solemnly, as at a funeral, glancing sideways from the corners of their eyes, and yet not missing anything.

Among the very first to call was Captain Enoch Bradley, who was a hearty, warm-blooded, irascible old fellow, and his bluff sympathy went far toward solacing Uncle Luther in his affliction.

"'Twan't so bad as if you hadn't lost it before," he comforted.

But Uncle Luther had no mind for treating his loss frivolously. The years had crushed all of the humor out of him, and left him only tragedy.

"I was thinkin'," he said, "that now I can't march, p'raps you—p'raps Amery—might let Tommy have it——"

Captain Enoch frowned darkly, but Uncle Luther hurried on:

He's more commandin' than I be, er ever was, er ever will be, an' he's had practice——"

"Oh, you'll be ready to march by Decoration Day," interrupted Captain Enoch.

"It's good of you to say so," said Uncle Luther, "but I jus' can't do it. Tommy's the man;" and then he added wistfully, "I wisht I could see Tommy."

But Uncle Tommy did not come. Uncle Luther heard, however, that Uncle Tommy had been appointed marshal of the parade, and he was glad of it. For himself, he was busied after the first day or two with a stout piece of ash, which he slowly whittled down with a draw-shave to the proportions of a wooden leg. It would not do as well as a regular artificial leg, such as the one he had been wearing, but he hoped that it would serve him for the Memorial Day exercises. He still cherished a desire to march with the parade, although he knew that

Jonathan would not approve of it. He was afraid of Jonathan. But whole days slipped by when he was not strong enough to work, and yet he clung to the task with feverish eagerness. The man within him protested that he was still good for something, that old age had not robbed him of everything.

On the morning of Memorial Day the whittling was all finished, but there remained the task of attaching the straps, and Uncle Luther knew that he could not hope to complete the leg in time for the exercises. So he laid it away, and toward noon he dressed up in his best blue clothes, and put on his wide-brimmed black hat with the gold cord around the crown. Then he hobbled out of the door, and dropped down on a box by the fence, with his back resting against a post. It was a fresh, clear May morning. During the night there had been a shower, and the grass at the roadside stood up green and dewy. The fields of waving wheat-blades spread away for miles before him, dotted here and there with houses and red barns, and straight rows of Lombardy poplars and cottonwoods. Where Uncle Luther sat he could look up the yellow stretch of roadway, and he knew that he could see the parade almost as soon as it left the town. It would pass the end of the lane on its way to the cemetery, and he hoped, with the vague optimism of the very old and the very young, that it would come back by the same road. Seeing it was next to marching with it.

Uncle Luther put on his long-distance glasses, and he saw a blur of blue moving along the road from the village. Above it there was a blur of red and white. A moment later they resolved themselves into a knot of old soldiers, with the flag flapping above them. Uncle Luther took a long breath, and his eyes shone. Suddenly a band began to play the stirring music of "Marching through Georgia."

"They've got the band," exclaimed Uncle Luther, in a voice that choked with ecstasy.

Unconsciously he rose on his one good foot and took off his hat. His eyes dimmed, and as the enlivening strains of the music came up to him, another picture formed on his misty glasses. He saw the boys in blue—not a meager handful of gray and stooping remnants, but boys, with fresh young faces, and broad shoulders, and proud chins. They were muddy to the knees with marching, they were ragged and tattered, but they swept by to the drums and fifes, regiment after regiment and brigade after brigade;

"*Enoch Bradley . . . a hearty, warm-blooded, ascible fellow.*"

and orderlies clattered up and down with yellow envelopes stuck in their belts; and the shells were screeching from the rebel heights. He saw the companies wheel and deploy; he saw them strip down and form in line at "Charge bayonets." The big, black guns were leaping the ruts in the road, with the gunners clinging desperately to the caissons. Then he saw the long line of gray rise up over the hill, and pour itself down the slope. He saw the ragged, mile long flash of the carbines—and he would have leaped forward to the charge, if for a single moment he had heard the bugle's shrill summons.

Uncle Luther's spectacles were dimmed. He polished them off with shaky fingers, and looked again. Behind the band there was a stretch of white that seemed to nod and twinkle in the sunshine.

"They've got the children, too," he faltered.

Then the old fellows in blue swung at the corner; they were keeping military line, and something of the old spirit had thrilled their steps into an unwonted precision. The band, wheeling with them, swept into "Rally Round the Flag, Boys." Uncle Luther leaped forward on his one good leg, waved his hat around his head, and shouted, "Hurrah, hurrah!" His head was thrown back, his eyes flashed, his breath came quick and hot.

"Down with the traitor, up with the star," he chanted in his thin, quavery old voice.

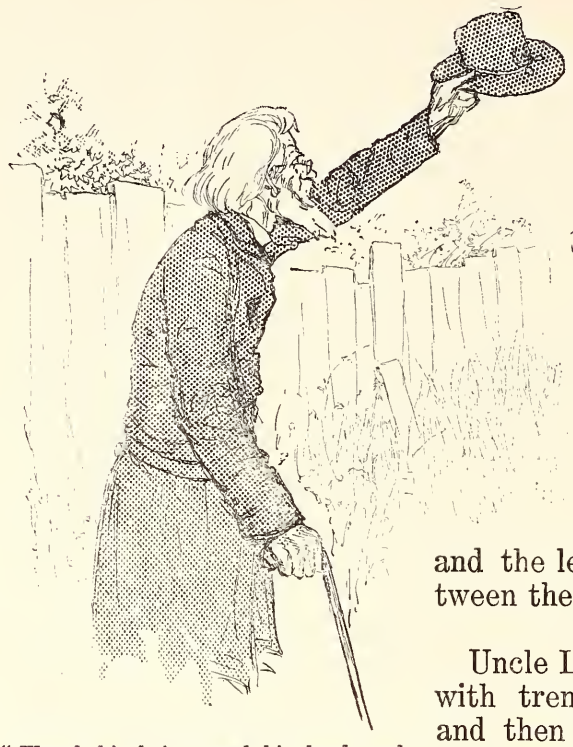
Now they had reached the end of the

lane, and Uncle Luther could make out the full length of the parade. It was by far the greatest celebration that the town ever had known, and his heart swelled with pride at the thought. Not once did he recall his own disappointment and sorrow; it was all for the glory of the day.

Suddenly Uncle Luther shrunk back. What were they trying to do? He felt an impulse to run forward and tell them that they had missed the way to the cemetery, and that the lane ran only as far as Jonathan Dowell's house. But before he could decide what to do the old soldiers stopped almost in front of his own little shop. The band had swung out to one side. It was playing "America," and the sweet, shrill voices of the children rose and fell with the music. Uncle Luther sank back on his box, trembling. Through a mist of great happiness he saw Uncle Tommy and Captain Enoch advancing toward him side by side. He couldn't believe it at first; he didn't pretend to believe it.

"I'm gettin' old," he muttered, "an' I'm not steady in my mind."

But he rose to meet them. Uncle Tommy carried an odd-shaped package in his arms, and when he was near to Uncle Luther, he stopped and cleared his throat. Every one was silent, listening.



"Waved his hat around his head, and shouted, 'Hurrah, hurrah!'"

"I calc'lated to make a speech," he stammered; "but—we thought we'd decorate the livin' this year. Luther, here's a new leg."

He held out the odd-shaped package helplessly. Uncle Luther did not seem to see it at all. He reached forward and put his hands on his brother's shoulders, and the leg fell down unheeded between the two old men.

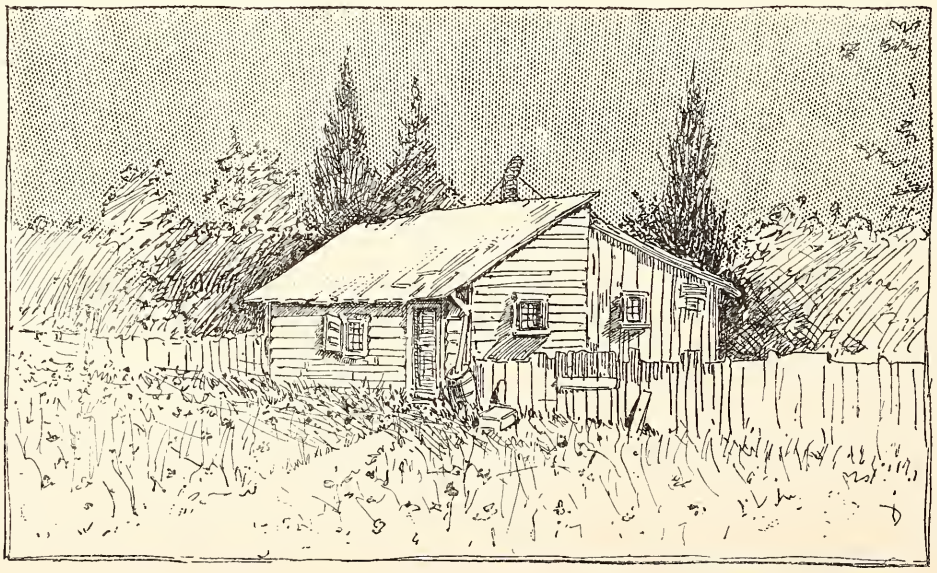
Uncle Luther strapped on the leg with trembling, inefficient fingers, and then Captain Enoch and Uncle Tommy marched him out between them. Uncle Tommy's own horse and buggy, decorated with ribbons and flowers, stood in front of the shop.

"You're goin' to be the marshal of the day," said Captain Enoch.

"But—Tommy——"

"Get in," commanded Uncle Tommy, in a voice that was not to be disputed.

Uncle Luther, sitting as straight as a trooper, drove out at the head of the procession, while the band, with a rattle of drums, swept into "Hail, Columbia, Happy Land."



LIFE PORTRAITS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Born at Shadwell, Virginia, April 2, 1743. Died at Monticello, Virginia, July 4, 1826.

With Notes and an Introduction by Charles Henry Hart.

THOMAS JEFFERSON has had more ardent followers, and more ardent opponents, than perhaps any other patriot in American history. The cause of this is that he was essentially a strong man, and no one can follow the lines of his face without seeing this.

In McClure's Magazine for October, 1897, was presented the life mask of Thomas Jefferson, taken by J. H. I. Browere, in 1825, when Jefferson was eighty-two years old. In relation to this, Jefferson said: "I now bid adieu forever to busts and even portraits." It was two-score years earlier that Jefferson sat to Mather Brown for the first portrait that we know of him, and which is the first portrait here reproduced. Others follow by Houdon (1789), Gilbert Stuart (1800), Rembrandt Peale (1803), George Miller (1803), St. Mémin (1805), and Thomas Sully (1821). These portraits, covering a period of thirty-five years, are selected as among the best and most characteristic to which we have access.

When Jefferson was in France, John Trumbull was there, and at the minister's house at Chaillot, in the autumn of 1787, he painted Jefferson's portrait for his picture "The Declaration of Independence." It was one of those small cabinet portraits, on panel, for which Trumbull is so justly celebrated, and is now owned by Mrs. John W. Burke, of Alexandria, Va. The head of Jefferson in the "Declaration of Independence" picture is not a close copy of the original. Charles Willson Peale, to whom Americans are under lasting obligations for preserving authentic portraits of the public men of the Revolutionary epoch, painted a portrait of Jefferson in 1791, which belongs to the city of Philadelphia and is a most interesting delineation of him. James Sharples made a pastel portrait of Jefferson in 1798, which is also owned by the city of Philadelphia, but it is deficient in character and individuality.

A number of portraits of Jefferson were made that cannot be traced, which is the more to be regretted as some of them were by skillful artists. Jefferson took an intelligent interest in art, and posed as a profound connoisseur. He numbered among his personal intimates, Richard and Maria Cosway, Trumbull, Peale, Houdon, Ceracchi, and most of the foreign contingent that emigrated to these shores. It was chiefly due to his instrumentality that George Hadfield, the brother of Maria Cosway, came from England as assistant architect of the Capitol at Washington, and that Cardelli and Persico came from Italy to do the carvings. Jefferson was an amateur of some ability, especially in the not easy field of architecture. The University of Virginia, which he designed, would do no discredit to a professional of recognized experience. Jefferson showed himself to be a man of excellent æsthetic taste, and with an actual knowledge of the subject far beyond the general cultivation of his time. His correspondence teems with suggestions and reflections on design and decoration, showing an understanding of the subject, and not merely idle thoughts bestowed on an ephemeral fad.

Perhaps the most important of the lost portraits of Jefferson is the bust made by Ceracchi, which was destroyed with the burning of the library of Congress, December 24, 1851, and of which there seems to be neither replica or copy. Dr. William Thornton, the first Commissioner of Patents, and an amateur artist of decided proficiency, calls it, in writing to Jefferson, a "superb bust, one of the finest I ever beheld." Jefferson paid Ceracchi $1,500 for the original marble, that being the amount of tax the disgruntled Italian levied upon all those persons whom he had besought to sit to him as a favor, when his scheme for a national monument fell through and he prepared to leave the country.

William J. Coffee, an Englishman, who modeled small busts in terra cotta, made a bust of Jefferson in April, 1818, as also busts of his daughter Mrs. Randolph and granddaughter Ellen, for the three of which

Jefferson paid $105. In commending the sculptor to Madison as "really able in his art," Jefferson said he gave "less trouble than any artist, painter, or sculptor I have ever submitted myself to." This bust is also among the missing, although those of Mrs. Randolph and Ellen are at Edgehill. Pietro Cardelli modeled a bust of Jefferson in 1819, but it is unknown, although a number of plaster copies were subscribed for by disciples of the statesman. It is highly improbable that Jefferson could have been, as he was, on terms of familiar intimacy with Richard and Maria Cosway, each of them skilled miniature painters, and that neither of them should have painted his portrait. Yet such a portrait is not known, any more than the miniature that was painted of him by Thomas Gimbrede, and engraved by the painter for "State Papers and Publick Documents," published in 1815. Another unknown portrait is recorded in Jefferson's financial diary under July 12, 1792: "Paid Williams for drawing my portrait, 14 D."

Jefferson seems to have approved of his own profile. In April, 1789, when in France, he had two profiles made, for one of which he paid six francs, and for the other, thirty francs; and early in 1804, Amos Doolittle, an engraver from Connecticut, appears to have made several of him. His profile was also cut at Peale's Museum about this time. The next year Gilbert Stuart painted his famous profile in monochrome. There are a number of these so-called Stuart profiles, but the identity of the original by Stuart is undetermined. Hon. T. J. Coolidge of Boston, great-grandson of Jefferson, claims to own it; but his is painted in oil color, while Jefferson writes to Joseph Delaplaine, in 1813, that it is "in water color"; and six years later writes to General Dearborn that Stuart did it "on paper with crayon." Dr. Thornton, to whom Jefferson lent it to copy, calls it a "drawing," as does also Jefferson, which would imply that it was either in crayon or water color. Dr. Thornton made his copy in Swiss crayon, which would indicate that to be the medium of the original he was copying. For the original Jefferson paid Stuart $100, June 18, 1805, covering the payment in the following note: "Mr. Jefferson presents his compliments to Mr. Stewart, and begs leave to send him the inclosed for the trouble he gave him in taking the head *a la antique*. Mr. Stewart seemed to contemplate having an engraving made either from that or the first portrait; he is free to use the one or the other at his choice; the one not proposed to be used I will be glad to receive at Mr. Stewart's convenience; the other when he shall be done with it." This Stuart profile was so popular that William Birch copied it in enamel, and also employed Edwin to engrave it, that he might give the prints away and a proper likeness of Jefferson be circulated.

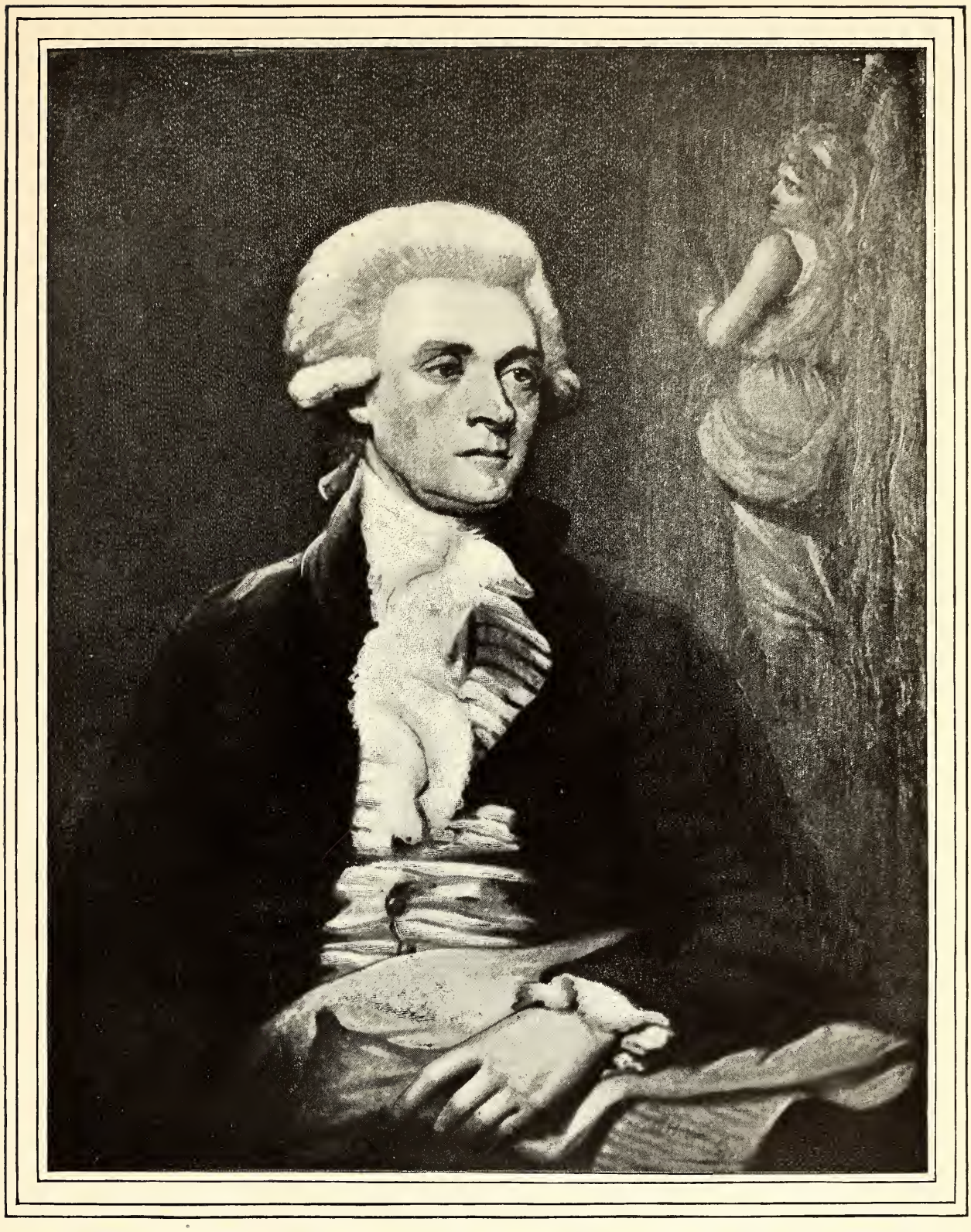
Bass Otis, a very indifferent painter, made a portrait of Jefferson in the summer of 1816, for Delaplaine's gallery, which was engraved by Nagle, and the original is now owned by Mr. W. J. Campbell of Philadelphia. Relative to this portrait Dr. Thornton writes to Jefferson, July 20, 1816: "Never was such injustice done to you except by sign painters and General Kosciusko, than which last nothing can be so bad, and when I saw it I did not wonder that he lost Poland —not that it is necessary that a general should be a painter, but he should be a man of such sense as to discover that he is not a painter." The profile of Jefferson by Kosciuszko is nothing less than a grotesque caricature. The original drawing was destroyed, but it is preserved, as an iconographic curiosity, in a fac-simile aquatint in colors, by Ml. Sokolnicki.

Charles Peale Polk, who was a nephew, pupil, and imitator of Charles Willson Peale, painted a portrait of Jefferson from life, about 1800, which, if it is, as I think it is, the picture owned by Mrs. F. A. March of Easton, Pennsylvania, exhibits some marked characteristics of the original, but very crudely rendered. Edward Savage painted and engraved in mezzotinto a portrait of Jefferson, and introduced an admirable whole-length figure of Jefferson, in profile, when completing Pine's picture of "The Congress voting Independence," which highly interesting and important painting is owned by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

Jefferson's figure was commanding, six feet two and a half inches in height, well formed, neither stout nor thin, indicating strength, activity, and robust health. His carriage was erect, and his step firm and elastic, which he preserved till his death. His hair was of a reddish cast, his complexion sandy, and his eyes, blue when young, changed to a hazel gray as he advanced in years. When he died, at the age of eighty-four, he had not lost a tooth, nor had he a defective one.

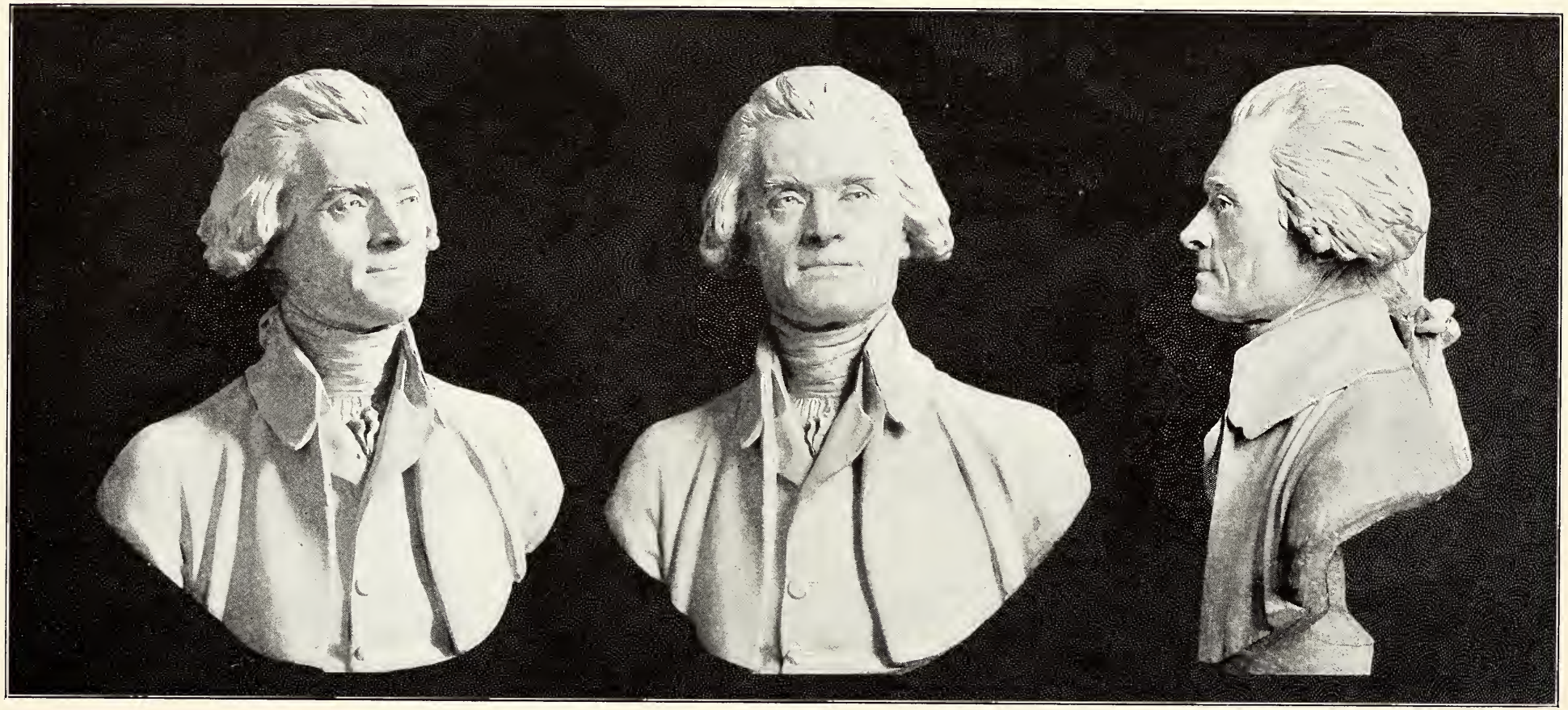
There is no known portrait of Martha Wayles, who became the wife of Thomas Jefferson on New Year's Day, 1772, and died September 6, 1782, at the age of thirty-four.

LIFE PORTRAITS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.



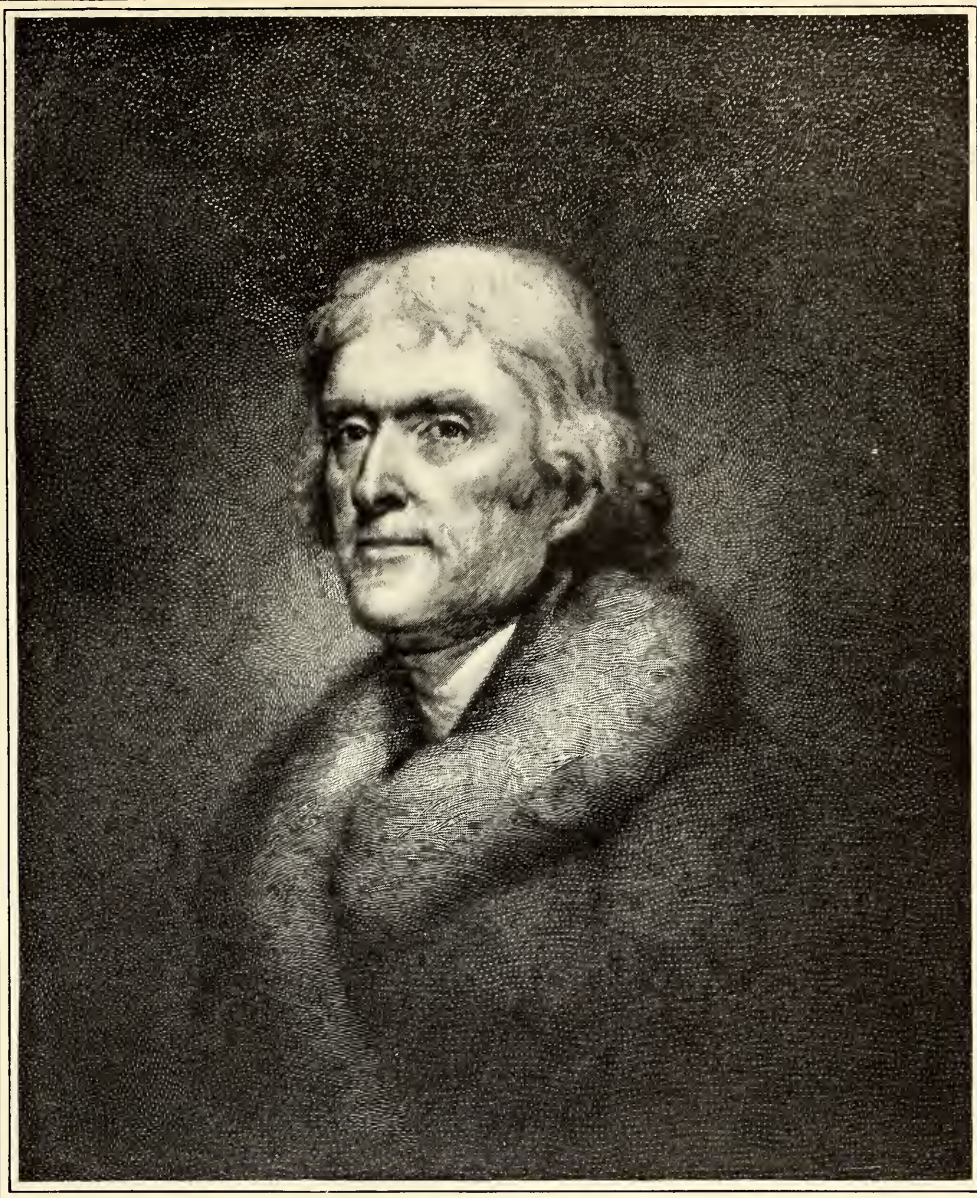
THOMAS JEFFERSON IN 1786. AGE 43. PAINTED BY MATHER BROWN. THE EARLIEST LIFE PORTRAIT OF JEFFERSON KNOWN.

From the original portrait painted by Mather Brown; now owned by Mr. Henry Adams, Washington, D. C. Canvas, 28 by 36 inches. Mather Brown died in London, May 25, 1831, at an advanced age and very poor. He was a native of Boston and a grandson of the famous Tory clergyman Mather Byles. He went to London and had some instruction from West, and at one time held a prominent position there, as a portrait painter. The portrait of Jefferson here reproduced was painted, in London, for John Adams, and the artist's receipt for the price of the picture is attached to the back of the canvas: "London May 12, 1786, Rec'd of his Excellency John Adams Esq Six Guinneas for a kit-kat portrait of Mr. Jefferson." A replica was painted for Jefferson, and Brown also painted a portrait of John Adams for his famous colleague, which picture, with the Jefferson replica and one of Thomas Paine, which Brown also painted for Jefferson, has disappeared. Trumbull wrote from London to Jefferson at Paris, "Brown is busy about the pictures. Mr. Adams is like—yours I do not think so well of." The portrait has, however, considerable historical importance as being the earliest delineation of Jefferson that has come down to us.



THOMAS JEFFERSON IN 1789. AGE 46. MODELED BY HOUDON.

From a plaster cast of the bust modeled by Houdon, now owned by the New York Historical Society. Jefferson's relations with the great French sculptor, Houdon, were of the closest personal and official character, Jefferson having been charged with the commission to engage the sculptor to execute the statue of Washington for the State of Virginia. It can readily be understood, therefore, that Houdon's bust of the author of the Declaration of Independence was no perfunctory piece of modeling. Houdon took a mask of Jefferson's face; and for the bust in marble, Jefferson paid Houdon, July 3, 1789, one thousand francs. This same year it was exhibited in the Salon, where it masqueraded, according to the catalogue, as "M. Sesserson, envoyé des Etats de la Virginie." Unfortunately, the original marble was destroyed, by the carelessness of workmen, at Monticello, during Jefferson's lifetime. But there are two signed plaster casts of it; the one in the rooms of the New York Historical Society, New York City, and the other in the hall of the American Philosophical Society, Philadelphia. The latter was given by Jefferson to David Rittenhouse, and was engraved by Longacre, for Tucker's "Life of Jefferson." Its characterization is very fine, and although decidedly French in its contour, it gives an aspect of Jefferson's face which is perfectly natural.

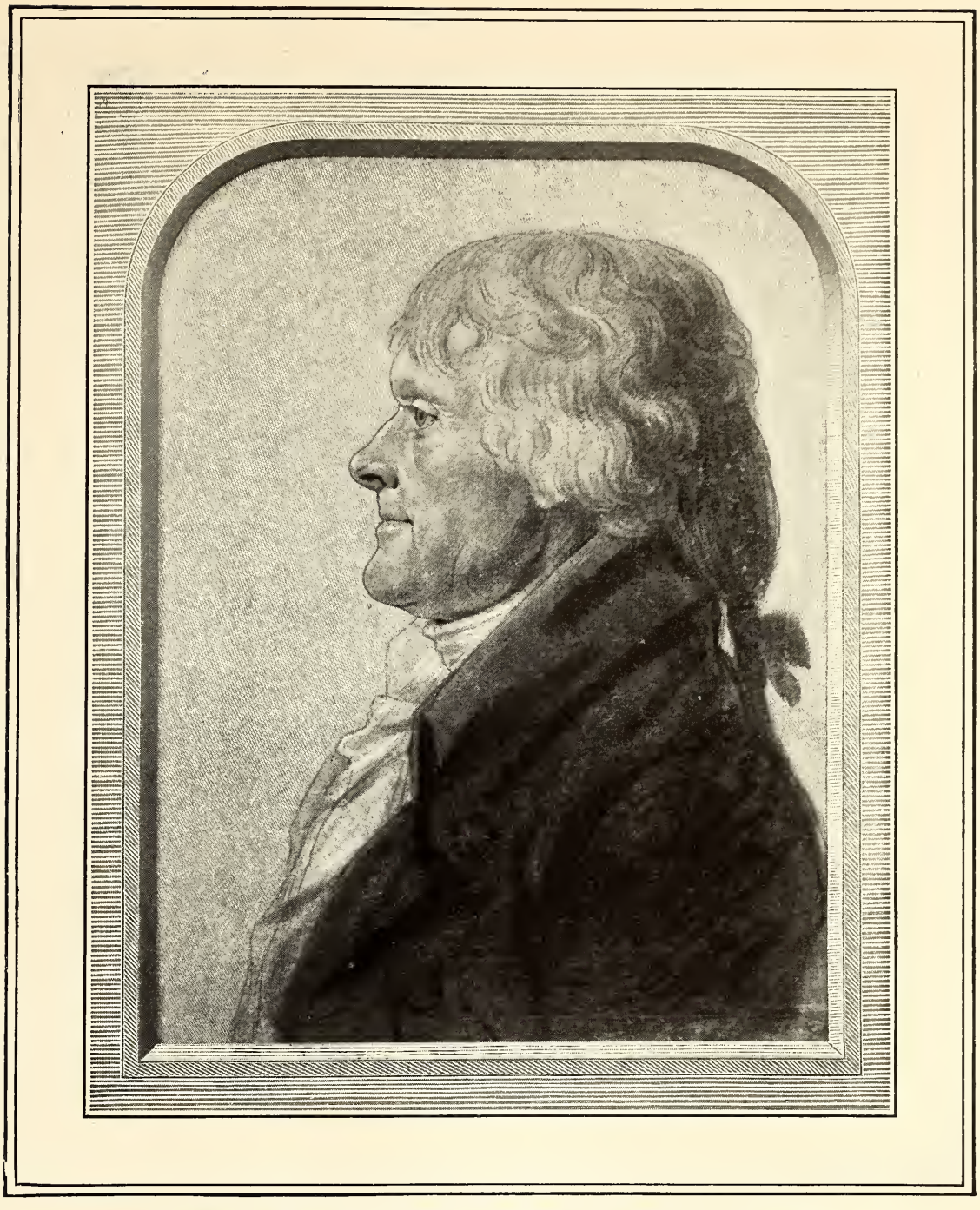


THOMAS JEFFERSON IN 1803. AGE 60. PAINTED BY REMBRANDT PEALE.

From the original portrait painted by Rembrandt Peale, now owned by the New York Historical Society. Canvas, 24 by 30 inches. Rembrandt Peale, the second son of Charles Willson Peale, was born February 22, 1778, and died October 3, 1860. There are at least two portraits of Jefferson painted at the beginning of the century by "R." Peale which are known at the present day only through contemporary copper-plate engravings by David Edwin and Cornelius Tiebout. It is true that both Rembrandt and his elder brother, Raffaelle, were painting at this time, but as Raffaelle is known only as a painter of still-life and a few miniatures, the initial "R" on these engraved portraits of Jefferson must stand for Rembrandt. The earliest print, by Edwin, was published by J. Savage in 1800; and Tiebout's plate bears the imprint of Matthew Carey, Feb. 20, 1801. Early in this year Peale went abroad, and doubtless took with him impressions of Tiebout's plate; for in August there was published, in Paris, an engraving by Desnoyers from a drawing of the Tiebout print by Bouch, which has been repeatedly engraved on the other side, and is the Frenchman's portrait of Jefferson. These "R." Peale portraits of Jefferson have a special interest from the frequency with which they were engraved during Jefferson's lifetime. One of them, "Engraved by Harrison Junr.," was used in the Philadelphia edition (1801) of "Notes on Virginia," thus giving it the mark of Jefferson's approval. This, however, may not be of much value, in view of what Jefferson wrote to Joseph Delaplaine,—"There is nothing to which a man is so incompetent, as to judge of his own likeness." Peale returned home in 1803, and almost his first work after his return seems to have been to paint the portrait of Jefferson here reproduced. This picture shows plainly the benefit he derived from his experience abroad, for it is a beautifully painted portrait, being indeed the best example of Rembrandt Peale's work that I know. It was painted for the Peale Museum, and there it remained until the public sale of the collection in 1854, when it was bought by Mr. Thomas Jefferson Bryan, of Philadelphia, for $135. Later Mr. Bryan presented it, with his important collection of pictures, to the New York Historical Society.

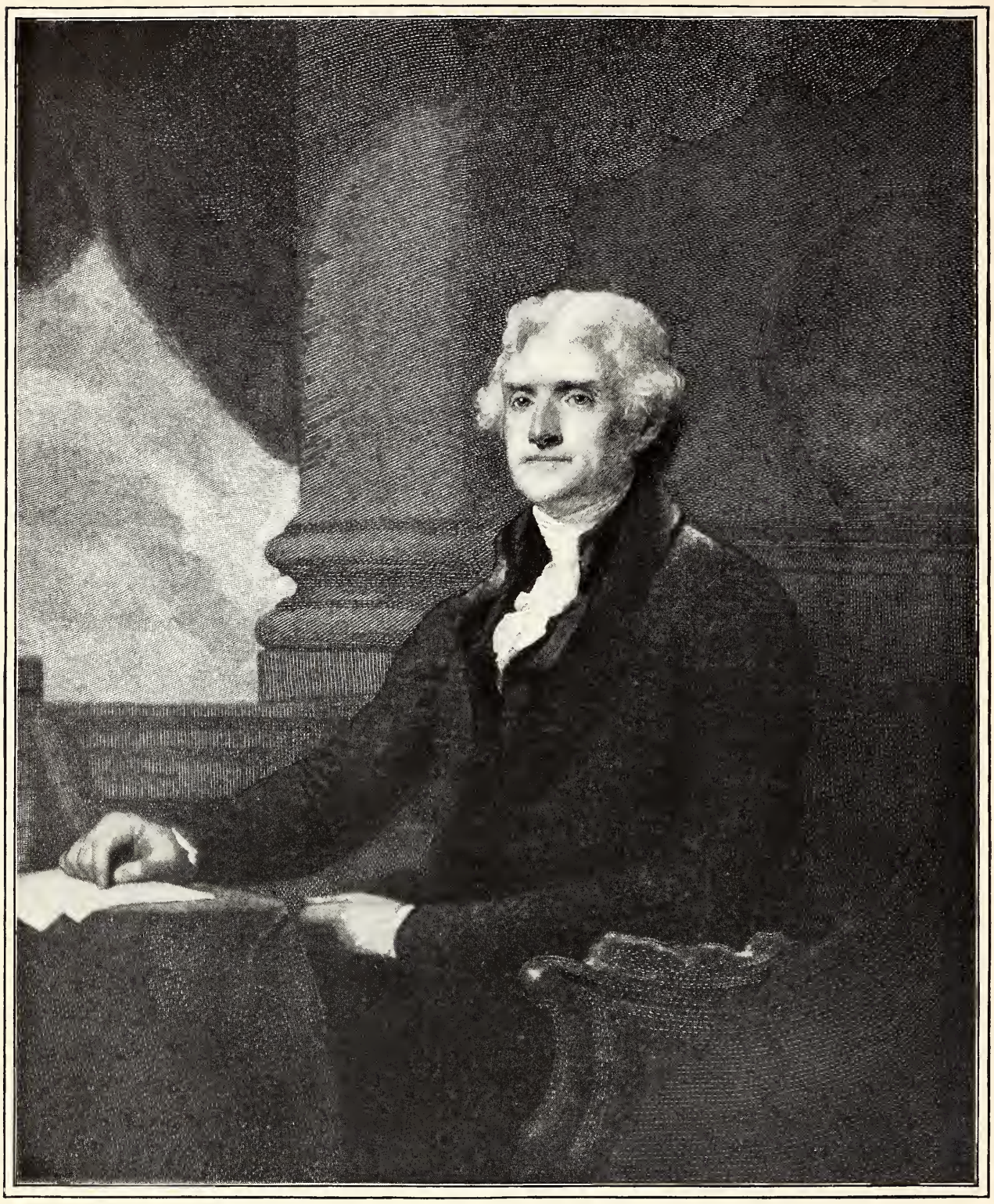
THOMAS JEFFERSON IN 1803. AGE 60. MODELED BY GEORGE MILLER.

From the original bas-relief in gypsum by George Miller, now owned by the American Philosophical Society, at Philadelphia. Size, 4 by 6 inches. This finely executed portrait and the one of Washington (reproduced in McClure's Magazine for February, 1897) are the only works of this character by Miller that have come under my notice. Miller was one of the original associates of the Society of American Artists, formed in May, 1810. That he had versatility as a modeler is shown in that he made not only life-size busts and miniature bas-reliefs, but also a statue of Venus, in wax, "life size and coloured to nature," which was exhibited in Philadelphia at the Apollodorean Gallery from 1812 to 1815, when it was taken to Baltimore. It is curious to note that in the earlier days it was not considered derogatory to art for the craftsman to liberally advertise. Thus we find Miller, in 1815, announcing in the Philadelphia newspapers that he has "taken a shop directly opposite the new theatre, where he continues to model likenesses in wax, composition and in plaster of paris of any size." He concludes by "returning his most grateful acknowledgments to those ladies and gentlemen who seconded his efforts by their kind patronage and protection, without which he must have abandoned this branch of the fine arts or sought another clime to have exerted his abilities. Peace has opened a new field for his prospects, and he hopes through the fostering protection of a discerning public to succeed in his labors." Dunlap says, "from necessity he turned gold beater." So much for the state of the arts among us fourscore years ago. The bas-relief reproduced was originally the property of Zeligman Phillips, one of the founders of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in 1805, a prominent criminal lawyer, and a pronounced follower of Jefferson's school of politics. From him it descended to his son, the late Hon. Henry M. Phillips, of Philadelphia, who presented it to the American Philosophical Society, of which Jefferson was the third president. It is inscribed with the date and artist's name, in the handwriting of its original owner, Zeligman Phillips.



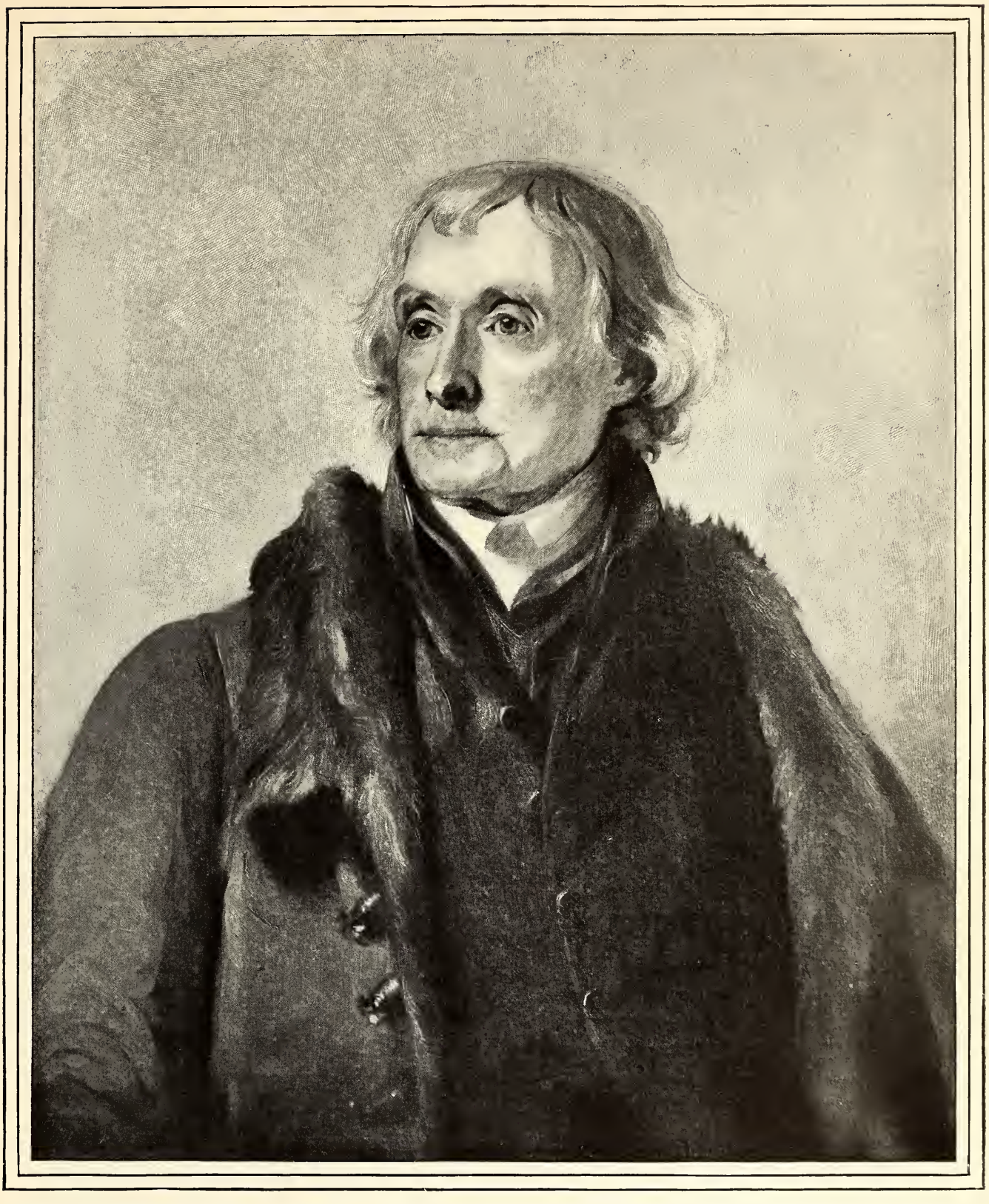
THOMAS JEFFERSON IN 1805. AGED 62. DRAWN BY ST. MÉMIN.

From the original crayon drawing by C. B. J. Févret de St. Mémin, now owned by Mr. John C. Bancroft of Boston. Size, 12 by 18 inches. St. Mémin's American itinerary was New York, 1793 to 1798; New Jersey, 1798; Philadelphia, 1798 to 1804; Baltimore, Annapolis, and Washington, 1804 to 1807; Virginia, 1808; South Carolina, 1809; New York, 1810; and thence back to France in 1814. He never made a stronger or more characteristic drawing than the profile of Jefferson here reproduced. It was for many years the treasured possession of the distinguished historian, George Bancroft, from whom it passed to his son, the present owner. St. Mémin made a drawing of Jefferson the previous year, which he engraved in his usual two-inch circle. But the present portrait was engraved in an oval, of which only one impression, besides those preserved in the two complete sets of St. Mémin's works, is known to exist, and it is in a small album, containing sixteen portraits, belonging to Mr. C. S. Bement of Philadelphia, which is inscribed, by St. Mémin: "Gagne-pain du exilé aux États Unis d'Amérique de 1793 a 1814. Dijon 1842. Le nombre des portraits de ce genre dessinés et gravés par M. de St. M. dans les principales villes des États Unis d'Amérique s'éléve a 760. Offert a Monsieur G. Peignot comme un faible hommage au sincère respectueux et tres affectueuse dévouement du dessinateur et graveur Févret de St. Mémin." Thus it will be seen we are indebted to this ingenious Frenchman, driven from his native land by the turmoils of the Revolution, for the preservation of the lineaments of a large number of our citizens. All were not persons of the highest consideration who sought the physiognotrace and graver of St. Mémin to hand down to posterity their counterfeit presentments; for St. Mémin's engraved portraits were the *carte de visite* photographs of the period. He furnished the original life-size crayon drawing on pink paper, with the small engraved plate and a dozen impressions of the portrait, for the sum of thirty-three dollars. But for the hand of St. Mémin we should be without portraits of many important personages, whose likenesses his art has alone preserved.



THOMAS JEFFERSON IN 1800. AGE 57. PAINTED BY GILBERT STUART.

From the original portrait painted by Gilbert Stuart, now owned by Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine. Canvas, 41 by 49 inches. The history of Stuart's portraits of Jefferson cannot be written in a brief note. There has been endless controversy as to how many times and when Jefferson sat to Stuart, and which pictures are the original portraits painted from life. The entire story is an interesting one, throwing strong side lights upon the characters of painter and subject. Suffice it to say that Stuart painted Jefferson's portrait from life three times. The first was painted in May, 1800, at Philadelphia, and the second and third in 1805, at Washington. The result of the first sitting is the elaborate and superb picture here reproduced. The second sitting gave the portrait that Jefferson finally obtained from the painter after much difficulty, in the summer of 1821 ; and the third sitting produced the profile *à la antique* spoken of in the introduction. Jefferson preferred the first picture, and for it he paid the painter $100. But it was no uncommon thing with Stuart to get pay for a picture that he never delivered, or did not deliver until he was paid for it a second time. Thus Stuart parted with the first portrait to the Hon. James Bowdoin, who subsequently bequeathed it to the college that bears his name. He then put Jefferson off with trifling excuses and prevarications until it is extremely doubtful if the portrait finally sent to Jefferson was even the original of the second sitting ; it is more probably a late replica. It is now at Edgehill, near Charlottesville, Virginia, the home of the Randolphs, where the writer saw it in September, 1897.



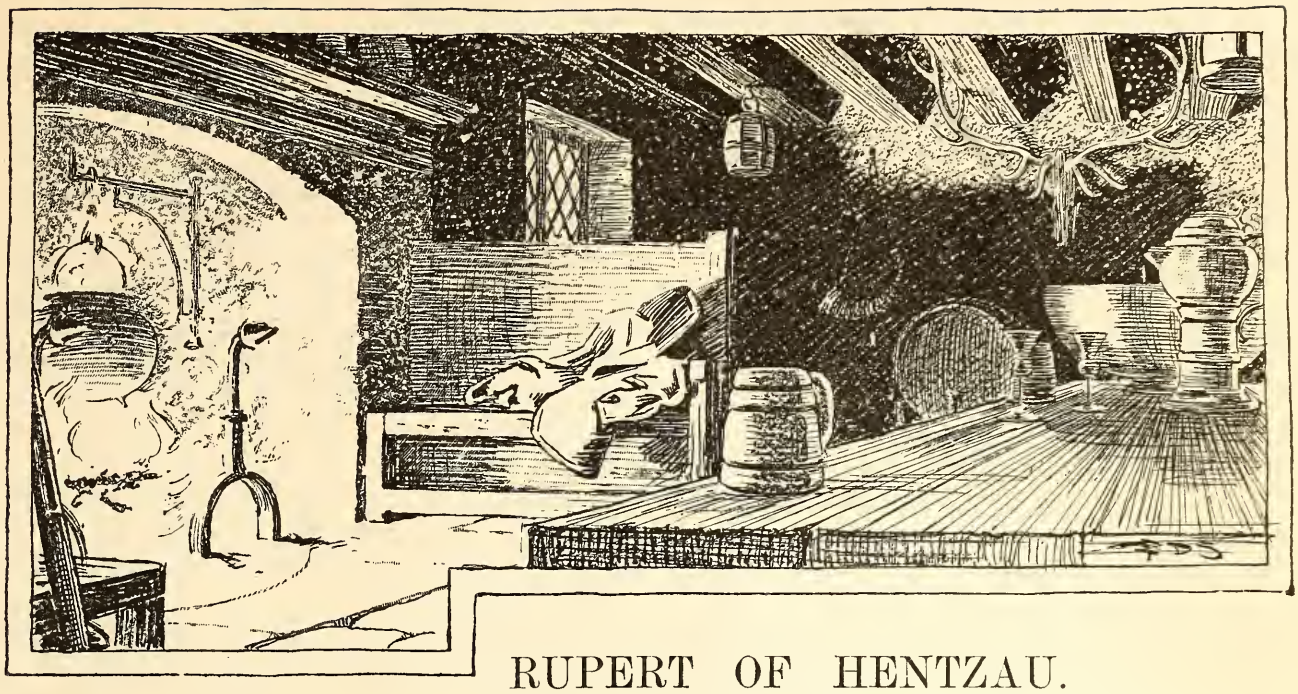
THOMAS JEFFERSON IN 1821. AGE 78. PAINTED BY THOMAS SULLY. THE LAST LIFE PORTRAIT OF JEFFERSON.

From the original portrait painted by Thomas Sully, now owned by the American Philosophical Society, at Philadelphia. Canvas, 25 by 30 inches. Thomas Sully was born in Horncastle, Lincolnshire, England, June 8, 1783, and died in Philadelphia November 5, 1872. He was brought to this country when a child, and having adopted art as his profession, settled in Philadelphia, where for many years he was a much respected citizen and the leading portrait painter in the community. Persons who are not familiar with Sully's early work, and know him only by his artificial, romantic portraits of women, have no idea how masterful a painter he was. A scrutiny of his portraits of George Frederic Cooke, as Richard III., painted in 1811, and of Senator James Ross, painted in 1814, both in the Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia, will well repay any one interested in the history and traditions of our home art. At the request of the professors of the United States Military Academy at West Point, Jefferson consented to sit to Sully for a portrait for that institution, and in March, 1821, the artist visited Monticello and painted the portrait here reproduced. From it he painted the whole-length picture now at West Point, for which he was paid $500. It is the last portrait of Jefferson painted from life, and is a good example of Sully's higher qualities as a painter. The canvas is endorsed by Sully, "From Jefferson 1821, completed 1830."

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON.

"What may you be thinking about, friend James?" See page 58.

"RUPERT OF HENTZAU," CHAPTER XV.



RUPERT OF HENTZAU.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF FRITZ VON TARLENHEIM.

By Anthony Hope.

Being the sequel to a story by the same writer entitled "The Prisoner of Zenda."

With full-page illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson.

INTRODUCTION AND SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Rudolf Rassendyll, as an act of friendship to Rudolf, King of Ruritania, his distant relative, takes advantage of a close resemblance between them and impersonates the king through a grave crisis in the latter's affairs. He even plays the king's part as the prospective husband of the Princess Flavia. But in so doing he loses his heart, while the princess suddenly discovers in her lover a fervor and fascination she had not found in him before. In the end, the princess dutifully marries the real king; but thereafter, once a year, she sends a gift and a verbal message to Rassendyll in token of her remembrance of him. This continues for three years. Then, under a passionate impulse, she sends with her yearly gift a letter. The bearer, Fritz von Tarlenheim, is betrayed by his servant Bauer, and assaulted and robbed of the letter by Rupert of Hentzau. The queen and her friends—Rassendyll, Von Tarlenheim, Colonel Sapt, and Lieutenant Bernenstein—now put forth all their power and ingenuity to recover the letter. Despite their precautions, Rupert gets to the king one night, when the latter is staying at a remote hunting-lodge. But before Rupert can give him the letter, or tell him of it, they fall into a quarrel, and the king is killed. Rupert flies. Sapt, Von Tarlenheim, and Rassendyll's servant, James, coming soon after to the lodge, learn what has happened from the king's attendant, Herbert, who himself soon dies of a wound received in the fight. Von Tarlenheim carries the news to the queen and Rassendyll, who are now at Strelsau, where Rassendyll is trying to get a meeting with Rupert, at Rupert's lodging, No. 19 Königstrasse, and force the letter from him. At Strelsau are also Bernenstein, the queen's adherent, and Rischenheim, the adherent of Rupert. In public, Rassendyll is everywhere taken for the king, and at present he dare not correct the mistake, though it causes difficult complications.

CHAPTER XV.

A PASTIME FOR COLONEL SAPT.

THE Constable of Zenda and James, Mr. Rassendyll's servant, sat at breakfast in the hunting-lodge. They were in the small room which was ordinarily used as the bedroom of the gentleman in attendance on the king: they chose it now because it commanded a view of the approach. The door of the house was securely fastened; they were prepared to refuse admission; in case refusal was impossible, the preparations for concealing the king's body and that of his huntsman Herbert were complete. Inquirers would be told that the king had ridden out with his huntsman at daybreak, promising to return in the evening but not stating where he was going; Sapt was under orders to await his return, and James was expecting instructions from his master the Count of Tarlenheim. Thus armed against discovery, they looked for news from me which should determine their future action.

Meanwhile there was an interval of enforced idleness. Sapt, his meal finished, puffed away at his great pipe; James, after much pressure, had consented to light a small black clay, and sat at his ease with

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his legs stretched before him. His brows were knit, and a curious half-smile played about his mouth.

"What may you be thinking about, friend James?" asked the constable between two puffs. He had taken a fancy to the alert, ready little fellow.

James smoked for a moment, and then took his pipe from his mouth.

"I was thinking, sir, that since the king is dead——" He paused.

"The king is no doubt dead, poor fellow," said Sapt, nodding.

"That since he's certainly dead, and since my master, Mr. Rassendyll, is alive——"

"So far as we know, James," Sapt reminded him.

"Why, yes, sir, so far as we know. Since, then, Mr. Rassendyll is alive and the king is dead, I was thinking that it was a great pity, sir, that my master can't take his place and be king." James looked across at the constable with an air of a man who offers a respectful suggestion.

"A remarkable thought, James," observed the constable with a grin.

"You don't agree with me, sir?" asked James deprecatingly.

"I don't say that it isn't a pity, for Rudolf makes a good king. But you see it's impossible, isn't it?"

James nursed his knee between his hands, and his pipe, which he had replaced, stuck out of one corner of his mouth.

"When you say impossible, sir," he remarked deferentially, "I venture to differ from you."

"You do? Come, we're at leisure. Let's hear how it would be possible."

"My master is in Strelsau, sir," began James.

"Well, most likely."

"I'm sure of it, sir. If he's been there, he will be taken for the king."

"That has happened before, and no doubt may happen again, unless——"

"Why, of course, sir, unless the king's body should be discovered."

"That's what I was about to say, James."

James kept silence for a few minutes. Then he observed,

"It will be very awkward to explain how the king was killed."

"The story will need good telling," admitted Sapt.

"And it will be difficult to make it appear that the king was killed in Strelsau; yet if my master should chance to be killed in Strelsau——"

"Heaven forbid, James! On all grounds, Heaven forbid!"

"Even if my master is not killed, it will be difficult for us to get the king killed at the right time, and by means that will seem plausible."

Sapt seemed to fall into the humour of the speculation.

"That's all very true. But if Mr. Rassendyll is to be king, it will be both awkward and difficult to dispose of the king's body and of this poor fellow Herbert," said he, sucking at his pipe.

Again James paused for a little while before he remarked:

"I am, of course, sir, only discussing the matter by way of passing the time. It would probably be wrong to carry any such plan into effect."

"It might be, but let us discuss it—to pass the time," said Sapt; and he leant forward, looking into the servant's quiet, shrewd face.

"Well, then, sir, since it amuses you, let us say that the king came to the lodge last night, and was joined there by his friend Mr. Rassendyll."

"And did I come too?"

"You, sir, came also, in attendance on the king."

"Well, and you, James? You came. How came you?"

"Why, sir, by the Count of Tarlenheim's orders, to wait on Mr. Rassendyll, the king's friend. Now, the king, sir . . . This is my story, you know, sir, only my story."

"Your story interests me. Go on with it."

"The king went out very early this morning, sir."

"That would be on private business?"

"So we should have understood. But Mr. Rassendyll, Herbert, and ourselves remained here."

"Had the Count of Hentzau been?"

"Not to our knowledge, sir. But we were all tired and slept very soundly."

"Now did we?" said the constable, with a grim smile.

"In fact, sir, we were all overcome with fatigue—Mr. Rassendyll like the rest—and full morning found us still in our beds. There we should be to this moment, sir, had we not been suddenly aroused in a startling and fearful manner."

"You should write story books, James. Now what was this fearful manner in which we were aroused?"

James laid down his pipe, and, resting his hands on his knees, continued his story.

"This lodge, sir, this wooden lodge—for the lodge is all of wood, sir, without and within."

"This lodge is undoubtedly of wood, James, and, as you say, both inside and out."

"And since it is, sir, it would be mighty careless to leave a candle burning where the oil and firewood are stored."

"Most criminal!"

"But hard words don't hurt dead men; and you see, sir, poor Herbert is dead."

"It is true. He wouldn't feel aggrieved."

"But we, sir, you and I, awaking——"

"Aren't the others to awake, James?"

"Indeed, sir, I should pray that they had never awaked. For you and I, waking first, would find the lodge a mass of flames. We should have to run for our lives."

"What! Should we make no effort to rouse the others?"

"Indeed, sir, we should do all that men could do; we should even risk death by suffocation."

"But we should fail, in spite of our heroism, should we?"

"Alas, sir, in spite of all our efforts we should fail. The flames would envelop the lodge in one blaze; before help could come, the lodge would be in ruins, and my unhappy master and poor Herbert would be consumed to ashes."

"Hum!"

"They would, at least, sir, be entirely unrecognizable."

"You think so?"

"Beyond doubt, if the oil and the firewood and the candle were placed to the best advantage."

"Ah, yes. And there would be an end of Rudolf Rassendyll?"

"Sir, I should myself carry the tidings to his family."

"Whereas the King of Ruritania——"

"Would enjoy a long and prosperous reign, God willing, sir."

"And the Queen of Ruritania, James?"

"Do not misunderstand me, sir. They could be secretly married. I should say re-married."

"Yes, certainly, re-married."

"By a trustworthy priest."

"You mean by an untrustworthy priest?"

"It's the same thing, sir, from a different point of view." For the first time James smiled a thoughtful smile.

Sapt in his turn laid down his pipe now, and was tugging at his moustache. There was a smile on his lips too, and his eyes looked hard into James's. The little man met his glance composedly.

"It's an ingenious fancy, this of yours, James," the constable remarked. "What, though, if your master's killed too? That's quite possible. Count Rupert's a man to be reckoned with."

"If my master is killed, sir, he must be buried," answered James.

"In Strelsau?" came in quick question from Sapt.

"He won't mind where, sir."

"True, he won't mind, and we needn't mind for him."

"Why, no, sir. But to carry a body secretly from here to Strelsau——"

"Yes, that is, as we agreed at the first, difficult. Well, it's a pretty story, but—your master wouldn't approve of it. Supposing he were not killed, I mean."

"It's waste of time, sir, disapproving of what's done: he might think the story better than the truth, although it's not a good story."

The two men's eyes met again in a long glance.

"Where do you come from?" asked Sapt, suddenly.

"London, sir, originally."

"They make good stories there?"

"Yes, sir, and act them sometimes."

The instant he had spoken, James sprang to his feet and pointed out of the window.

A man on horseback was cantering towards the lodge. Exchanging one quick look, both hastened to the door, and, advancing some twenty yards, waited under the tree on the spot where Boris lay buried.

"By the way," said Sapt, "you forgot the dog." And he pointed to the ground.

"The affectionate beast will be in his master's room and die there, sir."

"Eh, but he must rise again first!"

"Certainly, sir. That won't be a long matter."

Sapt was still smiling in grim amusement when the messenger came up and, leaning from his horse, handed him a telegram.

"Special and urgent, sir," said he.

Sapt tore it open and read. It was the message that I sent in obedience to Mr. Rassendyll's orders. He would not trust my cipher, but, indeed, none was necessary. Sapt would understand the message, although it said simply, "The king is in Strelsau. Wait orders at the lodge. Business here in progress, but not finished. Will wire again."

Sapt handed it to James, who took it with a respectful little bow. James read it with attention, and returned it with another bow.

"I'll attend to what it says, sir," he remarked.

"Yes," said Sapt. "Thanks, my man," he added to the messenger. "Here's a crown for you. If any other message comes for me and you bring it in good time, you shall have another."

"You shall have it quick as a horse can bring it from the station, sir."

"The king's business won't bear delay, you know," nodded Sapt.

"You shan't have to wait, sir," and, with a parting salute, the fellow turned his horse and trotted away.

"You see," remarked Sapt, "that your story is quite imaginary. For that fellow can see for himself that the lodge was not burnt down last night."

"That's true; but, excuse me, sir——"

"Pray go on, James. I've told you that I'm interested."

"He can't see that it won't be burnt down to-night. A fire, sir, is a thing that may happen any night."

Then old Sapt suddenly burst into a roar, half-speech, half-laughter.

"By God, what a thing!" he roared; and James smiled complacently.

"There's a fate about it," said the constable. "There's a strange fate about it. The man was born to it. We'd have done it before if Michael had throttled the king in that cellar, as I thought he would. Yes, by heavens, we'd have done it! Why, we wanted it! God forgive us, in our hearts both Fritz and I wanted it. But Rudolf would have the king out. He would have him out, though he lost a throne—and what he wanted more—by it. But he would have him out. So he thwarted the fate. But it's not to be thwarted. Young Rupert may think this new affair is his doing. No, it's the fate using him. The fate brought Rudolf here again, the fate will have him king. Well, you stare at me. Do you think I'm mad, Mr. Valet?"

"I think, sir, that you talk very good sense, if I may say so," answered James.

"Sense?" echoed Sapt with a chuckle. "I don't know about that. But the fate's there, depend on it!"

The two were back in their little room now, past the door that hid the bodies of the king and his huntsman. James stood by the table, old Sapt roamed up and down, tugging his moustache, and now and again sawing the air with his sturdy hairy hand.

"I daren't do it," he muttered: "I daren't do it. It's a thing a man can't set his hand to of his own will. But the fate'll do it—the fate'll do it. The fate'll force it on us."

"Then we'd best be ready, sir," suggested James quietly.

Sapt turned on him quickly, almost fiercely.

"They used to call me a cool hand," said he. "By Jove, what are you?"

"There's no harm in being ready, sir," said James, the servant.

Sapt came to him and caught hold of his shoulders.

"Ready?" he asked in a gruff whisper.

"The oil, the firewood, the light," said James.

"Where, man, where? Do you mean, by the bodies?"

"Not where the bodies are now. Each must be in the proper place."

"We must move them then?"

"Why, yes. And the dog too."

Sapt almost glared at him; then he burst into a laugh.

"So be it," he said. "You take command. Yes, we'll be ready. The fate drives."

Then and there they set about what they had to do. It seemed indeed as though some strange influence were dominating Sapt; he went about the work like a man who is hardly awake. They placed the bodies each where the living man would be by night—the king in the guest-room, the huntsman in the sort of cupboard where the honest fellow had been wont to lie. They dug up the buried dog, Sapt chuckling convulsively, James grave as the mute whose grim doings he seemed to travesty: they carried the shot-pierced, earth-grimed thing in, and laid it in the king's room. Then they made their piles of wood, pouring the store of oil over them, and setting bottles of spirit near, that the flames having cracked the bottles, might gain fresh fuel. To Sapt it seemed now as if they played some foolish game that was to end with the playing, now as if they obeyed some mysterious power which kept its great purpose hidden from its instruments. Mr. Rassendyll's servant moved and arranged and ordered all as deftly as he folded his master's clothes or stropped his master's razor. Old Sapt stopped him once as he went by.

"Don't think me a mad fool, because

I talk of the fate," he said, almost anxiously.

"Not I, sir," answered James, "I know nothing of that. But I like to be ready."

"It would be a thing!" muttered Sapt.

The mockery, real or assumed, in which they had begun their work, had vanished now. If they were not serious, they played at seriousness. If they entertained no intention such as their acts seemed to indicate, they could no longer deny that they had cherished a hope. They shrank, or at least Sapt shrank, from setting such a ball rolling; but they longed for the fate that would give it a kick, and they made smooth the incline down which it, when thus impelled, was to run. When they had finished their task and sat down again opposite to one another in the little front room, the whole scheme was ready, the preparations were made, all was in train; they waited only for that impulse from chance or fate which was to turn the servant's story into reality and action. And when the thing was done, Sapt's coolness, so rarely upset, yet so completely beaten by the force of that wild idea, came back to him. He lit his pipe again and lay back in his chair, puffing freely, with a meditative look on his face.

"It's two o'clock, sir," said James. "Something should have happened before now in Strelsau."

"Ah, but what?" asked the constable.

Suddenly breaking on their ears came a loud knock at the door. Absorbed in their own thoughts, they had not noticed two men riding up to the lodge. The visitors wore the green and gold of the king's huntsmen; the one who had knocked was Simon, the chief huntsman, and brother of Herbert, who lay dead in the little room inside.

"Rather dangerous!" muttered the Constable of Zenda as he hurried to the door, James following him.

Simon was astonished when Sapt opened the door.

"Beg pardon, Constable, but I want to see Herbert. Can I go in?" And he jumped down from his horse, throwing the reins to his companion.

"What's the good of your going in?" asked Sapt. "Herbert's not here."

"Not here? Then where is he?"

"Why, he went with the king this morning."

"Oh, he went with the king, sir? Then he's in Strelsau, I suppose?"

"If you know that, Simon, you're wiser than I am."

"But the king is in Strelsau, sir."

"The deuce he is! He said nothing of going to Strelsau. He rose early and rode off with Herbert, merely saying they would be back to-night."

"He went to Streslau, sir. I am just from Zenda, and his Majesty is known to have been in town with the queen. They were both at Count Fritz's."

"I'm much interested to hear it. But didn't the telegram say where Herbert was?"

Simon laughed.

"Herbert's not a king, you see," he said. "Well, I'll come again to-morrow morning, for I must see him soon. He'll be back by then, sir?"

"Yes, Simon, your brother will be here to-morrow morning."

"Or what's left of him after such a two-days of work," suggested Simon jocularly.

"Why, yes, precisely," said Sapt, biting his moustache and darting one swift glance at James. "Or what's left of him, as you say."

"And I'll bring a cart and carry the boar down to the castle at the same time, sir. At least, I suppose you haven't eaten it all?"

Sapt laughed; Simon was gratified at the tribute, and laughed even more heartily himself.

"We haven't even cooked it yet," said Sapt, "but I won't answer for it that we shan't have by to-morrow."

"All right, sir; I'll be here. By the way, there's another bit of news come on the wires. They say Count Rupert of Hentzau has been seen in the city."

"Rupert of Hentzau? Oh, pooh! Nonsense, my good Simon. He daren't show his face there for his life."

"Ah, but it may be no nonsense. Perhaps that's what took the king to Strelsau."

"It's enough to take him if it's true," admitted Sapt.

"Well, good day, sir."

"Good day, Simon."

The two huntsmen rode off. James watched them for a little while.

"The king," he said then, "is known to be in Strelsau; and now Count Rupert is known to be in Strelsau. How is Count Rupert to have killed the king here in the forest of Zenda, sir?"

Sapt looked at him almost apprehensively.

"How is the king's body to come to the forest of Zenda?" asked James. "Or how is the king's body to go to the city of Strelsau?"

"Stop your damned riddles!" roared Sapt. "Man, are you bent on driving me into it?"

The servant came near to him, and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"You went into as great a thing once before, sir," said he.

"It was to save the king."

"And this is to save the queen and yourself. For if we don't do it, the truth about my master must be known."

Sapt made him no answer. They sat down again in silence. There they sat, sometimes smoking, never speaking, while the tedious afternoon wore away, and the shadows from the trees of the forest lengthened. They did not think of eating or drinking; they did not move, save when James rose and lit a little fire of brushwood in the grate. It grew dusk, and again James moved to light the lamp. It was hard on six o'clock, and still no news came from Strelsau.

Then there was the sound of a horse's hoofs. The two rushed to the door, beyond it, and far along the grassy road that gave approach to the hunting-lodge. They forgot to guard the secret, and the door gaped open behind them. Sapt ran as he had not run for many a day, and outstripped his companion. There was a message from Strelsau!

The constable, without a word of greeting, snatched the envelope from the hand of the messenger and tore it open. He read it hastily, muttering under his breath "Good God!" Then he turned suddenly round and began to walk quickly back to James, who, seeing himself beaten in the race, had dropped to a walk. But the messenger had his cares as well as the constable. If the constable's thoughts were on a crown, so were his. He called out in indignant protest:

"I have never drawn rein since Hofbau, sir. Am I not to have my crown?"

Sapt stopped, turned, and retraced his steps. He took a crown from his pocket. As he looked up in giving it, there was a queer smile on his broad, weather-beaten face.

"Aye," he said, "every man that deserves a crown shall have one, if I can give it him."

Then he turned again to James, who had now come up, and laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Come along, my king-maker," said he.

James looked in his face for a moment. The constable's eyes met his; and the constable nodded.

So they turned to the lodge where the dead king and his huntsman lay. Verily the fate drove.

CHAPTER XVI.

A CROWD IN THE KÖNIGSTRASSE.

THE project that had taken shape in the thoughts of Mr. Rassendyll's servant, and had inflamed Sapt's daring mind as the dropping of a spark kindles dry shavings, had suggested itself vaguely to more than one of us in Strelsau. We did not indeed coolly face and plan it, as the little servant had, nor seize on it at once with an eagerness to be convinced of its necessity, like the Constable of Zenda; but it was there in my mind, sometimes figuring as a dread, sometimes as a hope, now seeming the one thing to be avoided, again the only resource against a more disastrous issue. I knew that it was in Bernenstein's thoughts no less that in my own; for neither of us had been able to form any reasonable scheme by which the living king, whom half Strelsau now knew to be in the city, could be spirited away, and the dead king set in his place. The change could take place, as it seemed, only in one way and at one cost: the truth, or the better part of it, must be told, and every tongue set wagging with gossip and guesses concerning Rudolf Rassendyll and his relations with the queen. Who that knows what men and women are would not have shrank from that alternative? To adopt it was to expose the queen to all or nearly all the peril she had run by the loss of the letter. We indeed assumed, influenced by Rudolf's unhesitating self-confidence, that the letter would be won back, and the mouth of Rupert of Hentzau shut; but enough would remain to furnish material for eager talk and for conjectures unrestrained by respect or charity. Therefore, alive as we were to its difficulties and its unending risks, we yet conceived of the thing as possible, had it in our hearts, and hinted it to one another—my wife to me, I to Bernenstein, and he to me—in quick glances and half-uttered sentences that declared its presence while shunning the open confession of it. For the queen herself I cannot speak. Her thoughts, as I judged them, were bounded by the longing to see Mr. Rassendyll again, and dwelt on the visit that he promised as the horizon of hope. To Rudolf we had dared to disclose nothing of the part our imaginations set him to play: if he were

to accept it, the acceptance would be of his own act, because the fate that old Sapt talked of drove him, and on no persuasion of ours. As he had said, he left the rest, and had centered all his efforts on the immediate task which fell to his hand to perform, the task that was to be accomplished at the dingy old house in the Königstrasse. We were indeed awake to the fact that even Rupert's death would not make the secret safe. Rischenheim, although for the moment a prisoner and helpless, was alive and could not be mewed up for ever; Bauer was we knew not where, free to act and free to talk. Yet in our hearts we feared none but Rupert, and the doubt was not whether we could do the thing so much as whether we should. For in moments of excitement and intense feeling a man makes light of obstacles which look large enough as he turns reflective eyes on them in the quiet of after days.

A message in the king's name had persuaded the best part of the idle crowd to disperse reluctantly. Rudolf himself had entered one of my carriages and driven off. He started not towards the Königstrasse, but in the opposite direction: I supposed that he meant to approach his destination by a circuitous way, hoping to gain it without attracting notice. The queen's carriage was still before my door, for it had been arranged that she was to proceed to the palace and there await tidings. My wife and I were to accompany her; and I went to her now, where she sat alone, and asked if it were her pleasure to start at once. I found her thoughtful but calm. She listened to me; then, rising, she said, "Yes, I will go." But then she asked suddenly, "Where is the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim?"

I told her how Bernenstein kept guard over the count in the room at the back of the house. She seemed to consider for a moment, then she said:

"I will see him. Go and bring him to me. You must be here while I talk to him, but nobody else."

I did not know what she intended, but I saw no reason to oppose her wishes, and I was glad to find for her any means of employing this time of suspense. I obeyed her commands and brought Rischenheim to her. He followed me slowly and reluctantly; his unstable mind had again jumped from rashness to despondency: he was pale and uneasy, and, when he found himself in her presence, the bravado of his bearing, maintained before Bernenstein, gave place to a shamefaced sullenness. He could not meet the grave eyes that she fixed on him.

I withdrew to the farther end of the room; but it was small, and I heard all that passed. I had my revolver ready to cover Rischenheim in case he should be moved to make a dash for liberty. But he was past that: Rupert's presence was a tonic that nerved him to effort and to confidence, but the force of the last dose was gone and the man was sunk again to his natural irresolution.

"My lord," she began gently, motioning him to sit, "I have desired to speak with you, because I do not wish a gentleman of your rank to think too much evil of his queen. Heaven has willed that my secret should be to you no secret, and therefore I may speak plainly. You may say my own shame should silence me; I speak to lessen my shame in your eyes, if I can."

Rischenheim looked up with a dull gaze, not understanding her mood. He had expected reproaches, and met low-voiced apology.

"And yet," she went on, "it is because of me that the king lies dead now; and a faithful humble fellow also, caught in the net of my unhappy fortunes, has given his life for me, though he didn't know it. Even while we speak, it may be that a gentleman, not too old yet to learn nobility, may be killed in my quarrel; while another, whom I alone of all that know him may not praise, carries his life lightly in his hand for me. And to you, my lord, I have done the wrong of dressing a harsh deed in some cloak of excuse, making you seem to serve the king in working my punishment."

Rischenheim's eyes fell to the ground, and he twisted his hands nervously in and out, the one about the other. I took my hand from my revolver: he would not move now.

"I don't know," she went on, now almost dreamily, and as though she spoke more to herself than to him, or had even forgotten his presence, "what end in Heaven's counsel my great unhappiness has served. Perhaps I, who have place above most women, must also be tried above most; and in that trial I have failed. Yet, when I weigh my misery and my temptation, to my human eyes it seems that I have not failed greatly. My heart is not yet humbled, God's work not yet done. But the guilt of blood is on my soul —even the face of my dear love I can see now only through its scarlet mist; so that if what seemed my perfect joy were now granted me, it would come spoilt and stained and blotched!"

She paused, fixing her eyes on him again; but he neither spoke nor moved.

"You knew my sin," she said, "the sin so great in my heart; and you knew how little my acts yielded to it. Did you think, my lord, that the sin had no punishment, that you took it in hand to add shame to my suffering? Was Heaven so kind that men must temper its indulgence by their severity? Yet I know that because I was wrong, you, being wrong, might seem to yourself not wrong, and in aiding your kinsman might plead that you served the king's honour. Thus, my lord, I was the cause in you of a deed that your heart could not welcome nor your honour praise. I thank God that you have come to no more hurt by it."

Rischenheim began to mutter in a low thick voice, his eyes still cast down: "Rupert persuaded me. He said the king would be very grateful, and—would give me—" His voice died away, and he sat silent again, twisting his hands.

"I know—I know," she said. "But you wouldn't have listened to such persuasions if my fault hadn't blinded your eyes."

She turned suddenly to me, who had been standing all the while aloof, and stretched out her hands towards me, her eyes filled with tears.

"Yet," said she, "your wife knows, and still loves me, Fritz."

"She should be no wife of mine, if she didn't," I cried. "For I and all of mine ask no better than to die for your Majesty."

"She knows, and yet she loves me," repeated the queen. I loved to see that she seemed to find comfort in Helga's love. It is women to whom women turn, and women whom women fear. "But Helga writes no letters," said the queen.

"Why, no," said I, and I smiled a grim smile. Well, Rudolf Rassendyll had never wooed my wife.

She rose, saying: "Come, let us go to the palace."

As she rose, Rischenheim made a quick impulsive step towards her.

"Well, my lord," said she, turning towards him, "will you also go with me?"

"Lieutenant von Bernenstein will take care——" I began. But I stopped. The slightest gesture of her hand silenced me.

"Will you go with me?" she asked Rischenheim again.

"Madame," he stammered, "Madame——"

She waited. I waited also, although I had no great patience with him. Suddenly he fell on his knee, but he did not venture to take her hand. Of her own accord she came and stretched it out to him, saying sadly: "Ah, that by forgiving I could win forgiveness!"

Rischenheim caught at her hand and kissed it.

"It was not I," I heard him mutter. "Rupert set me on, and I couldn't stand out against him."

"Will you go with me to the palace?" she asked, drawing her hand away, but smiling.

"The Count of Luzau-Rischenheim," I made bold to observe, "knows some things that most people do not know, madame."

She turned on me with dignity, almost with displeasure.

"The Count of Luzau-Rischenheim may be trusted to be silent," she said. "We ask him to do nothing against his cousin. We ask only his silence."

"Aye," said I, braving her anger, "but what security shall we have?"

"His word of honor, my lord." I knew that a rebuke to my presumption lay in her calling me "my lord," for, save on formal occasions, she always used to call me Fritz.

"His word of honor!" I grumbled. "In truth, madame——"

"He's right," said Rischenheim; "he's right."

"No, he's wrong," said the queen, smiling. "The count will keep his word, given to me."

Rischenheim looked at her and seemed about to address her, but then he turned to me, and said in a low tone:

"By heaven, I will, Tarlenheim. I'll serve her in everything."

"My lord," said she most graciously, and yet very sadly, "you lighten the burden on me no less by your help than because I no longer feel your honour stained through me. Come, we will go to the palace." And she went to him, saying, "We will go together."

There was nothing for it but to trust him. I knew that I could not turn her.

"Then I'll see if the carriage is ready," said I.

"Yes, do, Fritz," said the queen. But as I passed she stopped me for a moment, saying in a whisper, "Show that you trust him."

I went and held out my hand to him. He took and pressed it.

"On my honor," he said.

Then I went out and found Bernenstein

sitting on a bench in the hall. The lieutenant was a diligent and watchful young man; he appeared to be examining his revolver with sedulous care.

"You can put that away," said I rather peevishly—I had not fancied shaking hands with Rischenheim. "He's not a prisoner any longer. He's one of us now."

"The deuce he is!" cried Bernenstein, springing to his feet.

I told him briefly what had happened, and how the queen had won Rupert's instrument to be her servant.

"I suppose he'll stick to it," I ended; and I thought he would, though I was not eager for his help.

A light gleamed in Bernenstein's eyes, and I felt a tremble in the hand that he laid on my shoulder.

"Then there's only Bauer now," he whispered. "If Rischenheim's with us, only Bauer!"

I knew very well what he meant. With Rischenheim silent, Bauer was the only man, save Rupert himself, who knew the truth, the only man who threatened that great scheme which more and more filled our thoughts and grew upon us with an increasing force of attraction as every obstacle to it seemed to be cleared out of the way. But I would not look at Bernenstein, fearing to acknowledge even with my eyes how my mind jumped with his. He was bolder, or less scrupulous—which you will.

"Yes, if we can shut Bauer's mouth——" he went on.

"The queen's waiting for the carriage," I interrupted snappishly.

"Ah, yes, of course, the carriage," and he twisted me round till I was forced to look him in the face. Then he smiled, and even laughed a little. "Only Bauer now!" said he.

"And Rupert," I remarked sourly.

"Oh, Rupert's dead bones by now," he chuckled, and with that he went out of the hall door and announced the queen's approach to her servants. It must be said for young Bernenstein that he was a cheerful fellow-conspirator. His equanimity almost matched Rudolf's own; I could not rival it myself.

I drove to the palace with the queen and my wife, the other two following in a second carriage. I do not know what they said to one another on the way, but Bernenstein was civil enough to his companion when I rejoined them. With us my wife was the principal speaker: she filled up, from what Rudolf had told her, the gaps in our knowledge of how he had spent his night in Strelsau, and by the time we arrived we were fully informed in every detail. The queen said little. The impulse which had dictated her appeal to Rischenheim and carried her through it seemed to have died away; she had become again subject to fears and apprehension. I saw her uneasiness when she suddenly put out her hand and touched mine, whispering:

"He must be at the house by now."

Our way did not lie by the house, and we came to the palace without any news of our absent chief (so I call him—as such we all, from the queen herself, then regarded him). She did not speak of him again; but her eyes seemed to follow me about as though she were silently asking some service of me; what it was I could not understand. Bernenstein had disappeared, and the repentant count with him: knowing they were together, I was in no uneasiness; Bernenstein would see that his companion contrived no treachery. But I was puzzled by the queen's tacit appeal. And I was myself on fire for news from the Königstrasse. It was now two hours since Rudolf Rassendyll had left us, and no word had come of him or from him. At last I could bear it no longer. The queen was sitting with her hand in my wife's; I had been seated on the other side of the room, for I thought that they might wish to talk to one another; yet I had not seen them exchange a word. I rose abruptly and crossed the room to where they were.

"Have you need of my presence, madame, or have I your permission to be away for a time?" I asked.

"Where do you wish to go, Fritz?" the queen asked with a little start, as though I had come suddenly across her thoughts.

"To the Königstrasse," said I.

To my surprise she rose and caught my hand.

"God bless you, Fritz!" she cried. "I don't think I could have endured it longer. But I wouldn't ask you to go. But go, my dear friend, go and bring me news of him. Oh, Fritz, I seem to dream that dream again!"

My wife looked up at me with a brave smile and a trembling lip.

"Shall you go into the house, Fritz?" she asked.

"Not unless I see need, sweetheart," said I.

She came and kissed me. "Go, if you are

wanted," she said. And she tried to smile at the queen, as though she risked me willingly.

"I could have been such a wife, Fritz," whispered the queen. "Yes, I could."

I had nothing to say; at the moment I might not have been able to say it if I had. There is something in the helpless courage of women that makes me feel soft. We can work and fight; they sit and wait. Yet they do not flinch. Now I know that if I had to sit and think about the thing I should turn cur.

Well, I went, leaving them there together. I put on plain clothes instead of my uniform, and dropped my revolver into the pocket of my coat. Thus prepared, I slipped out and made my way on foot to the Königstrasse.

It was now midday. Many folks were at their dinner and the streets were not full. Two or three people recognized me, but I passed by almost unnoticed. There was no sign of stir or excitement, and the flags still floated high in the wind. Sapt had kept his secret; the men of Strelsau thought still that their king lived and was among them. I feared that Rudolf's coming would have been seen, and expected to find a crowd of people near the house. But when I reached it there were no more than ten or a dozen idle fellows lounging about. I began to stroll up and down with as careless an air as I could assume.

Soon, however, there was a change. The workmen and business folk, their meal finished, began to come out of their houses and from the restaurants. The loafers before No. 19 spoke to many of them. Some said, "Indeed!" shook their heads, smiled and passed on: they had no time to waste in staring at the king. But many waited; lighting their cigars or cigarettes or pipes, they stood gossiping with one another, looking at their watches now and again, lest they should overstay their leisure. Thus the assembly grew to the number of a couple of hundred. I ceased my walk, for the pavement was too crowded, and hung on the outskirts of the throng. As I loitered there, a cigar in my mouth, I felt a hand on my shoulder. Turning round, I saw the lieutenant. He was in uniform. By his side was Rischenheim.

"You're here too, are you?" said I. "Well, nothing seems to be happening, does it?"

For No. 19 showed no sign of life. The shutters were up, the door closed; the little shop was not open for business that day.

Bernenstein shook his head with a smile. His companion took no heed of my remark; he was evidently in a state of great agitation, and his eyes never left the door of the house. I was about to address him, when my attention was abruptly and completely diverted by a glimpse of a head, caught across the shoulders of the bystanders.

The fellow whom I saw wore a brown wide-awake hat. The hat was pulled down low over his forehead, but nevertheless beneath its rim there appeared a white bandage running round his head. I could not see the face, but the bullet-shaped skull was very familiar to me. I was sure from the first moment that the bandaged man was Bauer. Saying nothing to Bernenstein, I began to steal round outside the crowd. As I went, I heard somebody saying that it was all nonsense; the king was not there: what should the king do in such a house? The answer was a reference to one of the first loungers; he replied that he did not know what the devil the king did there, but that the king or his double had certainly gone in, and had as certainly not yet come out again. I wished I could have made myself known to them and persuaded them to go away; but my presence would have outweighed my declarations, and been taken as a sure sign that the king was in the house. So I kept on the outskirts and worked my way unobstrusively towards the bandaged head. Evidently Bauer's hurt had not been so serious as to prevent him leaving the infirmary to which the police had carried him: he was come now to await, even as I was awaiting, the issue of Rudolf's visit to the house in the Königstrasse.

He had not seen me, for he was looking at No. 19 as intently as Rischenheim. Apparently neither had caught sight of the other, or Rischenheim would have shown some embarrassment, Bauer some excitement. I wormed my way quickly towards my former servant. My mind was full of the idea of getting hold of him. I could not forget Bernenstein's remark, "Only Bauer now!" If I could secure Bauer we were safe. Safe in what? I did not answer to myself, but the old idea was working in me. Safe in our secret and safe in our plan—in the plan on which we all, we here in the city, and those two at the hunting-lodge, had set our minds! Bauer's death, Bauer's capture, Bauer's silence, however procured, would clear the greatest hindrance from its way.

Bauer stared intently at the house; I crept cautiously up behind him. His arm was in his trousers' pocket; where the curve of the

elbow came there was a space between arm and body. I slipped in my left arm and hooked it firmly inside his. He turned round and saw me.

"Thus we meet again, Bauer," said I.

He was for a moment flabbergasted, and stared stupidly at me.

"Are you also hoping to see the king?" I asked.

He began to recover himself. A slow, cunning smile spread over his face.

"The king?" he asked.

"Well, he's in Strelsau, isn't he? Who gave you the wound on your head?"

Bauer moved his arm as though he meant to withdraw it from my grasp. He found himself tightly held.

"Where's that bag of mine?" I asked.

I do not know what he would have answered, for at this instant there came a sound from behind the closed door of the house. It was as if some one ran rapidly and eagerly towards the door. Then came an oath in a shrill voice, a woman's voice, but harsh and rough. It was answered by an angry cry in a girl's intonation. Full of eagerness, I drew my arm from Bauer's and sprang forward. I heard a chuckle from him and turned round, to see his bandaged head retreating rapidly down the street. I had no time to look to him, for now I saw two men, shoulder to shoulder, making their way through the crowd, regardless of any one in their way, and paying no attention to abuse or remonstrances. They were the lieutenant and Rischenheim. Without a moment's hesitation I set myself to push and battle a way through, thinking to join them in front. On they went, and on I went. All gave place before us in surly reluctance or frightened willingness. We three were together in the first rank of the crowd when the door of the house was flung open, and a girl ran out. Her hair was disordered, her face pale, and her eyes full of alarm. There she stood on the doorstep, facing the crowd, which in an instant grew as if by magic to three times its former size, and, little knowing what she did, she cried in the eager accents of sheer terror.

"Help, help! The king! The king!"

CHAPTER XVII.

YOUNG RUPERT AND THE PLAY-ACTOR.

THERE rises often before my mind the picture of young Rupert, standing where Rischenheim left him, awaiting the return of his messenger and watching for some sign that should declare to Strelsau the death of its king which his own hand had wrought. His image is one that memory holds clear and distinct, though time may blur the shape of greater and better men, and the position in which he was that morning gives play enough to the imagination. Save for Rischenheim, a broken reed, and Bauer, who was gone, none knew where, he stood alone against a kingdom which he had robbed of its head, and a band of resolute men who would know no rest and no security so long as he lived. For protection he had only a quick brain, his courage, and his secret. Yet he could not fly—he was without resources till his cousin furnished them—and at any moment his opponents might find themselves able to declare the king's death and raise the city in hue and cry after him. Such men do not repent; but it may be that he regretted the enterprise which had led him on so far and forced on him a deed so momentous; yet to those who knew him it seems more likely that the smile broadened on his firm full lips as he looked down on the unconscious city. Well, I daresay he would have been too much for me, but I wish I had been the man to find him there. He would not have had it so; for I believe that he asked no better than to cross swords again with Rudolf Rassendyll and set his fortunes on the issue.

Down below, the old woman was cooking a stew for her dinner, now and then grumbling to herself that the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim was so long away, and Bauer, the rascal, drunk in some pothouse. The kitchen door stood open, and through it could be seen the girl Rosa, busily scrubbing the tiled floor; her color was high and her eyes bright; from time to time she paused in her task, and, raising her head, seemed to listen. The time at which the king needed her was past, but the king had not come. How little the old woman knew for whom she listened! All her talk had been of Bauer—why Bauer did not come and what could have befallen him. It was grand to hold the king's secret for him, and she would hold it with her life; for he had been kind and gracious to her, and he was her man of all the men in Strelsau. Bauer was a stumpy fellow; the Count of Hentzau was handsome, handsome as the devil; but the king was her man. And the king had trusted her; she would die before hurt should come to him.

There were wheels in the street—quick-

rolling wheels. They seemed to stop a few doors away, then to roll on again past the house.. The girl's head was raised; the old woman, engrossed in her stewing, took no heed. The girl's straining ear caught a rapid step outside. Then it came—the knock, the sharp knock followed by five light ones. The old woman heard now: dropping her spoon into the pot, she lifted the mess off the fire and turned round, saying: "There's the rogue at last! Open the door for him, Rosa."

Before she spoke Rosa had darted down the passage. The door opened and shut again. The old woman waddled to the threshold of the kitchen. The passage and the shop were dark behind the closed shutters, but the figure by the girl's side was taller than Bauer's.

"Who's there?" cried Mother Holf sharply. "The shop's shut to-day: you can't come in."

"But I am in," came the answer, and Rudolf stepped towards her. The girl followed a pace behind, her hands clasped and her eyes alight with excitement. "Don't you know me?" asked Rudolf, standing opposite the old woman and smiling down on her.

There, in the dim light of the low-roofed passage, Mother Holf was fairly puzzled. She knew the story of Mr. Rassendyll; she knew that he was again in Ruritania, it was no surprise to her that he should be in Strelsau; but she did not know that Rupert had killed the king, and she had not seen the king close at hand since his illness and his beard impaired what had been a perfect likeness. In fine, she could not tell whether it were indeed the king who spoke to her or his counterpart.

"Who are you?" she asked, curt and blunt in her confusion.

The girl broke in with an amused laugh.

"Why, it's the——" She paused. Perhaps the king's identity was a secret.

Rudolf nodded to her. "Tell her who I am," said he.

"Why, mother, it's the king," whispered Rosa, laughing and blushing. "The king, mother."

"Aye, if the king's alive, I'm the king," said Rudolf. I suppose he wanted to find out how much the old woman knew.

She made no answer, but stared up at his face. In her bewilderment she forgot to ask how he had learnt the signal that gained him admission.

"I've come to see the Count of Hentzau," Rudolf continued. "Take me to him at once."

The old woman was across his path in a moment, all defiant, arms akimbo.

"Nobody can see the count. He's not here," she blurted out.

"What, can't the king see him? Not even the king?"

"King!" she cried, peering at him. "Are you the king?"

Rosa burst out laughing.

"Mother, you must have seen the king a hundred times," she laughed.

"The king, or his ghost—what does it matter?" said Rudolf lightly.

The old woman drew back with an appearance of sudden alarm.

"His ghost? Is he——?"

"His ghost!" rang out in the girl's merry laugh. "Why, here's the king himself, mother. You don't look much like a ghost, sir."

Mother Holf's face was livid now, and her eyes staring fixedly. Perhaps it shot into her brain that something had happened to the king, and that this man had come because of it—this man who was indeed the image, and might have been the spirit, of the king. She leant against the door post, her broad bosom heaving under her scanty stuff gown. Yet still—was it not the king?

"God help us!" she muttered in fear and bewilderment.

"He helps us, never fear," said Rudolf Rassendyll. "Where is Count Rupert?"

The girl had caught alarm from her mother's agitation.

"He's upstairs in the attic at the top of the house, sir," she whispered in frightened tones, with a glance that fled from her mother's terrified face to Rudolf's set eyes and steady smile.

What she said was enough for him. He slipped by the old woman and began to mount the stairs.

The two watched him, Mother Holf as though fascinated, the girl alarmed but still triumphant: she had done what the king bade her. Rudolf turned the corner of the first landing and disappeared from their sight. The old woman, swearing and muttering, stumbled back into her kitchen, set her stew on the fire, and began to stir it, her eyes set on the flames and careless of the pot. The girl watched her mother for a moment, wondering how she could think of the stew, not guessing that she turned the spoon without a thought of what she did; then she began to crawl, quickly but

noiselessly, up the staircase in the track of Rudolf Rassendyll. She looked back once: the old woman stirred with a monotonous circular movement of her fat arm. Rosa, bent half-double, skimmed upstairs, till she came in sight of the king whom she was so proud to serve. He was on the top landing now, outside the door of a large attic where Rupert of Hentzau was lodged. She saw him lay his hand on the latch of the door; his other hand rested in the pocket of his coat. From the room no sound came; Rupert may have heard the step outside and stood motionless to listen. Rudolf opened the door and walked in. The girl darted breathlessly up the remaining steps, and, coming to the door, just as it swung back on the latch, crouched down by it, listening to what passed within, catching glimpses of forms and movements through the chinks of the crazy hinge and the crevices where the wood of the panel sprung and left a narrow eyehole for her absorbed gazing.

Rupert of Hentzau had no thought of ghosts; the men he killed lay still where they fell, and slept where they were buried. And he had no wonder at the sight of Rudolf Rassendyll. It told him no more than that Rischenheim's errand had fallen out ill, at which he was not surprised, and that his old enemy was again in his path, at which (as I verily believe) he was more glad than sorry. As Rudolf entered, he had been half-way between window and table; he came forward to the table now, and stood leaning the points of two fingers on the unpolished dirty-white deal.

"Ah, the play-actor!" said he, with a gleam of his teeth and a toss of his curls, while his second hand, like Mr. Rassendyll's, rested in the pocket of his coat.

Mr. Rassendyll himself has confessed that in old days it went against the grain with him when Rupert called him a play-actor. He was a little older now, and his temper more difficult to stir.

"Yes, the play-actor," he answered, smiling. "With a shorter part this time, though."

"What part to-day? Isn't it the old one, the king with a pasteboard crown?" asked Rupert, sitting down on the table. "Faith, we shall do handsomely in Ruritania: you have a pasteboard crown, and I (humble man though I am) have given the other one a heavenly crown. What a brave show! But perhaps I tell you news?"

"No, I know what you've done."

"I take no credit. It was more the dog's doing than mine," said Rupert carelessly. "However, there it is, and dead he is, and there's an end of it. What's your business, play-actor?"

At the repetition of this last word, to her so mysterious, the girl outside pressed her eyes more eagerly to the chink and strained her ears to listen more sedulously. And what did the count mean by the "other one" and "a heavenly crown"?

"Why not call me king?" asked Rudolf.

"They call you that in Strelsau?"

"Those that know I'm here."

"And they are——?"

"Some few score."

"And thus," said Rupert, waving an arm towards the window, "the town is quiet and the flags fly?"

"You've been waiting to see them lowered?"

"A man likes to have some notice taken of what he has done," Rupert complained. "However, I can get them lowered when I will."

"By telling your news? Would that be good for yourself?"

"Forgive me—not that way. Since the king has two lives, it is but in nature that he should have two deaths."

"And when he has undergone the second?"

"I shall live at peace, my friend, on a certain source of income that I possess." He tapped his breast-pocket with a slight, defiant laugh. "In these days," said he, "even queens must be careful about their letters. We live in moral times."

"You don't share the responsibility for it," said Rudolf, smiling.

"I make my little protest. But what's your business, play-actor? For I think you're rather tiresome."

Rudolf grew grave. He advanced towards the table, and spoke in low, serious tones.

"My lord, you're alone in this matter now. Rischenheim is a prisoner; your rogue Bauer I encountered last night and broke his head."

"Ah, you did?"

"You have what you know of in your hands. If you yield, on my honor I will save your life."

"You don't desire my blood, then, most forgiving play-actor?"

"So much, that I daren't fail to offer you life," answered Rudolf Rassendyll. "Come, sir, your plan has failed: give up the letter."

Rupert looked at him thoughtfully.

"You'll see me safe off if I give it you?" he asked.

"I'll prevent your death. Yes, and I'll see you safe."

"Where to?"

"To a fortress, where a trustworthy gentleman will guard you."

"For how long, my dear friend?"

"I hope for many years, my dear Count."

"In fact, I suppose, as long as——?"

"Heaven leaves you to the world, Count. It's impossible to set you free."

"That's the offer, then?"

"The extreme limit of indulgence," answered Rudolf.

Rupert burst into a laugh, half of defiance, yet touched with the ring of true amusement. Then he lit a cigarette and sat puffing and smiling.

"I should wrong you by straining your kindness so far," said he; and in wanton insolence, seeking again to show Mr. Rassendyll the mean esteem in which he held him, and the weariness his presence was, he raised his arms and stretched them above his head, as a man does in the fatigue of tedium. "Heigho!" he yawned.

But he had overshot the mark this time. With a sudden swift bound Rudolf was upon him; his hands gripped Rupert's wrists, and with his greater strength he bent back the count's pliant body till trunk and head lay flat on the table. Neither man spoke; their eyes met; each heard the other's breathing and felt the vapor of it on his face. The girl outside had seen the movement of Rudolf's figure, but her cranny did not serve her to show her the two where they were now; she knelt on her knees in ignorant suspense. Slowly and with patient force Rudolf began to work his enemy's arms towards one another. Rupert had read his design in his eyes and resisted with tense muscles. It seemed as though his arms must crack; but at last they moved. Inch by inch they were driven closer; now the elbows almost touched; now the wrists joined in reluctant contact. The sweat broke out on the count's brow, and stood in large drops on Rudolf's. Now the wrists were side by side, and slowly the long sinewy fingers of Rudolf's right hand, that held one wrist already in their vise, began to creep round the other. The grip seemed to have half numbed Rupert's arms, and his struggles grew fainter. Round both wrists the sinewy fingers climbed and coiled; gradually and timidly the grasp of the other hand was relaxed and withdrawn. Would the one hold both? With a great spasm of effort Rupert put it to the proof. The smile that bent Mr. Rassendyll's lips gave the answer. He could hold both, with one hand he could hold both: not for long, no, but for an instant. And then, in the instant, his left hand, free at last, shot to the breast of the count's coat. It was the same that he had worn at the hunting-lodge, and was ragged and torn from the boar-hound's teeth. Rudolf tore it further open, and his hand dashed in.

"God's curse on you!" snarled Rupert of Hentzau.

But Mr. Rassendyll still smiled. Then he drew out a letter. A glance at it showed him the queen's seal. As he glanced Rupert made another effort. The one hand, wearied out, gave way, and Mr. Rassendyll had no more than time to spring away, holding his prize. The next moment he had his revolver in his hand—none too soon, for Rupert of Hentzau's barrel faced him, and they stood thus, opposite to one another, with no more than three or four feet between the mouths of their weapons.

There is, indeed, much that may be said against Rupert of Hentzau, the truth about him well-nigh forbidding that charity of judgment which we are taught to observe towards all men. But neither I nor any man who knew him ever found in him a shrinking from danger or a fear of death. It was no feeling such as these, but rather a cool calculation of chances, that now stayed his hand. Even if he were victorious in the duel, and both did not die, yet the noise of the firearms would greatly decrease his chances of escape. Moreover, he was a noted swordsman, and conceived that he was Mr. Rassendyll's superior in that exercise. The steel offered him at once a better prospect for victory and more hope of a safe fight. So he did not pull his trigger, but, maintaining his aim the while, said:

"I'm not a street bully, and I don't excel in a rough-and-tumble. Will you fight now like a gentleman? There's a pair of blades in the case yonder."

Mr. Rassendyll, in his turn, was keenly alive to the peril that still hung over the queen. To kill Rupert would not save her if he himself also were shot and left dead, or so helpless that he could not destroy the letter; and while Rupert's revolver was at his heart he could not tear it up nor reach the fire that burnt on the other side of the room. Nor did he fear the result of a trial with steel, for he had kept himself in prac-

tice and improved his skill since the days when he came first to Strelsau.

"As you will," said he. "Provided we settle the matter here and now, the manner is the same to me."

"Put your revolver on the table, then, and I'll lay mine by the side of it."

"I beg your pardon," smiled Rudolf, "but you must lay yours down first."

"I'm to trust you, it seems, but you won't trust me!"

"Precisely. You know you can trust me; you know that I can't trust you."

A sudden flush swept over Rupert of Hentzau's face. There were moments when he saw, in the mirror of another's face or words, the estimation in which honorable men held him; and I believe that he hated Mr. Rassendyll most fiercely, not for thwarting his enterprise, but because he had more power than any other man to show him that picture. His brows knit in a frown, and his lips shut tight.

"Aye, but though you won't fire, you'll destroy the letter," he sneered. "I know your fine distinctions."

"Again I beg your pardon. You know very well that, although all Strelsau were at the door, I wouldn't touch the letter."

With an angry muttered oath Rupert flung his revolver on the table. Rudolf came forward and laid his by it. Then he took up both, and, crossing to the mantelpiece, laid them there; between them he placed the queen's letter. A bright blaze burnt in the grate; it needed but the slightest motion of his hand to set the letter beyond all danger. But he placed it carefully on the mantelpiece, and, with a slight smile on his face, turned to Rupert, saying: "Now shall we resume the bout that Fritz von Tarlenheim interrupted in the forest of Zenda?"

All this while they had been speaking in subdued accents, resolution in one, anger in the other, keeping the voice in an even, deliberate lowness. The girl outside caught only a word here and there; but now suddenly the flash of steel gleamed on her eyes through the crevice of the hinge. She gave a sudden gasp, and, pressing her face closer to the opening, listened and looked. For Rupert of Hentzau had taken the swords from their case and put them on the table. With a slight bow Rudolf took one, and the two assumed their positions. Suddenly Rupert lowered his point. The frown vanished from his face, and he spoke in his usual bantering tone.

"By the way," said he, "perhaps we're letting our feelings run away with us. Have you more of a mind now to be King of Ruritania? If so, I'm ready to be the most faithful of your subjects."

"You honor me, Count."

"Provided, of course, that I'm one of the most favored and the richest. Come, come, the fool is dead now; he lived like a fool and he died like a fool. The place is empty. A dead man has no rights and suffers no wrongs. Damn it, that's good law, isn't it? Take his place and his wife. You can pay my price then. Or are you still so virtuous? Faith, how little some men learn from the world they live in! If I had your chance——"

"Come, Count, you'd be the last man to trust Rupert of Hentzau."

"If I made it worth his while?"

"But he's a man who would take the pay and betray his associate."

Again Rupert flushed. When he next spoke his voice was hard, cold, and low.

"By God, Rudolf Rassendyll," said he, "I'll kill you here and now."

"I ask no better than that you should try."

"And then I'll proclaim that woman for what she is in all Strelsau." A smile came on his lips as he watched Rudolf's face.

"Guard yourself, my lord," said Mr. Rassendyll.

"Aye, for no better than——. There, man, I'm ready for you." For Rudolf's blade had touched his in warning.

The steel jangled. The girl's pale face was at the crevice of the hinge. She heard the blades cross again and again. Then one would run up the other with a sharp, grating slither. At times she caught a glimpse of a figure in quick forward lunge or rapid wary withdrawal. Her brain was almost paralyzed. Ignorant of the mind and heart of young Rupert, she could not conceive that he tried to kill the king. Yet the words she had caught sounded like the words of men quarreling, and she could not persuade herself that the gentlemen fenced only for pastime. They were not speaking now; but she heard their hard breathing and the movement of their unresting feet on the bare boards of the floor. Then a cry rang out, clear and merry with the fierce hope of triumph:

"Nearly! nearly!"

She knew the voice for Rupert of Hentzau's, and it was the king who answered calmly, "Nearly isn't quite."

Again she listened. They seemed to have paused for a moment, for there was no

sound, save of the hard breathing and deep-drawn pants of men who rest an instant in the midst of intense exertion. Then came again the clash and the slitherings; and one of them crossed into her view. She knew the tall figure and she saw the red hair: it was the king. Backward step by step he seemed to be driven, coming nearer and nearer to the door. At last there was no more than a foot between him and her; only the crazy panel prevented her putting out her hand to touch him. Again the voice of Rupert rang out in rich exultation, "I have you now! Say your prayers, King Rudolf!"

"Say your prayers!" Then they fought. It was earnest, not play. And it was the king—her king—her dear king, who was in great peril of his life. For an instant she knelt, still watching. Then with a low cry of terror she turned and ran headlong down the steep stairs. Her mind could not tell what to do, but her heart cried out that she must do something for her king. Reaching the ground floor, she ran with wide-open eyes into the kitchen. The stew was on the hob, the old woman still held the spoon, but she had ceased to stir and fallen into a chair.

"He's killing the king! He's killing the king!" cried Rosa, seizing her mother by the arm. "Mother, what shall we do? He's killing the king!"

The old woman looked up with dull eyes and a stupid, cunning smile.

"Let them alone," she said. "There's no king here."

"Yes, yes. He's upstairs in the count's room. They're fighting, he and the Count of Hentzau. Mother, Count Rupert will kill him!"

"Let them alone. He the king? He's no king," muttered the old woman again.

For an instant Rosa stood looking down on her in helpless despair. Then a light flashed into her eyes.

"I must call for help," she cried.

The old woman seemed to spring to sudden life. She jumped up and caught her daughter by the shoulder.

"No, no," she whispered in quick accents. "You—you don't know. Let them alone, you fool! It's not our business. Let them alone."

"Let me go, mother, let me go! Mother, I must help the king!"

"I'll not let you go," said Mother Holf.

But Rosa was young and strong; her heart was fired with terror for the king's danger.

"I must go," she cried; and she flung her mother's grasp off from her so that the old woman was thrown back into her chair, and the spoon fell from her hand and clattered on the tiles. But Rosa turned and fled down the passage and through the shop. The bolts delayed her trembling fingers for an instant. Then she flung the door wide. A new amazement filled her eyes at the sight of the eager crowd before the house. Then her eyes fell on me where I stood between the lieutenant and Rischenheim, and she uttered her wild cry, "Help! The king!"

With one bound I was by her and in the house, while Bernenstein cried, "Quicker!" from behind.

(To be continued.)

THE DESTROYERS.

By Rudyard Kipling,

Author of "The Jungle Book," "The Seven Seas," "Captains Courageous," etc.

In a word, the torpedo has brought into the navy a fresh zest, a new romance, and possibilities more brilliant than were existent before its adoption.—*Torpedoes and Torpedo Vessels:* Lieutenant G. E. Armstrong.

The strength of twice three thousand horse
That seek the single goal—
The line that holds the signalled course,
The hate that swings the whole:
The stripped hulls, slinking through the gloom,
Half guessed and gone again—
The brides of death that wait the groom—
The Choosers of the Slain!

Offshore where sea and skyline blend
In rain, the daylight dies;
The sullen, shouldering swells attend
Night and our sacrifice.
Adown the stricken capes no flare—
No mark on spit or bar,—
Darkling and desperate we dare
The blind-fold game of war.

Nearer the wheeling beams that spell
The council of our foes;
Clearer the anxious guns that tell
Their scattered flank to close.

Sheer to the trap they crowd their way
From ports for this unbarred.
Quiet, and count our fatted prey,
The convoy and her guard!

On shoal with scarce a foot below,
Where rock and islet throng,
Hidden and hushed we watch them throw
Their sweeping lights along. . . .
Not here, not here your danger lies—
(Stare hard, O hooded eyne!)
Save where the dazed rock-pigeons rise
The lit cliffs give no sign.

Therefore—to break the rest ye seek
The Narrow Seas to clear—
Hark to the syren's whimpering shriek—
The driven death is here!
Look to your van a league away,—
What midnight terror stays
The bulk that checks against the spray
Her crackling tops ablaze?

Hit and hard hit! The blow went home
The muffled, knocking stroke—
The steam that over-runs the foam—
The foam that thins to smoke—
The smoke that clokes the deep aboil—
The deep that chokes her throes
Till, streaked with ash and sleeked with oil,
The lukewarm whirlpools close!

A shadow down the sickened wave
Long since her slayer fled:
But hear their chattering quick-fires rave
Astern, abeam, ahead!
Panic that shells the drifting spar,
Loud waste with none to check,
Mad fear that rakes the low-hung star
Or sweeps a consort's deck.

Now while their silly smoke hangs thick
Now ere their wits they find
Lay in and lance them to the quick—
Our gallied whales are blind.
Good luck to those that see the end
Goodbye to those that drown—
For each his chance as chance shall send—
And God for all! *Shut down!*

The strength of twice three thousand horse
That serve the one command:
The hand that heaves the headlong force
The hate that backs the hand:
The doom-bolt in the darkness freed—
The mine that splits the main—
The white-hot wake, the 'wildering speed—
The Choosers of the Slain!

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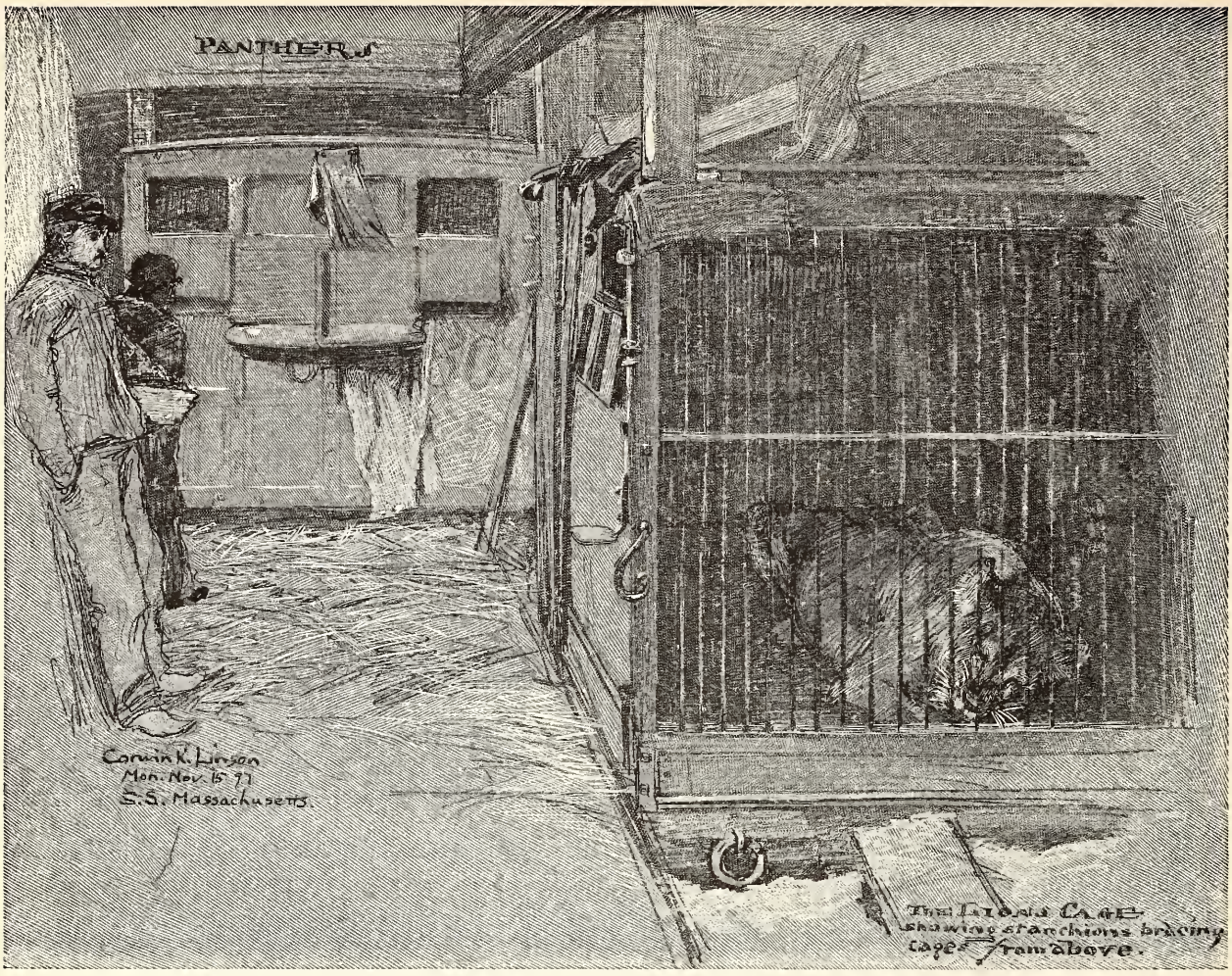


The Lions Cage showing stanchions bracing cage from above.

AT SEA WITH THE CIRCUS.

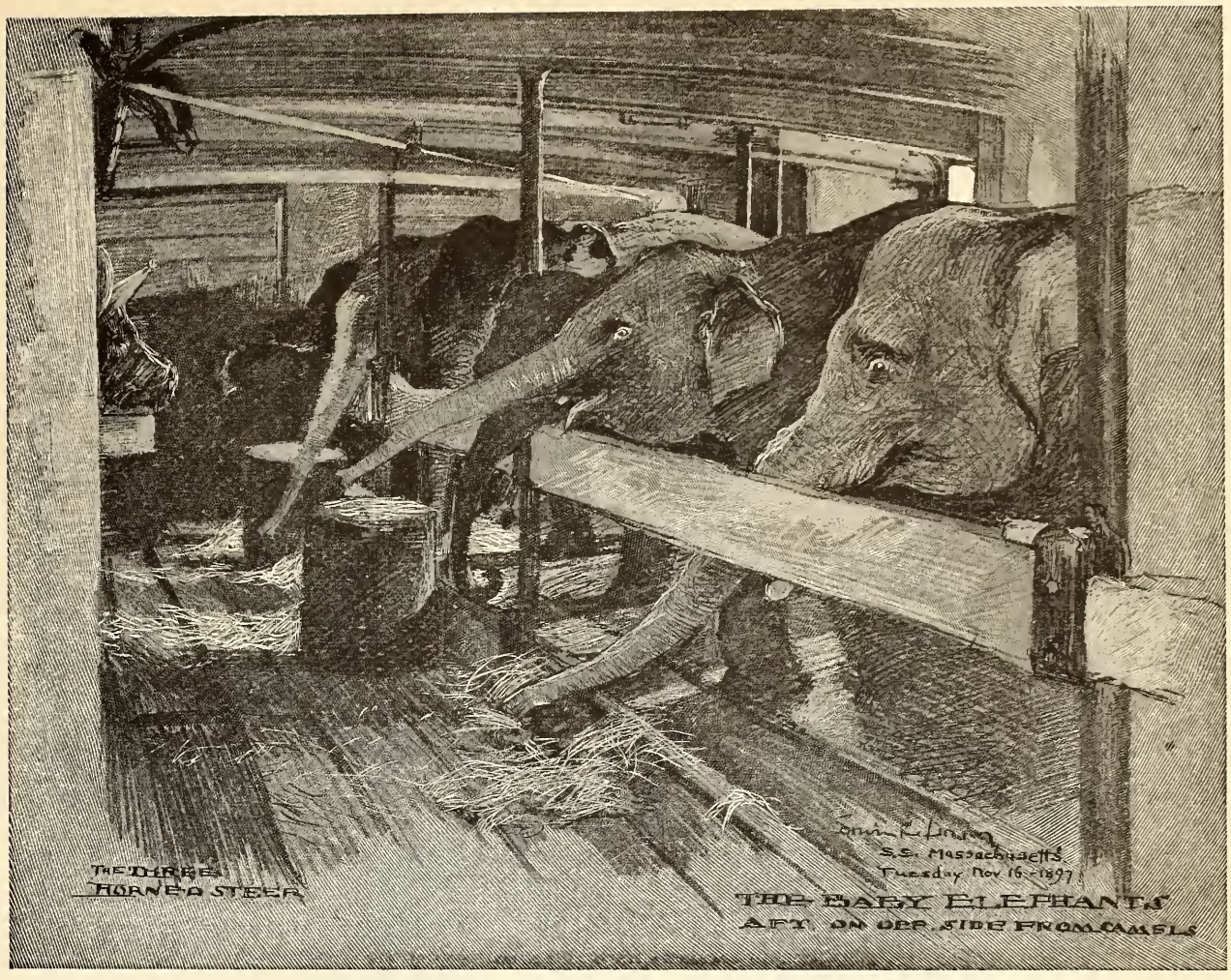
By Charles Theodore Murray.

Illustrated with Drawings from Life by C. K. Linson.

THOSE who go to sea with the circus and have wild beasts for company certainly enjoy a novel and interesting experience. And the novelty begins at once, with the loading of the ship.

When I was notified to be on board the "Massachusetts," of the Atlantic Transport Line, at the foot of Houston Street, at seven o'clock in the morning, to make the trip to London with a great circus, I had every reason to suppose that the ship would sail with the morning tide. But I found the pier and vicinity still littered with red vans, wagon gear, baggage, horses, elephants, and other circus bric-à-brac and menagerie paraphernalia. The loading had been going on for two days. Yet the great Chapman derrick still floated alongside, and heavy red cages, covered with protecting canvas, were dangling in the air, or being ranged on deck. The little elephants had gaily trotted over the gang-plank, holding by each other's tails in the most comical manner, and were already safely installed below; but the big fellows, each in a stout cage of iron-bound planking, had to be swung over by means of the derrick, and lashed securely fore and aft. Horses were being led in by the hundred. The great forty-horse team that had thrilled millions of people in the street parades during the summer, was marched to a quarter of its own; and the seventy Kentucky thoroughbreds that appear in a single act in the ring were still more particularly housed.

All day the members of the circus company gather and huddle about the decks, and saunter up and down the dock, bidding friends good-by so many times that both



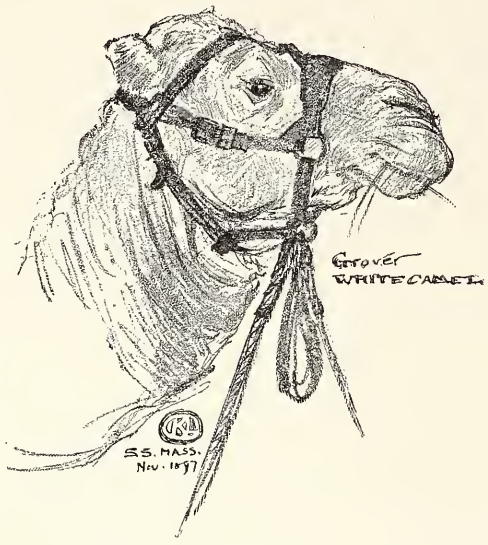
sides are heartily bored and wish to goodness the ship would pull out and get away. Our saloon list is composed of fifty persons—the limit of our cabin capacity—being the heads of the various departments of the big show, the "bosses" of this and the assistant "bosses" of that, and a few performers, male and female. The wives and children of the principal officials accompany them. Nearly every one of the passengers knows all the rest; and, in that respect, a more congenial company never assembled for a sea voyage. There is a marked *esprit de corps* among circus people; and it is at once apparent here. These doormen and ticket sellers, private secretaries, superintendents, animal experts, master mechanics, owners of trained animals, layers-out, are typical showmen, mostly veterans in the business. Performers are inclined to waive circus etiquette, and join social forces with them for the trip. But the performers are few—most of them having gone on ahead from week to week. Two lithe, young equestriennes, as many male riders, a charming young woman charioteer, some Arab acrobats, men and women with trained dogs, pigs, monkeys, geese, and seals—these are all.

All of the summer circus outfit—forty-eight wagons with tents, horses, men, and so on—is to follow us in February. They are not needed during the London engagement. The total of wagons runs up to ninety-six, and of people to 474. The rest of the men required will be hired over the water. Seven more elephants are booked for the next vessel, for lack of room here.

We finally say good-by for good and all—about the dusk of the evening—and pull out into the Hudson, to the tune of "Mr. Johnson, Turn me Loose," executed by the side-show band. This is not "sprung" on us until it is too late to go ashore; but our friends on the dock, who have been knocking about all day half frozen, look so glad to see us go! We take the band with us.

How beautiful the lights of New York look when one is about to leave them behind indefinitely! Round the sweep of Sandy Hook they become merged in one vast red aurora of the North. We are at sea. The swell raises the deck under our feet, and the ship becomes a sentient thing. The pilot-boat, hovering near us the while, puts out a small boat to take off our pilot. The frail shell, with its two hardy sailors, dances up and down in the darkness like a leaf. We watch the red lantern until it drifts under

our quarter. Then there is a wait, and presently a rushing to and fro on our bridge; then the clang of the engine bells, and the ship is brought to, lying idly rocking there for the next hour.



And then it is whispered about that the little pilot-boat was swamped, and that two more lives were given to the ocean's insatiate maw. And the news goes softly from deck to deck, and from cabin to cabin, and from hold to hold, until the ragged and grizzled animal man, between the cages far down forward, has heard it, and roused his mate from the straw to impart the sad intelligence.

Meanwhile the ship is once more heading for the open sea, and the handle of the little dipper shines invitingly beyond the foremast.

THE DEATH OF THE GIRAFFE.

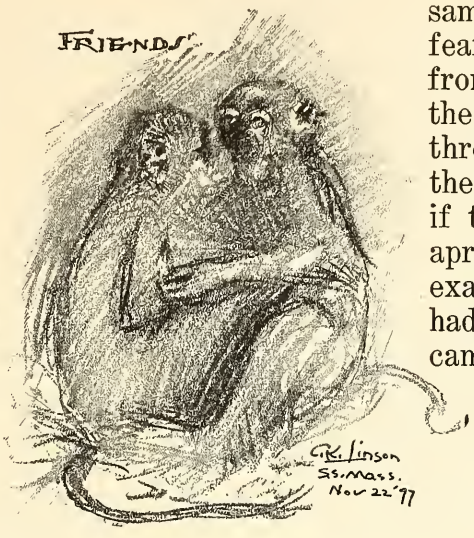
The third day out, we are startled by the announcement that our giraffe is dead. Poor "Daisy" was found doubled up in her roomy cage, under the forward hatch, with her neck broken in two places. She had evidently pitched forward in the heavy sea running the night before, and lost her balance. She had last been seen alive on Sunday, her keeper having made his usual inspection with some anxiety, owing to the rough weather. An hour later, he saw her down and congratulated himself on the animal's good sense. The next morning, at eight o'clock, he found her doubled up in the same position. She was dead. The catastrophe was especially depressing to the managers, for "Daisy" was one of their leading attractions. She belonged to a rare species, and one growing rarer year by year. She was the last giraffe in America, and had been heavily "billed" for London.

All hands and the cook gathered on deck to witness the burial of the dead giraffe. By means of a block and tackle rigged to a boom, the body was raised to the deck, and thence swung to the top of the elephants' cages. Here the animal was stripped of her beautiful hide. Then the sailors began to struggle with the denuded carcass. "Catch 'old of 'er rudder, you bloomin' lubber!" sang out the big boatswain's mate, a man with rings in his ears and a knife between his teeth. And overboard went all that remained of unfortunate "Daisy," the boatswain's mate saying tenderly, as she went, "Good-by, old sport"

AMONG THE ELEPHANTS.

The smaller elephants are ranged in narrow stalls in a row, on the side of the ship, aft, opposite the camels. There is just enough room for them to lie down, in elephant fashion, and, with their trunks, they can reach across the narrow passageway. Whenever the voice of Mr. Conklin, the elephant man, is heard, they set up a chorus of trumpetings. And, when he makes his appearance in the

passage, they seek to caress him with their trunks. There is a tender glance for him in every eye. No little children ever showed more unmistakable signs of pleasure at a mother's appearance than these unemotional-looking creatures display at every coming of the keeper.



The larger elephants are housed in special cages, arranged facing each other, on either side of the forward and after hatchways. The space between the cages (about eight feet square) was at first left open to the sky, but the second day out found the two elephants on the after starboard side drenched with salt water. They trumpeted loudly against this treatment.

The rolling of the ship started one of the cages from its position, and, had it continued in the direction it started, it would soon have gone crashing down into the hold, elephant and all. The elephant himself gave the first warning of the danger. The instincts of an elephant are keenest when he comes to any uncertainty as to his footing. Conscious of his own weight, he is slow to believe any structure safe until its safety is actually demonstrated. This is why, in preparing for the present voyage, it was considered useless to try to get the larger elephants aboard by driving them over a gangplank. In the case of the slipping of the cage, the man on watch found the elephant, late one night, showing pitiful signs of fear and distress; but was unable to discover the cause. He examined the lashings of the cage, and found them apparently all right. He watched the elephant carefully, and he noted that he tried to brace backward, with his full weight, every time the rolling vessel keeled to starboard, and at the same time trumpeted loudly, as if in special fear. When the watchman sought shelter from the weather by standing near the cage, the elephant would thrust his long trunk through the openings between the planks of the cage and wrap it round the watchman, as if to hold on, like a child clutching to an apron string. When daylight came, a closer examination revealed the fact that the cage had slipped about two inches. Workmen came and doubly braced it with stout stanchions, and the elephant wagged his head in manifest satisfaction, and the neighboring elephants seemed to share this pleasure with him.

Two elephants evidently suffered, for the first forty-eight hours out, with sea-sickness. One of these was the most unhappy-looking object ever seen. Mucus dropped from his mouth and trunk, and tears rolled at intervals from his watery eyes. He would curl his trunk around the lower bar of his cage and let it hang there up side down, wrong side outward. Sometimes he placed his ponderous jaw on the rail and wept. Then he permitted his proboscis to lie in the hay, "any old way," for some minutes at a time. He would pluck up a little now and then, and make a feint of eating a mouthful of hay; but it was "no go"—he rolled the morsel up carefully and put it away with a deep groan. If an animal suffers in proportion to its size, how he must have felt! The way in which he rolled his swimming eyes up to me, standing above him, was touching. The two rivulets of brine that furrowed down his massive cheeks reminded me of the tear-tracks on a dirty-faced boy.

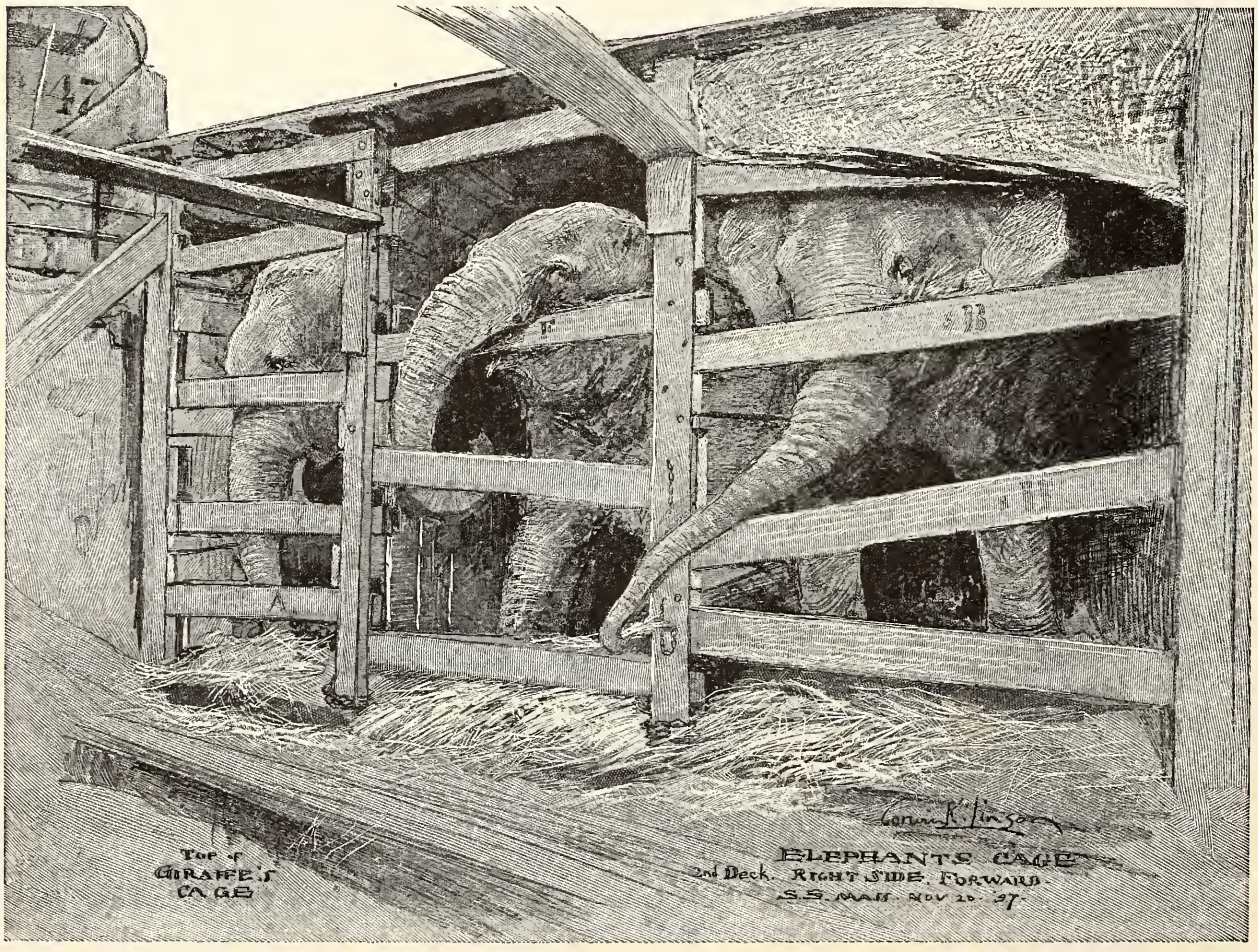
Occasionally, too, he whimpered like a boy. Oh, he did look so sick—and I know from experience, that he wished he was dead! Three or four days later, however, I saw him with clear eyes, swinging head, and an appetite that threatened to clear the ship out of baled hay.

"My monks down there could stand a little more light," said an animal man, in charge of the monkeys. "A monk is all right as long as he can see what's going on. Shut him up long and, like a bird under similar conditions, he will soon die. People who crowd around the monks at the show amuse the little chaps." This is the other way of putting it.

One day, one of the "little chaps" got out, and amused himself at the expense of the keepers. He leaped upon the tigers' cage, and disappeared in the gloom of the hold, chattering joyfully the while. Everybody in sight started for him, or called to him, for it was "Philip," the pet. But Philip merely grinned, and chattered in his own language, and dodged from cage to cage. He seemed to delight in letting some one get close to him and then jumping away, to laugh at his would-be captor's discomfiture. It was not till dinner-time that Philip consented to come back to camp. When it became a question between liberty and dinner, it was easily and satisfactorily settled.

THE DISPOSITION OF PASSENGERS AND CARGO.

The decks of the "Massachusetts" resemble more the back door of a circus than they do the visible area of an ocean-going steamer outward bound. Red wagons, white wagons, chariots of gold, wardrobe vans, fairy floats, canvas-covered cages, and other circus equipage fill all available space. And among these effects, and below, forward and aft, somewhere—heaven only knows just where—are stowed 186 people, exclusive of the ship's crew. They are canvas men, railroad men, animal men, mechanics, property men, hostlers, grooms, and jockeys. Down in the bowels of the big ship are hundreds of horses, camels, elephants, zebras, lions, tigers, and curious cattle and savage beasts of every variety and clime. They are confined in rows of stalls, or in groups of cages—the ordinary circus cage removed from its running-gear, and placed flat on the deck, and securely braced from the beams above. The only animals on the exposed deck are the polar bears, the sea-lions, and the trained

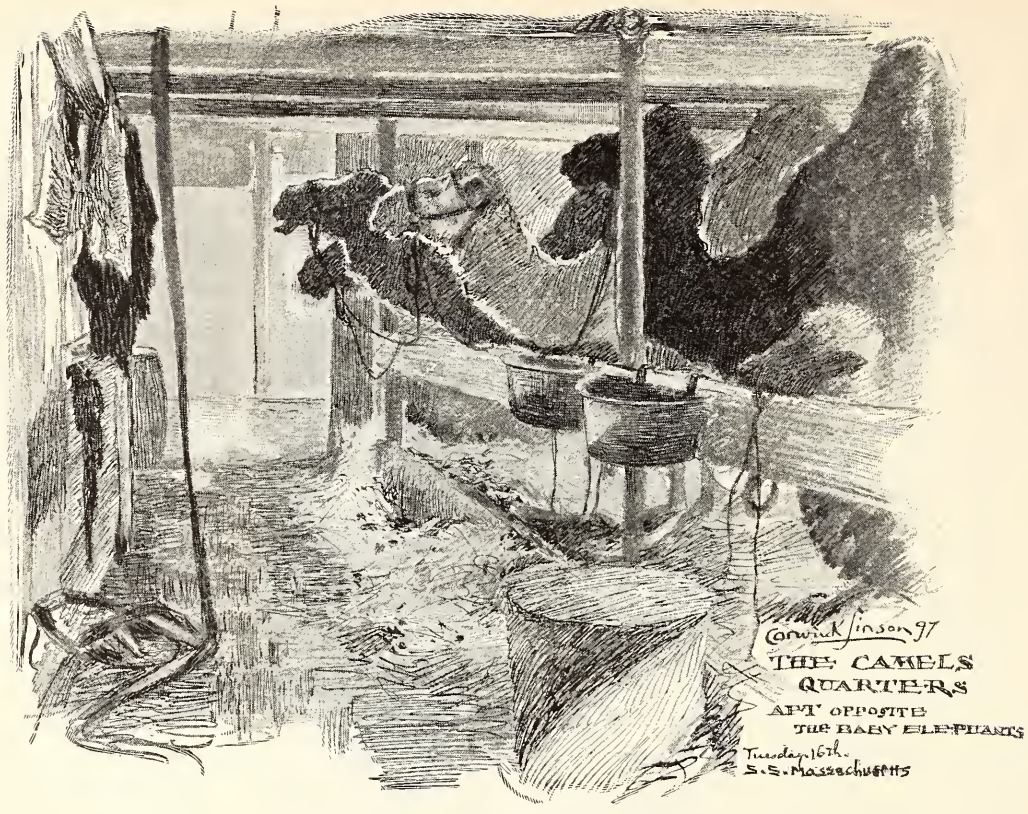


pigs and dogs—cold-weather beasts. Yes, there is the hippopotamus, too, which can scarcely be called a cold-weather animal, though traces of his kind have been discovered almost anywhere between the equator and the eternal snows.

Our total in wagons, animals, and food is something enormous; for, unlike the circus on land, the circus at sea cannot secure material from day to day. There are 324 horses, nineteen elephants, thirty-two "led animals," such as camels, zebras, and three-horned oxen, and twenty-five ponies. We have, therefore, between decks some 600 animals to be properly cared for during a twelve or fourteen days' sea-voyage, and to be safely debarked at the end of the trip. If it were simply feeding and caring for 600 animals of a single species, the problem would be a very simple one. But when it is remembered that here we have a great variety of species, each requiring different food and special treatment, it will be seen that the problem is complicated enough to be interesting. Even of one species, all can not be dealt with alike. Take the horses: the delicate thoroughbred of the ring cannot be treated as "baggage stock."

The task could never be accomplished, of course, but for the skill acquired in long, intelligent experience. How, otherwise, could it be known that our savage collection will require 2,700 pounds of beef? Or that 100 cabbages go with seventy pounds of bread daily; and with six barrels of apples, 700 pounds of fish, seventy tons of hay, two cases of wine, 2,000 bushels of oats, one case of eggs, three barrels of onions, and so on.

When I was a farmer's boy, my father used to say that not more than one man in a hundred who owned horses knew how to take care of a horse—a common, every-day horse. Think what must it mean to get proper care taken of the 600 horses of a great circus, whether at sea or on land! In the first place, for show purposes, horses are not bought young. The baggage stock—those great, powerful, sleek-looking fellows—are from seven to twenty-five years old. Poor "Pilot," the big white baggage horse that we buried the second day out, had drawn a cage with seven others of his patient kind for the last eighteen years. In the next place, these horses are of high and low degree, and are not all to be approached, cared for, fed,



coaxed, or driven in the same way. Each must have, in some measure, a special treatment; and that they all have it shows what a wonderful organization the great circus is.

A VISIT TO THE WILD ANIMALS.

Down in the forward hold of the ship, braced with stout stanchions to the iron beams above, and arranged in any way to preserve the economy of space, are the cages of the wild animals. The gloom is scarcely penetrated by the dimly shining lanterns, swinging here and there in the narrow ways. There is just room to pass beyond the reach of savage claws through the open front of one cage, by rubbing along the unopened back of another. Every lurch of the ship threatens to throw you up against the iron bars, through which you see faint outlines of a crouching or uneasily moving form, illuminated by a pair of round, unwinking orbs that seem to glow and burn as if of red molten metal. To slip here may mean a clawing that shreds the arm, or a stroke that smites a bone from its socket or crushes the skull. Yet, with that species of idiocy which seems to attack everybody on shipboard, I began to steady myself as I passed along, by holding on to the bars of a lion's cage. My blood stood still, though, when I caught sight of "Nellie," the lioness who has killed two keepers and maimed half a dozen men

for life. She seemed too much dazed at my impudence to resent it; but the incident made such an impression on my nerves that, a few minutes later, when a pelican reached out in the darkness and nipped me on the leg, I almost fainted from fright. The opportune break of a wave over the cages on deck sent an icy shower down into the hold, drenching both Mr. Linson and myself, and so brought speedy recovery; but it ruined a very clever sketch of Nellie that the artist had nearly finished.

On a Monday we went down to see them feed the wild animals. Those of the cat kind are never fed on Sunday; that is how they know it is Sunday. Nobody seems to know who invented this custom; its beginning falls in that dim time whereof "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

The mere smell of the meat, as it is lowered into the hold, drives the animals crazy this morning. It is chopped up on a cutting table, between the cages, by a stalwart keeper in a butcher's apron. The ship rolls and pitches to an extent that makes an unsupported footing precarious. The ears are assailed by a combination of sounds: the roar of the raging sea is drowned by the bellowing of the king of beasts, the snapping and snarling of the pumas, the impatient growl of the Bengal tiger. And now and then, from out the darkness forward, comes the unearthly shriek of the hyenas, sinking all the rest. The darkness, the flashing eyes, the pent-up uncertainty, the creaking of ship's timbers, the low moans that rise to a human whine and explode in wild, hysterical laughter—no madhouse could inspire such terrors. Under the dim light of a lantern, two men go from cage to cage. One brandishes an iron bar, while the other quickly thrusts a chunk of meat beneath the foot-board. Then follows the flash of two lightning paws, and then a low growl or a loud purr of content as the morsel is crunched between the powerful jaws.

Poor Johanna! Johanna is the famous gorilla. A lantern swings in front of her cage, just forward of the lion's noisy den. By its fitful gleams, I saw her leaning disconsolately in a corner. She had been very sea-sick. On our second day out, her indefatigable keeper, McKay, gave her hot lemonade and occasionally a stiff snifter of whisky, and ran back and forth between her cage and the cook's galley, bringing dainties of fruit and chicken, and hot broths and the like. No royal sea-sick lady could have been more ardently served in her distress.

Our circus family amuse themselves on deck with the side-show band, the mandolins, and the guitars; pitching pennies; watching ships and porpoises. Madam Hodji Tahar, a pretty Arabian acrobat, with the smoothest of dark olive complexions, black eyes, and hair of midnight, entertains us—occasionally—with a wild Spanish dance. Pennyante in the smoking-room seems "on" night and day unceasingly. Our indefatigable artist passes his day among the animals between decks, and gathers an interested circle of mothers and children about him in the cabin in the evening. And there also, at the piano, sits Oxford, warbling in a low sweet tenor, songs in French, Italian, Spanish, and the four or five other languages he knows. And the bright eyes of the little Moorish woman who also speaks half a dozen languages, but can neither read nor write any of them, swim with pleasure, and her hands and feet and swaying figure describe the time of the castanets and ankle bells. Everybody shouts across the cabin, calling everybody else by his or her first name. It is "George," and "John," and "Charlie," and "Bill," and "Emma," and "Lizzie," and "Jennie." And so the circus family, below and above, get on happily together from start to finish.

In the very face of the Bishop Rock light we bury "Eagle," the beautiful black stallion whose particular accomplishment it was to dance the couchee-couchee with John O'Brien on his back. Eagle was thirty-six years old, and came from Hamburg. He had been with the show since 1869, and was probably one of the most intelligent, as well as beautiful, horses that ever appeared in the ring. They buried him by the dim light of a lantern in British waters—"darkly at dead of night"—and his groom stood by in the shadow of a wardrobe wagon and wept alone. Another horse, a baggage horse, died soon after, and was buried in the English Channel.

Up the Channel we steam, through the fog, that is the wonted foretaste of London, to the ominous screech of the siren; with the rattle of chains and the creaking of blocks; with all the steam windlasses going fore and aft, and the men all busy removing the lashings of the cages, and getting everything ready for a quick unloading to-morrow. And so ends the voyage.

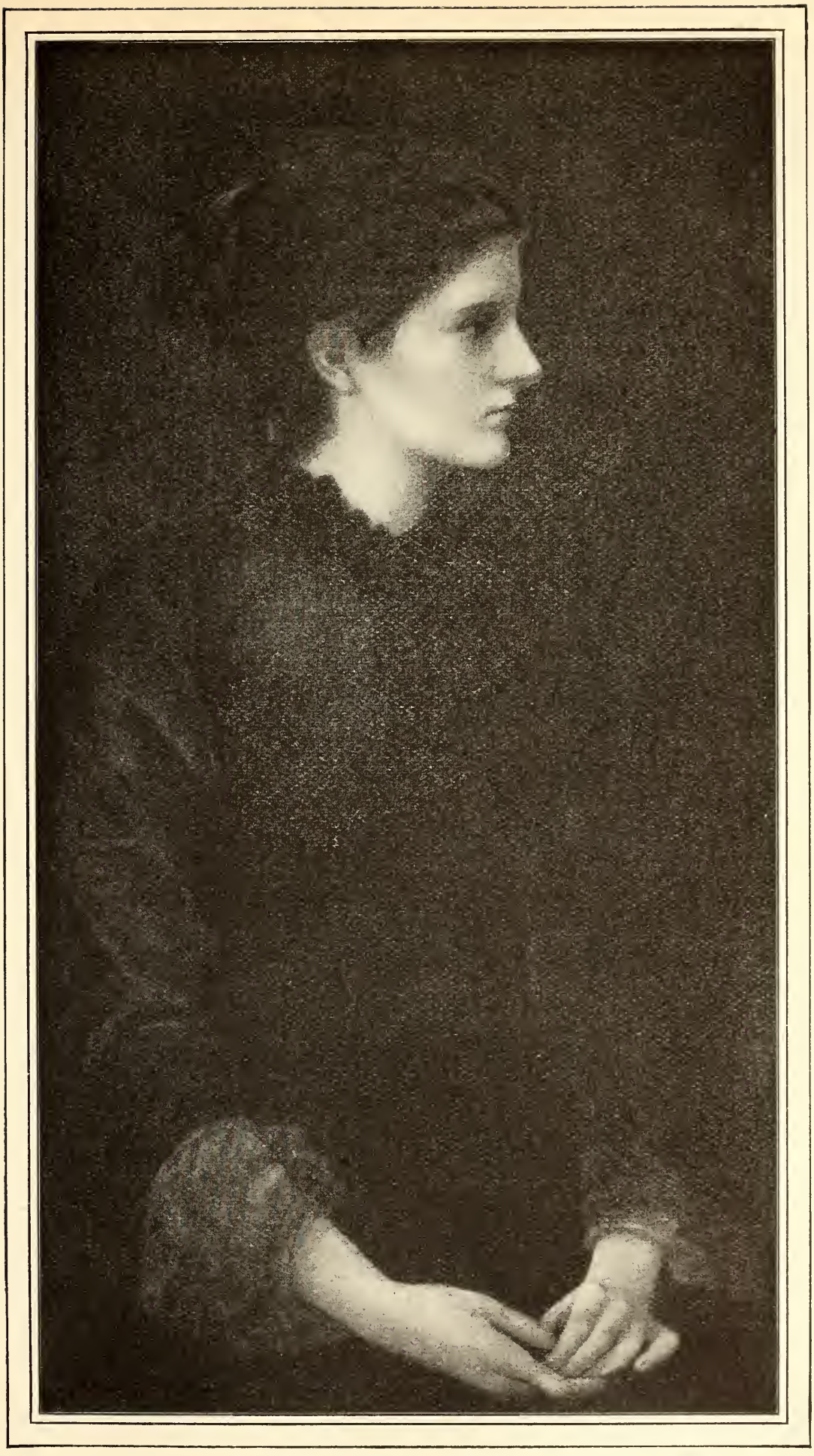
A PORTRAIT BY BURNE-JONES.

By M. L. van Vorst.

The shadows fold her 'round
And sink profound
Into intense blackness of background,
Against which, lily white,
Pure as a sun's ray, she springs to light.

And she sits there, still, so still
That I can hear the far-off call of thrushes
On summer mornings from the hawthorn bushes
Or orchards full of mellow sound.
Thus I fill
Another canvas with tall trees abloom,
And the chaste blue of English skies
Over an English home.

As clear streams,
Untroubled to their sweet depths, are her eyes.
What warm surprise
Will make her red who pale
Now reads life to a limit, and there stops?
One shall part the veil;
And open vistas of fair years to be,
And little forms that cling about the knee
Shall steal, dear guests, unlooked for, silently
Into the virgin spirit of her dreams.

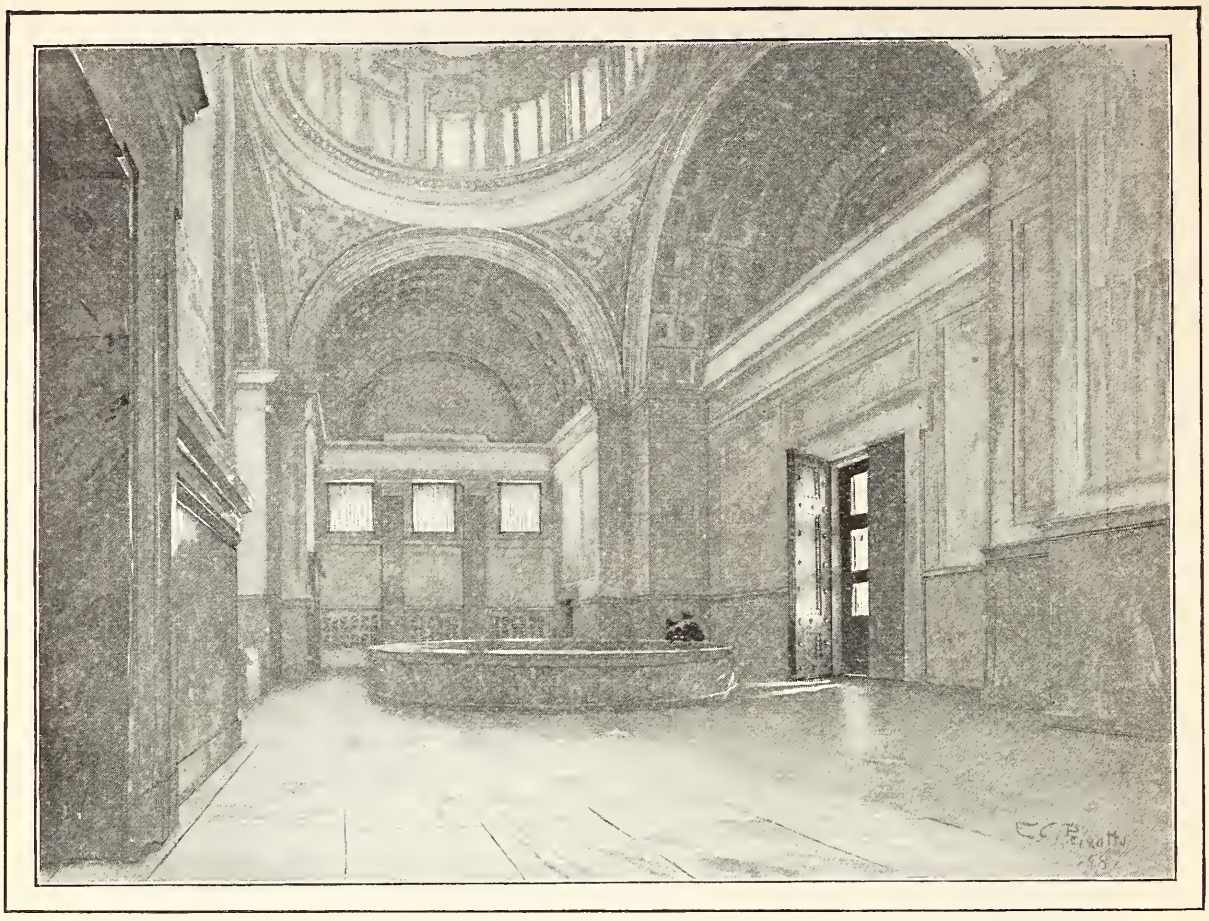


A PORTRAIT.

PAINTED BY SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES.

From a copyright photograph by Frederick Hollyer, London, after the painting.

INTERIOR OF GRANT'S TOMB.



ULYSSES GRANT—HIS LAST YEAR.

By Hamlin Garland,

Author of "Main-Traveled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

ON the first day of June, 1884, General Grant's physical condition, as well as his financial situation, was deplorable. He was still lame from the effects of a fall suffered some months before; he was sixty-two years of age, without a profession, and unfitted for business, both by ill health and by education. Having been an actor in more dramatic events than any other American that ever lived; having been Lieutenant-General of the United States Armies, and for two terms President of the United States, it now seemed as if nothing more remained for him but to slowly slip down into the decrepitude, comparative obscurity, and despair of an idle old age. This feeling, as much as any other cause, sapped his vitality and his resolution. He saw nothing more for him to do. A special fund donated to him by citizens of New York and invested in stock of the Wabash Railroad was decreasing in value, and seemed likely to decrease further. He was threatened with actual need. His fellow citizens were harshly critical, and he was charged with bringing the whole of his financial trouble upon himself by undue greed. It was a time which taxed his resources to the utmost.

Before the failure of the firm of Grant and Ward, which occurred in May, 1884, the editors of the "Century Magazine" had approached Grant with a proposal to write an article on the battle of Shiloh, which was still being hotly contested on writing-tables North and South. But the old general was as little inclined to write as to make a speech, and bluntly refused to undertake the task.

But now the conditions had changed; and when, after the Grant and Ward failure, the editors again approached him, he consented. He began at once an article on Shiloh. He had always held in reverence commanders like Halleck and McClellan, who

could write a book, and considered himself the last man in the world to attempt anything more than a report. The article grew in his hands from a dry statement of facts to a very full account, with which the editors were delighted. From regarding it as a laborious task, he became deeply interested in it, and readily consented to continue his work by an article on Vicksburg. It took his mind off his troubles, and carried him back amid the splendid and dramatic events of 1862 and 1863.

The second article was even more successful than the first, being less controversial in effect. And now the publishers of the country, hearing that Grant was writing his memoirs, made him the most liberal offers for a book. Then it was that he realized his power to earn not merely money for his daily needs, but to provide a competency for his wife, if he should die before her. This consideration decided him to set to work in earnest upon the retrospect of his life. He had secretly resigned himself to the thought that he was an old man and an infirm man, and that any work he had to do must be done quickly.

He called in General Adam Badeau, his military biographer, and began writing with his usual single-hearted intensity upon the account of his school-days. He worked five or six hours each day, at his house in Sixty-sixth Street, not far from the Park. He did not venture down town, and the men of Wall Street never saw him again. He was done with business, and the pleasures of his life were found in the glow of his own fire, in an occasional drive, and in the light of his grandchildren's faces. He wrote busily with his own hand, and handed the manuscript over to his son and General Badeau for revision and preparation for the printer. He was a ready and fluent writer, and little change was necessary.

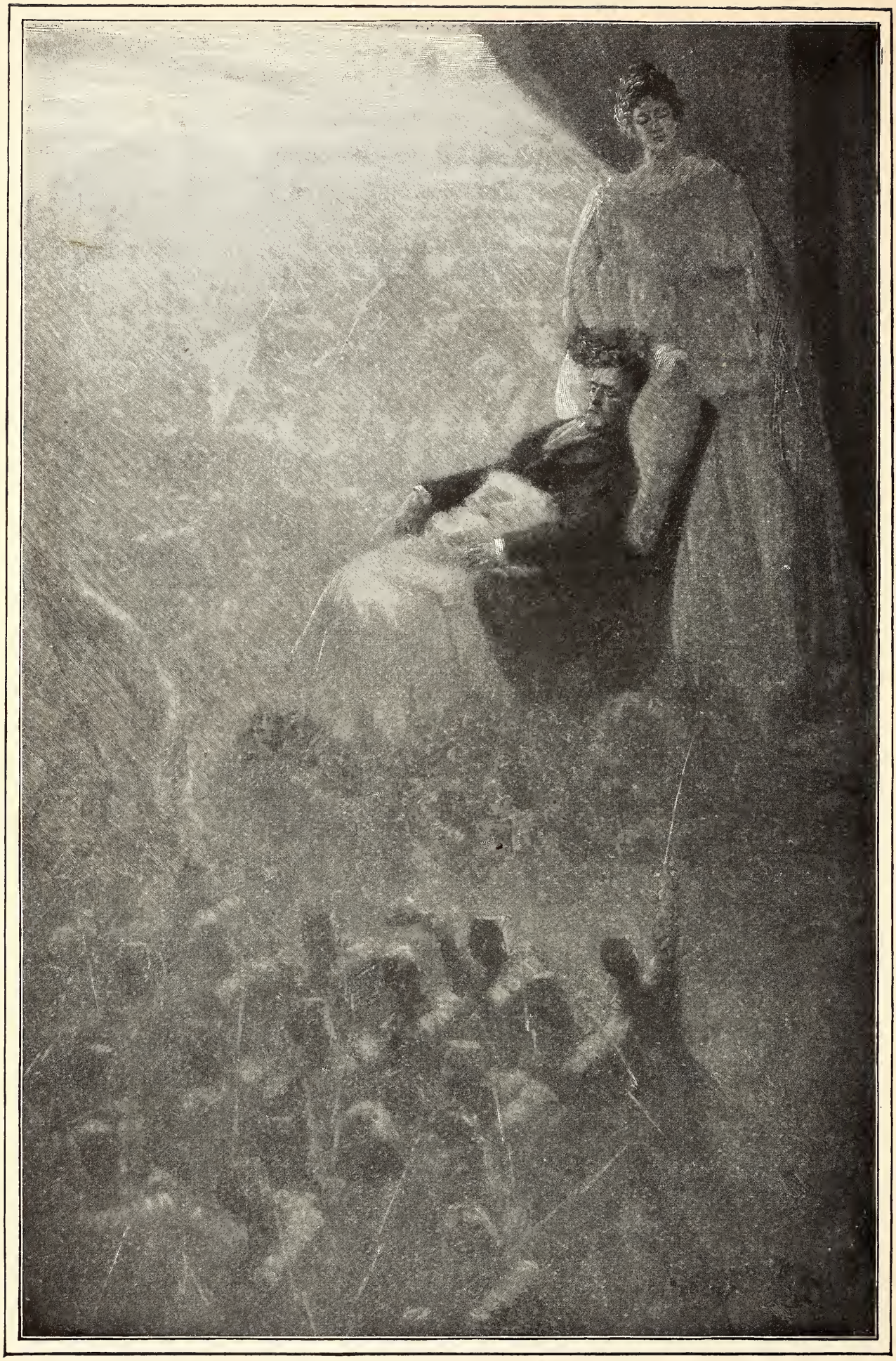
BEGINNING OF GRANT'S LAST ILLNESS.

One day in the early autumn, 1884, after eating a peach, General Grant complained of pain in his throat. The pain was slight, but it returned again when he swallowed solid food. Thereafter, eating grew each day more painful; but as the spasm passed quickly away after each effort, he gave little thought to it until there came an exterior swelling of the throat that increased perceptibly. Then the seriousness of the case became apparent to Mrs. Grant. She insisted upon his calling upon Dr. Barker, the family physician. Dr. Barker considered it serious enough to advise the care of a specialist, and suggested Dr. J. H. Douglas. Dr. Douglas made an examination, and prescribed certain lotions and gargles, and the General went back to his work, in which he was now completely absorbed. He worked five or six hours each day, and his mind was deep in the past. He was resolute to complete his book during the winter. The publishers foresaw the great value of the book, and made him feel it, in order to encourage him to proceed.

He went every day to see his physician, using the street cars from motives of economy. But notwithstanding all the lotions and alleviating washes, the pains in the throat increased, till eating became an agony which even Grant's iron will could not conceal from the watchful eyes of Mrs. Grant. Solid foods at last became impossible to him. He kept his place at the table, but seldom had a part in the meal.

In such wise the winter wore on. Steadfast friends occasionally called. Old army officers, being in the city, dropped in to see "the old commander," and neighbors from Galena or Georgetown always found a welcome. Nevertheless, Grant's life would have been very irksome had it not been for the writing which filled much of his time and nearly all of his thoughts. He was now practically unregarded by the great world of commerce and business. His friends in Congress were trying to help him by means of a bill restoring him to his rank as General of the Army and retiring him on full pay; but each attempt met with bitter opposition. The bill had been once defeated in 1881. Since then the matter had rested. A pension had been suggested, but this the General steadily refused to consider.

There now arose a new occasion of distress to him. Some of the small creditors of the firm of Grant and Ward were attempting to levy on the souvenirs and tokens which General Grant had made over to Mr. William K. Vanderbilt in security for a loan procured by General Grant in the interest of Grant and Ward. General Grant was poor, but he was not abject. He wrote to Mr. Vanderbilt and requested him to offer for sale all the property he held, including the souvenirs and trophies of peace and war. To this Mr. Vanderbilt replied, expressing a willingness to turn over all the personal articles to be held in trust by Mrs. Grant and the General during their lifetime, and to become the property of the Government after



THE GENERAL'S LAST DREAM.—MOUNT McGREGOR, JULY, 1885.

PAINTED BY B. J. ROSENMEIER.

With acknowledgments to a sketch published in "Frank Leslie's Weekly" of April 18, 1885.

their death. This General Grant declined to accept, and the articles were turned over directly to the Government, and placed in the museum at Washington.

On February 20, 1885, the first bulletin of General Grant's condition reached the public: "The action of Congress in refusing to pass the bill restoring him to his honors, has been very depressing to him," the physicians said; "but he is feeling very comfortable otherwise." They were making the best of a very bad case, for Grant was already reduced in weight from nearly two hundred pounds to barely one hundred and forty-five, though his face did not show this emaciation. By February 17th he had nearly ceased to work on his book. The first volume was finished, and the second was begun; but the resolution of even his indomitable soul could not master the growing weakness and lassitude of his body. He became silent and distrait, and sat amidst his family in abstraction which filled them with terror. When alone, he lay stretched out on his reclining-chair, facing the fire, with eyes which saw neither flame nor wall. Occasionally, when roused by some friend, he spoke of his book, and expressed a desire to finish it. He spoke of it as one might who wished to complete some task before going on an inevitable journey. He was waiting the summons of the bugle, and was ready to obey.

His activity of mind was enormous. He could do nothing but think. His great brain, filled with innumerable scenes, conceptions, plans, and deeds, kept up its ceaseless whirl, turning night into day, and day into a phantasmagoric dream of the past. The writing of the book had recalled and made present all his changeful and epic history; and as the external lost power and interest, his mind turned back upon itself.

RESTORATION TO HIS OLD RANK.

He was confined not merely to the house, but to his room. To walk around the hall and back was a long walk. Visitors were at last denied him, but he had around him nearly his entire family. His sons were with him constantly, and his daughter Nellie had been sent for. Little by little the details of the General's condition became public, and the returning regard of the world began to make itself felt. Resolutions of sympathy began to come in from State legislatures and other bodies. The Assembly of New York expressed to the New York delegation in Congress its wish that the bill in aid of General Grant should pass, and interest was again revived in it.

At last, just in the final hour of the session, an agreement was reached whereby a vote was taken. Congressman Randall moved that, by unanimous consent, the bill be taken up, and to this the Democratic majority of the House agreed, provided a certain contested election case was taken up and voted upon. Thereupon Mr. Wilson of Iowa, the holder of the contested seat, who had thus far successfully filibustered against his opponent, generously rose and said: "In order that this Congress shall do justice to the hero of Donelson and Appomattox, I yield to the request of the gentleman from Pennsylvania." It cost him his seat and his salary, but the bill restoring Grant to his military rank and placing him on the retired list was passed. President Arthur was in the Capitol, waiting to sign the bill. He affixed his signature, the formal nomination of Grant went immediately to the Senate, and the Senate at once confirmed it.

The honor came almost too late for "the old commander." When the telegram announcing it was read to him, his eyes did not brighten, and he uttered no word of pleasure nor even of interest. He had gone beyond the reach of acts of Congress. He had loosened his hold on life. "I am a very sick man," he said to a friend; and in his eyes was the look of a hunted creature, weary and hopeless of rest.

A FATAL DIAGNOSIS.

During all this time the disease never rested. The ulcer ate its way deep into his throat, sapping his vitality and undermining his superb courage. It was recognized at last to be a very grave matter indeed, and the friends of the General began to allude to it as cancer. Up to this time the ulceration had not been considered incurable. Dr. Douglas and Dr. Barker grew alarmed at last, and called in other physicians for consultation. Even then no decision as to the character of the disease was reached. About the 10th of March a piece of the diseased tissue was placed before Dr. G. R. Elliot, an expert microscopist, who also submitted it to Dr. George F. Shrady. Dr. Shrady, who was afterwards called into the case as one of the consulting surgeons, corroborated the opinion of Dr. Elliot. Without knowing whence the tissue came nor anything of the case at the time, he made an examina-

tion, and immediately reported: "This tissue comes from the throat and base of the tongue, and is affected with cancer."

Dr. Elliot, though this was also his own conclusion, said: "This is a very important matter; are you sure?"

"Perfectly sure. The patient from whom this tissue comes has epithelial cancer."

Almost in a whisper the other said: "That tissue comes from the throat of General Grant."

Dr. Shrady replied slowly: "Then General Grant is doomed."

This appalling verdict of the men of science was made public after a consultation at General Grant's house, and the news was flashed round the world that General Grant was attacked by cancer and was fighting his last battle. The nation awoke to sympathy. All criticism of the great General was for the time laid aside, and the Christian public offered daily prayers for his recovery. But he grew daily weaker. He could not sleep without morphia, and yet he fought against its use. He feared becoming a victim to its power, and endured to the utmost the agonies of sleeplessness before asking for relief. He was the most docile of patients. "You are in command here," he would say to Dr. Shrady.

In order to take even liquid food, he was forced to fling the contents of the bowl down his throat at one gulp, before the spasm closed his throat. It required all his resolution to do this. Yet he seldom uttered a word of complaint. He never forgot to be courteous and mindful of others. He obeyed his nurses like a child, at the same time that his great brain pondered upon questions national in scope. He concealed his despondency with studied care from his wife, and was careful that she should not see him at his worst. His son Frederick and his physicians perceived the whole truth of his condition. The expediency of performing a radical surgical operation was discussed early in the case, but the surgeons considered the cancer too deeply rooted to be removed by the knife.

The anodyne and the disease combined at times to produce a dazing effect, and his mind wandered. Once he said: "I am detailed from four to six." He was back at West Point, a ruddy youth again. Once he clutched his throat, and cried out, "The cannon did it," thinking, perhaps, of the officer whose head was blown away by solid shot at Palo Alto. He longed for spring to come, and thought if he could get out and see the green grass and the budding trees it would help him. His illness brought out the purely human side of the great historical character. He became as gentle and patient as a woman.

The 27th of March being a fine, warm day, he was taken to ride in the Park, and seemed brightened by the change. Upon his return he was met by several attorneys engaged in the trial of Fish, the former president of the Marine Bank. General Grant's testimony was needed; and though emaciated, worn with loss of sleep, and speaking with great difficulty, the General went to his duty resolutely and with a certain readiness. He told all he knew concerning the case, sparing neither Fish nor Ward. He said that he had no knowledge of any speculation in government contracts, and that he had distinctly charged Ward not to have any such business, and had informed him that if the firm of Grant and Ward was concerned in any way with such business, he must retire.

The examination occupied less than an hour, but it exhausted him, and he had a very bad night. Three days later he had a choking spell so deadly in its sudden seizure that he rose from his chair in agony, crying out to his nurse: "Oh, I can't stand it! I must die! I must go!" But the spasm passed away, and under the ministrations of the physicians he became easier.

It was now certain that General Grant was dying, and the usually quiet street swarmed with reporters and with curious and sympathetic people, who walked slowly past, looking up at the windows shining with the flare of gas-jets at full flame.

AN INSTANCE OF GRANT'S UNSELFISHNESS.

The 31st of March was made memorable by a strange incident. A professed astrologer had cast the General's horoscope, and predicted that he would die on the 31st of March. The family were anxious to keep all such matters from the General, and papers containing them were excluded from his chamber. But one morning, when the family returned to the General's room from breakfast, they found him intent on the astrologer's prediction.

They made no remark about it, but tried to keep his mind off the thought of death, and yet he seemed to dwell upon it. As the date set in the prediction drew near, he seemed to be asking very often, "What day of the month is to-day?" He sometimes

asked twice in the same day; and when his son Ulysses answered on one occasion, he said: "You told me that before."

"I know I did, father; but it was this morning."

"I had forgotten it," he replied. The anodynes had affected his memory.

The family were alarmed at his anxiety. He seemed to be dwelling on that particular day in March. At last the dreaded day came, and then it fell out that it was the day on which he was to receive his first month's pay as General Grant. He had been thinking of that, and not of the astrologer's prediction. He could scarcely wait until the money came. When it was placed in his hands, he at once made it up into rolls, which he passed to his sons and his wife, retaining only twenty-five dollars. He cared nothing for money himself, but he was eager to put it into their hands. It was the final seal upon his restoration to honor and trust. His constant reference to the 31st of March showed how deeply, after all, he appreciated the return of the nation's confidence and pride in him. His indifference had been concealment.

"He is the most suppressive man I ever knew," said one of his physicians at the time. "He is not devoid of emotional nature, but his emotions from early life have been diverted from their natural channels of expression, and have expended themselves at the vital centers. What has been called imperturbability in him is simply introversion of his feelings."

Toward the end of the day, as he grew easier, the General said reassuringly: "Yes, I am much better. I think I shall pull through after all."

To his son Ulysses he said: "I am ready to go. No Grant ever feared to die. I am not afraid to die, but your mother is not ready to let me go away. My only wish is to leave her so that she will not want."

But that night the physicians did not leave the house. They feared the worst. Some time in the early morning, Dr. Shrady, who was sleeping in a near-by room, was roused by Dr. Douglas, who called him in great excitement, saying, "Get up; the General is dying."

As the two physicians reëntered the room, the members of the family were all gathered about the General's chair. Mrs. Grant was kneeling by his side, imploring him to speak. His head was fallen upon his breast, and he was drawing his breath with great difficulty. There was no time to be lost.

"What shall we do?" asked Dr. Douglas, who was overcome with emotion.

"Hold on; let us try some stimulants; the General is not dead yet," replied Dr. Shrady; and with Dr. Douglas's consent, he began to inject brandy into the veins of the General's wrist. In a short time after the first touch of the syringe, the pulse perceptibly improved. The stimulant was having its effect. To the weeping family, Dr. Shrady said: "Don't despair; the pulse is improving. The General must not die. We will take the last chance."

Meanwhile, the Rev. Dr. Newman appeared with a baptismal bowl filled with water, from which he solemnly and with due form baptized the unconscious and apparently dying man.

In a few minutes the General was able to speak. He wanted to know what had happened. "I am surprised," he said gently to his wife, as he comprehended the meaning of the baptismal water. He then murmured something about Hamilton Fish and his book. A little later he was able to say, "I want to live and finish my book." That seemed to be the most important thing.

A MARKED CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

A marvellous change for the better now took place in the patient's condition. The sloughing of the diseased tissue left him easier, and the gnawing of the disease seemed to stop. He swallowed with less pain than for many weeks. He relished his food, and his gain was perceptible from hour to hour. Two days after the night when he seemed to be dying, he was walking about the room, and smiling and bowing at the window to the great crowds in the street. On Easter Sunday, when a great crowd was before the house, Dr. Shrady, upon whom the writing of the daily bulletins had fallen, said: "General, there are hundreds of people in the street waiting to hear how you are this morning."

"They are very good. I am very grateful to them," Grant replied.

"What shall I say to them?"

"Say I am very comfortable."

"Why not tell me, General, what you would like to have said, and I will embody it in a special bulletin as coming from you?"

Then in faltering speech the General said: "I am very much touched—and grateful—

for the sympathy and interest manifested in me by my friends—" he hesitated—" and by—those who have not hitherto been regarded as friends."

His inherent delicacy would not let him speak of any one as his enemy at this time. He was magnanimous beyond most men; but there were those whom he could not forgive, and to whom he never alluded.

He was still gaining miraculously on the 9th of April, the twentieth anniversary of Appomattox. The date was referred to by General Badeau, but Grant only answered with a sad smile. He had no desire to celebrate it in any way. He was still troubled about the future of his family, and as he grew stronger, the desire to finish his book came back. With that done, he would consider his work on earth finished.

Now that this sudden turn to strength took place, the papers took on an injured tone. Their sympathy had been wasted. The General was reported to be taking his meals with his family, and actually eating solid food once more. Every one was glad to have the illustrious patient recover, of course, but no one liked to be misled by a corps of doctors. Therefore, the attending physicians were denounced as men of little knowledge and of no discernment. The funny men fell upon them with a rush. Imaginary bulletins were printed, giving humorous details of the condition of the doctors, signed, " U. S. Grant." Comic head-lines abounded. " Grant Thinks the Doctors Will Pull Through." " The Doctors Still Gain Slowly." " A Bad Day for the Doctors. General Grant Watching Them Closely." Their pulse was reported as " rising almost as high as their bills." They were called " the silent men," in derision of their sudden abandonment of bulletins. Great pressure was brought to bear to get outsiders admitted to a trial of their hands upon the patient.

The General remained loyal to his physicians. He believed in them, and no pressure could move him. He said to Dr. Shrady: " Never mind what people say. You are right. Don't be afraid. I am the one to be pleased, and I am satisfied. Hold the fort."

Spring opened warm and wet, and the patient was oppressed by it. His gain was fitful. There were days when he worked, and days when he did little but sit and dream, always in that strangely suggestive attitude, propped in a reclining chair, his limbs wrapped in a gray robe, his hands folded on his breast, his eyes looking straight ahead, searching dim seas of speculation. Sometimes he drove out for a short time, tottering to his carriage. Surrounded by the street scenes and the brisk, agile, and curious pedestrians, he seemed but the wraith of his stern, self-reliant manhood. When he felt particularly well, he dictated to a stenographer, walking painfully up and down the room, till his voice failed him; after that he whispered his words into the stenographer's ear. At last he was forced to write it all with his own hand. The malignant ulcer, like a living thing, had reached out and laid hold upon the vocal cords, and silenced the voice of The Great Commander forever. But he toiled with a desperate resolution painful to witness.

About the middle of May, interested persons spread the report that the General was not writing his book himself. This was contradicted by those who saw him working day by day, and the General himself despatched a letter to his publishers wherein he stated conclusively that the book was his own and that no one else had any claim upon it.

He took pleasure in his work, for it helped him forget his pain and weariness. " It is my life," he said to a friend. " Every day, every hour, is a week of agony. I am easier when employed."

REMOVAL TO MOUNT McGREGOR.

As May grew old, the weather became more and more oppressive, and Grant began again to fail. Then the question of removing him to the mountains came up, and it was decided to take him out of the city at once. The press of the nation grew serious again. It was perceived that the physicians knew their business after all. A friend (Mr. Joseph W. Drexel) put his cottage on Mount McGregor at the General's service, and it was decided to accept of the offer, and June 16th was fixed upon as the day of removal. Thereafter Grant was eager to get away. He longed with ever-increasing wistfulness for the trees and the sky and the wholesome influence of nature's springtime life.

He did not deceive himself. He knew he was going away to die, but he was eager to escape the town and the close confinement of his room. When he came out to enter his carriage that beautiful June day, he was like a man walking toward his open grave. His tottering step, his emaciated limbs, and his pale and weary face were indices of the power of the dread disease. There was no

more joking on the part of the public. The crowd stood in silent awe to see him pass.

As he entered the train, some of the officials saluted him, and he disengaged his hand from his son's arm to return the salute. Some ladies bowed to him, and he returned their salutations with instant courtesy; and so he entered the car and was whirled away up the pleasant shores of the Hudson River. Naturally he thought of West Point, which had seemed so beautiful to him when he first saw it, a country youth of seventeen, and it seemed more beautiful still, now that as a dying man of three score years and three he was looking upon it for the last time. As he passed it, he turned to his wife and smiled a sad smile, and tried to speak, but could not—his voice was utterly gone.

The day after Grant's arrival at Mount McGregor was made memorable by a significant message. After returning from a walk which he seemed to enjoy, Grant grew restless and unaccountable in action. He moved to and fro in the cottage as if seeking something, and at last, by signs, he made known his wish for pencil and paper. Being furnished therewith, he sat writing busily for some time, and then handed two letters to Colonel Grant. One was addressed to Dr. Douglas; the other one bore the superscription: "Memoranda for my family."

There was something ominous in his action, and the son tore open the letter in great anxiety. It was a message of death. "I feel that I am failing," he had written; and then passed on to certain things which he wished taken care of after his death.

The family were thrown into an agony of grief, but the General sat quietly in his chair, as if resignedly waiting the end. Fear was not in his face; only weariness and lofty patience. His work was done. He had given up the fight. His invincible will to live was withdrawn; henceforward the physicians must fight alone.

The days that followed were simply days of pain and brave endurance, as his life forces slowly ebbed away. Occasionally he hobbled out into the sunshine on the piazza, but for the most part he kept to his chair and mused in statue-like immobility on incommunicable themes.

People from the surrounding country came in procession past the cottage, eager to catch a glimpse of the most renowned man of his time. The railway brought other swarms of curious or sympathetic tourists, and they stole near and gazed silently upon the dying man, and then moved on. He was not annoyed as another might have been by these passing shadows. Once he wrote of them: "To pass my time pleasantly, I should like to talk with them if I could." If they bowed to him he returned their salutes; and once, when a woman passing removed her bonnet, he struggled to his feet and removed his hat in acknowledgment. His favorite seat was a willow chair which stood at the northeast corner of the veranda, and there he sat during the middle hours of each day to enjoy the sun and air; as it grew chill, he returned to his fireside. He listened as courteously to the spokesman of a troop of school children, or to a little girl presenting a bouquet, as to a delegation of leading citizens or foreign journalists.

PASSAGES FROM GRANT'S LAST CONVERSATIONS.

Toward the latter part of June, Dr. Shrady was summoned to see him. He seemed to find a pleasure in his young physician, who was a keen, alert man, military in his decision and promptness: a man of humor, also, and a certain buoyancy of spirits. With him Grant had a great deal of conversation, laborious on the latter's part, for he was obliged to write every word.

"I am having a pretty tough time, doctor," he wrote in answer to a question, "though I do not suffer so much acute pain. . . . My trouble is in getting my breath. . . . I sleep pretty well, though rarely more than an hour at a time. . . . I am growing lighter every day, although I have increased the amount of food."

Alluding to his work, he said, "I have no connected account now to write. Occasionally I see something that suggests a few remarks. . . . At times it taxes my brain to work, now it would not. If I had a chapter to write in my book, it would give me pleasure to write it. I am thankful, however, that the work is done and I am not to add to it."

Though he was pain-weary and foreboding death, he joked a little. Once he alluded to the doctor's close-cut hair, and said it was done in order that, if the doctor was stopped at Sing Sing, on his way to Mount McGregor, he would be properly clipped. During an examination of his throat, he wrote in explanation of an attempt to whisper another jocose remark: "I said if you want anything larger in the way of a spatula—is that what you call it?—I saw a man behind

the house filling a ditch with a hoe. It was larger, and I think it can be borrowed." Referring to some report in a newspaper, he wrote: "The —— has been killing me off for a year and a half. If it does not change, it will get right in time."

But these moods were few; Grant knew too well his own condition. He said also: "I have had nearly two hours, with scarcely animation enough to draw my breath. . . . I have little hope for sleep to-day. . . . I do not feel satisfied with any position. I have thirteen fearful hours before me before I can expect relief." And again: "It is postponing the event. A great number of my friends who were alive when the papers began announcing that I was dying are now in their graves. They were neither old nor infirm people either. I am ready to go at any time. I know there is nothing but suffering for me while I do live."

Dr. Shrady took leave of him after promising to be with him in the final hour, which both men knew would come soon. The General computed the time it would take for the doctor to reach his bedside, and mapped out the route and studied the various means it would be necessary to employ. He planned it as he had been used to plan his campaigns.

In a letter to Dr. Douglas he reverted again to the "providential extension" of his time, and said: "I am further thankful, and in a much greater degree thankful, because it has enabled me to see for myself the happy harmony which so suddenly sprung up between those engaged but a few short years ago in deadly combat. It has been an inestimable blessing to me to hear the kind expressions toward me in person from all parts of the country, from people of all nationalities, of all religions and of no religion, of Confederate and of National troops alike, of soldiers' organizations, of mechanical, scientific, and religious societies, embracing almost every citizen in the land. They have brought joy to my heart, if they have not effected a cure."

HIS LIFE ROUNDING TO A NOBLE CLOSE.

As his life rounded to a close, it took on epic scope and dignity. Had he died at the end of the war, he would have been a mighty hero, but the *man* would have been unknown. Had he died after his second administration, he would have left a name at the mercy of politicians. But to die now, after his work was done, his fame secure, was in reality glorious. He forgave the world, but there were men, old friends and subordinate officers, whom he could not invite to his side. They had broken faith with him; duplicity was to him a most hateful thing; and, being human after all, he turned his face from them. He wished them no harm, but he could not forget their perfidious deeds.

He continued to work a little on his book, for it was conceded that it could do him no harm and might relieve his suffering. The Fourth of July was a great anniversary for him. On that day he had won Vicksburg. He did not need to be reminded of it, but he did not refer to it himself; it was far from his wish to revive memories unpleasant to the people of the South. He was not of a nature to exult over the defeat of others.

A few days later there came to Mount McGregor a company of Mexican journalists, and, though suffering with special acuteness that day, the General welcomed them gladly. He received them in unwilling silence (for he could not even whisper), standing with bowed head while they said in formal terms: "We could not pass so near a great friend of Mexico without coming to pay our respects to him." They then passed before him, and were introduced. It was evident that his interest was very cordial. His face lighted up, and when they had all shaken his hand, he sat at a table and wrote this reply:

"My great interest in Mexico is dated back to the war between the United States and that country. My interest was increased when four European monarchies attempted to set up their institutions on this continent, selecting Mexico, a territory adjoining us. It was an outrage on human rights for a foreign nation to attempt to transfer her institutions and her rulers to the territory of a civilized people without their consent. They were properly punished for their crime. I hope Mexico may soon begin an upward and prosperous departure. She has the people, she has the soil, she has the climate, and she has the minerals. The conquest of Mexico will not be an easy task in the future."

In answer to a Catholic priest who called to see him, he expressed his tolerance of all creeds. When told that all denominations and sects were praying for him, he wrote: "Yes, I know, and I feel grateful. All I can do is to pray that the prayers of all these people may be answered so far as to have us all meet in another and better world." To another he wrote: "I am glad that, while there is unblushing wickedness in the world, there is compensating grandeur of soul. In my case, I have not found republics ungrateful, nor are the people."

VISITED BY GENERAL BUCKNER.

About this time General Simon Buckner paid a visit to his old classmate and conqueror. "It is a purely personal visit," he said to General Grant. "I wanted you to know that many Confederate officers sympathize with you in your sickness and trouble."

"I appreciate your calling highly," the Northern chieftain wrote in reply. "I have witnessed since my illness just what I have wished to see since the war, harmony—harmony and good will between the sections. . . . We now look forward to a perpetual peace at home and a national strength which will screen us against any foreign complication. I believe myself that the war was worth all it cost us, fearful as that was. Since it was over I have visited every state in Europe and a number in the East. I know, as I did not before, the value of our institutions."

As General Buckner passed out of the house the reporters fell upon him, eager to know what was said. "I cannot tell you," he said. "The visit was purely personal; and, besides," he added, with eyes dim with tears, "it was too sacred. Without General Grant's consent, I cannot speak."

After reaching New York, General Buckner received a despatch from General Grant permitting the interview to be made public. When it appeared that the interview might add to the harmony and good will between the North and the South, Grant was eager to have it sent far and wide. Throughout all his later life he had had two predominating desires: one, to put down the rebellion; and, when that was done, then his whole heart went out toward the task of reconstructing the nation. And so now, though having gone away into a mountain to die, he still desired that every word of his should make for a united and peaceful nation.

His wish was gratified. The words he wrote went to North and South as messengers of peace. Again he said, "Let us have peace." And, standing there on the high ground between earth and the things beyond the earth, his words had all the force of a command and a benediction.

In ever increasing calm and ever decreasing sensibility to pain, he drifted toward the shadowed world. His introspection increased, and the certainty of his speedy death grew very strong in his own mind. "I have admonitions that the doctors know not of," he wrote slowly upon his tablet; "I think it doubtful that I shall last much longer than the end of the month." Despair had no place in the growing serenity of his manner. There was a lofty courage which laid hold upon great conceptions of human destiny. He subscribed to no creed, but he had an unspeakable faith in the integrity of the universe. He had no map of the unseen land toward which he was marching, but he believed it to be a better land than this, and that light and the guidance of reason would be present there as in the world he was leaving. He did not know, but he had no fear.

His consideration and his instant courtesy never left him. His gratitude for little kindnesses was inexpressibly touching. His physicians could look upon it only with tears.

On the 22d of July he expressed a wish to be in a bed. His bones were intolerably weary of the chair in which he had spent night and day during months of ceaseless suffering. The physicians looked at each other significantly. He was transferred to his bed, and as he stretched out his tired limbs and lay full length at last, he drew a sigh of relief and smiled. He felt the delicious restfulness of the bed as he used to do when a boy after a hard day's work. That he knew it to be his deathbed is certain; but it was none the less grateful because of that—it was the more grateful by reason of that.

"Does it seem good to be in bed?"

"So good. So good," he whispered in reply.

A deep, untroubled sleep fell upon him almost at once, but the physicians read the advance of death in the labored breathing and fluttering pulse. Slowly the blood ceased to warm the body. The lower limbs grew cold as marble, and the breathing grew ever quicker and lighter. The lower cells of the lungs were closing. Life was retreating to the brain.

The family at last were all there. The loyal wife sat often by his side, where she could touch his face and press his hand. His eldest son, erect, calm, and soldierly, scarcely relaxed his painful vigil. It was a long and terrible watch, and when midnight came, it was evident that death was present in the room at last. The great soldier lay in a doze which was the lethargy of dissolution, but still responded to the agonized words of love from his wife and daughter by opening his eyes in a peculiarly clear, wide, penetrat-

ing glance. This was only momentary. Each time it was more difficult to penetrate beneath the freezing flesh to the living soul. At two o'clock of the morning, Colonel Grant laid his hand on the dying man's forehead and said: "Father, would you like a drink of water?"

In reply, Grant whispered, "Yes."

At three o'clock Colonel Grant again approached the bedside: "Father, is there anything you want?"

"Water," whispered the dying man, and this was his last word.

He could not swallow; but when his wife placed a sponge in his mouth, he closed his lips upon it and seemed relieved by the trickling moisture.

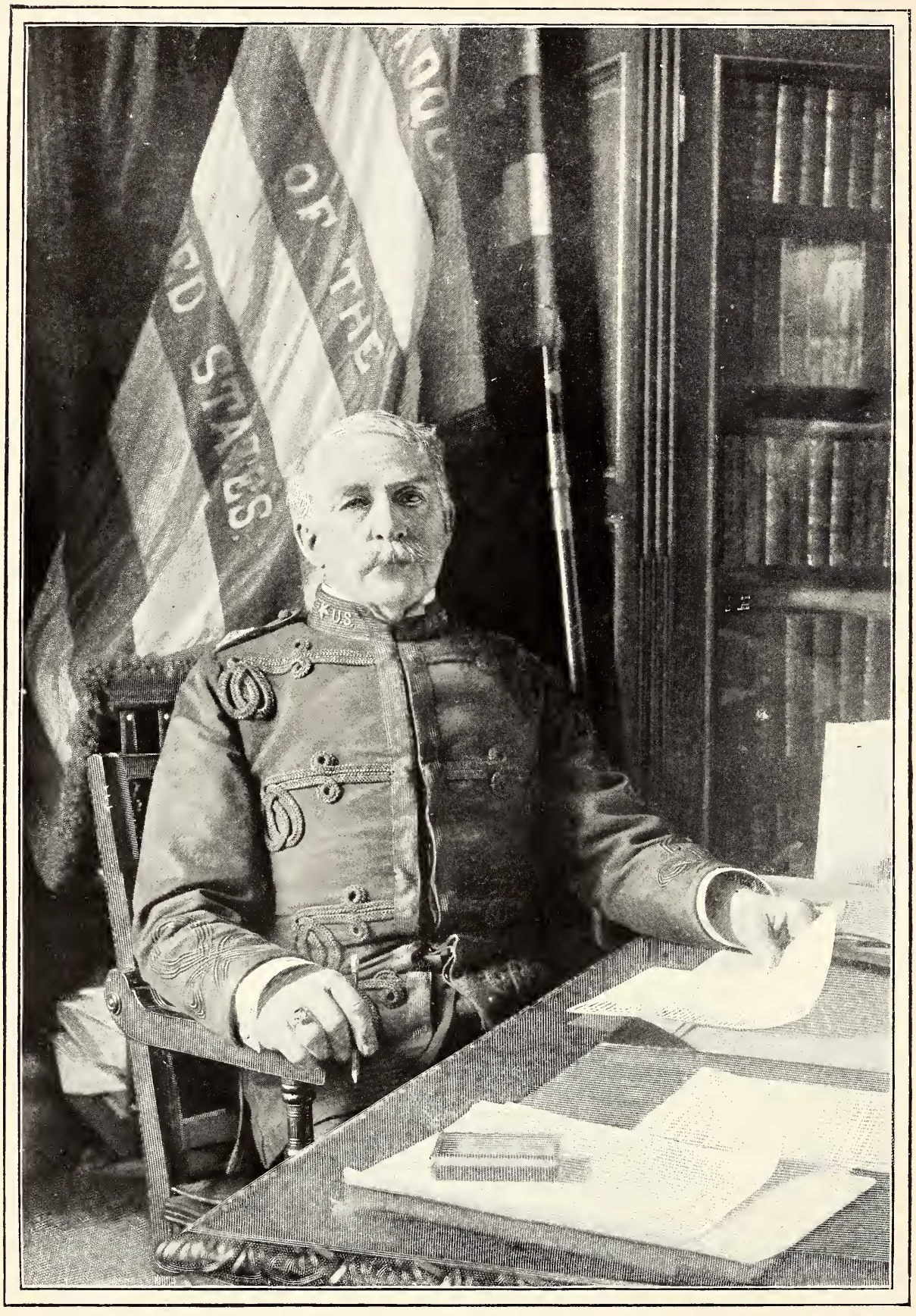
All danger of a violent death was over. He was passing peacefully away, his face calm and unlined by pain. His body, wasted and grave-weary, composed itself for final rest. The coldness crept slowly but inexorably toward the faintly-beating heart. The birds sang outside, and the sun rose, warming the earth, but no waking and no warmth came to The Great Commander lying so small and weak beneath his coverlet.

At seven minutes past eight, in the full flush of a glorious morning, he drew a deeper breath, and then uttered a long, gentle sigh, like one suddenly relieved of a painful burden. In the hush which followed, the watchers waited for the next breath. It did not come. The doctor stole softly to the bedside, and listened; then rose and said in a low voice: "It is all over."

Ulysses Grant was dead.

The pomp and pageantry of the funeral which followed surpassed anything ever seen in America. The wail of bugle, the boom of cannon, the rataplan of drum, the tramp of columned men were all of martial suggestiveness — ceremony for which Grant cared little; but if his spirit was able to look back toward its outworn vesture, it must have been glad to see Joseph Johnston and Simon Buckner marching side by side with their old classmates, Philip Sheridan and William Tecumseh Sherman. Over the body of Grant, the great warrior of peace, the North and the South clasped hands in a union never again to be broken. It is well that on the majestic marble mausoleum erected to cover his dust, on a wall looking to the South, these words should be carved: LET US HAVE PEACE; for they express, more completely than any other symbols could do, the inner gentleness and patriotism of the man.

GRANT'S TOMB AT RIVERSIDE, NEW YORK CITY.



See page 129.

GENERAL MILES IN HIS OFFICE AT THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

From a photograph taken expressly for McClure's Magazine April 16, 1898.

McClure's Magazine.

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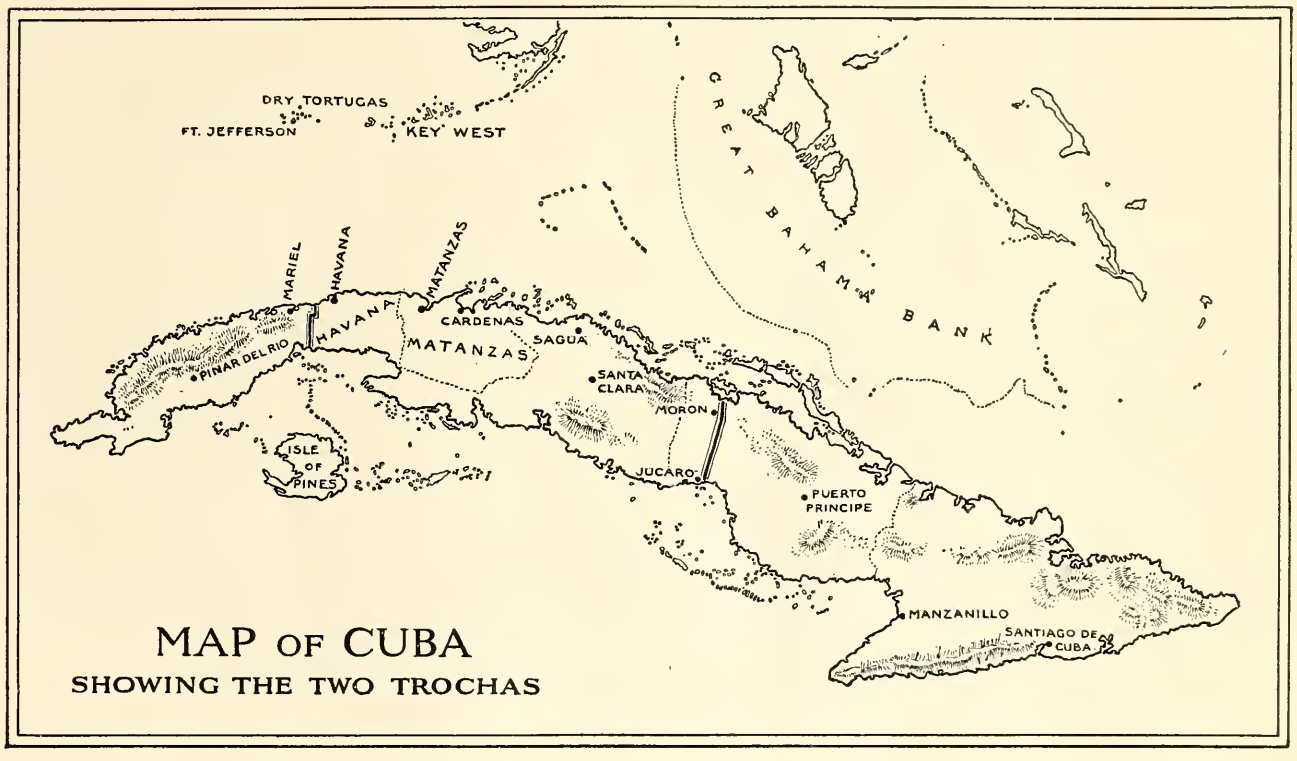

MAP OF CUBA
SHOWING THE TWO TROCHAS

CUBA UNDER SPANISH RULE.

PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF THE ISLAND, THE PEOPLE; OF THE GOVERNMENT, AND THE WAR FOR FREEDOM.

By Major-General Fitzhugh Lee,

Late Consul General of the United States to Havana.

MY information about Cuba and the situation there to-day has been gathered while performing official duties, and of course belonged to the government, and has been given to it from time to time in official reports. This article necessarily traverses some of the ground gone over in detail in these reports.

Nine months previous to the expiration of the presidential term of Mr. Cleveland, at his request I proceeded to Havana, Cuba, having been appointed United States Consul General. Resolutions recognizing the belligerent rights of the insurrectionary forces in Cuba had passed both houses of Congress, and were lying upon the President's desk for his signature. Grave doubts existed in the mind of Mr. Cleveland whether the Cuban Government, then in arms against the Spanish authority on the island of Cuba, was properly entitled to such recognition. One of the

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A BLOCKHOUSE ON ONE OF THE LINE OF FORTS BUILT ACROSS THE ISLAND OF CUBA BY THE SPANIARDS AND KNOWN AS THE TROCHA (*i.e.*, TRENCH, OR TRAVERSE).

principal objects, therefore, of my mission was to ascertain and report the exact political and military conditions existing at that time in Cuba. As the President expressed it at the time, he did not "want to go into the Cuban business bow on without knowing where" he was "going."

A few weeks after my arrival in Havana, I made a report to the Secretary of State (in substance) that, in my opinion, there was no immediate prospect of the Spanish soldiers suppressing the insurrection in Cuba or of the insurrectionary troops driving the Spanish from the island, and that, therefore, without outside interference, war, with its attendant horrors, would continue for an indefinite time; that the island was being devastated and gradually being reduced to an ash pile; that property was being destroyed everywhere, fields burnt, and human life taken by both contestants under the most aggravating circumstances; and that commerce was being extinguished, entailing great loss to the United States and to the American citizens resident on the island.

A SWIFT INCREASE OF MISERY AND DESOLATION.

Should I write a report to-day of the conditions now existing on the island I would not change, in its essential features, the report written two years ago, except to say that the destruction of property and the loss of life have suffered of course a large increase, and that misery, poverty, desolation, and devastation exist now in greater degree only than at the former period. The United States, at this writing, has determined to intervene, and, with soldiers and sailors, compel the Spanish troops to depart from the island and the Spanish flag to be furled forever upon the "Gem of the Antilles."

It is most difficult to comprehend the cruelties and enormities of Spanish rule on the island—more especially within the last few years. Spain has been repeating her past history by continuing that policy which has heretofore humbled her pride and reduced her territorial possessions, and will now lose Cuba, Porto Rico, and very possibly

From a recent photograph : copyright, 1898, by the International Society.

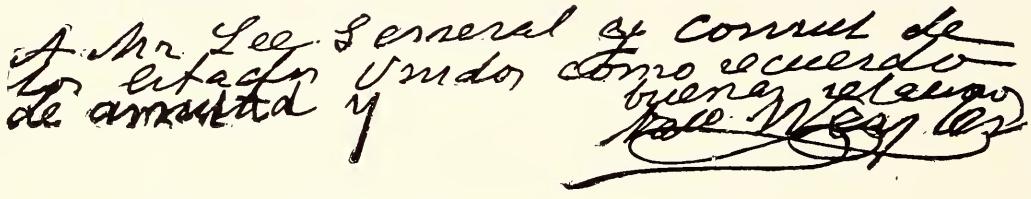
the Philippine Islands by that "barbarous persecution"—so atrocious that Motley says "it was beyond the power of man's ingenuity to add any fresh horrors to it."

Cuba, lying at the gate of the Gulf of Mexico, is, in some respects, the most fertile spot on the face of the globe. Its soil, in great part, is a rich chocolate loam, capable of producing everything that grows in tropical regions in the greatest abundance, while it stands unrivaled in the quality and quantity of its two great staple products—sugar and tobacco. It is true that, as in all tropical regions, the sun during the summer months casts heated rays upon all parts of the island; but during that period the rainy season begins, and three or four afternoons in each week, from July to October, there is a succession of rain showers followed by the sun again, a wise provision of nature, as it results in the continued growth of grass and all plants then in the ground. In consequence, the island is ever green; and there being no winter, as fast as a crop is reaped, the ground is available for the next. As is well known, sugar-cane, when once planted, does not have to be replanted for seven or eight years; so that when it is annually cut down and ground into molasses and sugar, the planter thereafter has only to wait for a corresponding period in the next year to perform a similar operation. From Santiago de Cuba, the most eastern province, to Pinar del Rio, the most western, there is a range

of mountains varying more or less in height (the highest portion being at the eastern end of the island) which constitutes a backbone, as it were, and to which upon each of its long sides the remainder of the island seems to be securely anchored. In these mountains are found many minerals, and upon their sides grow in profusion the most valuable hard woods, the railroads using in some instances mahogany for cross-ties.

The history of the Spanish people, so far as it refers to their colonial possessions, has never kept step to the music of the march of progress or ever shown any development of interior natural resources. Here, on this favored spot where Spanish feet were planted over four centuries ago, there are no public roads or highways or even country roads; no canals; no telegraphs, except along the line of some of the railroads; and the few railroads on the island were built by English enterprise and capital, and not by Spanish. It has ever been the policy of the Spaniards to occupy the edges of a country and remain in and closely around the cities and towns which constitute the seaports.

GENERAL VALERIANO WEYLER, FORMER GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CUBA.



FACSIMILE OF GENERAL WEYLER'S AUTOGRAPH, WRITTEN ON A PHOTOGRAPH GIVEN BY HIM TO GENERAL LEE. THE LINES TRANSLATED READ: "TO MR. LEE, GENERAL AND CONSUL OF THE UNITED STATES, AS A REMEMBRANCE OF FRIENDSHIP AND GOOD RELATIONS."

THE ENMITY BETWEEN SPANIARDS AND CUBA.

Less than a half century ago the Cubans (or Insular Spaniards, as they were called) owned most of the property and wealth of the island; but it has been gradually passing away from them until to-day the Peninsular Spaniards (or the Spaniards born in Spain) have succeeded in securing possession of the commercial business, stores, and commission houses of the cities, so that they are now the wealthy class of Cuba. A very high tariff on all goods, except those coming from Spain, has driven the inhabitants of the island to trade with Spain to a great extent, and the Spanish merchants at Barcelona and other points, preferring to have commercial relations with the Spaniards rather than the Cubans, have done much to bring about this financial change in these two classes.

This change, combined with economic questions, has been greatly widening the dividing line between the Cubans and Spaniards until it has resulted in the present existing chasm. Enmity, therefore, exists between Spaniards and Cubans, though the latter are descendants of Spaniards themselves. It is a remarkable fact that nearly every person born on the island seems to be at once instilled with a dislike for the Spaniards and their methods, and I know of no instance where children born in Cuba of Spanish parents have not participated in this feeling. This being true, has made it easier for the Spaniards to deprive the Cubans of all "Home Rule," or participation in the government and its perquisites, until the last feather was added to the great pile which had been accumulating for a long number of years, and has driven the Cubans to attempt once more to throw off the Spanish yoke and seize and hold the reins of their own government.

THE SPANISH ARMY IN CUBA.

Spain, losing her power by gradual process, has seen for many years that Cuban independence is only a question of time, though the political demands on the party

in power in Madrid has made it necessary for the political life of that party to resist in every form every attempt upon the part of the Cubans to secure their liberties, and to resist all attempts of other countries to intervene in the interest of peace, progress, and humanity. Whatever else may be said of Spain and her decadence, the fact stands bravely forth that she has made a magnificent struggle to preserve this rich colonial possession. Over 200,000 soldiers (a greater number than the combined armies of Generals Grant and Lee in the war of 1861–65 in this country) have been transported, at immense expense, over 3,000 miles from her shores—the largest number of organized troops that has ever been transported so great a distance from their homes and firesides. These troops have been badly handled, and therefore have not made much of a record in strategy and tactics or for efficient service on the island of Cuba. They were principally located in the coast cities and in the larger interior towns, while the insurrectionists have been holding to a great degree the rest of the island.

GENERAL RAMON BLANCO.

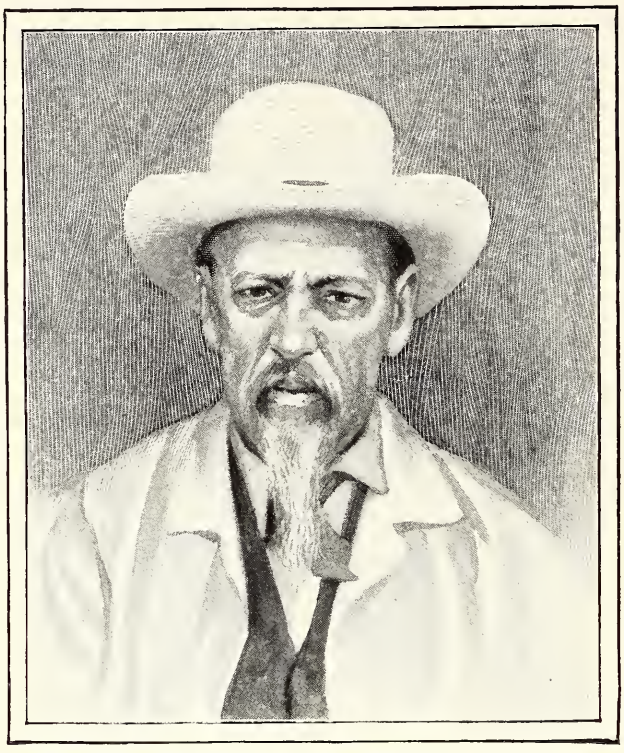
The inefficiency of the Spanish soldier is due not to a want of personal courage, but because he is not properly drilled, disciplined, or organized into a fighting machine. In Cuba he has to struggle as best he can with but little or no pay—while badly clothed and fed—and is sent into the field to stand the sunshine and the storm without giving him proper protection from either. He then becomes an easy captive to climatic causes, and instead of a robust soldier crammed with fire and fight, we find a half-sick, listless man, to whom it is an effort to raise and aim a rifle.

Gomez, the leader of the rebels, whatever else may be said about him, has fought this war in the only way he could win it, and never for one moment during the three years of strife has he departed a hair's breadth from the policy first inaugurated. He proposed to combat Spain's purse more than her soldiers; to play a waiting game and exhaust the failing financial resources of Spain. He did not propose to fight if it could be avoided, because he could not well afford to lose a man or a cartridge, being dependent for both upon the very uncertain and devious methods of filibusterism. His army, scattered over an island some 800 miles long by an average breadth of sixty miles, if all concentrated upon a single point, would number about 35,000 men; but being entirely devoid of bases of supplies and deficient in transportation and food for men or horses, to concentrate would be to starve, and to fight pitched battles against overwhelming numbers would result in the loss of the battle and the loss of his cause. He is a grim, resolute, honest, conscientious, grizzled old veteran, now seventy-five years old, who has thoroughly understood the tactics necessary to employ in order to waste the resources of his enemy and to prolong the war until such time as Spain would abandon the struggle as hopeless, or until it should become manifest to the United States that the contest had degenerated into a hopeless conflict.

GENERAL WEYLER AND HIS POLICY.

General Weyler, the Spanish commander first charged with suppressing the insurrection, seemed to have had an idea that if he could build trochas, or ditches, across the island from north to south, and from sea to

sea, at one or two points, and have these trochas strongly held by Spanish troops, the connection of the different bodies of insurgents on the island would be severed, and that he could then pen or corral them, and afterwards march his soldiers first into one of these pens and then into another until he had captured or killed all those within who were opposed to the Spanish flag. These trochas are curious in their construction. When the ditches are dug, the dirt is thrown up on one side, while on the other is a barbed wire fence, and every few hundred yards a blockhouse is built capable of holding a few soldiers and generally with two stories—the upper one being occupied by the vidette or sentinel who is posted to report any advance of his enemy. It cannot be said that this method of warfare proved successful, though. It cost large sums of money to construct trochas, and now they have been practically abandoned. One light battery of artillery could have opened the way for passage of troops. The insurgents always found many ways of crossing them at night or where these lines ran through swamps, or around by the water at either end. Maceo, it will be remembered, who was supposed to have been shut off in the western end of the province by what is known as the Mariel trocha, found no difficulty in crossing when he desired to go east, though, unfortunately for the Cuban cause, it resulted in his death afterwards.



GENERAL BARTOLOMÉ MASO, PRESIDENT OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC.

Captain General Weyler, more active in Cuban campaign work than his successor General Blanco, did but little to suppress the insurrection. He organized columns to move from the cities and operate against the bands of roving insurgents in their vicinity, but the Spaniards have so little idea of modern warfare and of the necessary attributes to mobilize an army, that these columns, after having been out a very few days and exchanged fire with the insurgents, would invariably return to the cities because out of rations or burdened with a few wounded, while the insurgents who had assembled to temporarily check their march would scatter out again and return to their various little camps, with the result, probably, to each side, of only two or three men killed and a few wounded.

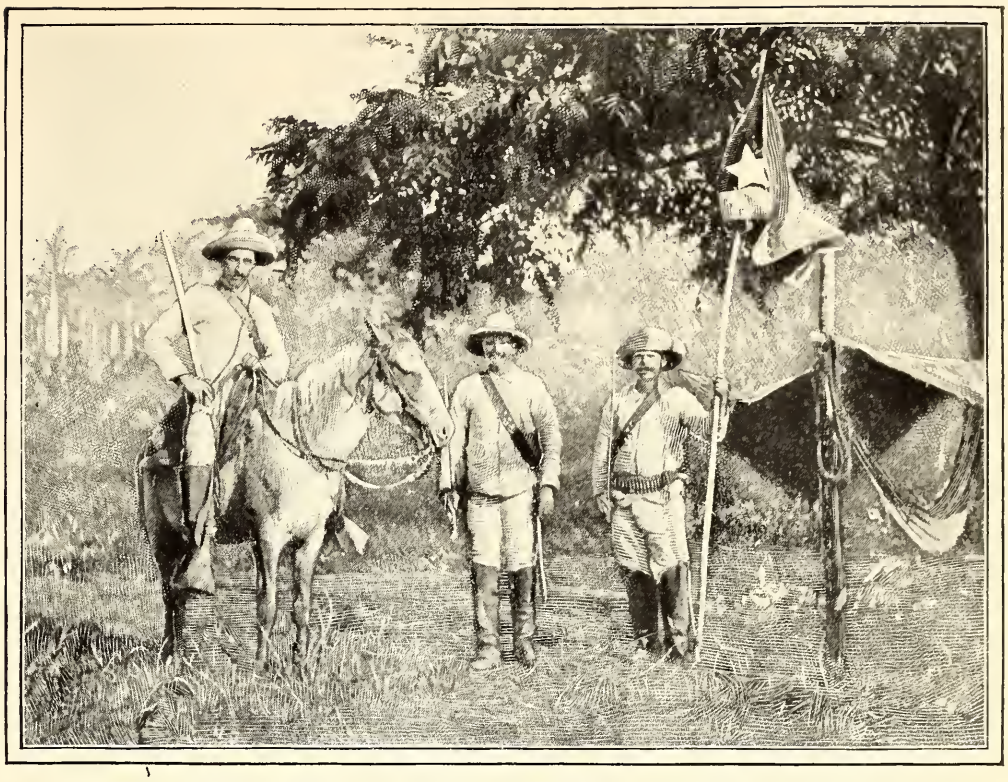
THE RECONCENTRADO ORDER AND ITS EFFECT.

It was evident, therefore, that this style of guerrilla warfare as practiced by the insurgents could be maintained for years because a generous soil, tilled by the peasantry

COLONEL ANDRÉS MORENO DE LA TORRE, SECRETARY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC.

COLONEL ERNESTO FONS STERLING, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY OF THE REPUBLIC OF CUBA.

NOTE.—The portraits on this and the next page, of the heads of the Cuban insurgent government, are after photographs taken by a special correspondent of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE in the winter of 1897–1898.



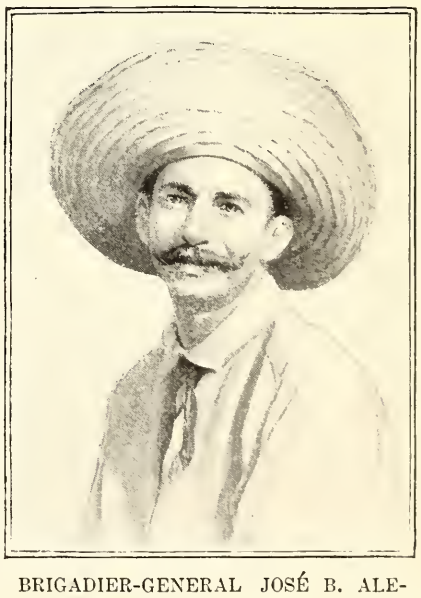
THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC AND HIS STAFF.

who were in sympathy with insurrection, produced the necessary food. It was then that General Weyler conceived the *brilliant* idea of destroying the peasant farmers to prevent their giving aid and comfort to the insurrectionists. This he hoped to effect by the issuing of his famous "reconcentrado order," whose terms compelled the old men, women and children to leave their homes and come within the nearest Spanish fortified lines, pains being taken after they were driven from their little farms to burn their houses, tear up their plant beds, and drive off and confiscate the few cattle, hogs and chickens that they were obliged to leave.

The United States was naturally shocked at the brutality of this order and saw, with great indignation, some 400,000 of these poor innocent war victims forced away from where they could subsist, to the Spanish lines where they could obtain nothing and within which nothing was tendered. As a consequence, over 200,000 (principally women and children and non-combatants) died from starvation and starvation alone. History presents nowhere such an appalling record; nor do the military annals anywhere furnish such a horrible spectacle, the result of a military order, based upon a supposed military necessity.

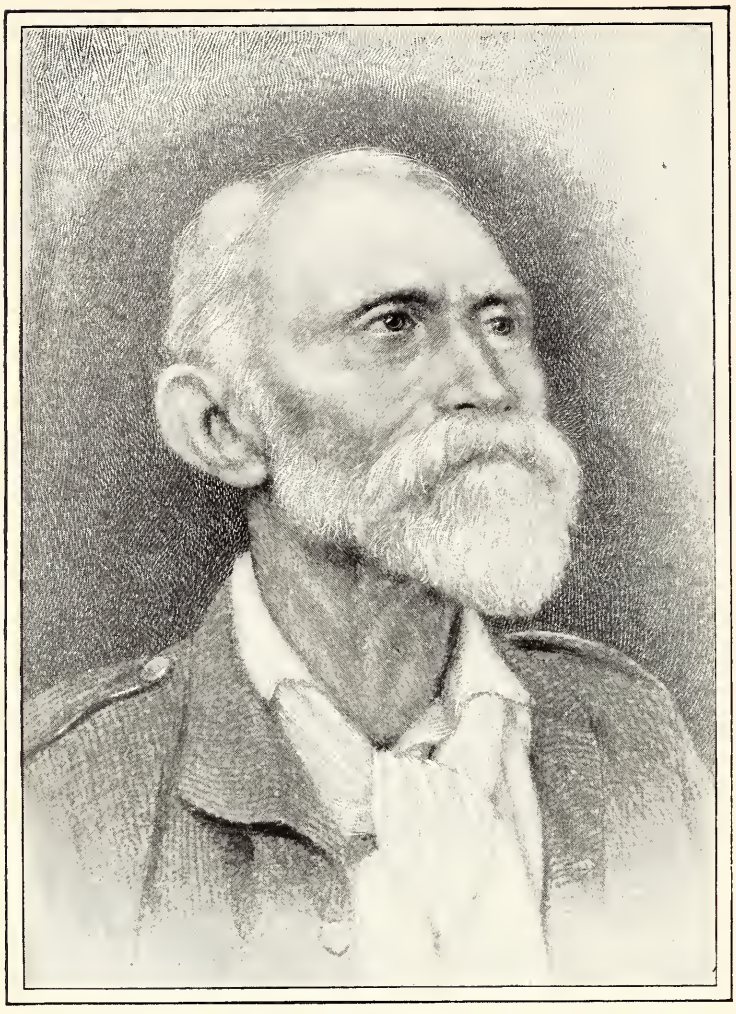
LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER MANUEL RAMON SILVA, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL MENDEZ CAPOTE, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOSÉ B. ALEMON, SECRETARY OF WAR OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC.

General Weyler, if anything, is a soldier, trained to no other career, and one who believes that everything is fair in war and every means justifiable which will ultimately write success upon his standards. He did

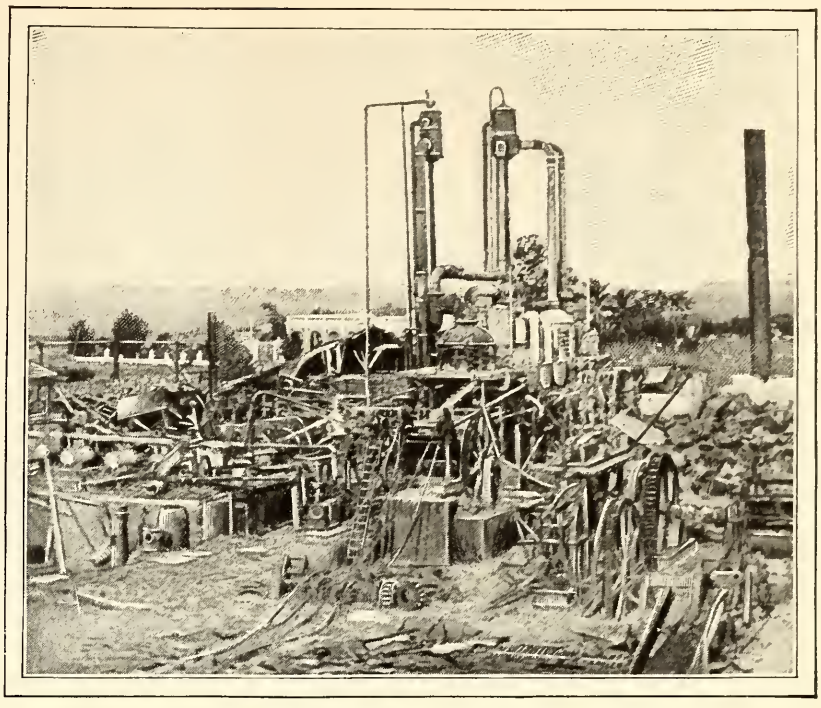


MAXIMO GOMEZ, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE CUBAN INSURGENTS.

From a pencil drawing made from life by Sylvester Scovel in December, 1897. Copyright, 1898, by The International Society.

not propose to make war with velvet paws, but to achieve his purpose of putting down the insurrection if he had to wade through, up to the visor of his helmet, the blood of every Cuban—man, woman, and child—on the island. And yet I found him in official intercourse affable, pleasant, and agreeable. He was always polite and courteous to me, and told me more than once that he wished I would remain in my position there as Consul General as long as he did as Governor and Captain General. He is small in stature, with a long face and square chin, wearing side whiskers and a mustache; quick and nervous in his manner and gait, and decided in his opinions. He was loved by some, and hated and feared by others. Whatever may have been his military qualifications, his warfare in Cuba did not demonstrate soldierly ability, because with an army of effectives of at least 150,000 men he failed to suppress an insurrection whose total fighting force did not number 40,000 men. He told me one day he would like to visit the United States, to which I replied that I thought he would enjoy seeing the new republic with its wonderful history; but he shook his head, saying that he could never go, because the people of the United States would kill him, and that they were already calling him in the newspapers, "The Butcher Weyler."

AN INSURGENT CAMP. THESE MEN ARE PART OF THE REGIMENT NAMED IN HONOR OF GENERAL GOMEZ'S SON PANCHITO, WHO WAS KILLED BY THE SPANIARDS.



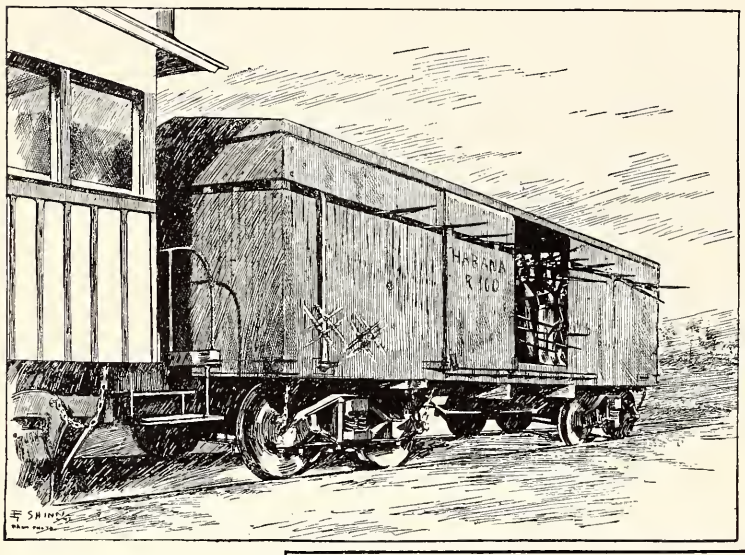
A SUGAR-MILL WRECKED BY CUBAN INSURGENTS.

IMPRISONMENT OF AMERICAN CITIZENS IN CUBA.

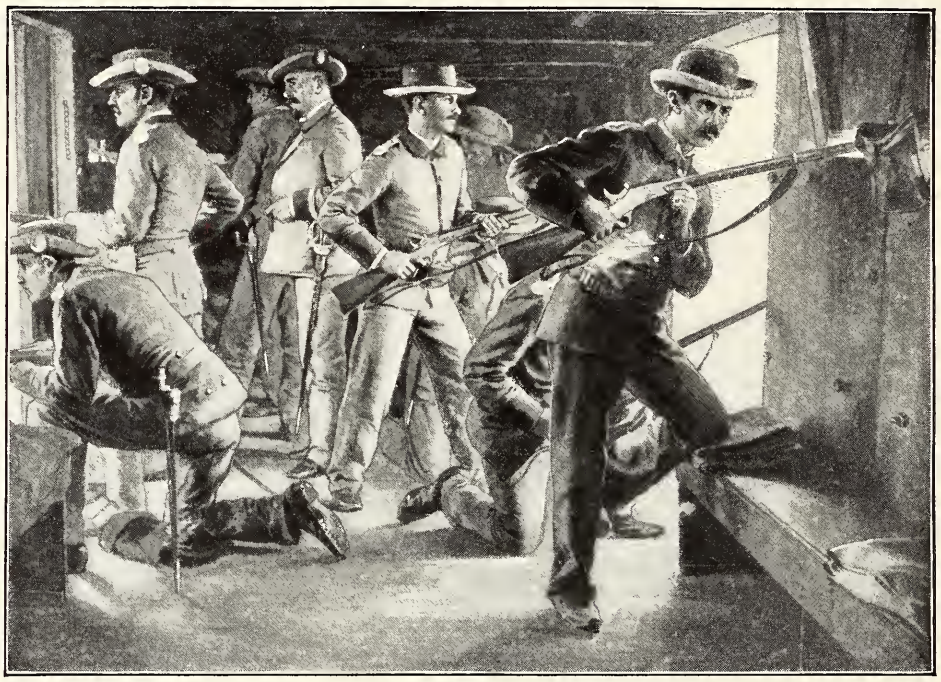
When I first reached the island citizens of the United States (principally naturalized Americans) were being constantly arrested and thrown into cells where they were kept "incomunicado," as the Spaniards term it. "The 'Competitor' Prisoners," as they were called, were then in the cells of the Cabanas fort, having been captured before I reached Cuba. The "Competitor," it will be remembered, was a small schooner which attempted to land a filibustering expedition west of Havana and was captured after most of her passengers had landed, leaving the crew, about five in number, on the vessel. These prisoners were tried by a naval court martial on the 8th of May, 1896, by a court organized to convict, the only testimony being that of the captain of the Spanish gunboat who had taken them

A CONVOY CROSSING THE HILLY COUNTRY IN CUBA.

prisoners. A sentence of death was promptly pronounced, and would have been quickly carried out, had not our government interfered to prevent the murder of these men, just as the English gunboat "Niobe," Captain Sir Lambton Lorraine, stopped the killing of the "Virginius" prisoners twenty-eight years ago, but unfortunately not until the courageous Fry and some fifty-three of his one hundred and fifty-five men had been shot.



I earnestly and vigorously protested against the arrest of these American citizens, telling General Weyler that it was in violation of the treaty and protocol between Spain and the United States, which, in my opinion, limited the confinement "incomunicado" to seventy-two hours. "Incomunicado" is a Spanish term meaning literally *without communication*. And these Americans, without any charges against them that I could ascertain, without warning, and without the knowledge of their friends and relatives, were arrested and thrown into these little "incomunicado" cells, about eight by ten feet, stone floors, and dark, and kept in these horrid little holes for days and weeks without being allowed to see and talk with anyone. I told Weyler that, in our country, the law presumed every man innocent until he was proved guilty; but by the Spanish process every man was guilty, and they did not even give him an opportunity to prove his innocence. To which he replied that he had published a proclamation establishing martial law and that the terms of that proclamation superseded the stipulations of the treaty. To this I answered that the terms of treaties between two countries at peace could not be set aside, changed or altered except by the action of one or both of the contracting parties, and that his proclamation was therefore inoperative where its stipulations came in conflict with the treaty mandates.

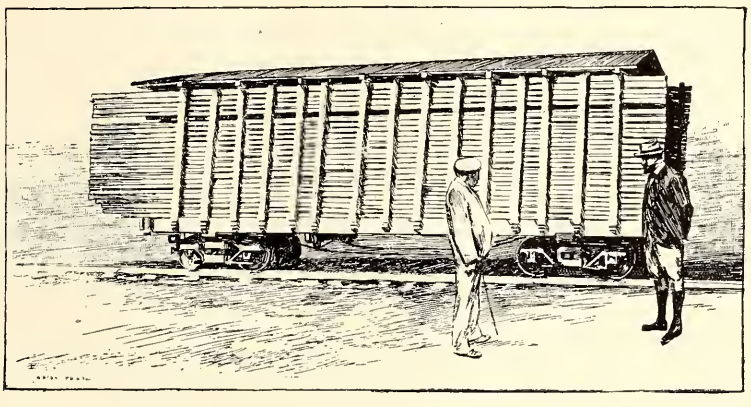


ONE OF THE SPANISH ARMORED CARS ATTACHED TO EVERY TRAIN LEAVING HAVANA. THEY ARE ORDINARY FREIGHT CARS WITH AN INSIDE IRON SHEATHING, AND WITH AN OPENING THROUGH WHICH THE SOLDIERS CAN SHOOT. THE PHOTOGRAPH (LOANED BY THE AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION) WAS TAKEN ON MARCH 13, 1898. ON THE SAME DAY, THE TRAIN TO WHICH THIS CAR WAS ATTACHED WAS ATTACKED BY INSURGENTS, AND TWO AMERICAN PASSENGERS WERE FATALLY WOUNDED.

The situation, however, remained unchanged until finally Dr. Ruiz, an American dentist who was practicing his profession in a town called Guanabacoa, some four miles from Havana, was arrested. A railroad train between Havana and this town had been captured by the insurgents, and the

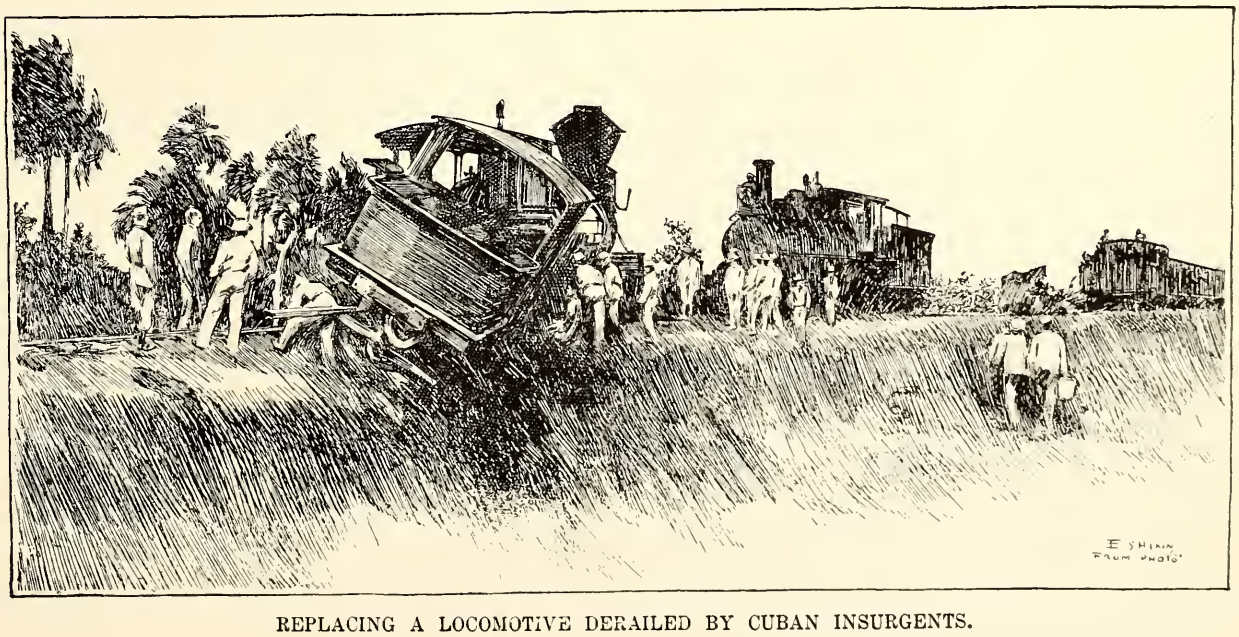
A TYPICAL CUBAN RANCH NEAR THE SEAT OF THE INSURGENT GOVERNMENT.

next day the Spanish authorities arrested a large number of persons in Guanabacoa, charging them with giving information which enabled the troops, under their enterprising young leader, Aranguren, to make the capture; and among these persons arrested was this American. He was a strongly built, athletic man, who confined himself strictly to the practice of his profession and let politics severely alone. He had nothing to do with the train being captured, but that night was visiting a neighbor opposite, until nine or ten o'clock, when he returned to his house and went to bed. He was arrested by the police the next morning; thrown into an "incomunicado" cell; kept there some three hundred and fifty or sixty hours, and was finally (when half crazed by this horrible imprisonment and calling for his wife and children) struck over the head with a "billy" in the hands of a brutal jailer, and died from its effects. Ruiz went into that cell an unusually healthy and vigorous man, and came out a corpse.



ANOTHER OF THE ARMORED CARS, PROTECTED ON THE SIDES BY A DOUBLE LAYER OF RAILS.

After this tragedy I determined to submit to no more violations of



REPLACING A LOCOMOTIVE DERAILED BY CUBAN INSURGENTS.

TROPICAL COUNTRY SCENERY ON THE UPPER SAN JUAN RIVER, BACK OF MATANZAS.

the treaty rights of American citizens, and, therefore, after viewing this dead body, went to my office and, finding that there was an American named Scott who had been arrested and was already "incomunicado" a much longer time than the prescribed limit of seventy-two hours, I demanded that he be released from "incomunicado," and at the end of three days he was released, and since the hour I made the issue no American citizens have been thrown into "incomunicado" cells, and all Americans who were arrested afterwards for supposed offenses or captured in the insurgent ranks were invariably turned over to me, and I sent them to the United States.

THE FAILURE OF AUTONOMY.

During all this period the war, if the conflict going on in the island could be so dignified, was dragging its slow length along. So slow was the progress to suppress the insurrection, that at last the Spanish authorities in Madrid began to despair of terminating it successfully. For this reason, and in my opinion this reason alone, the Canovas Ministry decided upon a new Cuban policy, and proclaimed that they would put into operation certain reforms which would give the Cuban people more power to regulate their domestic concerns. After a great deal had been written and said on the subject, the proposed reforms at last were sent to General Weyler, who was obliged to appear favorable to the action of the Spanish Ministry, though it was well known he was not in favor of terminating the war except at the sword's point. Early it became manifest that the Cubans, with or without arms, did not propose to accept such reforms. In the first place, they had no confidence that they would ever be put into practical operation after their firearms had been stacked, and in the next, they considered it too late to adopt any such measures. Six months ago the Canovas reforms were buried in the same grave with the murdered statesman. A new ministry, under the leadership of Sagasta, was formed, who, finding that the reforms had not served the contemplated purpose, decided to go through the form of granting to the Cubans a still more liberal measure, which they called "Autonomy." It was an elaborate system of "Home Rule" with a string to almost every sentence; so that I soon became satisfied that, if the insurrection against the Spanish throne on the island ceased, the condition of the Cubans would speedily be the same as it was at the commencement of the war. I gave the reasons therefor in a paper now on file in the State Department which clearly proved that the Spaniards could easily control one of the legislative chambers, and that behind any joint action on the part of both was the veto of the Governor General, whose appointment was made from the throne in Madrid.

This system of autonomy, however, was gravely proceeded with. An autonomistic cabinet was seriously formed, composed in part of Cubans who, though at one time in favor of a government of the island free from Spanish control, had given satisfactory intimations that, if they were appointed to cabinet offices, their former opinions could be modified to suit existing circumstances.

THE RIVER FRONT (SAN JUAN RIVER) IN THE CITY OF MATANZAS.

Blanco's autonomistic government was doomed to failure from its inception. The Spanish soldiers and officers scorned it, because they did not desire Cuban rule, which such autonomy, if genuine, would insure. The Spanish merchants and citizens were opposed to it, because they too were hostile to the Cubans having control of the island, and, if the question could be narrowed down to Cuban control or annexation to the United States, they were all annexationists, believing that they could get a better government and one that would protect in a greater measure life and property under the United States flag than under the Cuban banner. On the other hand, the Cubans in arms would not touch it, because they were fighting for Free Cuba; and the Cuban citizens and sympathizers were distinctly opposed to it also: those in favor of it seemed to consist of the autonomistic cabinet, General Blanco, his Secretary General and staff, and a few followers elsewhere.

GENERAL BLANCO.

General Blanco I always found an amiable, kind-hearted gentleman, who I believe was really and thoroughly conscientious in the discharge of the duties confided to him. He must have been convinced that there was no chance for autonomy to succeed, though in his pronunciamientos he allowed himself to argue to the contrary. How could he do otherwise? He was instructed by the Madrid authorities to proclaim and maintain this autonomistic policy, and was therefore obliged to do everything in his power to promote the purpose of his superiors.

During the two or three days of the recent rioting in Havana, the rallying cry of the rioters, even at the very door of the palace, was: "Death to Blanco and death to Autonomy! Long live Spain and long live Weyler!" After quiet had been restored, Blanco and the autonomistic cabinet continued to build their hopes upon autonomistic success. Partisans and friends of General Weyler were removed from the various positions they had held in the island, and friends of General Blanco, or supposed friends of autonomy, were substituted in their places. But these substitutes, appointed in many instances to please the Cubans and to show that an autonomistic government meant a Cuban government, while professing their love for autonomy, were really for Free Cuba, and at the proper time, had matters gone on without the intervention of this country, the autonomistic government would have fallen to pieces by desertions in its own ranks.

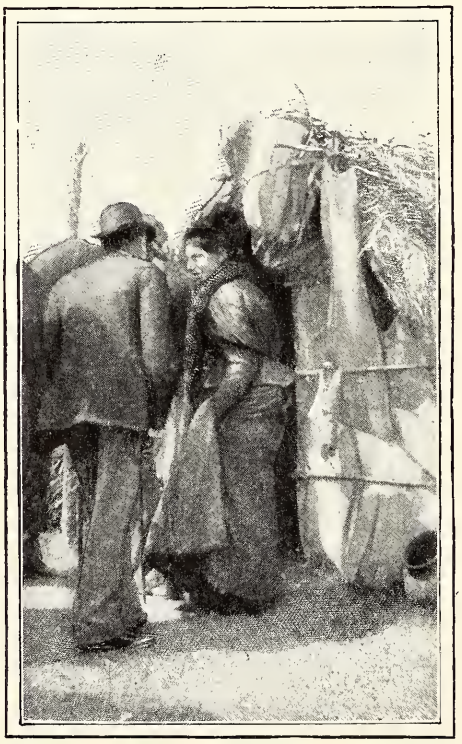
SPANISH PLAN TO BRIBE THE INSURGENTS.

The practical steps now being taken by the United States to compel peace in Cuba, by insisting that the Spanish flag shall be pulled down and the Spanish soldiers evacuate the island, alone prevented the certain failure of the autonomistic plan for so-called Home Government. The Spanish governmental authorities, as I have said, must have understood all this, in spite of public utterances on their part, because they originated and attempted to put in practice other plans for the pacification of the island. Large sums of money were to be offered to the leading chiefs of the insurrection as an inducement for them to abandon their colors,

A GROUP OF RECONCENTRADOS BEFORE THEIR HUT.

and in many cases their comrades, and leave the island. It was hoped that the purchase of their principal chieftains would so demoralize their followers that most of them would be induced to come within the Spanish lines and surrender. It seems, however, that the character, courage, fidelity, and loyalty of these insurrectionary leaders had been misunderstood. With a few insignificant exceptions, they not only remained steadfast and true to their cause and to their flag, but under orders from their commander-in-chief put to death all Spanish messengers bearing such proposals.

Among these messengers was one whose character and qualities endeared him greatly to all those who knew him. Colonel Joaquin Ruiz was a gallant Spanish officer, a man of talent and ability, who at one time had in his charge the splendid system of works supplying the city of Havana with water. In his employ at the water-works was the young insurgent chief Aranguren, who afterwards became very active and distinguished in the operations immediately around Havana. Owing to this personal acquaintance, Ruiz was induced (though at the time a staff officer of General Blanco's) to go to Aranguren's camp to persuade him and as many of his followers as possible to accept autonomy and lay down their arms. Without telling more than two or three persons where he was going and what he intended to do, Colonel Ruiz left Havana early one morning for the insurgent camp, reaching it a few hours thereafter. It seems before taking that step, he had placed himself in communication with Aranguren, and had stated his purpose of visiting him. But he was told by the latter officer that if he proposed to pay him a social visit or wanted to see him on any private matters, he would be very glad to see him, but that if he desired to come to preach autonomy to him and his followers he must stay away. Notwithstanding this warning Ruiz paid the proposed visit; was met by Aranguren and a few of his men, to whom he at once began to preach the blessings of autonomistic rule, whereupon he was at once taken away and tried, I am told, by what we call a drumhead court-martial, and sentenced to death. A number of others in different parts of the island, bearers of similar propositions, met the same fate.



MISS CLARA BARTON, MANAGER OF THE AMERICAN RELIEF COMMISSION IN CUBA, ENTERING THE HUT OF STARVING RECONCENTRADOS IN MATANZAS.

Reforms, autonomy, and the purchase of the insurrectionary chiefs all having failed, it was next decided to offer an indefinite armistice to the insurgents—a proposition of course very humiliating to Spain; but necessity knowing no law, Blanco, in obedience to such instructions, published a proc-

NOTE.—These two pictures are from photographs loaned by the New York "Journal."

AN INSURGENT HOSPITAL, CUBA.

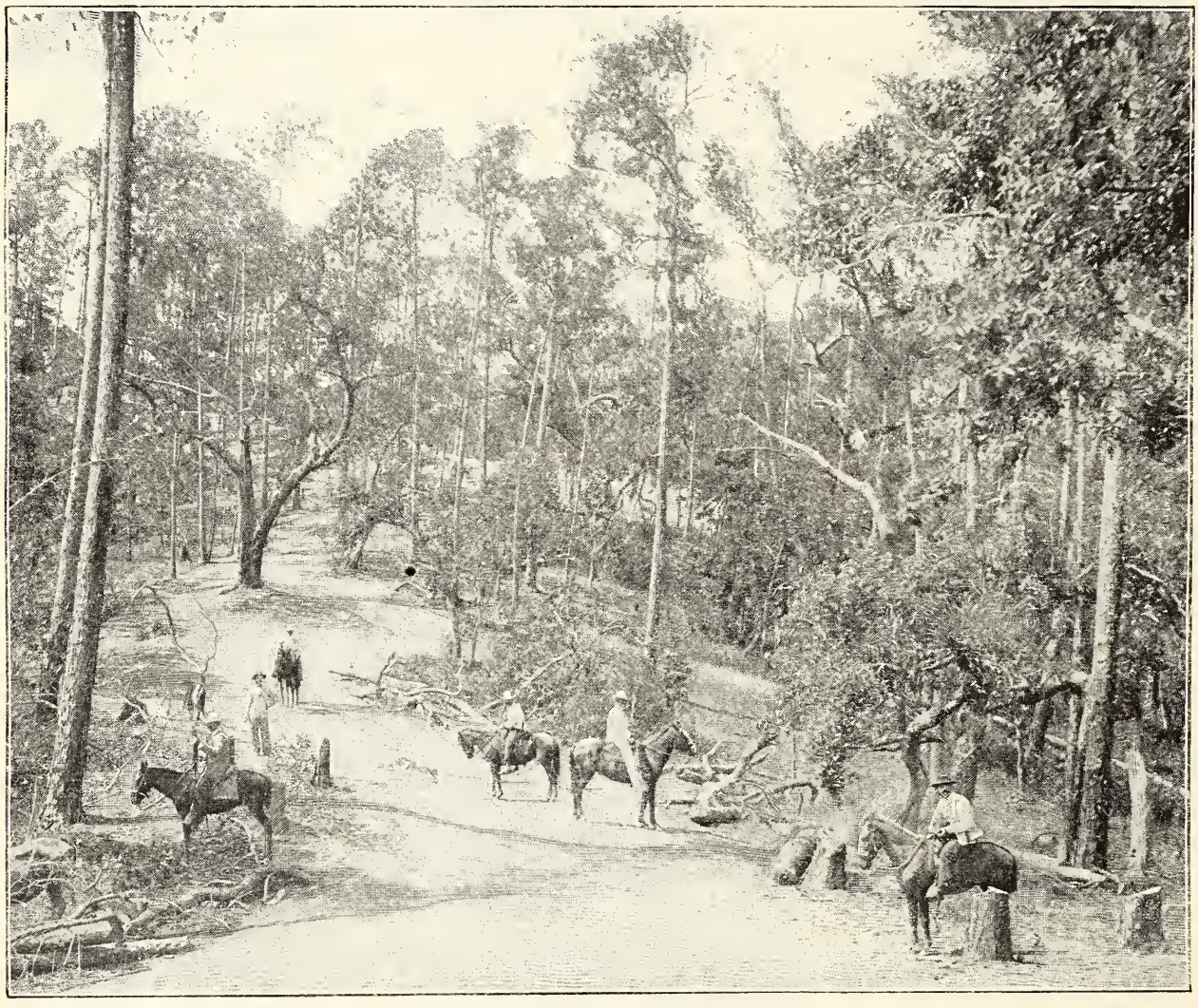
lamation stating that he had received such instructions from the Queen, who had yielded to the request of His Holiness the Pope. In war a truce or armistice can only be made effective by the consent of both of the contending forces. The armistice granted by Blanco, therefore, not being accepted by the insurgents, has gone the way of all previous propositions looking towards the suppression of the insurrection in Cuba.

INTERVENTION A NECESSITY.

It may be stated, with perfect confidence, that at this time, when the United States has determined to tolerate no longer the horrible condition of affairs in an island lying so close to her shores, the period was selected when every plan or purpose upon the part of the Spanish authorities at Madrid and Havana had signally failed to secure the blessings of peace and intervention on her part could alone achieve the purpose. It is difficult to see how this country could refrain longer from taking action in this Cuban problem. The civilized world had been shocked by the misery and starvation of a race who were formerly living under the most favorable conditions of climate and soil, and by the nature of the warfare waged against them. The country had been so stirred up by the harrowing stories and pictures of the "reconcentrados" that our citizens were lavishly and liberally donating money for the purchase of provisions and clothing for these poor starving wretches. In great abundance this relief was finding its way, in spite of the many difficulties placed in its path by many of the Spanish authorities and citizens who did not sympathize with, or desire to see any relief granted to, a race they considered as hostile; and the saddest feature in that dreadful famishing picture is the condition these poor people have to remain in until the government of the United States can replace the present Spanish flag with the pure white banner of peace.

Seventy-five years ago Thomas Jefferson declared that the addition of Cuba "to our Confederacy is exactly what is wanted to round our power as a nation to the point of

its utmost interest." From that day to this the island has disturbed our statesmen and played an important part in our foreign policy. The United States, always greatly interested in the government and general welfare of this wonderful island, has reached that period when it is absolutely necessary to her that Cuba should have a progressive, legal, and peaceful administration. The ties of commerce have been so strengthened and the investments of her people there so increased, that she can no longer look on with indifference to the one or disregard the rights of the other. The geographical and strategical position of the island too appeals for a closer connection with the great American Republic. Anchored at the mouth of the Gulf of Mexico, whose waters wash the shores of five American States; in position to protect the trade of the Mississippi, Missouri, and Ohio valleys; standing like a huge sentinel to watch over the proposed transit across Nicaragua; with shores indented with splendid harbors; with an ideal and unrivaled winter climate and immense resources —Cuba, whether an independent republic or later Americanized and annexed to the United States, is destined at last to emerge from the dark shadows of the past, and stand side by side with those countries who have their place in the broad sunlight of peace, progress, and prosperity.



IN THE MOUNTAIN COUNTRY OF CUBA.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—For several of the pictures in this article we are indebted to The International Society, of 91 and 93 Fifth Avenue, New York, the publishers of General Lee's forthcoming book on Cuba. For the first picture on page 107 we are indebted to the Rev. E. A. Watkins of Albany, New York.

SONGS OF THE SHIPS OF STEEL.

By James Barnes.

[Editor's Note.—Mr. Barnes, the author of the following songs, has distinguished himself by his writings on the naval history of the United States and also in the field of fiction. He has published a book on the "Naval Actions of the War of 1812," biographies of several American naval commanders, and a collection of true historical stories of "Yankee Ships and Yankee Sailors." He is now editing for the Frederick A. Stokes Co. a book to be entitled "Songs of Ships and the Sea," which will contain the words and music of many old sea songs, as well as of some new ones, and which will be illustrated by R. F. Zogbaum. Mr. Barnes himself has written a number of songs for this book, and those published here will also appear in it.]

THE SONG OF THEN AND NOW.

I.

Oh, they sang a song of Wind and Sail
In the days of heave and haul,
Of the weather-gage, of tack and sheet,
When the anchor rose to the tramp of feet
And the click of the capstan pawl.
They sang brave songs of the old broadsides,
Long Tom, and the carronade!
Hi! cutlas and pike as the great sides strike—
Ho! the cheers of the ne'er-afraid!
For they cheered as they fought, did those sailormen;
They stripped to the buff for the fray—
It was steel to steel, it was eye to eye—
Yard-arm to yard-arm against the sky!
All ye boarders, up and away!
* * * * * * *
They sang of the men on the quarter-deck—
Brave deeds of those captains bold!
Never a name but was known to fame,
And was praised, in the days of old.
Let us sing the song of the fighting men,
The sail and the plunging bow—
The good old song of the Sea and the Ship,
The song of the Then and Now!

II.

Gone are the days of the heave and haul
(Think ye our blood has thinned?);
We're slaves of steam and science,
Not toilers of the wind!
Oh, the cable comes in to the cable tiers,
And no one lifts a hand;
The click of a bell sounds out, "That's well!"
And the engines understand!

We come in 'gainst the wind and the tide at night
And go out 'gainst the storm in the morn.
(But think ye our arms have lost their might?
Think ye our locks are shorn?)

Past are the days of Wind and Sail,
We've cast off the thrall of the sea,
We take no heed of the weather-gage—
No fear of the rocks on the lee.
We can come and go in the fiercest blow
(It is food for our roaring fires!),
For the great screw churns and the huge hull turns
As the Soul of the Ship desires!
But the spirit, the strength, and the Will are there,
The sea has not changed her men;
The ship must do and the men must dare,
And Now is the same as Then!

They raked and they fought at pistol-shot—
We fight at two miles and more.
(Think ye their dangers discount ours,
Ye men of books ashore?)
The turret turns and the guns are trained—
But not in the older way;
The conning-tower is the one-man power
And the Soul of the Ship holds sway.
But in sponson, turret, and great barbette,
Or below in the noxious air,
Are brave forms covered with blood and sweat—
The fighting men are there!

There are dangers our fathers wot not of
(In the days of wind and sail):
The unseen foes and the sighted Death,
With the foam along the rail.

The channels are filled with uncouth shapes
That lurk below in the brine—
The force of fifty ships is there
In the sullen, sunken mine!
Tho' no orders come from the quarter-deck,
Hear the rip of the rapid-fire!
Full speed ahead, astern, or check,
At a spark from the semaphore wire!

And the ship she trembles from top to keel—
Tho' she rates twelve thousand tons!
And her scorched decks leap with a thundering throb
'Neath the roar of her twelve-inch guns!
Dented and tortured and pierced, she stands
The blows on her ringing plates;
Grimy and black she signals back
To the flags of her fighting mates.
Hear the grinding crash from her armored prow,
Hear the rattling Colts from the mast?
Young Steel Flanks of the living Now
Is Old Ironsides of the past!

Oh, then here's to the men, where'er they be—
The men of steel and steam!
They're the same old stock from the parent block—
When they welcomed the wind abeam.
Tho' one shot may equal a broadside's weight,
One blow may decide the fight,
They serve their guns, they aim them straight,
And the Flag will be kept in sight!
The old captains bold—cocked hats and gold—
Were made for their country's hour,
And the Soul of the Ship proclaims the mold
Of the Mind in the conning-tower!

* * * * * * *

Let us sing the song of Wind and Sail—
Brave deeds of the captains bold!
Never a name but was known to fame,
And was praised, in the days of old.
Let us sing the song of the armored ship,
With the ramming, roaring bow!
For the flag is the same, the men are the same—
'Tis the song of Then and Now!

THE TORPEDO BOAT.

She's a floating boiler crammed with fire and steam,
A toy, with dainty works like any watch;
A working, weaving basketful of tricks—
Eccentric, cam and lever, cog and notch.
She's a dashing, lashing, tumbling shell of steel,
A headstrong, kicking, nervous, plunging beast—
A long, lean ocean-liner—trimmed down small;
A bucking bronco harnessed for the East.
She can rear and toss and roll
Your body from your soul,
And she's most unpleasant wet—to say the least!

But see her slip in; sneaking down, at night,
All a tremble, deadly, silent—Satan-sly.
Watch her gather for the rush, and catch her breath!
See her dodge the wakeful cruiser's sweeping eye.
Hear the humming! Hear her coming! coming fast!
(That's the sound might make men wish they were at home
—Hear the rattling Maxim, barking rapid fire!)
See her loom out through the fog with bows afoam!
Then some will wish for land—
(They'd be sand fleas in the sand;
Or yellow grubs reposing in the loam!)

She's a floating boiler crammed with fire and steam,
A dainty toy, with works just like a watch;
A weaving, working basketful of tricks—
A pent volcano and stoppered at top notch.
She is Death and swift Destruction in a case
(Not the Unseen, but the Awful—plain in sight).
The Dread that must be halted when afar;
She's a concentrated, fragile form of Might!
She's a daring vicious thing
With a rending deadly sting—
And she asks no odds nor quarter in the fight!

THE CAPTAIN'S GIG.

If you pull an oar in the captain's gig,
You must mind how you behave;
You must shift to your cleanest white or blue
And you mustn't want for a shave.
For you're under the old man's eye,
And the ladies watch you, too;
So put on your Sunday morning face
And your cleanest suit of blue.

Oh, the lads that pull in the captain's gig
They must mind their p's and q's;
They've got to go light on a juicy quid
And mind that they black their shoes.
They must watch their stroke like a racing crew,
And keep their eyes in the boat;
They must do their mile in the proper style
From the ship to the government float.

Oh, the lads who pull in the captain's gig
They hears a lot of talk;
They learns what the officers say to the girls
That they meets on the yacht-club walk.
They must wait all day in the broilin' sun
While the old man goes ashore.
They takes a cargo of calico out
And then goes back for more.

The captain, he's proud of his crack-a-jack gig;
He's a friend of each man in the crew,
And he knows 'em by name and who they are
As well as me or you;
For he picks 'em out with a knowin' eye:
Sure he wants no soldiers there,
But handy men at the word, now then,
Who can lift her along for fair!

BRASS-BOUND.

"Jack o' turret" is a different man in many ways from "Jack o' the forec'sle." But he is the same sailorman when you know him well. He will fight, and skylark, spend his last penny, and spree it when he gets ashore; but we like him, God bless him! and we always will. Now the modern product is modern—that's all the difference. He is characterized by a complete up-to-dateness. He doesn't "shiver his timbers," because he has mighty few timbers to shiver. He uses the latest slang, and often carries the street into the forecastle. He sings the popular ditties, and he follows the baseball scores in the papers. If he is ambitious, he seeks to change the old blue shirt by earning promotion. If he gets high enough, he becomes a "petty officer, first class," and that entitles him to wear a double-breasted coat with brass buttons. "Brass-bound" Jack calls this; and the top notch is "Jimmy Legs, Master at Arms," the king pin of the ship. He looks after the order, and his eye is feared. Jack is not altogether respectful to the bird of freedom; he calls him "a crow" and, like as not, "a buzzard;" but this is only when he appears as a mark of authority on the arm of a "brass-bound" man.

Oh, Jimmy Legs he walks the deck,
Brass buttons down his coat,
A buzzard and stripe he wears on his sleeve,
He's the biggest man afloat.
The lads who smuggle the "stuff" on board
They know when he's around,
And skylarkin' drops and the fightin' stops
Because he is brass-bound.

I'm a-goin' to be brass-bound
Before I leaves the ship;
I'm goin' to sport a crow of my own
And I won't take nobody's lip.
I ain't ashamed of a shirt—
(And I wears a ratin' mark,)
But I mades up my mind as a 'prentice boy
(When walkin' in Central Park,)
I was goin' to be brass-bound
Before I left the sea,
And buzzard and stripe
And a bo'sun's pipe
Are waitin' somewhere for me.

Oh, Johnny Marine he shoulders arms
And he won't get out of your way,
And he wears white gloves at the cabin door
And he thinks he's hell-to-pay.
He may talk back to Forecs'le Jack,
But he's meek as ever you found
If you come along with a stripe and a bird
And happen to be brass-bound.

I'm a-goin' to be brass-bound, ...

There's times when I think I've had enough,
My cheek 'gainst a bag o' coal,
All sweat and dust, full a half inch crust,
And a curse laid on my soul.
There's kinds o' work you'd like to shirk—
Dead sure to come around,
And the way I can tell you to miss them tricks
Is to get yourself brass-bound.

I'm a-goin' to be brass-bound, ...

BILL SWEENY OF THE BLACK GANG.

There are more non-combatants on board a modern war vessel than fighting men—that is, they are rated non-combatants, but their duties are none the less dangerous and necessary. The "Black Gang" is the fire-room force—firemen, oilers, water-tenders, coal-passers, and so on. But Jack includes them all under one general head; although on the days when "All hands coal ship" is the order, he is as black as any of them, and grumbles as only a sailorman can. However, we love him still; and at this writing many eyes are on him, and many anxious hearts have followed him out to sea.

THER'S a feller in the Black Gang
Aboard the "Ampertrite";
Bill Sweeny is the feller's name,
You can bet that Bill's all right.
He's seen a heap o' the world, has Bill,
He's fired all there is to fire,
From a lime-juicer tramp
To a brand new Cramp
With a stack like Trinity spire.

Bill Sweeny is a feller
With stars agin his name;
But Bill he gets his liberty
When any gets the same.
He stands right in with them all, does Bill,
And they lets him go ashore,
Though he'd smuggled a swig
To a lad in the brig
And he's sure to smuggle in more.

Bill Sweeny is a feller
You won't back on his looks,
He's pitted up with small-pox
And he ain't much read in books;

But he's got a laugh that you like, has Bill,
(I likes to hear him laught,)
No matter where,
You can swear Bill's there,
Consumin' his own forced draught.

Bill Sweeny is the feller
When the starboard engine's broke,
He stays below in the scalding steam
Where a man was like to choke;
And he dodges the flyin' cranks, does Bill,
And he climbs past that hammerin' rod;
The rest all run,
But that son-of-a-gun
He shuts her off, b' God!

Bill Sweeny is the bully lad
I likes to see around.
I'd rise to take a drink with Bill
Though six foot under gound.
But Bill, he's soft as a goil, is Bill,
I mind the night he cried,
When he come away
From that hot sick-bay,
And told us old Tom had died.

Bill Sweeny is a fighter
Of the rough and tumble kind,
He laughts when he fights, but he shows his teeth,
I've seen him at it, mind;
He was one of the "Baltimore's" crew, was Bill,
When we had the row down there.
Valparaiso? Say!
Don't forget that day,
Weren't Bill in thet fight for fair?

Say! Did y' hear Bill Sweeny?
He says one night, says he:
"I've got a chanst for a good land job,
But I guess I'll stick to the sea.
I knows meself and me work," says Bill,
"And I'm going to sign once more—
I'm safe all right
On the 'Ampertrite,'
And I'm all at sea, ashore."

Bill Sweeny of the Black Gang—
He's first-class fireman now,
He entered "water-tender"—
But if we has a row,
We lads at the guns has a chanst—but Bill
And the Jacks o' the Dust below,
A-feeding the flame,
Fights just the same—
If they don't—Say!—I'd like to know!

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HOW THE WAR BEGAN.

WITH THE BLOCKADING FLEET OFF CUBA.

By Stephen Bonsal.

Illustrated from photographs taken by the author on the flagship "New York," during the first week of the war.

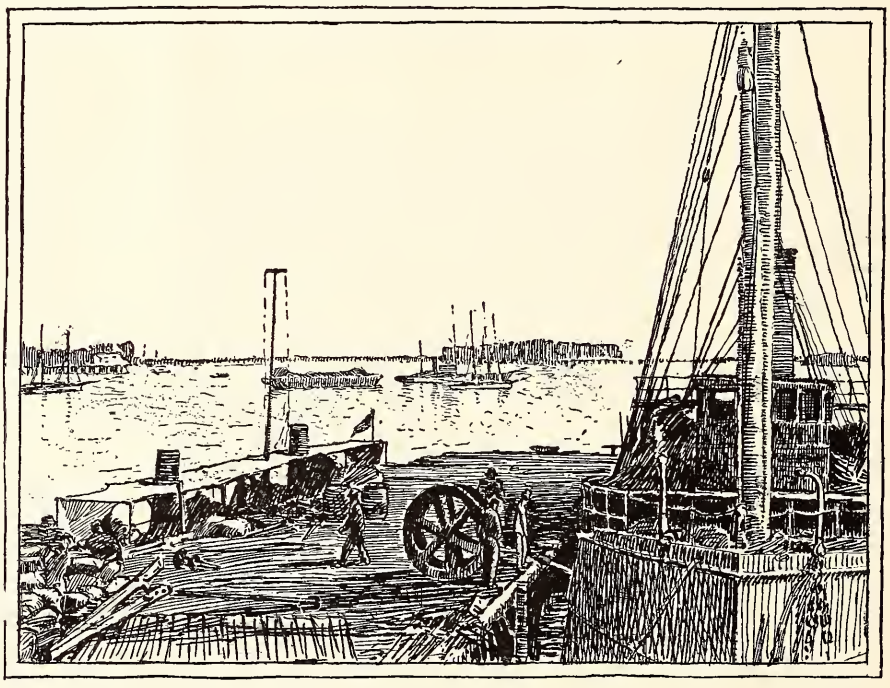
HAD the Psalmist lived to see that sight, he would not have written "terrible as an army with banners," but drawn his simile from the spectacle of those ashen-hued battleships as they tugged at their anchor chains, smoked with suppressed fury, and moaned hoarsely with the rise and fall of the waves.

Now and again one of those sinister-looking torpedo boats would whip in and out amid the sullen squadron, peeping with open-eyed astonishment at the floating volcanoes which were sleeping upon the blue waters of Key West Bay. Perhaps you think for the moment that this little messenger of war has at last brought the word that is to loosen the leash that holds these marine monsters. Perhaps the spell is to be broken, and from out their ominous turrets will now be belched shot and shell, flame and desolation. You tremble, and are not a little relieved when the sharp-nosed, sinuous craft glides out and in, and is gone from view like a fish that dives, leaving the battleships to ride with sullen, unsatisfied moans, close to their anchor buoys.

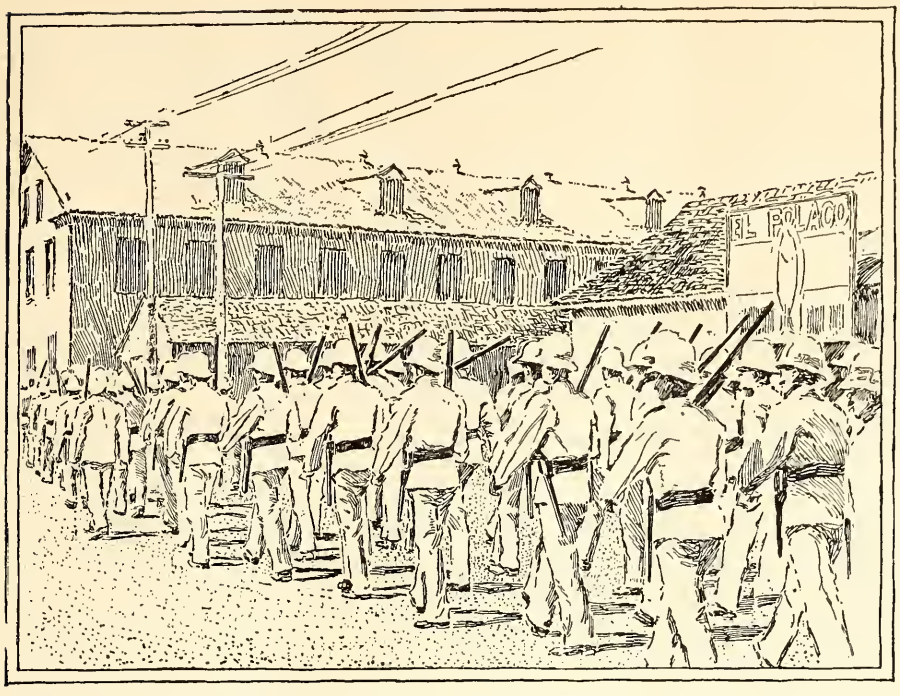
So they rode for days and weeks, until the gray-green of their war paint grew mottled and streaked with the brine of the sea; so they were held in check while the vultures hovered over the blackened wreck in Havana harbor, while a great people gave a sublime example of self-restraint; while the provocation to war, the last argument of men as well as kings, and perhaps the only argument which a savage race will heed, was carefully, conscientiously weighed: until our course became clear: until intervention in Cuba was accepted as a duty, an inexorable duty, by the whole nation.

CARRYING THE FIRST WAR ORDER TO THE FLEET.

It was a little before midnight on April 22d. The great fleet of twenty-one sail was as dark as the grave: not a single light was shown; now and again the guardships that were patroling in the offing would flash in the intelligence that all was well. The men slept upon the cleared decks, under the tropical heaven resplendent with myriads of stars which never shine over our northern home. At midnight we steamed away from the flagship in a little tug; the message had come from Washington, final and decisive,



VIEW FROM THE KEY WEST FLAGHOUSE, SHOWING FORT TAYLOR IN THE DISTANCE AND THE TORPEDO BOAT "FOOTE" AT THE WHARF.



MARINES FROM ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET, RETURNING FROM A REVIEW ON SHORE, UNDER THE COMMAND OF MAJOR GOODRELL, FLEET COMMANDER OF MARINES.

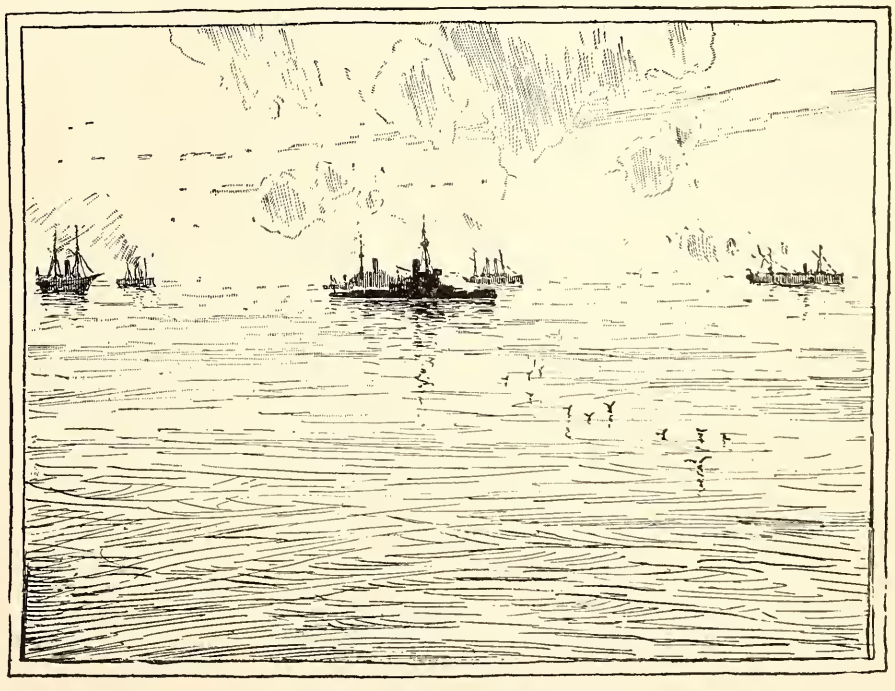
only a few minutes before. One by one we steamed up to the sleeping monsters, as in darkness and in silence they tugged away at their anchor chains, while the hazy-blue smoke curled out lazily from the funnels, telling of the power of steam that was latent there. Lieutenant Staunton, carrying the great speaking-trumpet, stood in the bow. "'Puritan,' ahoy!" "On board the 'Iowa!'" he shouted.

"Aye, aye, sir," came back the ready reply.

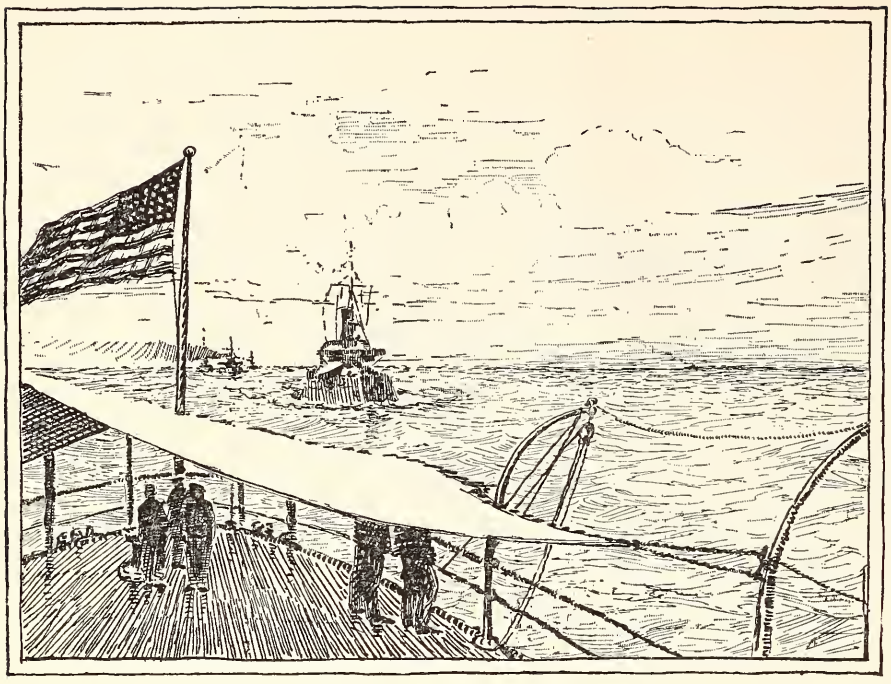
Then followed the invariable order given to battleships and cruisers alike: "The commander-in-chief orders you to get up full steam under all boilers as quickly as possible; when you have steam to make ten knots an hour, move out into the bay and lie to the southward of the flagship; do you understand?"

"Aye, aye, sir."

Did they understand? I think they did. There was a world of difference in the accent of the "Aye" with which the first hail was answered, and the "Aye, aye, sir," with which the reception of the long-awaited orders was confirmed. The lookout men, who had been walking upon their heels like other men when the despatch boat came within hailing distance, rose upon their toes to the order. They seemed to be dancing upon invisible wires before it was given, when only the meaning was guessed at; and when the momentous words were repeated back to us on the despatch boat, their voices seemed strangely changed. And the sound seemed to come not from the deck, but from somewhere way up aloft in the fighting-tops. Yes, as we went from ship to ship, though they tried, as disciplined men, but to repeat by rote, and without expression of feeling, the words of the message, it was all in vain; for a man is not a machine after all, though he live upon a battleship and have there his number and place, just like a rivet or a steel plate. The men tumbled out of their hammocks now, and swarmed over the decks in the performance of their duties; columns of heavy black smoke poured out of the



ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET IN DOUBLE COLUMN AT THE ASSEMBLY OFF SAND KEY LIGHT, PREPARATORY TO BEGINNING THE BLOCKADE OF CUBA.



THE "IOWA" COMING UP WITHIN HAILING DISTANCE OF THE "NEW YORK," ON THE BLOCKADE BEFORE HAVANA.

great funnels; the lights grew and multiplied until the scene seemed changed into a water carnival. And it seemed to me that the men I saw knew that they were not simply embarking upon a war like other wars, the puppets of human passion, but upon the duty which the Prince of Peace imposed with the words; "Feed my lambs." As each man sprang to his post, he seemed to be glad that the people of the United States, after patiently listening to many little words from the lips of a few little men; after having worried over many things like the woman of Bethany, had chosen that good part, the reward of which is beyond the hazard of battle and cannot be taken away by adverse fortune in war. And as the new page was turned, and the glorious chapter in our history began, just about midnight, an unusual sight in this latitude, the four bright stars of the Southern Cross rose out of the sea and stood just above the horizon. It seemed to beckon and to lead us towards the south, as a sign of divine approval and benediction upon the voyage and the purpose we were entering upon.

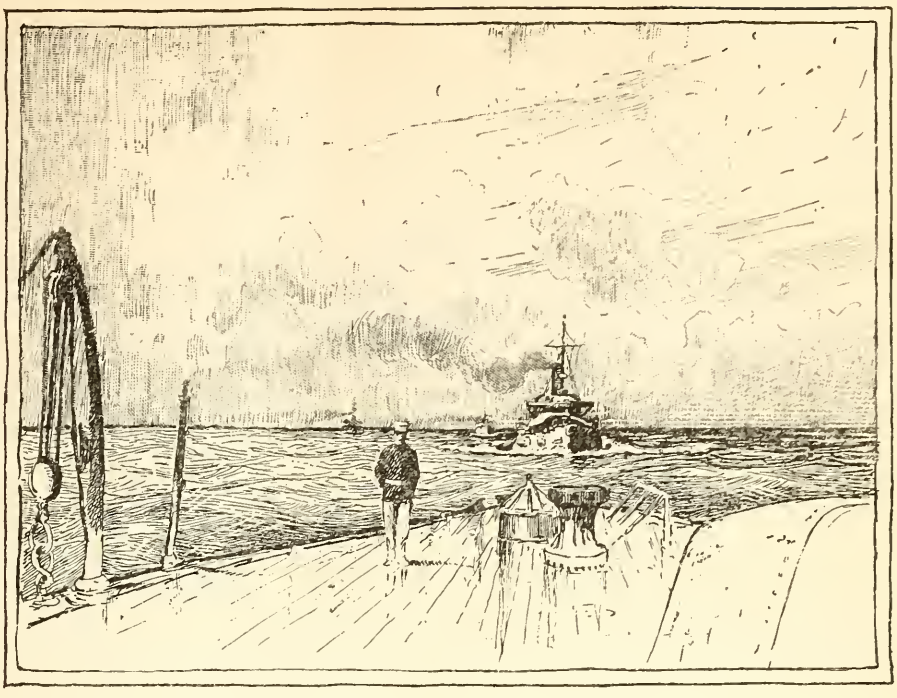
THE FIRST SALUTE TO ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLAG.

One by one, through the early morning hours, the dark monsters slipped their cables and dropped out into the outer bay, taking up their positions in order as directed. Several of the monitors were slower than expected in getting up the required steam, so the flagship hove to off Sand Key Light until about nine o'clock, when the last straggler came up. But the hours of waiting were not a trial to patience; they were replete with incidents far too numerous to relate here. At eight o'clock the blue pennant of Admiral Sampson was run up for the first time and saluted by the squadron with the usual number of guns. Every man in the fleet, from the ranking captain to the youngest powder monkey, was delighted; but no sign of it could be given without infringing upon those useful, but certainly most prosaic, Articles of War. Only the bugler trumpeted out the opening bars of the Star Spangled Banner, and then the national emblem was run up. Then the "Iowa," glistening like burnished brass in the sun, came lumbering up like a sea elephant, with fighting "Bob" upon the bridge, who shouted out, "Captain Evans presents his compliments to Admiral Sampson, and begs to say that we hope to make that salute twenty-one guns very soon, when the stars and stripes float over the Morro." Then the crew of the "Iowa," chartered libertines to a man, because Sampson commanded their ship for two years and knows every man jack of them all, swarmed out of the turret, and the hatches, and the ventilators, and the ports of their iron fortress, and yelled with delight until they were hoarse; while the Admiral's grave, quiet face flushed, and his soft, almost womanly eyes lit up strangely. Then he turned away; it was more than flesh and blood could do to rebuke that spontaneous tribute from men with whom he had sailed for so long, and most of whom he had licked into shape and taught what they knew.

UNDER WAY TOWARD HAVANA.

By 9.30 the fleet was under way, sailing a southeasterly course, in the direction of Havana, under easy steam, about ten knots an hour. The "Mayflower" and the "Wilmington" were scouting; and the "New

York," the first of the heavy ships, was flanked by the torpedo boats, the "Ericsson" and "Cushing." We sailed in a saw-indented formation; after us the "Iowa," then the "Indiana," then the "Amphitrite," and the rest of the fleet in double-column formation.



THE BLOCKADING FLEET IN LINE OF BATTLE.

At lunch in the ward-room not a word was said about war or our destination, and even the capture by the "Nashville" of the little steamer with the auspicious name of "Good Fortune" ("Buena Ventura"), the incident of good omen with which the cruise began, was passed over in silence. After awhile I, too, talked baseball and suppressed my impatience for a view of the Morro, or at least concealed it. After lunch, as I walked with an officer upon the spar deck, an orderly came up and said, just as if he were announcing supper or eight bells, "I have to report a fire in a coal bunker." "All right," replied the officer, "will be down immediately." Then, with a parting whiff, he threw away his cigar, and we went down the companionway together.

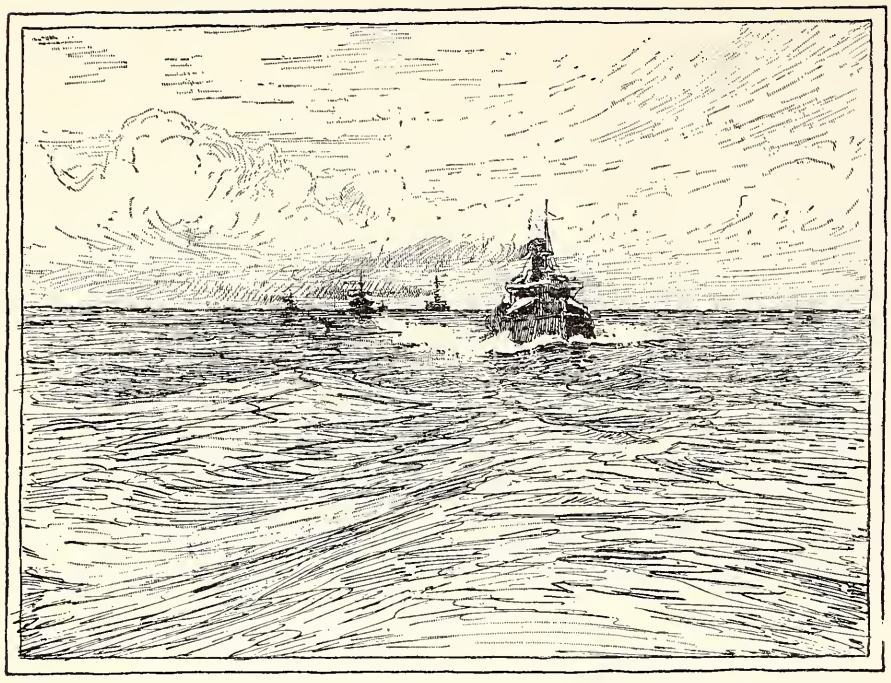
There, upon one of the lower decks, a sentry, with the most quizzical expression of curiosity upon his face that I have ever seen, stood before a great dial like those in use in modern hotels, the indicator of which pointed steadfastly to the little facet of the dial marked "B 21." My companion, the officer, went down still further into the bowels of the ship, while I stood with astonishment at the indicator, with wonderment as great, if not as open-mouthed, as the sentry's. "It's a wonderful thing, this here machine," he said; "it keeps me awake at night, it's so darn human. It rings up a fire in some spooky way, just as if you or I might touch a bell and order up a mint julep; yes it do, sir."

Where B 21 was, neither he nor I knew, but we agreed in the hope that the burning bunker might be far from the magazines. There was some talk about playing that number and that letter in the next game of chance upon which we entered, until gradually the consciousness dawned upon us that we were even at this moment engaged upon a game of most serious hazard and that the cards might go against us. I smoked my cigar for an hour upon the signal tower, wondering all the while how the invisible flames were growing, and whether they were gaining headway; and so having giving evidence of what I considered almost Spartan stoicism, I grabbed the officer as he came up from below, covered with coal dust and sweat, and said, with as cheerful mien as I could muster, "And how about B 21?"

"Let's go up on the bridge, it's cooler there," was the only reply vouchsafed. So we climbed up to the fighting-tops, I drawing a certain satisfaction from the thought that if we blew up we should still be on top, and never from that day to this have I heard a word of how the fire in coal bunker 21 was put out, and, for all I know, it may be burning to this day.

TAKING A PRIZE.

We steamed on steadily, and about four o'clock the coast of Cuba, a dark fringe of palm trees and a light border of silver sand, began to rise to view out of the soft turquoise seas. We were straining our eyes for the first glimpse of the battlements of the Morro, when suddenly our course was changed, our speed quickened, and, as the fleet swept on westward toward Havana, the Admiral signaled, "Take no heed of the movements of the flagship," and we darted off to the eastward, to intercept a black



ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET BEARING DOWN UPON HAVANA IN LINE OF BATTLE.

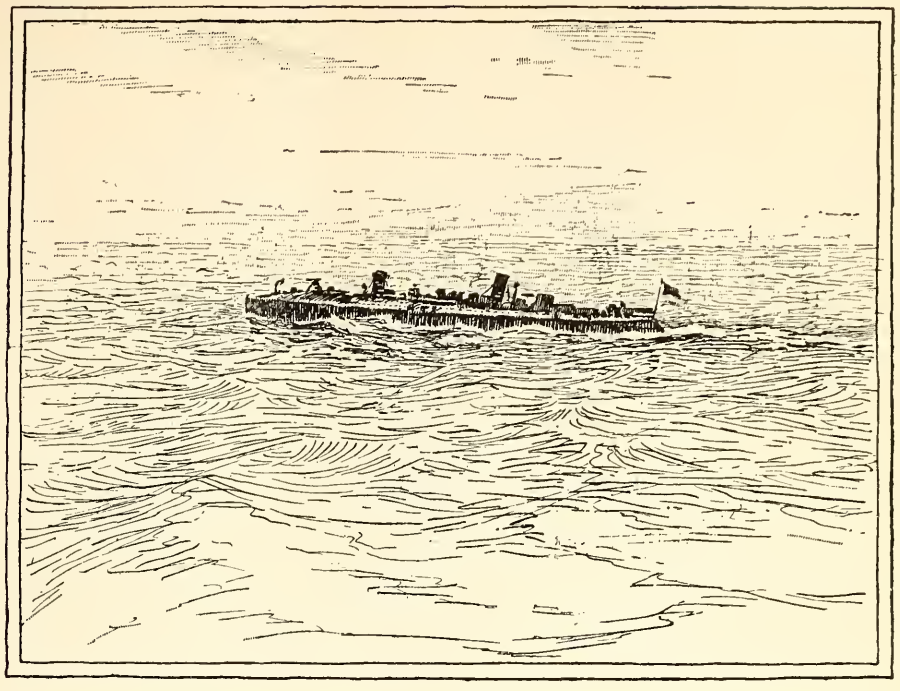
speck of a vessel which was steaming along very close in shore. It was soon evident that the chase was no match in speed for the "New York," and long before sunset we had her almost in range. She was thought to be an auxiliary cruiser of the Spanish Transatlantic Company, and so, of course, carried guns; so the bugle blew to general quarters as we came within range. The vessel was making every possible effort to escape; the black smoke rolled out of her stack in columns, and the captain was heading straight on to the reefs, apparently preferring shipwreck to capture. About six o'clock we gave him an eight-pounder across his bow, and she came around upon the second, and slowly steamed towards us at half steam. It was a merchant steamer, the "Pedro," of about 3,000 tons, with an assorted cargo, and before the night closed we had put a prize crew on board and sent her in to Key West.

About ten o'clock in the evening we picked up the fleet off Havana. The Spaniards were firing very freely the guns of the shore battery on the Mulatto ridge, on the east, and from the Santa Clara and the other Vedado batteries, on the west. We were certainly seven miles out, and well beyond range of all but the most lucky of chance shots. Perhaps they were only trying the metal of their guns, and perhaps they were only firing to alarm the countryside and give warning to the ships at sea that the blockade had begun. We were floating idly on the tide about eleven o'clock, when suddenly the farol, or beacon, of the Morro, by the light of which we held our position, was suddenly extinguished, and to me the night seemed brighter as the great light was blown out like a candle in the breeze. For it was the light which had shone for so many years over that great yellow fortress which in Cuba I had learned to know as a cesspool of iniquity, the scene of inhuman and almost incredible crime, as the last stronghold of mediævalism upon American soil. And as the great light was extinguished, the insurgent fires, which we had already noticed burning to the eastward, sprang up into view upon the crest of every hill. The mountain bonfires were carrying through the island the glad tidings of our intervention to shield and to save what there was left to save of human life and property upon the desolate island.

Before midnight each vessel of the fleet had sailed to take up its appointed station, and before morning the naval cordon had been completed and was drawn about the island from Cardenas around Cape San Antonio to Cienfuegos on the south. When the last electric signal had flashed from the signal tower and the torpedo boats were despatched upon their midnight mission, all lights were extinguished and the fleet rode in utter darkness. Only the "New York," the "Iowa," and the "Indiana" remained on guard off Havana. Now and again in the darkness we would catch sight of the great battleships to the right and to the left of us, standing upon our flanks like great fortresses and stable upon the restless waves.

PREPARING TO FIGHT THE "VIZCAYA."

It began very suddenly; almost before I knew it we were in the midst of the most exciting episode of the cruise. I had found a roll of canvas in a shady nook in the signal tower; a feeling of drowsiness was creeping over me as the flagship rolled softly up and down over the waves of the Gulf Stream. Suddenly the great ship seemed to rise to a wave which was greater than any we had

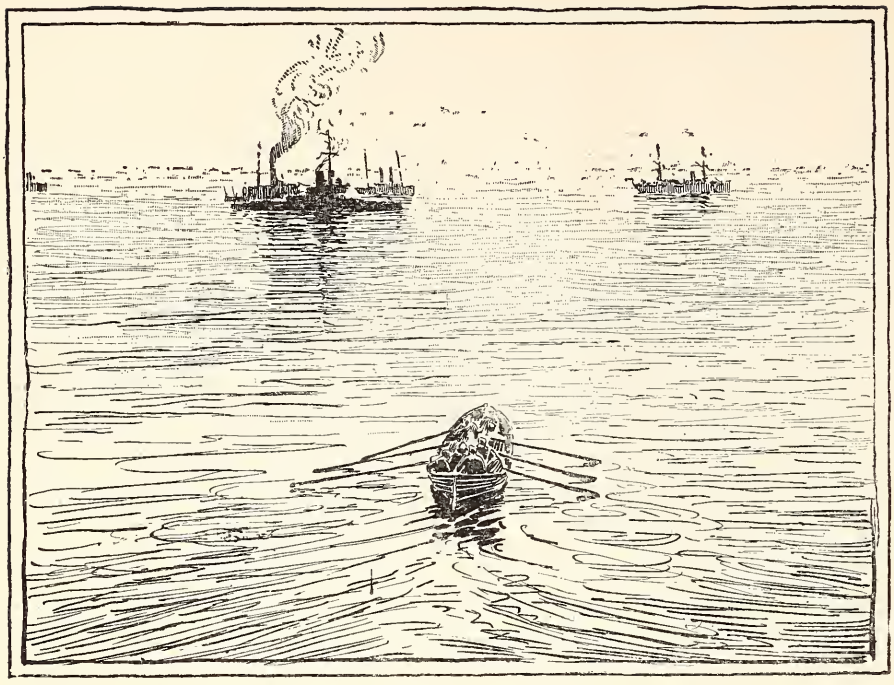


THE "CUSHING" GOING IN CLOSE TO HAVANA TO RECONNOITER.

encountered before; the waves beat angrily against our bow; the ship, which had been so quiet and so still in the noonday heat, now shivered like an aspen leaf, and then sprang ahead. I rubbed my eyes; I seemed to be dreaming, but only for a moment. It was not too deep a secret for even a landsman to fathom; the very highest possible pressure of steam had been applied to all our boilers; we were going ahead at the highest possible speed. Soon, with the glass, we descried the object of our chase — a dark-hulled, low-lying vessel, coming along the Cuban coast. A moment later the excitement which now possessed every man on board reached fever heat when the word came down from the bridge that the strange vessel steaming for Havana was a man-of-war, a first-class armored cruiser, probably the "Vizcaya," which had given the watchers in Cape Verde the slip. In a moment, in the minds of the 550 men on board, this possibility had deepened into a probability, and in two minutes it had become a certainty—a dead sure thing —the "New York" was going to fight the "Vizcaya." The "New York" had such "dumb luck" was the gratified opinion heard on all sides. The bugle sounded to general quarters, and the men sprang to their guns like lovers impatient to keep their tryst. My particular chum, the gun captain of the forward turret, wound his arms about the brazen cheeks of his two eight-inch pets, "General Ulysses S. Grant" and "Robert E. Lee," and fondled them as though they were the heads of flaxen-haired and rosy-cheeked children.

Before we sailed, the wood and the brass work had all been cut away, and now even the life lines and the stanchions which surrounded the cleared decks were removed. The battle hatches, great pieces of flat sheet iron, were placed and battened down over the airshafts, and the three remaining boats that we carried were drawn in close amidships and covered with damp canvas, so that if struck by the enemy's fire their splinters might be contained within a reasonable area. Two pale men, with their eyes blinking under the, to them, unusual glare of the sun, were brought up now from the brig, where they had been imprisoned for some infraction of discipline. The captain spoke to them, before the mast, a few kindly, earnest words, and then they sprang each man to his division and his post, with a cheerful, "Aye, aye, sir, we will." The fleet surgeon walked the deck, flanked by his assistants. "I have concluded," he said, "that we must be content with giving only the first aid to the injured wherever they may fall. Now, wherever that may be, they will be just as safe as anywhere else; there is no sweet berth for the surgeon's cockpit nowadays. Should we sheer off, or there be a lull in the fight, we will drop them below by means of canvas slides down the hatches." And in a minute the canvas slides were triced up and in readiness.

To our excited gaze the chase was making desperate efforts to reach Havana, but in this direction we were confident of being able to cut her down. Then the saucy little "Wilmington" loomed up in the stranger man-of-war's wake, together with a torpedo boat, and so we saw that the chase was cornered. It was to be a fair fight, however; every man on board sang out for that. Every man on board knew that the "Vizcaya" carried more guns and of heavier metal than the "New York;" but every man wanted to fight it out single-handed, and audibly expressed the hope that the Admiral would signal the torpedo boat and the "Wilmington" to mind their own business.



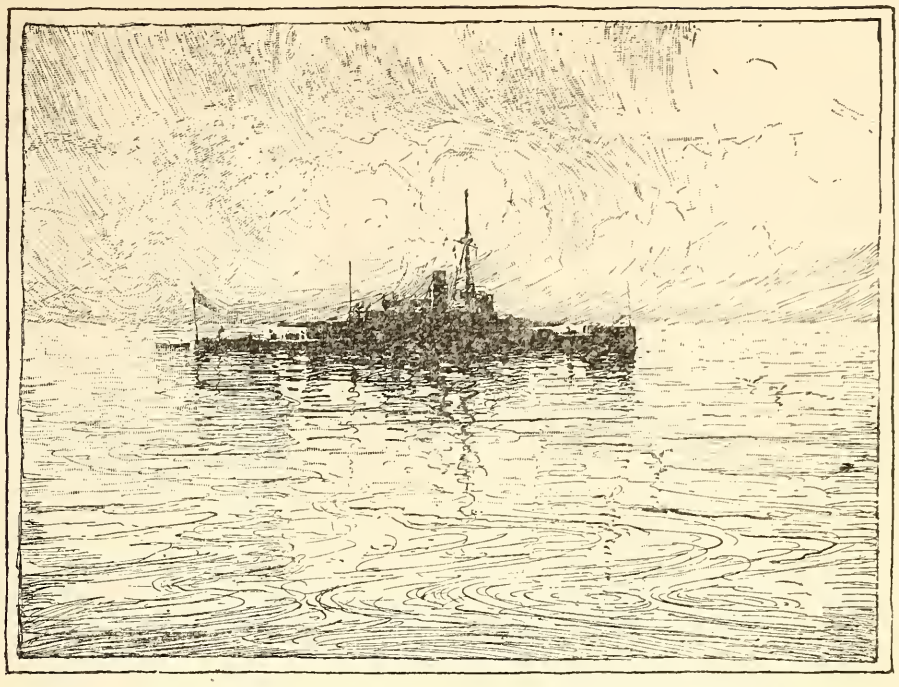
CAPTAIN "BOB" EVANS, COMMANDER OF THE "IOWA," ROWING OVER TO THE "NEW YORK," TO CONFER WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON.

When it became apparent that we were making at least five knots an hour more than the chase, that we would be in range within twenty minutes, the hard features of the gunners relaxed into broad grins of satisfaction. "If she wants to escape she will have to make up her mind to lick us," said the gunner's mate, with as much positive satisfaction and assurance as though he was saying she must dive, or go up in a balloon, to escape us. To him these three propositions were all equally probable.

The ammunition was hauled up through the shafts; the shell extractor, a gigantic pair of sugar-tongs about six feet long, came in view for the first time; and the gun crew hugged to their bosom great canvas bags containing hundreds of pounds of brown prismatic powder as though they were pet cats and not the death-dealing explosive that was to send the armor-piercing projectiles upon their destructive course. The marines hoisted away at the ammunition pulleys, and set out buckets of sand along the spar and gun decks: "to keep us from slipping and falling when the decks are slippery with blood," said the mate of the gunner's crew in answer to my silent inquiry.

The uncertainty and tension lasted for about twenty minutes after every preparation for going into action was complete. We even had out the hose, for a fire on board the "New York" was the only thing we feared. Now the flight was up, our chase would have to face us or be dashed upon the coral reefs, of which we could now see the seas as they broke. She was only four miles away now, but her colors flew straight towards us, and we could not make them out. Suddenly she changed her course several points, the colors became plain to those who could read them, and a number was run up, a puff of smoke came from a turret, and a flash of fire jumped out towards us. The action had begun. I heard a low click in the turret near which I stood—nothing loud

SCENE ON THE POOP OF THE SPAR DECK OF THE FLAGSHIP "NEW YORK" ON APRIL 23D. THE SHIP IS CLEARED FOR ACTION, WITH HER BATTLE HATCHES ON.



THE "AMPHITRITE" LEADING THE SQUADRON SENT TO BLOCKADE MATANZAS.

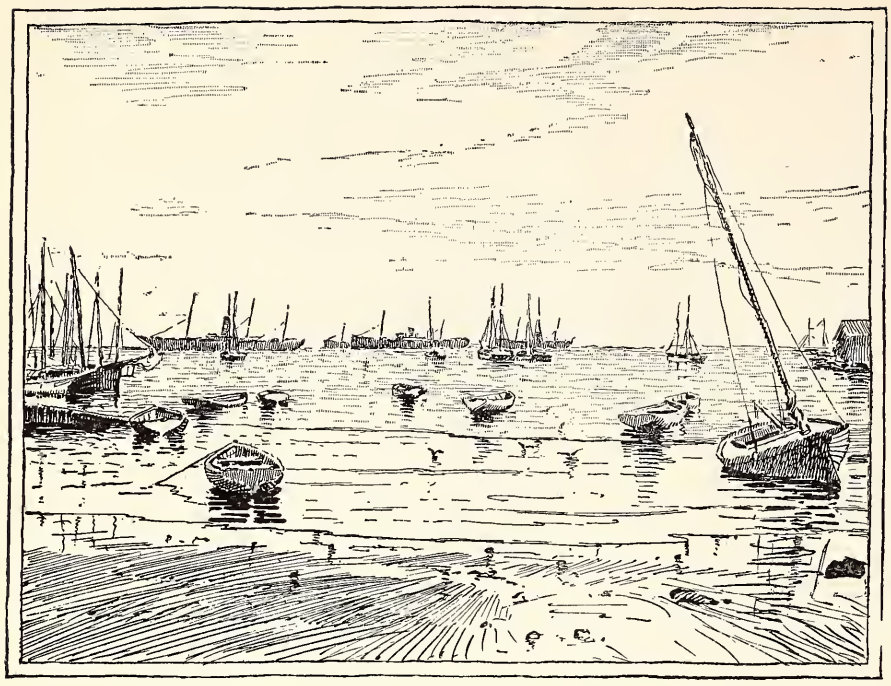
or boisterous—only a click like the ticking of a watch upon a still summer's night; but it meant that our heavy guns were ready to be touched off. Another column of smoke and another arrow of flame shot out from the side of the chase. The report was not very loud and not very formidable: it seemed to be merely four-pounders barking, and many a face had fallen before the word was passed down from the bridge that the chase was an Italian man-of-war, the "Don Giovanni Bausan," and that instead of a fight we were only getting a salute for the Admiral.

A DISAPPOINTED GUN CAPTAIN.

Mechanically, as in a dream, the captain of the gun locked in position his fearful pet; reluctantly the ammunition was dropped back down the slide, and the shell extractor put tenderly away. The captain of the gun looked dreamily at his toes, as though surprised at the pattern of tattooing in India ink which they displayed and that they were ten in number. Then his eyes fell upon his gun, and rested upon it a long time. He seemed to expect to hear it get up and say something. Men were released from their quarters by the bugle, and the off watch went below. The gun captain's face was a study in seams and furrows of disappointment. His lips hung down all awry, as though he had been sucking sour lemons for a month. When he got down on the gun deck, he threw himself upon his kit and listened, while a "sea lawyer," a very wise-looking man, the wisest of the crew, pulled away at his pipe, and laid down the law to an admiring throng, who, as they listened, groaned out emphatic grunts of approval. "Now," said the "sea lawyer" triumphantly, "yous jabbering idiots will understand why Tom Macfarlane has always been agin armored intervention. Now, if it wuz war, real old-fashioned, clean-cut, downright honest war, do you think that we would let that Don slip into Havana harbor jest because he is a bit off color and says he is an Eyetalian? Not for your life! In real honest war all Dons are to be trated alike: that is, filled full of holes on sight; but with this armored intervention business it's saying 'By yo' lave' to one, and 'After you' to another, and never a sight do you get of the particular yellow belly of the bunch yer after. God help the Republican party, says I, and its platform of armored intervention."

The sound of a distant cannonade was borne by the breeze towards us. The guns of the Morro were saluting the arrival of the Italian Don. The gunner's mate pricked up his ears as he slept upon his canvas bag, and whispered, half waking, half dreaming, "Give me a shell, boys, an armor-piercing one, and scratch 'Remember the Maine' upon it. And we won't ever lock them guns no more until the old flag is hauled up over the Morro, and I guess we have got them where we want them." And in his dream he had.

That afternoon we stood in close to the Morro, immediately followed by the "Iowa" and the "Indiana," and flanked by our attendant torpedo boats. Perhaps it was the wish of the Admiral to draw the fire, and so more perfectly locate the new batteries on the Mulatto ridge, to the eastward of the castle, than had hitherto been possible. But the Spaniards, who had been so prodigal of their fire the evening before, were silent now, though we were more than a mile within range of the eastward batteries and not by any means an unlikely mark for the guns of the Morro. About two bells the bugle sounded to quarters, and, when the inspection was over, the 500 men, whose faces had been hardened and whose nerves had been steeled



PRIZES IN THE OFFING AT KEY WEST.

such a very short time before to meet the shock of battle, trooped down the spar deck towards the stern. They were all dressed in white duck, and in the midst of them and rising above them by a full head was the tall and stalwart figure of the chaplain. He wore a mortar-board, and a black Oxford gown gathered about his waist with a velvet sash. The sinking sun had burnished the yellow casemates of the Morro with its dying rays, and we could see with the naked eye the guns as they protruded from the ports, and the curious crowds of Spanish soldiery as they gathered on the walls.

EVENING SERVICE.

"God save the state," the chaplain prayed, with uplifted arms. "O eternal Lord God, who alone spreadest out the heavens, and rulest the raging of the sea; who hast compassed the waters with bounds, until day and night come to an end; Be pleased to receive into thy almighty and most gracious protection, the persons of us thy servants, and the Ship in which we serve."

So for days and nights the guard was kept along the Cuban coast, the spoiler was despoiled, and those who had drunk deep of the blood of their own children were in turn bled white. Behind the coral reefs and the royal palms of the once peerless island, now reduced by Spanish savagery to utter desolation, the cry went up from lips which had long since been strangers to any but the accents of despair, a cry of gladness and of hope, an expression of faith in an all-merciful God and his chosen instrument, a Christian people, who sought to love their neighbors as their own kith and kin. Often, as I listened, I seemed to hear, borne by the breeze over the intervening lands and the waste of waters, that cry of touching faith which I had heard so often, months before, in the starvation camps of the reconcentrados, "Mañana dios dara" ("To-morrow the Lord our God will provide"); and now, after many days and many months, this to-morrow had dawned.

The Admiral made a little trip to the westward, along the coral coast, and entered the beautiful bay of Matanzas, to see how the blockade was progressing in this quarter. The insurgent fires were burning night and day upon the Pan, the great sugar-loaf hill that can be seen for so many leagues along the north coast. The visit was one merely of inspection; but when the Spaniards were discovered to be working in great number and throwing up sand batteries upon the exposed spits of land to the seaward of San Severino, followed closely by the "Terror" and "Cincinnati," the flagship opened fire upon the works, and before fifty shots had been fired, principally from the smaller guns, the but half-mounted battery was silenced. The Spanish artillery was so badly served that not a single shot struck our vessels.

Then the routine of the blockade was resumed. Day and night, each at its appointed station, the great iron ships and the light cruisers circled about the coast, and not even a single fishing smack that had not been examined succeeded in entering any of the ports upon the long line of coast that is comprised in the limits laid down in the President's proclamation.

Sarcophagus of Alexander at Constantinople. From "Constantinople," by Professor E. A. Grosvenor.

MILITARY EUROPE.

A NARRATIVE OF PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS AND EXPERIENCES.

By Major-General Nelson A. Miles.

WITH THE TURKISH AND GREEK ARMIES IN TIME OF WAR.

IT has been my purpose for several years to visit Europe at the first opportunity when there should be a European war, or hostile armies actually in the field. I not only wished to see the troops in action, but I desired to investigate the condition of foreign armies and the requirements for accommodating troops in garrison, as well as the best arms, uniforms, and field equipment for troops in an actual condition of war.

It is customary for governments to send officers abroad for this purpose, and it has been the practice of our Government since its establishment. The first prominent officer to go on this duty was General Winfield Scott, at the time of the war between Napoleon and the allied armies; but he reached Europe too late to be a witness of the final scene of the great drama at Waterloo. Delafield's and McClellan's observations during the Crimea have been of deep interest to military students; also General Sheridan's experience with the Prussian army during the Franco-Prussian war. General Sherman, while in command of the Army of the United States, visited Europe in 1872, and remained an entire year. His observations were of great interest and importance to the United States. We have now military officers at nearly every court in Europe, as well as in the Orient; and military and naval attachés from foreign countries are on duty at our own capital.

Since the close of the Russo-Turkish war in 1878, no opportunity for such observations as I desired to make presented itself until the hostilities between the Græco-Turkish forces in 1897. It may be well at this point to recall that the difficulty between Turkey and Greece began early in 1897 in Crete, where the Christians of the island were dissatisfied with the Mohammedan rule. When the riots in the island had become so serious that war between Greece and Turkey threatened, the Powers sent warships to the harbor of Canea. On February 21st these ships fired some fifty shots into the camp of the Cretan insurgents, located outside of the town—a warning that Europe would not permit hostile actions. The skirmishing in Crete continued through the rest of February and into March. Early in March, however, Crete ceased to be the point of observation. The Turkish and Grecian armies confronted each other on the frontier of Thessaly. They exercised tolerable self-control until early in April. Then the daring advance of the Greek irregulars into the disputed territory caused Edhem Pasha, the commander of the Turks, to suggest to his government that it was time to declare war, which Turkey did on April 17th. Diplomatic relations were at once severed, and fighting began. It was evident that there was to be war in earnest.

I at once made my preparation to go to

the field. At the time I left Washington, May 4th, the Greeks on the western frontier were holding their own, but in the east the Turks had driven them back and occupied Larissa. The latest information from the Levant seemed to indicate not only that Greece and Turkey would be engaged, but that some of the Balkan states and possibly one or more of the great powers of Europe might be involved. The unexpected frequently happens, and as no one can foretell when a war will occur, so no one can say what the phases will be or how it will terminate. At the moment, no one anticipated that, instead of any one of the great powers becoming involved, they would all stand aloof and witness the tragedy until it reached a critical point, and then combine to check its progress and dictate the terms of peace.

Such was the situation when I left Washington. On reaching Paris, I found that several engagements had taken place while I was on the sea, but that the result was still indefinite. I also learned that my best way to reach the Turkish army was to take the Oriental Express to Constantinople. This I did, arriving there on May 19th.

THE MILITARY ORGANIZATION IN TURKEY.

I could not have gone to a better place to observe the Turkish army than Constantinople itself. Not only is the city the headquarters of the complex military establishment which governs the army, but it is also headquarters for the first of the seven military territories into which the empire is divided. When I arrived in Constantinople, there were fully 30,000 men stationed in and about the city, giving me ample opportunity to observe the methods and condition of the Turkish troops. There was a mistaken impression, when the late war broke out, that the Turkish army was antiquated in its methods. Military men knew better. The Turkish army is at present completely organized in accordance with modern methods. This organization is not new; it was undertaken as long ago as seventy years by Mahmud II. When, about 1827, he decided to begin the reconstruction of his army, he was obliged to turn his cannon on the Janizaries, and not to stop until the last one of that body was dead, so hostile were they to any change in the methods of the Turkish army. After the Janizaries were out of the way, Mahmud II. began to remodel his force. Ten years after this he had Von Moltke and other Prussian officers aiding him. This work has gone on steadily ever since, until now the Turkish military forces are completely modernized. A monument erected on the site where he formerly lived on the Bosphorus, reminds alike Turk and stranger of the high esteem with which Von Moltke's services in this work of reorganization are regarded.

The army is completely Moslem, no Christians or non-Moslems being admitted. Although exempted from duty, the latter are not exempted from military taxes. All young Moslems who have reached twenty-one years of age are expected to enter the army for twenty years of service, unless they can show some good reason why they should not be called upon, such as physical unfitness or family obligations. The registration list shows that about 120,000 men are liable to service each year; but, as a matter of fact, only about 65,000 are incorporated into the army.

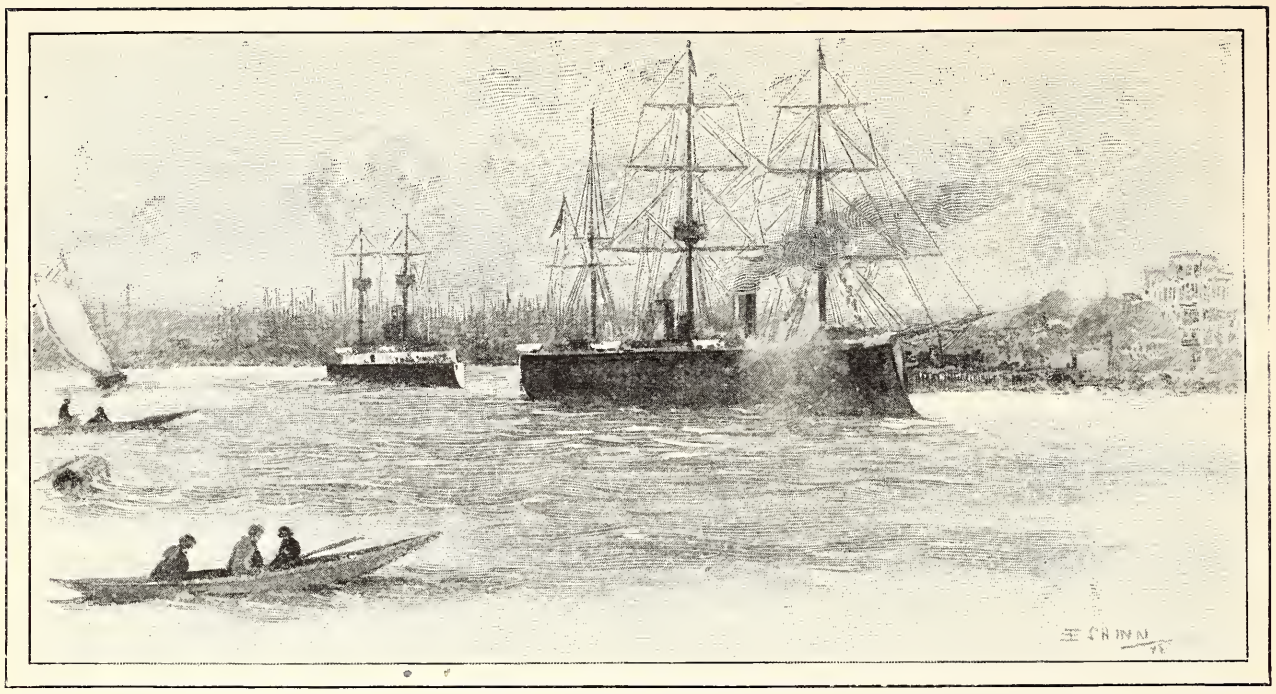
According to the latest figures, the army numbers in time of peace 244,000 men, 24,000 of these being officers. It's war footing mounts to fully 800,000. It will be remembered that, when the war with Greece broke out in the spring of 1897, the Sultan mobilized 600,000 men without any great effort. New laws and reforms are in operation in the army, which it is expected will add enormously to this strength. The Sultan believes that at no distant day he will be able to call out, in case of necessity, an army of a million and a half men. Of course, fully a third of this body will be utterly untrained.

These troops are drawn from all parts of the empire. What is known as the territorial system is in vogue in Turkey; that is, the empire is divided into seven military districts. Each of these districts furnishes a corps, recruited in the main from within its own limits. If one runs over the list of cities which are the headquarters of these corps, he gets some idea of the distant points from which the Sultan draws his troops:—Constantinople, Adrianople, Salonika, Erzinjan (northeastern Asia Minor), Damascus, Bagdad, and Sana (southwestern Arabia). Not all the portions of the empire yield soldiers in equal numbers. Thus the division having its headquarters at Sana furnishes few soldiers, its recruits coming from Syria and Asia Minor. Those portions of the country occupied by nomad tribes, such as Tripoli and Turkestan, have never until within a few years furnished troops. A few years ago, however, an effort was made to utilize the nomads in an irregular cavalry

THE FIFTH REGIMENT IMPERIAL TURKISH CAVALRY.

resembling the Cossacks of the Russian army. Regiments have been formed with good success. The organization is known as the Hamidie Cavalry, in honor of the Sultan, Abdul-Hamid. It is impossible, of course, to apply to these irregulars the superior training given to men in the regular army; nor are they called upon for any large amount of service. They furnish their own equipments and mounts. As a rule they carry ancient rifles or pistols, and every man is armed with a lance. So far the only active service which the Hamidie Cavalry has seen has been in hunting down the Armenians. It is easy to see from what they have done there that, in case of foreign war, they would be a most dangerous element in the Turkish army.

What I saw of the Turkish soldiers in Constantinople convinced me that they are among the most effective in the world. There are many reasons for this fact. In the first place, the Turks are a strong race, accustomed to hard labor, and consequently are easily molded into enduring soldiers. They are all Moslems, and their religion has three elements which contribute largely to their soldierly qualities. First, it teaches them to believe in an absolute despotism; second, it enforces simplicity of life and strict temperance; and third, it promises them unending pleasures in heaven as a reward for their endurance on earth. The long term of service required of the Turks adds, of course, to their effectiveness. It should not be forgotten, too, that this service has much of it been active. In the last hundred years, Turkey has had a greater war record than any other nation in Europe. From the beginning of the century up to January 1, 1897, she spent thirty-seven years in actual warfare. The cost of handling this tre-



THE LARGEST TURKISH WARSHIPS, THE "MESOODICH" AND THE "HARRIDICH," LYING IN THE HARBOR OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

mendous army is not great, when compared with what other nations spend on their armies. According to the official returns, the year of 1897-98 cost $25,250,000. This does not include the extraordinary military expenditure occasioned by war. It is not the common soldier, however, who gets this money. His pay amounts to a little less than a dollar a month, and often the government is many months in arrears in paying the troops.

MILITARY ADMINISTRATION IN TURKEY.

The administration of the Turkish army is very complicated. There is a Military Cabinet which regulates cases concerning the distribution of the troops; there is a Superior General Inspection Committee of some thirty members whose duty it is to study measures for improving the army; there is a military section in the Household of the Sultan; and there is a War Ministry, composed of some ten different bureaus. During the time that I was in Constantinople, I met several of the leading military men of the empire, and was greatly impressed by their knowledge and their ability. The military genius among them is undoubtedly Osman Pasha. He is a man about sixty-six years old, well built, of medium height, strong in physique, and intellectually the peer of any of the field marshals that I subsequently met in Europe. His experience has added greatly to his natural instincts for military life. In the terrible war of the Crimea, he acquired knowledge of the equipment, disposition, and management of large armies in the field, and he proved himself one of the ablest generals in Europe in the series of wars between Russia and Turkey. In the last of those wars, being placed in command of an army of 70,000 men with seventy-seven guns, he made one of the most brilliant defensive campaigns of modern times. Pitted against Russia's ablest generals, the Grand Duke Nicholas, Lieutenant-General Gourko, and that greatest military leader of his day, Skobeleff, and an army of 150,000 men and 500 guns, Osman Pasha made his defense of Plevna, a most creditable military achievement which demonstrated fully his skill and tenacity. During this desperate siege, three pitched battles, besides many minor engagements, were fought. The losses of the assailants were 40,000 men, and of the defendants 30,000. The siege of Plevna won for Osman Pasha the title of Gazhee the Victorious.

Osman Pasha reminded me of General Grant more than any man I saw on that side of the Atlantic. His manner is very much like that of Grant; a man of few words — in these expressing condensed thought. In referring to the success of the army, the rapidity with which it had been mobilized, and the universal success in the series of battles just ended between the Turks and Greeks, he made a significant remark. "Persistency," he said, "is the

great secret of success in war. If an army is not successful one day, tenacity of purpose and persistency will in the end bring victory." This was the great characteristic of the man who commanded the government forces in the latter part of our great civil war.

Although the Turkish military administration contains many able men, the Sultan is the real as well as nominal head of the Turkish army. Each department of the military administration is under his guidance, and he can and often does assert himself in its affairs. But the Sultan is more than the military head of the Turks. He is the recognized spiritual representative not only of the Mohammedans of his empire, but of those of the entire world, numbering some 177,000,000 souls. In virtue of this position, it is his duty to offer each week a prayer for the followers of Mohammed wherever they may be. This service — the "salemlik" — I witnessed just after arriving at Constantinople. It impressed me quite as much by its military as by its religious aspect.

ABDUL-HAMID II., SULTAN OF TURKEY SINCE 1876. BORN, 1842.

From a photograph by W. and D. Downey, London.

THE MILITARY DISPLAY AT THE SALEMLIK.

The salemlik takes place every Friday, in a very beautiful mosque not far from the Yildiz Palace, where the Sultan lives. As early as nine o'clock in the morning all the approaches to the palace, as well as the open spaces, are occupied by troops, particularly infantry and cavalry, and all the space left by them is crowded by spectators. The regiments came from different parts of the empire, some from the European provinces and others from the Asiatic, and appeared to be well disciplined and well instructed. As they marched to their positions, my attention was attracted by the spirited music of some of the regimental bands. The martial music was familiar and homelike, and I was both amused and gratified to listen to the stirring notes of Sousa's marches, "El Capitan," "High School Cadets," and others. This was but the prelude indeed, to what I was to listen to in other armies, for the American composer's music I subsequently found to be very popular in several European countries.

The cavalry were splendidly mounted on strong, hardy horses, well equipped and handsomely caparisoned, were well armed, and in every way presented a fine appearance. While the troops were moving into position the street or avenue leading from the palace to the mosque was covered with fresh sand, and the steps of the mosque were covered with a rich carpet, and when all was prepared, the gates of the palace were thrown open. The palace guard first moved down the broad avenue, lined on both sides by a living wall of troops with glistening bayonets, and took position near the mosque; then came the palace officials, and next the princes at the head of their staff officers. Among the princes was a boy apparently fourteen years of age,

in naval uniform. He was accompanied by a group of officers, and took his position with them at the head of the marines and sailors. This young officer presented a very spirited, military appearance. Then came the carriages, containing a few of the ladies of the palace, with attendants on foot. They moved down to a position near the entrance to the mosque. The horses were removed from the carriages, and the tongues taken out and put under the carriages, and the latter remained in this position with their occupants during the entire ceremony. Finally the Sultan appeared in one of the carriages of state, drawn by two beautiful horses with gorgeous equipment. As he appeared he was greeted by the strong voices of the thousands of troops massed in all the approaches to the palace, shouting, or crying, "Padishah Tchok Pasha" ("Long live the Sultan!") They hailed him as the personal and spiritual god-head upon earth of all of their faith.

The small, well-poised, silent man whom the multitude were saluting was dressed in plain uniform, a simple red fez on his head. Formerly the Sultans wore a diamond aigrette on their heads in public, but this Abdul-Hamid has discarded. The coachman was in most brilliant livery, as well as the personal attendants and guards who marched on foot on both sides of the carriage. Osman Pasha was the only occupant of the carriage besides the sovereign, and he occupied a front seat facing the Sultan. Following the heads of departments and high officials that were immediately in rear of the Sultan, were led his two favorite chargers, one a very handsome golden sorrel, the other a milk-white Arabian, beautifully caparisoned.

After the ceremony the Sultan reappeared and took position in another carriage, a very handsome mail-phaeton, richly ornamented and drawn by two beautiful white horses, a present from the Emperor of Austria. He took the reins and whip himself, and thus returned to the palace, followed by the heads of the departments and high officials of the government walking rapidly up the steep hill, apparently much to their discomfort, but indicating the abject subordination of the highest officials to the imperial sway.

The Sultan has occupied the throne of Turkey for twenty-two years. Twenty-six years ago, Murad V., his brother, held the same position; but, justly or unjustly, was removed on a charge of being of unsound mind. There are many who claim that he desired to institute certain reforms that were not popular with the Pashas and influential men of the empire. Be that as it may, he was removed to the beautiful palace of Cheragan, on the right bank of the Bosphorus, and he is supposed to be yet alive within its walls. A palace on the water is his winter home, and one standing on the heights about a mile distant, and yet within the walls of the great enclosure which surrounds the grounds, is also at times supposed to be occupied by the

A SQUADRON OF THE FIRST BATTALION OF THE FIRST REGIMENT OF INFANTRY, IMPERIAL TURKISH GUARD.

THERAPIA ON THE BOSPHORUS.

dethroned Sultan, his attendants, and families. On the outside of the walls are two great garrisons of some four thousand troops, guarding every approach by land or water.

AN AUDIENCE WITH THE SULTAN.

After the Sultan's return to the palace, I was notified by the Master of Ceremonies that an audience would be granted me, and I was accompanied by the United States Minister, the Hon. A. W. Terrill, to the palace. We passed through several rooms occupied by guards and palace officials to a large reception-room, there to await an opportunity of being presented to the sovereign. It so happened that the Russian ambassador was there waiting for the same purpose. He had come in before us, and of course took precedence. While we were waiting, we had a pleasant conversation, during which he informed our minister that this was the first interview he had had with the sovereign for several months, and that the object of his visit was simply to thank him for granting the personal request of the Emperor of Russia to withhold the onward march of the Turkish army in Greece until the situation had been considered by the great powers of Europe. The armistice had been declared only two days before, May 19th. He, in a very few moments, passed into the Sultan's reception-room, and remained for some thirty minutes. Before going in he seemed to be somewhat exercised, and his face indicated great anxiety. The importance of his mission seemed to impress him much, and he manifested it by pacing the room and indulging in earnest conversation with his secretary. On his return from the reception his face wore so satisfied an expression, and so pleasant a smile, that it prompted me to remark that his "interview must have been satisfactory." He assured me that it was quite so. This was all the information one could expect, under the circumstances, from an astute and accomplished diplomat.

After the Russian ambassador came out, we were notified by the Master of Ceremonies, an officer of high rank in the Imperial Palace, that an audience would then be granted us, and we were escorted to the reception-room of the Sultan. He was alone, with the exception of an officer of rank, a large, fine-looking man in brilliant uniform, who announced us by name and acted as interpreter. The Sultan was standing near the center of the room, and as we entered he approached us. He was in full uniform, with a dragoon sword by his side. On being

OSMAN PASHA, WHO COMMANDED THE TURKISH FORCES IN THE DEFENSE OF PLEVNA.

EDHEM PASHA, WHO COMMANDED THE TURKISH ARMY IN THE RECENT WAR WITH GREECE.

presented, instead of making the usual military salute, we made the salutation customary for foreign officials who are presented at the Turkish court, placing the right hand over the left breast, the left hand by the side, and bowing to His Majesty. He received us very cordially, and invited us to be seated. Coffee and cigarettes were served, and he led the conversation toward military subjects. He manifested great interest in military matters, and was thoroughly posted on the equipment of armies, the use and effect of modern appliances of war, the use of heavy machinery in the movements of the heaviest high-power guns, as well as the most intricate mechanism of small arms, and the use and effect of smokeless powder and high explosives. His small stature, sharp, dark eyes, prominent nose, of the Roman type, full beard, were not unlike the marked characteristics that I have noticed in some men of our own country.

In speaking of the war in which he was then engaged, I remarked that the rapidity with which he had mobilized a great army of 600,000 men, armed and equipped them, and moved a portion successfully into a foreign country, had somewhat surprised military observers both in the United States and in Europe. He stated that he was obliged to move a portion of his army from Asia, and that he could have mobilized and moved them with greater rapidity had the railroads furnished greater facilities, or had they been better equipped for war purposes. In response to a remark of mine, that he must have able generals in command of his armies and army corps, he said, "Yes; I have made them, and they have fulfilled my expectations."

In regard to the war and its results, he stated that his people did not desire war; that it had been forced upon them; that their territory had been invaded; but that God, being on the side of the right, had given victory to his army. He might have added that twenty-seven millions against two and a half millions of people; the resources of a strong nation against a weak and impoverished one; the abundant supplies of all munitions of war of the best German manufacture, from the high-power Krupp fortification gun to the small arms and ammunition, and delicate surgical instruments; and the assistance of several very able officers of the German army, had also aided in bringing success, if not glory, to the banners of the Star and Crescent.

TURKISH GARRISON LIFE.

Constantinople offers excellent opportunities for studying Turkish garrison life. There are many barracks in and around the

INNER VIEW OF THE FORTRESS OF ROUMELI HISSAR, ON THE BOSPHORUS, SOMETIMES CALLED THE "CASTLE OF EUROPE."

Reproduced from "Constantinople," by Prof. Edwin A. Grosvenor.

city, a number of which I visited. They are all permanent buildings of brick and stone, and most of them very comfortable. One of the most interesting of them is on the opposite bank from the city, the great buildings which were constructed for the accommodation of the sick and wounded of the allied armies during the Crimean war. I was very much impressed in my visits to the barracks with the order which prevailed. Everything seemed ready for immediate movement. I asked the colonel of one large regiment how long a time it would take him to summon his command, and have it fully equipped and ready to march to the railroad or steamship for actual service in the field? He looked at his watch, and said that he would need just fifteen minutes. One excellent feature of all the barracks is their accommodation for bathing. It is quite as good as, if not better than, any place in Europe. In fact, cleanliness is one of the cardinal virtues of the Mohammedan religion. In the principal barracks that I visited the accommodations were so ample that at least forty men could have enjoyed the luxury of a Turkish bath at the same time.

As a rule, the uniforms of the men were in good condition. It is a uniform well suited for garrison or field service, consisting of a plain blue tunic, blue trousers tucked into top boots, and, in the infantry, the familiar red fez. The cavalry wear a cap of sheepskin. The only drawback to the costume is that, save the fez, there is nothing national about it. The mass of the soldiers would no doubt prefer the short jacket, the baggy trousers, and the red sash which they wore before reform and reorganization made the Turkish army so largely Christian in its methods and appearance.

I was very much interested in watching the troops at mess. Their food is very plain, but wholesome. It consists chiefly of rice and mutton, which is served in a large copper basin, six or eight men surrounding the dish, and all eating from it at the same time with wooden spoons. Tea is served at meals, but no coffee or liquor of any kind. This is the only army in Europe, I believe, in which no stimulants of any kind are allowed the troops. In England the regular daily ration includes a half gill of rum; in France the soldier is under certain circumstances allowed a quarter of a liter of wine, half a liter of beer, half a liter of cider, and

the sixteenth of a liter of brandy; in Italy he has one-quarter liter of wine; in Austria brandy is furnished. The war ration in Austria includes also smoking-tobacco for the men and cigars for the officers.

THE DEFENSES OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

There is nothing more interesting about Constantinople than its defenses. The peculiar location of the city at the mouth of the Black Sea and on the direct route between Europe and Asia has made it for centuries the key to the Orient, and has led from times immemorial to its fortification. The system of defenses around the city is quite extensive, and represents the work of every age, from the wall, such as the Romans adopted for the protection of their cities, to most modern forts bristling with Krupp guns. The city is completely surrounded by walls, which are broken at intervals by gates and towers. Of course these fortifications would be of little use to-day if the city were besieged, nor are they kept up at all. Houses are built in many places close to them. At some points they have been partially torn down to furnish stone for other and more pressing wants. They add, however, immensely to the picturesqueness of the city, clad as they are with vines and plants, and their presence keeps fresh, too, innumerable legends of crime and deeds of courage.

The real defenses of Constantinople are not its walls, but the lines of forts which guard the two sea approaches to the city and those which ward off invaders by land.

The fortifications covering the approaches on the landward side are two-fold. The first is a quarter-circle of forts scattered from a point about eight miles west of Constantinople on the Sea of Marmora, around to a point on the Bosphorus, about the same distance north of the town. Twenty-five miles west of the city, running north and south across the peninsula, is the principal land defense, the Lines of Tchataldja. These were built in 1877, at the time of the war with Russia, but they have been greatly strengthened since.

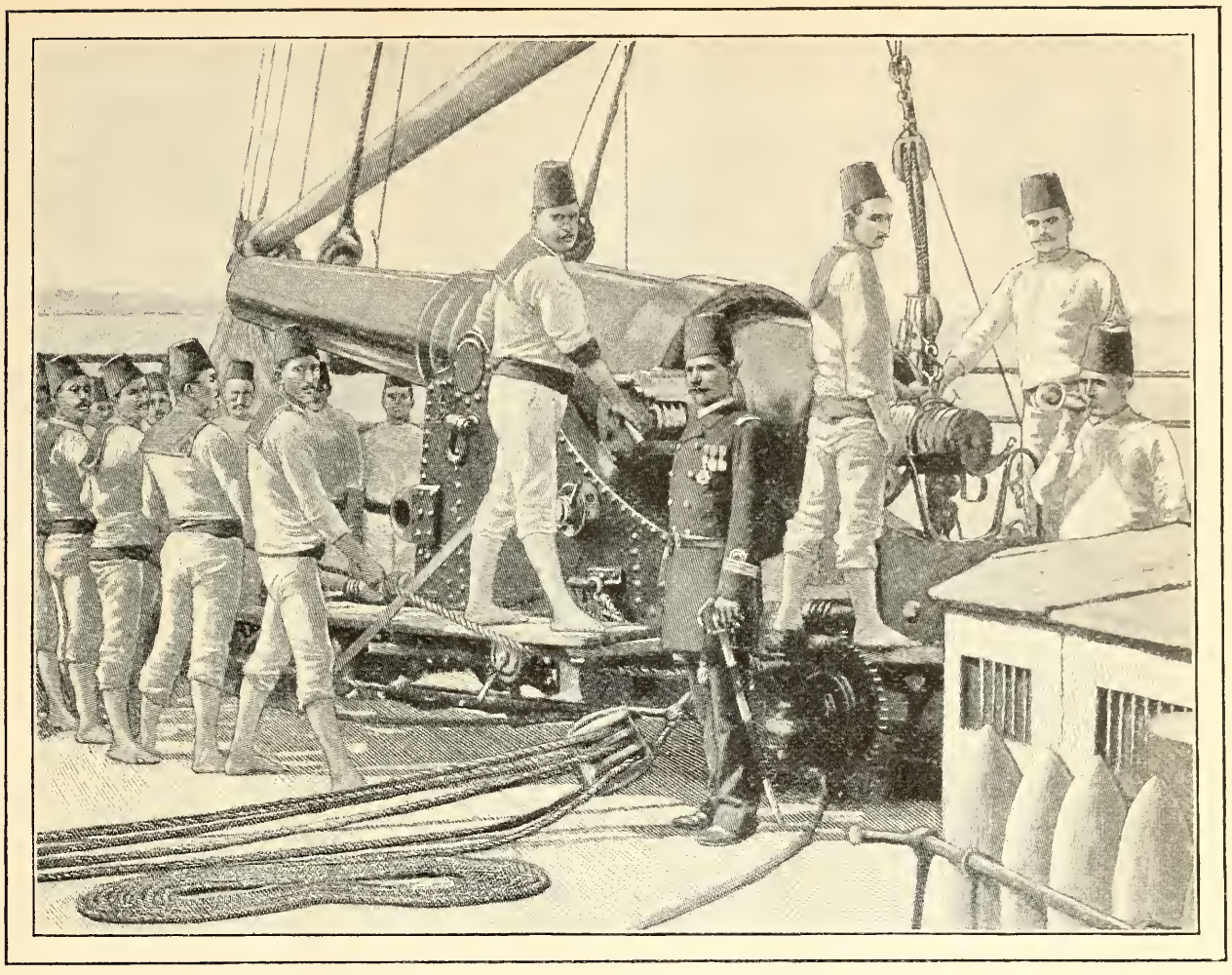
The Bosphorus, connecting the Sea of Marmora with the Black Sea, is one of the water approaches to Constantinople. It is about twenty miles long, and upon the precipitous banks of both the European and the Asiatic shore are placed at intervals the forts which guard the city. There are some seventeen of them. Not all are modern; indeed, there are forts on the Bosphorus dating back to the fourteenth century. These, of course, would be of little use if it were not for the modern works above and below them. The first of the Bosphorus forts which one sees on leaving Constantinople are perhaps the most interesting, and that on account of their location. They stand on opposite sides of the narrowest portion of the channel—the point made famous by the crossing of Darius and his 700,000 men. Xenophon and his 10,000 are said to have crossed here, too, on their return to Europe.

The other seaward approach to Constantinople is by the Dardanelles—a narrow strait thirty-three miles long, connecting the Sea of Marmora with the Ægean. I had an excellent opportunity of observing the fortifications here, as I went from Constantinople to Greece by steamer. In going out we passed close to the sea walls, the ancient protection of Constantinople, and then crossed the Sea of Marmora into the straits. For several miles after entering the straits there are no forts, the channel being broad and the banks high; but about ten miles from the mouth the stream narrows and there is a sharp bend. Here are the most formidable works defending Constantinople, consisting of ten forts on the European side and five on the Asiatic. All of these works have been modernized, and mount the heaviest of recent guns. This bend in the Dardanelles, like the narrows in the Bosphorus, has always been a favorite passage for crossing. Xerxes, it is said, led over his 1,700,000 men here.

After passing this point of the Dardanelles, the straits widen again, and there are no more fortifications until the mouth is reached. Here again the banks bristle with guns. When we passed, the Turkish fleet was discreetly hovering under their shelter.

ATHENS IN MAY, 1897.

It was the 27th of May when I reached Athens, and the contrast between that city and Constantinople was most striking. I had left behind me a well-fortified city, the headquarters of a strong military administration, evidences of vast resources, both in disciplined men and system of supplies, a people proud of victory, a government confident because of success. I came to a city exposed on every hand, deficient in military resources, its government dejected by defeat, its people dissatisfied with their rulers and divided in their opinion of what had been done, or what course should be pursued in the



A MANŒUVER ON BOARD THE TURKISH IMPERIAL ARMORED FRIGATE "MAHMOUDIÉ."

Reproduced from "Le Monde Illustré."

future. There was no evidence of disorder while I was in Athens, but on every hand there was great depression. The people were gathered in groups before the telegraph offices and news depots, reading the bulletin boards, or sitting together in the streets and parks; and everywhere they discussed the war. Some of them evidently looked for the onward march of the Turkish army, and dreaded the horrors which they believed would follow its occupancy of the city. Many were defiant, and loudly argued for fighting to the bitter end; others were hoping for an interposition of the Powers which, if it left the country humbled, still would prevent the Turks from appropriating it altogether.

What they were suffering was the only possible result to be expected from an unaided struggle of their army with such a highly organized military power as Turkey. To begin with, Greece has a population of only about 2,200,000. The age at which a young Greek becomes liable to service is twenty-two—one year later than in Turkey. While in Turkey 120,000 men are registered for service every year and fully 65,000 incorporated into the army, in Greece only about 22,000 are liable to service and perhaps 12,000 are incorporated. The actual army when the war broke out, that is, the army which was paid by the government, was only about 23,000 men; but it was believed that the war footing was fully 200,000 men—nearly ten per cent. of the population, it will be noted. This army was not well disciplined, and was poorly equipped and poorly officered. There was only a limited amount of ammunition on hand, and as for horses, every squadron was short and in many cases the animals used were too old to be serviceable.

When war actually broke out, and no European power came to the aid of Greece, her weakness rapidly developed. The Turks overwhelmed and out-manœuvered the little army and only stopped their march at the interposition of the Czar of Russia. The armistice granted at his request had not expired when I reached Athens, and the Greek and Turkish armies which were facing each other near Lamia, the scene of the last engagement of the war, were still under its conditions.

CONSTANTINE, THE CROWN PRINCE OF GREECE AND COMMANDER OF THE GREEK ARMY IN THE RECENT WAR WITH TURKEY.

KING GEORGE OF GREECE.

PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE, COMMANDER OF THE GREEK NAVY IN THE RECENT WAR WITH TURKEY.

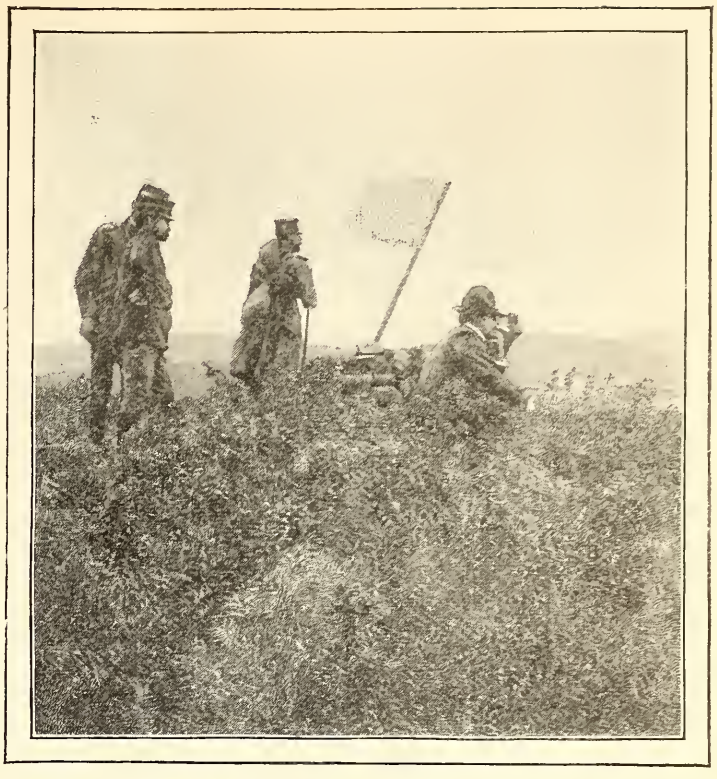
AT THE FRONT WITH THE GREEK ARMY.

As soon as possible I made arrangements to go to the camp of the Greek army—a not difficult journey, as we were able to go up the eastern coast by steamer to Santa Marina and thence by rail to Lamia, a distance of only eight miles. On arriving, I reported my presence to the Crown Prince Constantine, who was in the command of the Greek army. I found him a very courtly, distinguished-looking officer, twenty-nine years of age, tall, and of commanding presence, but somewhat depressed on account of the result of his recent campaign. His great misfortunes had resulted largely from the fact that he had been pitted against an overwhelming army, and that he had not had the experience requisite to organize, mobilize, discipline, and command troops in battle. This can only be acquired by actual experience in war; it cannot be learned elsewhere. General Sherman uttered a positive truth when he asserted that "the best school of war is war."

When we compare the Crown Prince in his preparation for commanding an army with Edhem Pasha, the leader of the Turks, we have a forcible lesson in the value of experience. The name of Edhem Pasha was almost unknown when he took the Turkish army in 1897. Yet he had really made himself a reputation in the Russo-Turkish War of 1877. He was only thirty-five years old then, but he fought with honor at the side of Osman Pasha throughout the terrible siege of Plevna; and when at last the city surrendered, he was one of the last to leave. He carried away a wound received the very day of the capitulation. Since then he had filled several important positions in Turkey. He was hardened to service when he went against the Greeks in 1897, and it was not long before his skill in strategy attracted the attention of the world.

I was kindly received by the Crown Prince, and was afforded every opportunity of seeing the entire Greek army as it then lay camped in three *grand* divisions—two practically in reserve, while the third occupied the advance line. The last named was in order of battle, with its main and advance lines and a line of skirmishers, or vedettes. Along the front line were posted flags of truce, at intervals of from two to five hundred yards. Immediately in front of the Greek army lay the Turkish army, drawn up in order of battle. In the advance was a strong line of sentinels with picket supports and reserves in their order; and a short distance in the rear, their main line of battle. The distance between the advance line of the Greek army and the picket line of the Turkish army, I should judge, was about four hundred yards. On the ground occupied by the former force and between the lines were scattered the graves of those who had fallen on both sides in the last engagement of the campaign, which had occurred on this spot, a short distance from the little town of Lamia.

The Turks were apparently as unconcerned and defiant as it is only possible for an army to be that has had a series of victories and has successfully invaded the enemy's country—in this case a country that their people had occupied up to as late as 1832. They were occupying a very strong position, and indicated every appearance of being capable of holding the same. We could distinctly hear their bugle calls, and see the comfortable white tents in which they were sheltered, tents which had formerly belonged to the Greek army and had been captured is the recent campaign. The poor Greeks were without shelter, and exposed to the rain and inclement weather. There was an independence and bravado in the appearance of the Turks that indicated their readiness to renew the conflict the moment the armistice should be suspended. I could not but note the marked change in the circumstances of this scene and one that occurred nearly 2,500 years before in sight of the ground now occupied by two armies. We are told that when the great Persian army under Xerxes confronted the heroic band under Leonidas, the Spartans laid down their spears and shields, and moved out in front of their line, and went through their gymnastic exercises to keep their joints supple, and decorated their long hair as if preparing for a festival, thus taunting and defying their enemies to combat. Now the conditions were entirely reversed and the invaders impatient to renew hostilities.



GENERAL MILES ON THE GREEK PICKET LINE, MAY 29, 1897.

OFFICERS AND EQUIPMENT OF THE GREEK ARMY.

The officers of the Greek army seemed to me an intelligent, patriotic body of men; but they were, naturally, much depressed at the result of the campaign. Their hatred of the Turks was as intense as their pride of and love for their own country. One accomplished officer, a colonel in command of the advance division of the Greek army, rode over the ground with us and along the line of the troops. On returning to his headquarters to take leave of him I informed him that I would shortly return to my own land, and that I hoped sometime to have a visit from him at Washington. He replied, "When you get far away and back to your own country, I hope you will have a kind memory for poor Greece." He said this with such an expression of grief and sentiment that I was deeply impressed.

The soldiers had endured their severe campaign and the disasters which had befallen their cause with fortitude, but were greatly disheartened, yet full of hope that something might occur to end hostilities. While there was no outward appearance of a want of confidence or disaffection, there was gloom in the general tone, manner, and appearance of the troops. I have seen the same condition of affairs in our own army after some serious disaster. The humiliation that follows defeat and retreat is pictured upon the faces alike of the officers and men of every army.

There was a great want of proper equipment and supplies. Doubtless, whatever they may have had, had been seriously affected by disasters in battle and the rapidity of the retreat of the army. Much of the discomfort resulted from the absence of proper shelter and from insufficient food. The last has a very demoralizing influence upon any body of troops. The sad condition of the Greek army was made more melancholy by the presence of great numbers of refugees, wandering about from place to place, homeless and destitute. It was estimated that in and around the army there were 50,000 of these people, who had abandoned their little homes, carrying away only what little substance and clothing they could transport

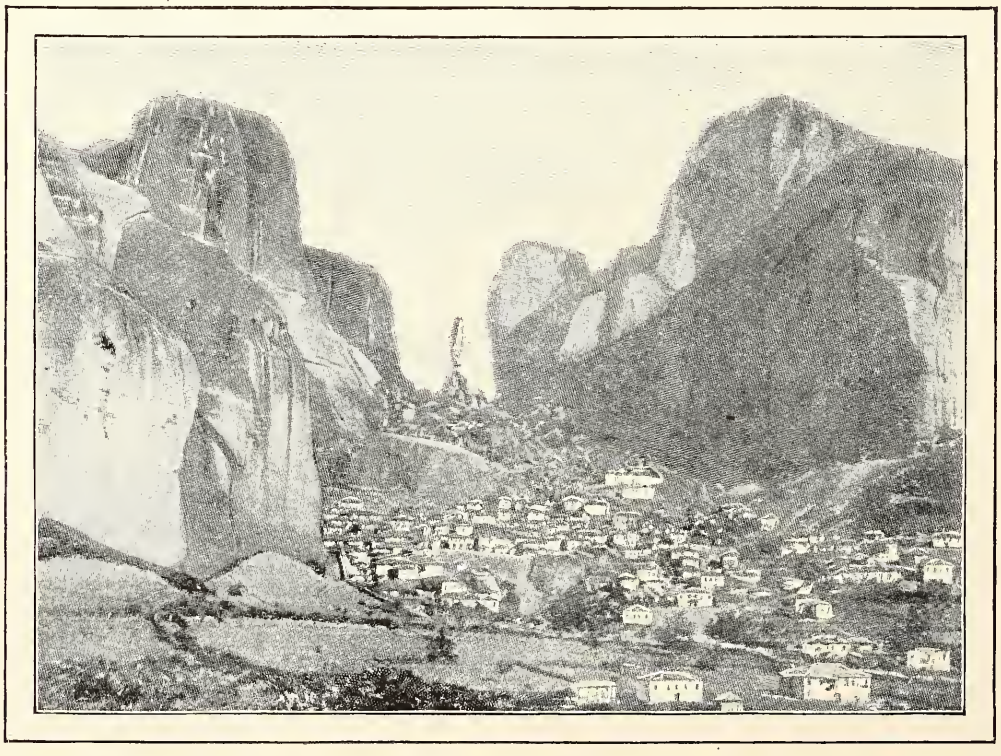
upon their backs, in carts, and upon a few pack animals. Those that were best circumstanced had a few domestic animals that they were driving, seeking any place of shelter for rest and refuge. I have never seen a more desolate class of people or one which excited more sympathy.

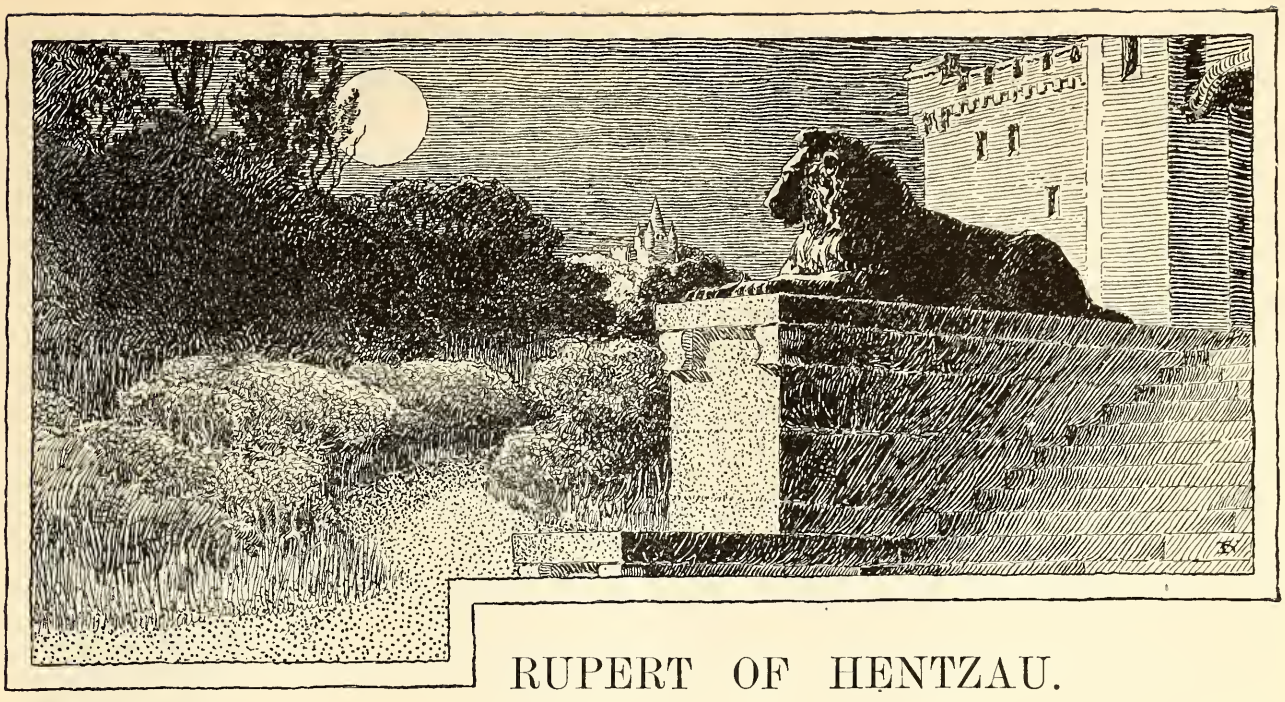
The humanitarians were active and beneficent in their efforts to relieve the suffering of the unfortunate Greeks, especially of the wounded, and many men and women were engaged in this humane enterprise. The Society of the Red Cross was conspicuous in this work, and there were a number of American representatives. One especially worthy of note, whom I met later, was Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott, daughter of Julia Ward Howe, the authoress of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," of whose history and record we are justly proud. Mrs. Elliott was actively interested and engaged in correspondence for the relief of the unfortunate Greeks.

Before leaving the Greek army, I had opportunity to ride over the historic ground of the Pass of Thermopylæ, where the Spartans so heroically fought and died. It is a singular formation: the high, precipitous mountains come close to the sea, leaving a narrow strip of land between impassable heights and the waters of the Bay of Lamia. The two thousand years that have elapsed since Leonidas held the pass have made a marked change in the topography of the place. The waters have receded, leaving the belt of table-land wider than it was at that eventful time; but it is easy to see where they were in former times, and that the very narrow belt of land could have been defended by a few hundred heroic, stalwart men against any body of assailants. We spent an entire afternoon riding around the base of the mountain near the Pass of Thermopylæ and following the trail that was evidently taken by a portion of Xerxes' army led by the Trachinian. This force circumventing the position held by the Spartans, succeeded in gaining their line of retreat, and so caused the death of the heroic band. So rugged are these mountains that there are only a few narrow trails by which they can be crossed, a small force well placed being capable of defending them against any number of assailants.

This visit to the Pass of Thermopylæ, recalling, as it did, one of the most thrilling episodes in the history of Greece, rather intensified than otherwise the painful impression of modern Greece which my observation in Athens and at the front had produced. I came away from the country feeling that the glory of Greece had departed; that she is living to-day on the past.

KASTRAKI, A VILLAGE ON THE GREEK FRONTIER, IN THESSALY,—A POINT OF INTEREST IN THE RECENT WAR.





RUPERT OF HENTZAU.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF FRITZ VON TARLENHEIM.

By Anthony Hope.

Being the sequel to a story by the same writer entitled "The Prisoner of Zenda."

With full-page illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson.

INTRODUCTION AND SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Rudolf Rassendyll, as an act of friendship to Rudolf, King of Ruritania, his distant relative, takes advantage of a close resemblance between them and impersonates the king through a grave crisis in the latter's affairs. He even plays the king's part as the prospective husband of the Princess Flavia. But in so doing he loses his heart, while the princess suddenly discovers in her lover a fervor and fascination she had not found in him before. In the end, the princess dutifully marries the real king; but thereafter, once a year, she sends a gift and a verbal message to Rassendyll in token of her remembrance of him. This continues for three years. Then, under a passionate impulse, she sends with her yearly gift a letter. The bearer, Fritz von Tarlenheim, is betrayed by his servant Bauer, and assaulted and robbed of the letter by Rupert of Hentzau. Rassendyll secretly goes to Strelsau, where he means to force Rupert to give the letter up. He is soon discovered, and is everywhere mistaken for the king. Rupert, meanwhile, makes his way to the king, at a remote hunting-lodge, intending to betray the queen. But before he can do so, he and the king quarrel, and he kills the king, and then flies. Two friends of the queen, Colonel Sapt and Fritz von Tarlenheim, and Rassendyll's servant, James, coming soon after to the lodge, learn what has happened from the king's attendant, Herbert, who himself soon dies of a wound received in the fight. Von Tarlenheim carries the news to Rassendyll and the queen, who is also now at Strelsau. Sapt and James, while alone at the lodge, develop a scheme of destroying all evidence of the king's death and letting the general illusion that Rassendyll is the king quietly grow until he really becomes the king. The queen, by her charm, wins over Rischenheim, an accomplice of Rupert; and she has also among her adherents Lieutenant Bernenstein. After several trials, Rassendyll comes at Rupert, in the latter's lodging, No. 19 Königstrasse. As they are fighting a duel with swords for possession of the letter, a young girl in the house, believing Rassendyll to be the king, cries to the crowd outside that Rupert is killing the king. Thereupon Von Tarlenheim and Bernenstein, who chance to be of the crowd, press into the house.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE KING.

THE things that men call presages, presentiments, and so forth, are, to my mind, for the most part idle nothings: sometimes it is only that probable events cast before them a natural shadow which superstitious fancy twists into a heaven-sent warning; oftener the same desire that gives conception works fulfilment, and the dreamer sees in the result of his own act and will a mysterious accomplishment independent of his effort. Yet when I observe thus calmly and with good sense on the matter to the Constable of Zenda, he shakes his head and answers, "But Rudolf Rassendyll knew from the first that he would come again to Strelsau and engage young Rupert point to point. Else why did he practise with the foils so as to be a better swordsman the second time than he was the first? Mayn't God do anything that Fritz von Tarlenheim can't understand? A pretty notion, on my life!" And he goes off grumbling.

Well, be it inspiration, or be it delusion—and the difference stands often on a hair's

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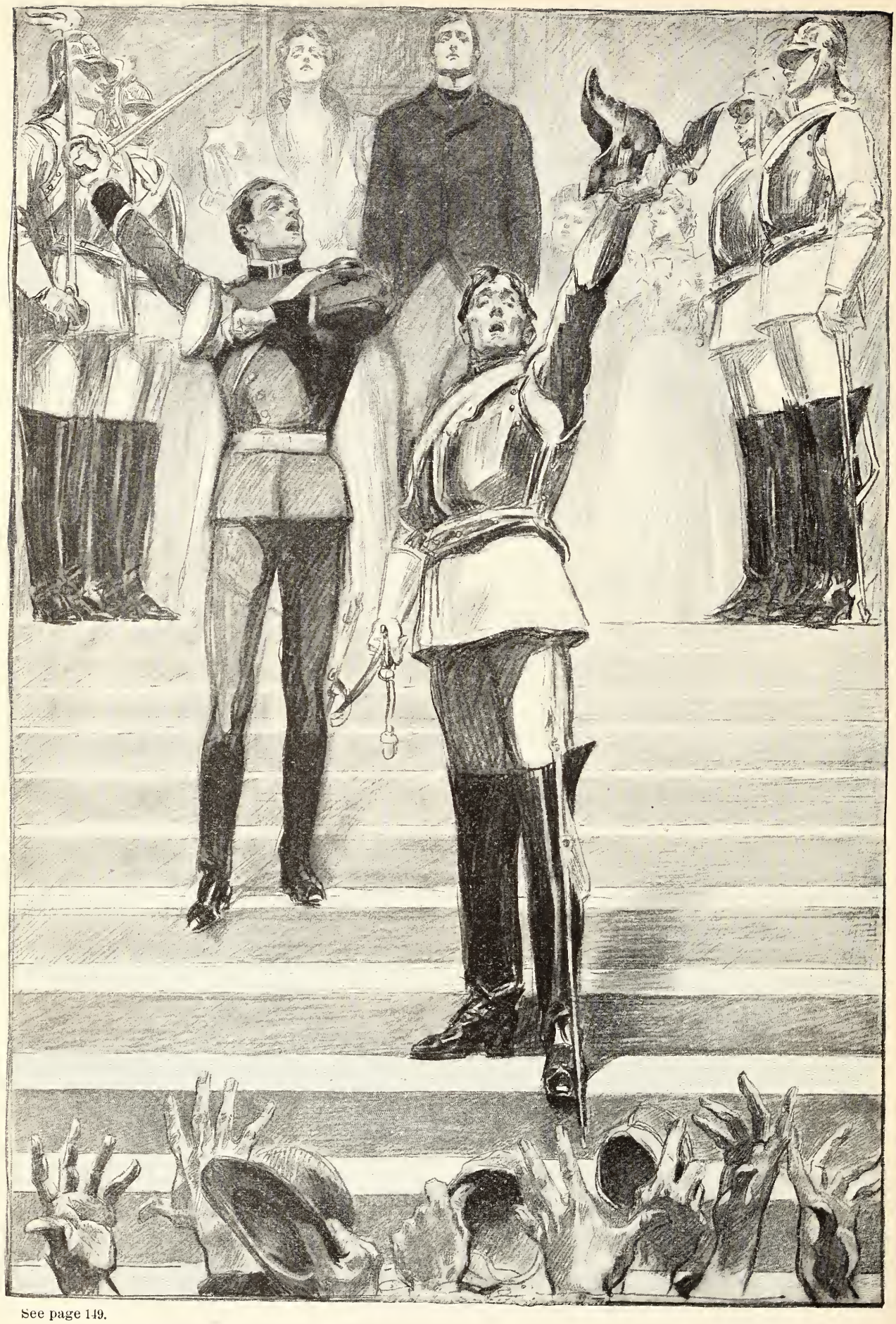
Drawn by Charles Dana Gibson



See page 149.

"GOD SAVE THE KING!"

breadth—I am glad that Rudolf had it. For if a man once grows rusty, it is everything short of impossible to put the fine polish on his skill again. Mr. Rassendyll had strength, will, coolness, and, of course, courage. None would have availed had not his eye been in perfect familiarity with its work, and his hand obeyed it as readily as the bolt slips in a well-oiled groove. As the thing stood, the lithe agility and unmatched dash of young Rupert but just missed being too much for him. He was in deadly peril when the girl Rosa ran down to bring him aid. His practised skill was able to maintain his defense. He sought to do no more, but endured Rupert's fiery attacks and wily feints in an almost motionless stillness. Almost, I say; for the slight turns of wrist that seem nothing are everything, and served here to keep his skin whole and his life in him.

There was an instant—Rudolf saw it in his eyes and dwelt on it when he lightly painted the scene for me—when there dawned on Rupert of Hentzau the knowledge that he could not break down his enemy's guard. Surprise, chagrin, amusement, or something like it, seemed blended in his look. He could not make out how he was caught and checked in every effort, meeting, it seemed, a barrier of iron impregnable in rest. His quick brain grasped the lesson in an instant. If his skill were not the greater, the victory would not be his, for his endurance was the less. He was younger, and his frame was not so closely knit; pleasure had taken its tithe from him; perhaps a good cause goes for something. Even while he almost pressed Rudolf against the panel of the door, he seemed to know that his measure of success was full. But what the hand could not compass the head might contrive. In quickly conceived strategy he began to give pause in his attack, nay, he retreated a step or two. No scruples hampered his devices, no code of honor limited the means he would employ. Backing before his opponent, he seemed to Rudolf to be faint-hearted; he was baffled, but seemed despairing; he was weary, but played a more complete fatigue. Rudolf advanced, pressing and attacking, only to meet a defence as perfect as his own. They were in the middle of the room now, close by the table. Rupert, as though he had eyes in the back of his head, skirted round, avoiding it by a narrow inch. His breathing was quick and distressed, gasp tumbling over gasp, but still his eye was alert and his hand unerring. He had but a few moments' more effort left in him: it was enough if he could reach his goal and perpetrate the trick on which his mind, fertile in every base device, was set. For it was towards the mantelpiece that his retreat, seeming forced, in truth so deliberate, led him. There was the letter, there lay the revolvers. The time to think of risks was gone by; the time to boggle over what honor allowed or forbade had never come to Rupert of Hentzau. If he could not win by force and skill, he would win by guile and by treachery, to the test that he had himself invited. The revolvers lay on the mantelpiece: he meant to possess himself of one, if he could gain an instant in which to snatch it.

The device that he adopted was nicely chosen. It was too late to call a rest or ask breathing space: Mr. Rassendyll was not blind to the advantage he had won, and chivalry would have turned to folly had it allowed such indulgence. Rupert was hard by the mantelpiece now. The sweat was pouring from his face, and his breast seemed like to burst in the effort after breath; yet he had enough strength for his purpose. He must have slackened his hold on his weapon, for when Rupert's blade next struck it, it flew from his hand, twirled out of a nerveless grasp, and slid along the floor. Rupert stood disarmed, and Rudolf motionless.

"Pick it up," said Mr. Rassendyll, never thinking there had been a trick.

"Ay, and you'll truss me while I do it."

"You young fool, don't you know me yet?" and Rudolf, lowering his blade, rested its point on the floor, while with his left hand he indicated Rupert's weapon. Yet something warned him: it may be there came a look in Rupert's eyes, perhaps of scorn for his enemy's simplicity, perhaps of pure triumph in the graceless knavery. Rudolf stood waiting.

"You swear you won't touch me while I pick it up?" asked Rupert, shrinking back a little, and thereby getting an inch or two nearer the mantelpiece.

"You have my promise: pick it up. I won't wait any longer."

"You won't kill me unarmed?" cried Rupert, in alarmed scandalized expostulation.

"No; but——"

The speech went unfinished, unless a sudden cry were its ending. And, as he cried, Rudolf Rassendyll, dropping his sword on the ground, sprang forward. For Rupert's

hand had shot out behind him and was on the butt of one of the revolvers. The whole trick flashed on Rudolf, and he sprang, flinging his long arms round Rupert. But Rupert had the revolver in his hand.

In all likelihood the two neither heard nor heeded, though it seemed to me that the creaks and groans of the old stairs were loud enough to wake the dead. For now Rosa had given the alarm, Bernenstein and I—or I and Bernenstein (for I was first, and, therefore, may put myself first)—had rushed up. Hard behind us came Rischenheim, and hot on his heels a score of fellows, pushing and shouldering and trampling. We in front had a fair start, and gained the stairs unimpeded; Rischenheim was caught up in the ruck and gulfed in the stormy, tossing group that struggled for first footing on the steps. Yet, soon they were after us, and we heard them reach the first landing as we sped up to the last. There was a confused din through all the house, and it seemed now to echo muffled and vague through the walls from the street without. I was conscious of it, although I paid no heed to anything but reaching the room where the king—where Rudolf—was. Now I was there, Bernenstein hanging to my heels. The door did not hold us a second. I was in, he after me. He slammed the door and set his back against it, just as the rush of feet flooded the highest flight of stairs. And at the moment a revolver shot rang clear and loud.

The lieutenant and I stood still, he against the door, I a pace farther into the room. The sight we saw was enough to arrest us with its strange interest. The smoke of the shot was curling about, but neither man seemed wounded. The revolver was in Rupert's hand, and its muzzle smoked. But Rupert was jammed against the wall, just by the side of the mantelpiece. With one hand Rudolf had pinned his left arm to the wainscoting higher than his head, with the other he held his right wrist. I drew slowly nearer: if Rudolf were unarmed, I could fairly enforce a truce and put them on an equality; yet, though Rudolf was unarmed, I did nothing. The sight of his face stopped me. He was very pale and his lips were set, but it was his eyes that caught my gaze, for they were glad and merciless. I had never seen him look thus before. I turned from him to young Hentzau's face. Rupert's teeth were biting his under lip, the sweat dropped, and the veins swelled large and blue on his forehead; his eyes were set on Rudolf Rassendyll. Fascinated, I drew nearer. Then I saw what passed. Inch by inch Rupert's arm curved, the elbow bent, the hand that had pointed almost straight from him and at Mr. Rassendyll pointed now away from both towards the window. But its motion did not stop; it followed the line of a circle: now it was on Rupert's arm; still it moved, and quicker now, for the power of resistance grew less. Rupert was beaten; he felt it and knew it, and I read the knowledge in his eyes. I stepped up to Rudolf Rassendyll. He heard or felt me, and turned his eyes for an instant. I do not know what my face said, but he shook his head and turned back to Rupert. The revolver, held still in the man's own hand, was at his heart. The motion ceased, the point was reached.

I looked again at Rupert. Now his face was easier; there was a slight smile on his lips; he flung back his comely head and rested thus against the wainscoting; his eyes asked a question of Rudolf Rassendyll. I turned my gaze to where the answer was to come, for Rudolf made none in words. By the swiftest of movements he shifted his grasp from Rupert's wrist and pounced on his hand. Now his forefinger rested on Rupert's and Rupert's was on the trigger. I am no soft-heart, but I laid a hand on his shoulder. He took no heed; I dared do no more. Rupert glanced at me. I caught his look, but what could I say to him? Again my eyes were riveted on Rudolf's finger. Now it was crooked round Rupert's, seeming like a man who strangles another.

I will not say more. He smiled to the last; his proud head, which had never bent for shame, did not bend for fear. There was a sudden tightening in the pressure of that crooked forefinger, a flash, a noise. He was held up against the wall for an instant by Rudolf's hand; when that was removed he sank, a heap that looked all head and knees.

But hot on the sound of the discharge came a shout and an oath from Bernenstein. He was hurled away from the door, and through it burst Rischenheim and the whole score after him. They were jostling one another and crying out to know what passed and where the king was. High over all the voices, coming from the back of the throng, I heard the cry of the girl Rosa. But as soon as they were in the room, the same spell that had fastened Bernenstein and me to inactivity imposed its numbing power on

them also. Only Rischenheim gave a sudden sob and ran forward to where his cousin lay. The rest stood staring. For a moment Rudolf faced them. Then, without a word, he turned his back. He put out the right hand with which he had just killed Rupert of Hentzau, and took the letter from the mantelpiece. He glanced at the envelope, then he opened the letter. The handwriting banished any last doubt he had; he tore the letter across, and again in four pieces, and yet again in smaller fragments. Then he sprinkled the morsels of paper into the blaze of the fire. I believe that every eye in the room followed them and watched till they curled and crinkled into black, wafery ashes. Thus, at last, the queen's letter was safe.

When he had thus set the seal on his task he turned round to us again. He paid no heed to Rischenheim, who was crouching down by the body of Rupert; but he looked at Bernenstein and me, and then at the people behind us. He waited a moment before he spoke; then his utterance was not only calm but also very slow, so that he seemed to be choosing his words carefully.

"Gentlemen," said he, "a full account of this matter will be rendered by myself in due time. For the present it must suffice to say that this gentleman who lies here dead sought an interview with me on private business. I came here to find him, desiring, as he professed to desire, privacy. And here he tried to kill me. The result of his attempt you see."

I bowed low, Bernenstein did the like, and all the rest followed our example.

"A full account shall be given," said Rudolf. "Now let all leave me, except the Count of Tarlenheim and Lieutenant von Bernenstein."

Most unwillingly, with gaping mouths and wonder-struck eyes, the throng filed out of the door. Rischenheim rose to his feet.

"You stay, if you like," said Rudolf, and the count knelt again by his kinsman.

Seeing the rough bedsteads by the wall of the attic, I touched Rischenheim on the shoulder and pointed to one of them. Together we lifted Rupert of Hentzau. The revolver was still in his hand, but Bernenstein disengaged it from his grasp. Then Rischenheim and I laid him down, disposing his body decently and spreading over it his riding cloak, still spotted with the mud gathered on his midnight expedition to the hunting-lodge. His face looked much as before the shot was fired; in death, as in life, he was the handsomest fellow in all Ruritania. I wager that many tender hearts ached and many bright eyes were dimmed for him when the news of his guilt and death went forth. There are ladies still in Strelsau who wear his trinkets in an ashamed devotion that cannot forget. Well, even I, who had every good cause to hate and scorn him, set the hair smooth on his brow; while Rischenheim was sobbing like a child, and young Bernenstein rested his head on his arm as he leant on the mantelpiece, and would not look at the dead. Rudolf alone seemed not to heed him or think of him. His eyes had lost their unnatural look of joy, and were now calm and tranquil. He took his own revolver from the mantelpiece and put it in his pocket, laying Rupert's neatly where his had been. Then he turned to me and said:

"Come, let us go to the queen and tell her that the letter is beyond reach of hurt."

Moved by some impulse, I walked to the window and put my head out. I was seen from below, and a great shout greeted me. The crowd before the doors grew every moment; the people flocking from all quarters would soon multiply it a hundredfold; for such news as had been carried from the attic by twenty wondering tongues spreads like a forest-fire. It would be through Strelsau in a few minutes, through the kingdom in an hour, through Europe in but little longer. Rupert was dead and the letter was safe, but what were we to tell that great concourse concerning their king? A queer feeling of helpless perplexity came over me and found vent in a foolish laugh. Bernenstein was by my side; he also looked out, and turned again with an eager face.

"You'll have a royal progress to your palace," said he to Rudolf Rassendyll.

Mr. Rassendyll made no answer, but, coming to me, took my arm. We went out, leaving Rischenheim by the body. I did not think of him; Bernenstein probably thought that he would keep his pledge given to the queen, for he followed us immediately and without demur. There was nobody outside the door. The house was very quiet, and the tumult from the street reached us only in a muffled roar. But when we came to the foot of the stairs we found the two women. Mother Holf stood on the threshold of the kitchen, looking amazed and terrified. Rosa was clinging to her; but as soon as Rudolf came in sight, the girl sprang forward and flung herself on her knees before him, pouring out incoherent thanks to heaven

for his safety. He bent down and spoke to her in a whisper; she looked up with a flush of pride on her face. He seemed to hesitate a moment; he glanced at his hands, but he wore no ring save that which the Queen had given him long ago. Then he disengaged his chain and took his gold watch from his pocket. Turning it over, he showed me the monogram, R. R.

"Rudolfus Rex," he whispered with a whimsical smile, and pressed the watch into the girl's hand, saying: "Keep this to remind you of me."

She laughed and sobbed as she caught it with one hand, while with the other she held his.

"You must let go," he said gently. "I have much to do."

I took her by the arm and induced her to rise. Rudolf, released, passed on to where the old woman stood. He spoke to her in a stern, distinct voice.

"I don't know," he said, "how far you are a party to the plot that was hatched in your house. For the present I am content not to know, for it is no pleasure to me to detect disloyalty or to punish an old woman. But, take care! The first word you speak, the first act you do against me, the king, will bring its certain and swift punishment. If you trouble me, I won't spare you. In spite of traitors I am still king in Strelsau."

He paused, looking hard in her face. Her lip quivered and her eyes fell.

"Yes," he repeated, "I am king in Strelsau. Keep your hands out of mischief and your tongue quiet."

She made no answer. He passed on. I was following, but as I went by her the old woman clutched my arm.

"In God's name, who is he?" she whispered.

"Are you mad?" I asked, lifting my brows. "Don't you know the king when he speaks to you? And you'd best remember what he said. He has servants who'll do his orders."

She let me go and fell back a step. Young Bernenstein smiled at her; he at least found more pleasure than anxiety in our position. Thus, then, we left them: the old woman terrified, amazed, doubtful; the girl with ruddy cheeks and shining eyes, clasping in her two hands the keepsake that the king himself had given her.

Bernenstein had more presence of mind than I. He ran forward, got in front of both of us, and flung the door open. Then, bowing very low, he stood aside to let Rudolf pass. The street was full from end to end now, and a mighty shout of welcome rose from thousands of throats. Hats and handkerchiefs were waved in mad exultation and triumphant loyalty. The tidings of the king's escape had flashed through the city, and all were there to do him honor. They had seized some gentleman's landau and taken out the horses. The carriage stood now before the doors of the house. Rudolf had waited a moment on the threshold, lifting his hat once or twice; his face was perfectly calm, and I saw no trembling in his hands. In an instant a dozen arms took gentle hold of him and impelled him forward. He mounted into the carriage; Bernenstein and I followed, with bare heads, and sat on the back seat, facing him. The people were round as thick as bees, and it seemed as though we could not move without crushing somebody. Yet presently the wheels turned, and they began to drag us away at a slow walk. Rudolf kept raising his hat, bowing now to right, now to left. But once, as he turned, his eyes met ours. In spite of what was behind and what was in front, we all three smiled.

"I wish they'd go a little quicker," said Rudolf in a whisper, as he conquered his smile and turned again to acknowledge the loyal greetings of his subjects.

But what did they know of any need for haste? They did not know what stood on the turn of the next few hours, nor the momentous question that pressed for instant decision. So far from hurrying, they lengthened our ride by many pauses; they kept us before the cathedral, while some ran and got the joy bells set ringing; we were stopped to receive improvised bouquets from the hands of pretty girls and impetuous handshakings from enthusiastic loyalists. Through it all Rudolf kept his composure, and seemed to play his part with native kingliness. I heard Bernenstein whisper, "By God, he must stick to it!"

At last we came in sight of the palace. Here also there was a great stir. Many officers and soldiers were about. I saw the chancellor's carriage standing near the portico, and a dozen other handsome equipages were waiting till they could approach. Our human horses drew us slowly up to the entrance. Helsing was on the steps, and ran down to the carriage, greeting the king with passionate fervor. The shouts of the crowd grew louder still.

But suddenly a stillness fell on them; it lasted but an instant, and was the prelude

to a deafening roar. I was looking at Rudolf and saw his head turn suddenly and his eyes grow bright. I looked where his eyes had gone. There, on the top step of the broad marble flight, stood the queen, pale as the marble itself, stretching out her hands towards Rudolf. The people had seen her: she it was whom this last rapturous cheer greeted. My wife stood close behind her, and farther back others of her ladies. Bernenstein and I sprang out. With a last salute to the people Rudolf followed us. He walked up to the highest step but one, and there fell on one knee and kissed the queen's hand. I was by him, and when he looked up in her face I heard him say:

"All's well. He's dead, and the letter burnt."

She raised him with her hand. Her lips moved, but it seemed as though she could find no words to speak. She put her arm through his, and thus they stood for an instant, fronting all Strelsau. Again the cheers rang out, and young Bernenstein sprang forward, waving his helmet and crying like a man possessed, "God save the king!" I was carried away by his enthusiasm and followed his lead. All the people took up the cry with boundless fervor, and thus we all, high and low in Strelsau, that afternoon hailed Mr. Rassendyll for our king. There had been no such zeal since Henry the Lion came back from his wars, a hundred and fifty years ago.

"And yet," observed old Helsing at my elbow, "agitators say that there is no enthusiasm for the house of Elphberg!" He took a pinch of snuff in scornful satisfaction.

Young Bernenstein interrupted his cheering with a short laugh, but fell to his task again in a moment. I had recovered my senses by now, and stood panting, looking down on the crowd. It was growing dusk and the faces became blurred into a white sea. Yet suddenly I seemed to discern one glaring up at me from the middle of the crowd—the pale face of a man with a bandage about his head. I caught Bernenstein's arm and whispered, "Bauer," pointing with my finger where the face was. But, even as I pointed, it was gone; though it seemed impossible for a man to move in that press, yet it was gone. It had come like a cynic's warning across the scene of mock triumph, and went swiftly as it had come, leaving behind it a reminder of our peril. I felt suddenly sick at heart, and almost cried out to the people to have done with their silly shouting.

At last we got away. The plea of fatigue met all visitors who made their way to the door and sought to offer their congratulations; it could not disperse the crowd that hung persistently and contentedly about, ringing us in the palace with a living fence. We still heard their jests and cheers when we were alone in the small saloon that opens on the gardens. My wife and I had come here at Rudolf's request; Bernenstein had assumed the duty of guarding the door. Evening was now falling fast, and it grew dark. The garden was quiet; the distant noise of the crowd threw its stillness into greater relief. Rudolf told us there the story of his struggle with Rupert of Hentzau in the attic of the old house, dwelling on it as lightly as he could. The queen stood by his chair—she would not let him rise; when he finished by telling how he had burnt her letter, she stooped suddenly and kissed him on the brow. Then she looked straight across at Helga, almost defiantly; but Helga ran to her and caught her in her arms.

Rudolf Rassendyll sat with his head resting on his hand. He looked up once at the two women; then he caught my eye, and beckoned me to come to him. I approached him, but for several moments he did not speak. Again he motioned to me, and, resting my hand on the arm of his chair, I bent my head close down to his. He glanced again at the queen, seeming afraid that she would hear what he wished to say.

"Fritz," he whispered at last, "as soon as it's fairly dark I must get away. Bernenstein will come with me. You must stay here."

"Where can you go?"

"To the lodge. I must meet Sapt and arrange matters with him."

I did not understand what plan he had in his head, or what scheme he could contrive. But at the moment my mind was not directed to such matters; it was set on the sight before my eyes.

"And the queen?" I whispered in answer to him.

Low as my voice was, she heard it. She turned to us with a sudden, startled movement, still holding Helga's hand. Her eyes searched our faces, and she knew in an instant of what we had been speaking. A little longer still she stood, gazing at us. Then she suddenly sprang forward and threw herself on her knees before Rudolf, her hands uplifted and resting on his shoulders. She forgot our presence, and everything in

the world, save her great dread of losing him again.

"Not again, Rudolf, my darling! Not again! Rudolf, I can't bear it again."

Then she dropped her head on his knees and sobbed.

He raised his hand and gently stroked the gleaming hair. But he did not look at her. He gazed out at the garden, which grew dark and dreary in the gathering gloom. His lips were tight set and his face pale and drawn.

I watched him for a moment, then I drew my wife away, and we sat down at a table some way off. From outside still came the cheers and tumult of the joyful, excited crowd. Within there was no sound but the queen's stifled sobbing. Rudolf caressed her shining hair and gazed into the night with sad, set eyes.

She raised her head and looked into his face.

"You'll break my heart," she said.

CHAPTER XIX.

FOR OUR LOVE AND HER HONOR.

RUPERT of Hentzau was dead! That was the thought which, among all our perplexities, came back to me, carrying with it a wonderful relief. To those who have not learnt in fighting against him the height of his audacity and the reach of his designs, it may well seem incredible that his death should breed comfort at a moment when the future was still so dark and uncertain. Yet to me it was so great a thing that I could hardly bring myself to the conviction that we had done with him. True, he was dead; but could he not strike a blow at us even from beyond the gulf?

Such were the half-superstitious thoughts that forced their way into my mind as I stood looking out on the crowd which obstinately encircled the front of the palace. I was alone; Rudolf was with the queen, my wife was resting, Bernenstein had sat down to a meal for which I could find no appetite. By an effort I freed myself from my fancies and tried to concentrate my brain on the facts of our position. We were ringed round with difficulties. To solve them was beyond my power; but I knew where my wish and longing lay. I had no desire to find means by which Rudolf Rassendyll should escape unknown from Strelsau; the king, although dead, be again in death the king, and the queen be left desolate on her mournful and solitary throne. It might be that a brain more astute than mine could bring all this to pass. My imagination would have none of it, but dwelt lovingly on the reign of him who was now king in Strelsau, declaring that to give the kingdom such a ruler would be a splendid fraud, and prove a stroke so bold as to defy detection. Against it stood only the suspicions of Mother Holf —fear or money would close her lips—and the knowledge of Bauer; Bauer's mouth also could be shut, ay, and should be before we were many days older. My reverie led me far; I saw the future years unroll before me in the fair record of a great king's sovereignty. It seemed to me that by the violence and bloodshed we had passed through, fate, for once penitent, was but righting the mistake made when Rudolf was not born a king.

For a long while I stood thus, musing and dreaming; I was roused by the sound of the door opening and closing; turning, I saw the queen. She was alone, and came towards me with timid steps. She looked out for a moment on the square and the people, but drew back suddenly in apparent fear lest they should see her. Then she sat down and turned her face towards mine. I read in her eyes something of the conflict of emotions which possessed her; she seemed at once to deprecate my disapproval and to ask my sympathy; she prayed me to be gentle to her fault and kind to her happiness; self-reproach shadowed her joy, but the golden gleam of it strayed through. I looked eagerly at her; this would not have been her bearing had she come from a last farewell; for the radiance was there, however much dimmed by sorrow and by fearfulness.

"Fritz," she began softly, "I am wicked —so wicked. Won't God punish me for my gladness?"

I fear I paid little heed to her trouble, though I can understand it well enough now.

"Gladness?" I cried in a low voice. "Then you've persuaded him?"

She smiled at me for an instant.

"I mean, you've agreed——?" I stammered.

Her eyes again sought mine, and she said in a whisper:

"Some day, not now. Oh, not now. Now would be too much. But some day, Fritz, if God will not deal too hardly with me, I—I shall be his, Fritz."

I was intent on my vision, not on hers.

I wanted him king; she did not care what he was, so that he was hers, so that he should not leave her,

"He'll take the throne," I cried triumphantly.

"No, no, no. Not the throne. He's going away."

"Going away!" I could not keep the dismay out of my voice.

"Yes, now. But not—not for ever. It will be long—oh, so long—but I can bear it, if I know that at last——" She stopped, still looking up at me with eyes that implored pardon and sympathy.

"I don't understand," said I, bluntly, and, I fear, gruffly, also.

"You were right," she said: "I did persuade him. He wanted to go away again as he went before. Ought I to have let him? Yes, yes! But I couldn't. Fritz, hadn't I done enough? You don't know what I've endured. And I must endure more still. For he will go now, and the time will be very long. But, at last, we shall be together. There is pity in God; we shall be together at last."

"If he goes now, how can he come back?"

"He will not come back; I shall go to him. I shall give up the throne and go to him, some day, when I can be spared from here, when I've done my—my work."

I was aghast at this shattering of my vision, yet I could not be hard to her. I said nothing, but took her hand and pressed it.

"You wanted him to be king?" she whispered.

"With all my heart, madam," said I.

"He wouldn't, Fritz. No, and I shouldn't dare to do that, either."

I fell back on the practical difficulties.

"But how can he go?" I asked.

"I don't know. But he knows; he has a plan."

We fell again into silence; her eyes grew more calm, and seemed to look forward in patient hope to the time when her happiness should come to her. I felt like a man suddenly robbed of the exaltation of wine and sunk to dull apathy.

"I don't see how he can go," I said sullenly.

She did not answer me. A moment later the door again opened. Rudolf came in, followed by Bernenstein. Both wore riding-boots and cloaks. I saw on Bernenstein's face just such a look of disappointment as I knew must be on mine. Rudolf seemed calm and even happy. He walked straight up to the queen.

"The horses will be ready in a few minutes," he said gently. Then, turning to me, he asked, "You know what we're going to do, Fritz?"

"Not I, sire," I answered, sulkily.

"Not I, *sire!*" he repeated, in a half-merry, half-sad mockery. Then he came between Bernenstein and me and passed his arms through ours. "You two villains!" he said. "You two unscrupulous villains! Here you are, as rough as bears, because I won't be a thief! Why have I killed young Rupert and left you rogues alive?"

I felt the friendly pressure of his hand on my arm. I could not answer him. With every word from his lips and every moment of his presence my sorrow grew keener that he would not stay. Bernenstein looked across at me and shrugged his shoulders despairingly. Rudolf gave a little laugh.

"You won't forgive me for not being as great a rogue, won't you?" he asked.

Well, I found nothing to say, but I took my arm out of his and clasped his hand. He gripped mine hard.

"That's old Fritz!" he said; and he caught hold of Bernenstein's hand, which the lieutenant yielded with some reluctance. "Now, for the plan," said he. "Bernenstein and I set out at once for the lodge—yes, publicly, as publicly as we can. I shall ride right through the people there, showing myself to as many as will look at me, and letting it be known to everybody where I'm going. We shall get there quite early to-morrow, before it's light. There we shall find what you know. We shall find Sapt, too, and he'll put the finishing touches to our plan for us. Hullo, what's that?"

There was a sudden fresh shouting from the large crowd that still lingered outside the palace. I ran to the window, and saw a commotion in the midst of them. I flung the sash up. Then I heard a well-known, loud, strident voice:

"Make way, you rascals, make way."

I turned round again, full of excitement.

"It's Sapt himself!" I said. "He's riding like mad through the crowd, and your servant's just behind him."

"My God, what's happened? Why have they left the lodge?" cried Bernenstein.

The queen looked up in startled alarm, and, rising to her feet, came and passed her arm through Rudolf's. Thus we all stood, listening to the people good-naturedly cheering Sapt, whom they had recognized, and

bantering James, whom they took for a servant of the constable's.

The minutes seemed very long as we waited in utter perplexity, almost in consternation. The same thought was in the mind of all of us, silently imparted by one to another in the glances we exchanged. What could have brought them from their guard of the great secret, save its discovery? They would never have left their post while the fulfilment of their trust was possible. By some mishap, some unforeseen chance, the king's body must have been discovered. Then the king's death was known, and the news of it might any moment astonish and bewilder the city.

At last the door was flung open, and a servant announced the Constable of Zenda. Sapt was covered with dust and mud, and James, who entered close on his heels, was in no better plight. Evidently they had ridden hard and furiously; indeed they were still panting. Sapt, with a most perfunctory bow to the queen, came straight to where Rudolf stood.

"Is he dead?" he asked, without preface.

"Yes, Rupert is dead," answered Mr. Rassendyll: "I killed him."

"And the letter?"

"I burnt it."

"And Rischenheim?"

The queen struck in.

"The Count of Luzau-Rischenheim will say and do nothing against me," she said.

Sapt lifted his brows a little.

"Well, and Bauer?" he asked.

"Bauer's at large," I answered.

"Hum! Well, it's only Bauer," said the constable, seeming tolerably well pleased. Then his eyes fell on Rudolf and Bernenstein. He stretched out his hand and pointed to their riding-boots. "Whither away so late at night?" he asked.

"First together to the lodge, to find you, then I alone to the frontier," said Mr. Rassendyll.

"One thing at a time. The frontier will wait. What does your Majesty want with me at the lodge?"

"I want so to contrive that I shall be no longer your Majesty," said Rudolf.

Sapt flung himself in a chair and took off his gloves.

"Come, tell me what has happened today in Strelsau," he said.

We gave a short and hurried account. He listened with few signs of approval or disapproval, but I thought I saw a gleam in his eyes when I described how all the city had hailed Rudolf as its king and the queen received him as her husband before the eyes of all. Again the hope and vision, shattered by Rudolf's calm resolution, inspired me. Sapt said little, but he had the air of a man with some news in reserve. He seemed to be comparing what we told him with something already known to him but unknown to us. The little servant stood all the while in respectful stillness by the door; but I could see by a glance at his alert face that he followed the whole scene with keen attention.

At the end of the story, Rudolf turned to Sapt.

"And your secret—is it safe?" he asked.

"Ay, it's safe enough!"

"Nobody has seen what you had to hide?"

"No; and nobody knows that the king is dead," answered Sapt.

"Then what brings you here?"

"Why, the same thing that was about to bring you to the lodge: the need of a meeting between yourself and me, sire."

"But the lodge—is it left unguarded?"

"The lodge is safe enough," said Colonel Sapt.

Unquestionably there was a secret, a new secret, hidden behind the curt words and brusque manner. I could restrain myself no longer, and sprang forward, saying: "What is it? Tell us, Constable!"

He looked at me, then glanced at Mr. Rassendyll.

"I should like to hear your plan first," he said to Rudolf. "How do you mean to account for your presence alive in the city to-day, when the king has lain dead in the shooting-box since last night?"

We drew closer together as Rudolf began his answer. Sapt alone lay back in his chair. The queen also had resumed her seat; she seemed to pay little heed to what we said. I think that she was still engrossed with the struggle and tumult in her own soul. The sin of which she accused herself, and the joy to which her whole being sprang in a greeting which would not be abashed, were at strife between themselves, but joined hands to exclude from her mind any other thought.

"In an hour I must be gone from here," began Rudolf.

"If you wish that, it's easy," observed Colonel Sapt.

"Come, Sapt, be reasonable," smiled Mr. Rassendyll. "Early to-morrow, we—you and I——"

"Oh, I also?" asked the colonel.

"Yes; you, Bernenstein, and I will be at the lodge."

"That's not impossible, though I have had nearly enough riding."

Rudolf fixed his eyes firmly on Sapt's.

"You see," he said, "the king reaches his hunting-lodge early in the morning."

"I follow you, sire."

"And what happens there, Sapt? Does he shoot himself accidentally?"

"Well, that happens sometimes."

"Or does an assassin kill him?"

"Eh, but you've made the best assassin unavailable."

Even at this moment I could not help smiling at the old fellow's surly wit and Rudolf's amused tolerance of it.

"Or does his faithful attendant, Herbert, shoot him?"

"What, make poor Herbert a murderer?"

"Oh, no! By accident—and then, in remorse, kill himself."

"That's very pretty. But doctors have awkward views as to when a man can have shot himself."

"My good Constable, doctors have palms as well as ideas. If you fill the one you supply the other."

"I think," said Sapt, "that both the plans are good. Suppose we choose the latter, what then?"

"Why, then, by to-morrow at midday the news flashes through Ruritania—yes, and through Europe—that the king, miraculously preserved to-day——"

"Praise be to God!" interjected Colonel Sapt; and young Bernenstein laughed.

"Has met a tragic end."

"It will occasion great grief," said Sapt.

"Meanwhile, I am safe over the frontier."

"Oh, you are quite safe?"

"Absolutely. And in the afternoon of to-morrow, you and Bernenstein will set out for Strelsau, bringing with you the body of the king." And Rudolf, after a pause, whispered, "You must shave his face. And if the doctors want to talk about how long he's been dead, why, they have, as I say, palms."

Sapt sat silent for a while, apparently considering the scheme. It was risky enough in all conscience, but success had made Rudolf bold, and he had learnt how slow suspicion is if a deception be bold enough. It is only likely frauds that are detected.

"Well, what do you say?" asked Mr. Rassendyll. I observed that he said nothing to Sapt of what the queen and he had determined to do afterwards.

Sapt wrinkled his forehead. I saw him glance at James, and the slightest, briefest smile showed on James's face.

"It's dangerous, of course," pursued Rudolf. "But I believe that when they see the king's body——"

"That's the point," interrupted Sapt. "They can't see the king's body."

Rudolf looked at him with some surprise. Then speaking in a low voice, lest the queen should hear and be distressed, he went on: "You must prepare it, you know. Bring it here in a shell; only a few officials need see the face."

Sapt rose to his feet and stood facing Mr. Rassendyll.

"The plan's a pretty one, but it breaks down at one point," said he in a strange voice, even harsher than his was wont to be. I was on fire with excitement, for I would have staked my life now that he had some strange tidings for us. "There is no body," said he.

Even Mr. Rassendyll's composure gave way. He sprang forward, catching Sapt by the arm.

"No body? What do you mean?" he exclaimed.

Sapt cast another glance at James, and then began in an even, mechanical voice, as though he were reading a lesson he had learnt, or playing a part that habit made familiar:

"That poor fellow Herbert carelessly left a candle burning where the oil and the wood were kept," he said. "This afternoon, about six, James and I lay down for a nap after our meal. At about seven James came to my side and roused me. My room was full of smoke. The lodge was ablaze. I darted out of bed: the fire had made too much headway; we could not hope to quench it; we had but one thought——" He suddenly paused, and looked at James.

"But one thought, to save our companion," said James gravely.

"But one thought, to save our companion. We rushed to the door of the room where he was. I opened the door and tried to enter. It was certain death. James tried, but fell back. Again I rushed in. James pulled me back: it was but another death. We had to save ourselves. We gained the open air. The lodge was a sheet of flame. We could do nothing but stand watching, till the swiftly burning wood blackened to ashes and the flames died down. As we watched we knew that all in the cottage must be dead. What could we

do? At last James started off in the hope of getting help. He found a party of charcoal-burners, and they came with him. The flames were burnt down now; and we and they approached the charred ruins. Everything was in ashes. But"—he lowered his voice—"we found what seemed to be the body of Boris the hound; in another room was a charred corpse, whose hunting horn, melted to a molten mass, told us that it had been Herbert the forester. And there was another corpse, almost shapeless, utterly unrecognizable. We saw it; the charcoal-burners saw it. Then more peasants came round, drawn by the sight of the flames. None could tell who it was; only I and James knew. And we mounted our horses and have ridden here to tell the king."

(*To be concluded next month.*)

THE HOUSEHOLD OF THE HUNDRED THOUSAND.

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE ARMY OF THE UNION.

By Ira Seymour,

Author of "The Song of the Rappahannock," "The Making of a Regiment," etc.

THE site of the old home camp, the first mustering ground of many regiments, is now covered with pretty suburban homes, about which, I sometimes think, the ghosts of war times must play at midnight.

For us young fellows it was a rude beginning of real life when we found ourselves inside the great board fence and line of sentries which enclosed the rows of rough, wooden barracks. The members of our own company were indeed mostly neighbors, their faces were familiar, we had grown up together; yet never before had we been thrown into such intimate association. It is one thing to meet a man every day on the street or even at work; it is quite another to be compelled to bunk with him and take your breakfast out of the same camp kettle. For the youth who had been kept in a glass case at home this experience was trying and often disastrous, but for the most of us it was wholesome. We learned our own hitherto unsuspected faults, we discovered the good qualities of even our most faulty comrades, we saw human nature at close range.

Even the officers could not escape the influence of this enforced commingling. They had indeed separate quarters and their own mess; they stood also on a vantage ground of almost despotic authority, for from the moment we were mustered into service we were subject to the same military law which governed the regular army. But drawn as our officers were from the same mass, knowing their men for old neighbors, often for intimate friends, frequently for those who had been at least their social equals, they could not hold themselves far aloof, and few of them cared to do so. They could form no separate caste, and this, perhaps, had its disadvantages; but for these there were certainly large compensations. It became necessary for an officer to prove his right to rank by qualities of leadership. The best officers were those who, without sacrifice of dignity, kept a lively sense of comradeship with their men.

The work of drill began before we received either arms or uniforms, and from the very first we managed to go through that essential of camp life, the evening dress parade. Then the grounds would be filled with spectators, mostly home friends: fathers, mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts, bringing with them dainties to supplement what seemed to them the hard fare of camp. We lived well, and were not a little spoiled in those days; and when we departed for the front, the mistaken kindness of those who loved us loaded us down with all sorts of knick-knacks for comfort and convenience. Though loth to part with these, our first marching days made us more loth to carry them. When a man's back becomes his only storehouse, he soon finds that riches do not consist in the abundance of the things which he possesses. Patent writing-cases, extra socks and mittens, "ponchos" for the shoulders, "havelocks" for the head, etc., etc., began to strew the road, and in a short time

we were reduced to an absolutely socialistic quality in this world's goods. Whatever differences remained were those purely personal ones which can be discovered only by experience of each other's ways and characters.

In a regiment of a thousand men any extensive acquaintance outside one's own company comes slowly; yet many things served to bring us into fellowship. There was little clannishness, every man in blue was a comrade; yet, after all, each company was a family by itself, and in the company little coteries collected like the eddies in a river pool.

On the march two men usually tented together. In camp, when logs or brush were available, four could use their tent pieces to better advantage than two or three, and the camp was thus made more compact.

Men came together as tent mates by a process of natural or social selection. They had been schoolmates or work-fellows in the same shop; perhaps they were related as brothers or cousins; or they had been near neighbors and old friends. So it was at first; but new experiences in toil and peril were often solvents out of which new associations crystallized. Kindred spirits found each other; more and more the company became a greater family within which lesser and more intimate families grew up. Sometimes there were disagreements which broke up first arrangements; but commonly a quiet, almost unnoticed attraction of affinity drew the final groups together in bonds seldom broken save by death or disabling wounds or sickness. A few of these soldierly friendships bind old men even to-day; many more are cherished by lonely survivors as memories too sacred for common talk.

When for months you and your comrade have slept at night under one blanket and shared each other's daily bread, even though it were but hard-tack; when you have learned to depend on him and he upon you for help in trouble or comfort in sickness; when together you have entered the hell of deadly battle—after which the first question would be: "Is Joe safe?" "Where is Sam?" "Is little Gus alive?"—when together you have suffered hunger, thirst, heart-breaking weariness; above all, when, huddled together in storm or cold, you have had to endure long days of dreary, monotonous, comfortless idleness, then you know what it means to live a common life with a fellow man; and if he and you meet the test, then you know what friendship means.

In the routine of camp life the music of drum and fife was conspicuously audible. We were wakened at daybreak by the shrill tune of the reveille; the last sound at night was that of the drum perambulating the camp with "taps," commanding "lights out" and sleep; while all day long frequent summons to varied duties came by "call" of drum and fife. There was "sick call," which brought all the indisposed who were able to walk into forlorn squads to be conducted by the orderly sergeants to the surgeon's tent for treatment. Its absurdly merry notes seemed to say:

"Come to the Doctor's
And get your castor oil."

Then "guard call," inevitable as the day, but always unwelcome. Drill call or "assembly" meant simply our daily work. At dress parade, which closed the day's active duties, the band discoursed its most martial strains, and after supper we heard it once more in the pleasant tones of "retreat," the music of which comes most impressively into recollection. From one camp after another the measured minor strains would sound forth; from near and far, from camps away beyond our sight, it would melt into distance, and then beyond the westward woods the artillery bugles would take it up until it died away with their mellow notes. It was the voice of the comradeship of a mighty, invisible host.

One can readily understand how persistently, how intimately this music of drum and fife wove itself into our lives. Some of those queer, old-fashioned, half melancholy, half merry tunes sing themselves in my memory even now.

What of the band on the day of battle? Was not martial music the soldier's inspiration? Did we not charge to its thrilling strains? We did nothing of the kind. There was other work for the musicians. On the approach of battle they were always sent to the rear for duty as stretcher-bearers and helpers in the field hospital. One pretty sure sign that bloody work was before us was the disappearance of the band; and the grimmest, most sickening, yet most merciful work of war was theirs at such times.

In active campaigning, our camps were apt to be hasty, though never disorderly, bivouacs, and even if a few days' halt were made and the camp duly formed, rest for weary and foot-sore men took precedence of drill and, in fact, of everything not absolutely necessary. But one thing

was inevitable as day and night. This was roll-call. In storm or sunshine, in camp or on the march, before and after battle, the first thing in the morning and the last at night, we had to answer to our names. The first sergeant calls the roll. He knows the list by heart, and calls it off without book, in the dark, if need be.

At first irritatingly suggestive of that more than schoolboy tutelage which is one penalty of a soldier's life, the morning and evening roll-call by its insistent monotony gradually grew into an accepted item of existence, like salt pork and hard-tack. But when exposure, toil, and battle began to thin the ranks, roll-call gained a new meaning; it became a none too oft repeated personal history of our lives, a daily bulletin of passing events, and a reminder of those already past. It told of the sick and disabled, of those fallen out by the way, prisoners perhaps in the hands of the enemy, here and there of one promoted, here and there of one dead. There were days when those of us who could answer to our names did so with a feeling of solemn thankfulness, and other days when the omission, or perhaps the inadvertent calling, of a name sent a rush of sad remembrance through the ranks.

Imagine, if you can, the roll-call at night after a day of battle!—the mustering of the thinned company in the darkness; the suspense as the familiar names are spoken—it may be by an unfamiliar voice, for in battle death seemed to seek and find the sergeants; the frequent pauses for inquiry; perhaps the answer of a comrade for one who has fallen, perhaps a mournful silence. Oh, those silent names! For days, yes, for weeks and months, every now and then you seem to hear them at evening roll-call, and somewhere, close beside you it may be, an unseen presence seems to whisper: "Here!"

I think all who passed through it remember the winter of the Fredericksburg campaign with a shudder. Preceding the battle came freezing nights with thawing days, rain-soaked or snow-bound camps; days when our little tents were first buried in the snow, then frozen so stiff that when marching orders came we could scarcely strike or fold them; then short but horrible marches through slush and mud with our doubly heavy half-frozen loads; scanty rations withal, because of delayed supply trains: a month of exposure, discomfort, and misery.

The like of this is, however, what soldiers must expect, and if victory had come at the end, we could have borne far worse hardship cheerfully. But the climax was the slaughter at Fredericksburg. The sting of that defeat was felt, not as a dishonor, but as undeserved disaster. We knew that courage and devotion such as any people might be proud of had been uselessly sacrificed. Yet the gloom of those winter days after the battle was not that of despair; it was the bitter prospect of indefinitely prolonged struggle, an outlook dark indeed to men who were soldiers not for glory but only for home and country.

The depression of that time was doubtless responsible for at least as large a loss of life as the battle beside the river. Hardship and exposure had bred sickness, and the mood of the hour offered feeble resistance to death. For months the little funeral processions were mournfully frequent; from our own brigade alone there were often two or three in a day.

There are no funerals on the march; there are none after battle. On the march, if a man falls out of the ranks stricken with mortal sickness or exhaustion, he is left to be picked up by the ambulance, perhaps to die alone by the way. The column cannot halt. After battle, there are but ghoulish burials. But in settled camp the decencies of death are rudely observed.

The first funeral in our company was that of one of our sergeants, a young man whom we all loved. He died shortly after Christmas time. A box of good things from home had lately arrived; out of the boards of that box we managed to make a coffin for our dear comrade, and the whole company marched to his grave. But the most of our dead were buried without coffin, and funerals became too common for any but scantiest ceremony. A drum and fife playing the Dead March, a firing squad of three to give a parting volley over the grave, then the chaplain, then the body of the dead soldier, wrapped in his blanket and carried on a stretcher by two men, followed perhaps by half a dozen intimate friends, and that was all.

In the brigade graveyard at the top of the hill, which grew so dismally in population during the winter, there were no headstones—only little pine boards, torn from empty cracker boxes, with the name of the departed written thereon in lead pencil or cut in with a jackknife. I remember several head-boards hewn from cedar, the most lasting of woods, made with great care and pains, with deep-cut inscriptions. These, you may be sure, were stronger proof of true affection than many of the costly monu-

ments which challenge the beholder's eye in our great cemeteries.

It is a pathetic fact that all through the war many men who might have recovered from the fevers and other ailments common to a soldier's life died because homesickness had quenched their power of resistance to disease. Indeed there were not a few deaths from homesickness pure and simple. It is not a disease recognized in official reports, but ask any army surgeon and he will probably tell you some surprisingly sad tales.

Fatal cases were, however, exceptional, though the ordinary malady was common enough. Sometimes its manifestations were serio-comic, as for instance in my own case.

In the midst of our worst other discomforts, we were for a time compelled to subsist upon ancient hard-tack, which was often in such condition that, "if you called, it would come to you;" and one day I strolled off alone into the woods beyond the camp, and, sitting on a log, gave myself to meditation. I thought of my privations, not bitterly, but with a deliberate and curiously analytical wonder. I said to myself: "How much more a man can stand than he would have believed possible!" Then my thoughts wandered to my far-away home, with its simple luxuries and comforts, and that which came most vividly to mind was the fact that once—it seemed ages ago—I had really had good, wholesome soft bread to eat every day, and three times a day at that! I then began to ask myself: "Would I ever again have soft bread every day?" "Was it possible that such happiness could be mine?" And I said to myself dolefully: "No! It is not likely. You are a soldier; you can henceforth have only soldier's fare; you will probably fill a soldier's grave. You will never taste soft bread again!"

Now this may seem absurd in the telling, yet God knows it was horribly real at the time.

But this was only a passing mood with the mass of us. We were a host of young men; life was too strong and elastic for even the depression which followed Fredericksburg to hold us down. We found ways to amuse ourselves.

One of the frequent but evanescent snow-storms of that semi-southern land had fallen, and snow-balling became a common sport. Finally an organized contest was proposed between our regiment and two others of the brigade. We were so much stronger in numbers than the older regiments that this apparently one-sided arrangement only equalized forces, and as an offset we were given the doubtful advantage of the defensive. Both sides were drawn up in rigid military array, with officers in their places of command. As for ourselves, we made piles of snow-balls and awaited the onset. It came like a whirlwind; those veterans had not been through a dozen real battles for nothing, and as their line approached and the missiles began to fly, it was like a hailstorm. The snow-balls were wet and hard, often icy; both sides were in hot earnest, and like the ancient Romans we aimed at the faces of our foes. I hardly know how it all looked, for I was in the thick of it and almost blinded, but I know how it felt. If the snow-balls had been bullets, I should have been riddled from head to foot.

We stood our ground manfully for a little while; but the too subtle strategy of our commander had divided our force, we were outnumbered at the critical point, and the superior discipline of our opponents prevailed. We had to confess ourselves beaten; and from the way our veteran friends crowed over us, I almost think they were tempted to inscribe that snow-ball victory on their battle flags.

An even better antidote for the blues was the work which became necessary as the army went into winter quarters. There is no pleasanter occupation than home building, be it ever so rude, and we took much pains and found great enjoyment in the making and furnishing of our little houses. Some regiments whose location was near suitable timber built good-sized log huts; we were compelled to be more modest. The dwelling which my own group of four tent mates erected and occupied may serve as a fair example. Four pieces of shelter tent buttoned together made the roof, which covered a log structure twelve feet long and five or six feet wide. The log walls were about three feet high; but as the ground sloped away from the company street, we dug out the rear half of our hut, and there we had a little room in which we could stand erect. This served for our kitchen. The more elevated part was occupied by a broad bed of poles covered with dried grass and our blankets. This made a springy couch on which the four of us could sleep comfortably side by side; and the edge of the bed was just high enough to make a convenient seat with our feet resting on the kitchen floor. About the sides of the house were shelves and pegs for our belongings.

In the kitchen end, beside the door, we

built a fireplace and chimney. Now a wooden fireplace and chimney may seem ludicrously impractical, but that is what we and thousands of others actually built from green-pine sticks. But we fireproofed it with a coating of clay on the inside, and it answered its purpose perfectly. It "drew" finely, and gave us no end of solid comfort. Some of the chimneys did not work so well, and then the draught was increased by the precarious expedient of an empty, headless barrel placed on top. This generally served for a short time; but the barrel was pretty sure to take fire, and then there would be a grand excitement and much merriment over the frantic effort to extinguish the blaze.

Not the chimneys alone played tricks on the householders. Mischievous comrades have been known to drop a handful of cartridges down a chimney from the outside, with the result of a smothered explosion and a great scattering of ashes and embers over everything and everybody within.

The spirit of fun also found outlet in the adornment of the gables of our dwellings with various legends suggestive of the personal peculiarities of the inmates. For instance, of two queerly assorted tent mates, one had been a church sexton and a conspicuous functionary at village funerals; the other had worked in a silverware factory. Over their door some wag tacked a sign with the inscription:

DOWD AND GRIFFITH,

JEWELERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

As few of us were content with the wholesale work of the company cooks, we did most of our cooking ourselves, by our kitchen fires, and those of us who survived the war learned enough to make us useful to the women who were wise enough to choose us as husbands, though I fear the details of our housekeeping would have shocked them.

Many a pleasant evening we spent about our little fireplace. We talked about home, the girls we loved, religion, politics, literature, camp gossip, everything. Or we read, when we had books or papers from home, or wrote letters or our journals.

There was, however, little real privacy in those huts so close together, with their canvas roofs. Any loud talk could be heard from one to the other, and in the evening after "retreat" the camp became a very babel of men singing, talking, laughing, swearing, telling stories; a chorus in one tent, a game of cards in another; in three or four at once loud discussions of the doings in the regiment or of the state of the country.

At nine o' clock "taps" sounded, and the officer of the day went the rounds to see that all lights were out. This was early bed-time in the long winter nights, and by various ruses we managed to conceal the glimmer of candles relighted after the officer had returned to the guard-house. The Bible and Shakespeare were responsible for some of these evasions of military regulations; quiet little games of cards for more of them.

Speaking of cards and Bibles brings up the image of the chaplain.

A friend in a regiment distinguished for its high discipline and its severe losses in many battles said to me one day: "A good chaplain makes a good regiment." Then, in illustration, he told me the story of their own chaplain, a man of fine culture, high social position, and great devotion to his calling. In his pastoral visits through the camp, if he surprised a group engaged in a little game of "bluff," he would quietly scoop up the stakes, put the money in his own pocket, and say: "Boys, this is for the hospital fund." Strange to say, the boys never murmured. The cheerful but shamefaced reply was always, "All right, chaplain."

I think no one will wonder who hears the rest of the story.

On the eve of battle, this chaplain took personal command of the stretcher-bearers, and when the combat was raging he would lead his little band of helpers into the thickest fire to succor the wounded. My friend told me: "I have known him to creep out between the opposing lines to bring off wounded men. The boys all knew that if they got into trouble, Chaplain H. would be there to help if this was in the power of mortal man." There were other chaplains of like spirit. Our own was not only untiring in his care for the sick and wounded in the hospitals, but always ready for any kindly service he could render to the members of the regiment or to their families at home. But it must be confessed that they were not all of this stamp. It was quite possible for the chaplain to be the most useless officer in a regiment.

It could not be said of our regiment that we were like the men of Cromwell's "new model," yet we came from communities in which Puritanism was traditional, and in almost every company there were at least a few examples of strong Christian character.

The two sergeants in our own company who died in the service, one by sickness and the other in battle, were men of this sort, and one of the captains who fell in battle was a man whose Christian life was a benediction to the regiment.

But occasionally one met with what good people might consider strange inconsistencies. I have heard swearing euphemistically described as the utterance of "short prayers." One of our field officers was a man whose godly life was known to all, yet in intense moments short prayers of startling character would escape him.

On a Sunday, so it was said, a group of officers gathered in his tent fell into warm discussion of some troublesome regimental affair. The colonel paced back and forth with his hands behind him, taking no part in the conversation, but biting his bristly mustache, as was his wont when annoyed. Suddenly he stopped short and, facing them, exclaimed: "Well, gentlemen, let's stop this damned quibbling and go and worship God awhile." Then picking up his Bible, he strode off by himself into the woods, leaving his guests to their reflections.

Religious men were apt to be more intense in the army than at home, and those who frequented the prayer-meetings in the tents or, in pleasant weather, under the trees, will never forget their atmosphere of warm and solemn earnestness.

On the night before we stormed Maree's Hill, the moon shone through fleecy clouds and it was only partly dark. We lay in line of battle at rest, the most of us trying to sleep. Presently, out toward the front, between us and the skirmish line, voices were heard. The watchful major anxiously asked: "What is that? Who is talking out there in front?" One of the men answered, "Major, it is only some of the boys having a prayer-meeting;" and the Major says that instantly, in place of his fears and vexation, a feeling of deep thankfulness came over him as he thought of the prayers ascending for us all on the verge of battle.

There was a young soldier in our company to whom his mother, when she parted from him, gave a little book of daily Scripture selections. She said to him: "I have another just like this, and we will both read the same verses every day." The soldier kept true tryst with his absent mother, and, no matter where he was, read his text every day. As we lay in the sunken road on that fateful morning after the moonlight prayer-meeting, and the bullets began to speak their deadly whispers in our ears, and we were all feeling the chill and dread of the plunge into battle, he opened his little book. The text for the day was, "Fear not, for I am with thee: be not dismayed, for I am thy God!" He has told me that if a voice from heaven had spoken it could not have been more clear, and for the remainder of that terrible day all fear was gone.

We believed in our cause, in the war, and in final victory; but we were not soldiers for the love of it. The end of fighting and *home* was the goal of the hope of the army —a vain hope to thousands of us, yet the star that beckoned us all forward. How eagerly our thoughts turned northward might be seen on mail days. Letters came with varying regularity; in settled camp we could generally count on them, but in times of active campaign mails were uncertain, and when one arrived it was pathetic to see the wave of expectation that would sweep through the ranks. Often a cheer would go up when the postman, with mail bags slung across his horse, came in sight. Then there was impatient waiting until the letters for the company came down from headquarters, and an anxious crowd around the captain as he called them off. The disappointment of those who received none was often pitiful. You would hear one and another say: "Captain, isn't there one for me?" "Captain, are you sure? I know I ought to have one this time."

Then, tired and hungry as we were after the day's march, supper would go untasted until we could read the news from home; and long afterward by our camp-fires we would talk it over; and you might hear letterless Tom come to Bill and ask, "What does your wife say about my folks? Has she seen them lately? Are they all well?" The most of us would read our letters with quiet gladness; but now and then you might see some poor fellow bending with tear-stained face over his message from home, and hear his comrades saying in hushed tones of sympathy, "Jim has bad news; his little girl is dead."

The outgoing mail was far lighter than the incoming: we wrote under difficulties; yet there were times when the whole camp seemed filled with scribes. But our letters were apt to be brief, and when any important movement was at hand we knew that they would not be promptly forwarded. Inconvenient information sometimes traveled in army letters.

Our turn at picket duty was, with some

of us, a favorite time for writing up our correspondence. In pleasant weather it was only at the outposts that the work was trying. "On the reserve," or even "the support," we had only to hold ourselves in readiness for emergencies. Picket duty was often a positively enjoyable change from the monotony of camp. When fires were allowed, we would fell great oaks for the mere fun of it, cut off their tops and branches for our fire, and let the trunk lie. War is wasteful in ways little thought of. Yet the scars of the picket posts were as nothing compared with the deserts made by the great camps.

But picket duty must be done regardless of weather, and on the outposts no fires were permitted at any time. I remember once leaving camp in a snowstorm which, by the time we reached our post, had changed into cold rain. Night was falling, we had no tents, none were allowed on the picket line; but a German comrade and I managed to prop up a rubber blanket upon sticks so that it gave a scanty shelter from the rain, and as we crept under it my friend exclaimed, "Ach, here dees is nice under an injun-rubber himmel!"

Some of the nights on the picket line will always dwell in my memory. There was one when our post was in the heart of a forest of giant pines. A wild northwester was blowing, and its elfin music roared among the tree tops as if the myriad spirits of the power of the air were let loose. Yet down below, where we stood, all was peace; not a breath stirred the feathery branches or the soft carpet of pine needles under our feet. Even now I can feel the deep and solemn repose, the sense of mighty, restful shelter from the war of elements with which the shadowy forest pillars enwrapped us.

During our winter in camp along the Rappahannock the only danger on the picket line was from bushwhackers. But nothing is more trying to the nerves than the chance of being picked off in the dark by unseen skulkers. In the face of the enemy it is different: you then expect to be shot at and to shoot. It is far more dangerous, but scarcely less exciting. Soldiers are not fond of picket work, but they hate the monotonous restraint and night work of ordinary and yet perfectly safe camp-guard duty. A common punishment for slight delinquencies is to give a man an extra turn on guard. Severe punishments, such as "ball and chain," or even tying a man up by the thumbs so that his feet barely touch the ground, were not uncommon, though I am glad to say that this cruel torture was never permitted in our own and many other regiments.

One night I was sergeant of the guard at brigade headquarters. The guard-house was a log building divided by a loosely built partition with wide crevices into two rooms: one for the guard, the other for a prison, in which at that time three deserters were confined. My duty compelled me to keep awake, and the prisoners, with the shadow of the death penalty upon them, spent the whole night in talk.

Without heeding the guard, they laid bare their lives to each other as men will sometimes do when the end seems near. They talked about their families—one at least was a married man—and about doings of younger days, when they were boys on the farm, and they seemed to hunt out every bit of wrong or shame in their lives as though it must be confessed, at least to each other. One of them was evidently a very decent man; but another, who had been a sergeant in his regiment and plainly the ring-leader, was, judging from his talk, a desperado. Once, after he had told of some wild deed, he said: "But I have done worse things than that; things that would hang me if they were known." Then, in answer to an inquiry of his companions: "No, I won't tell you even now about that."

In the morning I saw this man. He was strikingly handsome, a most soldierly looking fellow. He talked with me freely and pleasantly; there was something fascinating about him.

The deserters were not shot. With sentence suspended, they were replaced in the ranks and told that, if they did their duty the next time their regiment was called into action, they would be pardoned.

Shortly afterward came the bloody but brilliant little battle at Franklin's Crossing. In the first boat which left the shore—the same in which our noble Captain D. was killed—was the dare-devil ex-sergeant. Before the boat reached the opposite bank he was out of it, and without waiting for any one, he rushed straight at the enemy's earthwork alone. We expected to see him drop, but he bore a charmed life; he was one of the first to enter the works, and by sheer boldness he brought off half a dozen prisoners and coolly marched them before him to the rear.

We never saw a military execution; but that which I remember as the saddest scene of our army life was the degradation of an

officer. He had been condemned for cowardice before the enemy.

The division was drawn up in a great hollow square, and the officer in full uniform was marched under guard into the center where all could see him. There in loud tones the finding of the court-martial and its sentence were read, after which the adjutant approached the condemned officer, tore off his shoulder straps, took his sword from him, ran it half way into the ground and broke it before his face. The guard then closed about the disgraced and degraded man, and marched him away.

I had never seen him before—he was from another brigade—but as he passed near and I could look into the deathly pale face of that young man, with the heart-break of despair written on every feature, I said to myself, "This is a hundred times worse than death; why did he not fall on the battle-field?" And when the parade was dismissed, the men went back to their quarters in awe-struck silence, broken only by expressions of deep compassion.

In strong contrast with this, the grandest and most impressive scene we witnessed was the review of the army by President Lincoln.

It was on a dull wintry day. We marched several miles from our camp before we came, early in the morning, to the reviewing ground, which was a vast, desolate, open space, mostly level, but with little hillocks here and there. Upon one of these we halted, waiting for the mustering of the gathering host. For hours the dark lines of men in blue poured in from every direction, until all the plain and every little hilltop was alive with them.

For six or seven months we had been members of the great army; we had shared its toils and perils; we had lived its life; we had felt the throbbing of its mighty pulse in our own blood; we had been part of its long line of battle; yet we had never as yet seen the assembly of our brethren in arms. Now the plain was growing black with them; a hundred thousand men were forming in apparently solid masses, the battle-flags of the regiments waving close together.

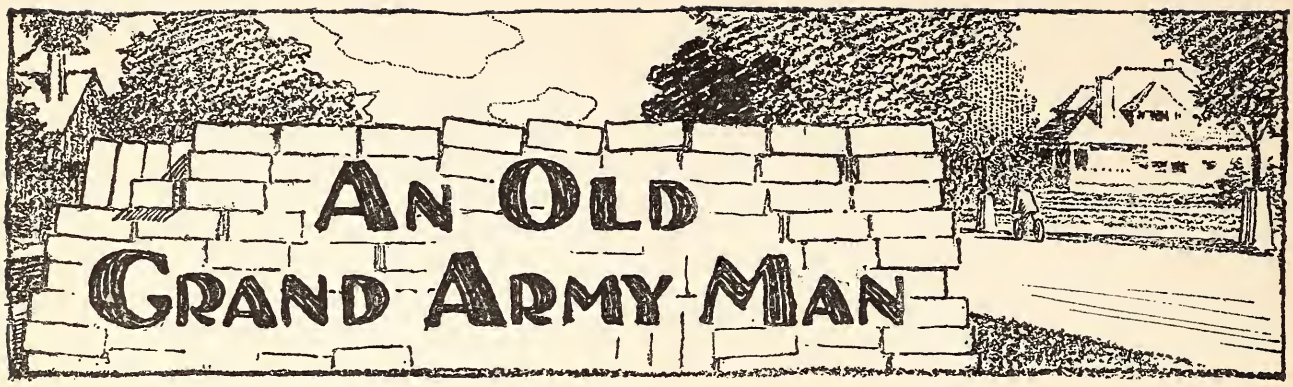
The scene was the more impressive because there were no idle spectators. This was no gala day for curious, gazing, merry-making crowds, and brilliant costumes, and feasting and huzzas; but solemnly, silently, save for the measured tramp of battalions and the rolling of the drums, a nation's strength was massing as if to weigh itself, to feel itself, and ask its own soul if it were fit for the mighty work and the awful sacrifices awaiting it.

We could not know then that Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, written across the scroll of a short two years to come, were holding in their fateful though glorious names the doom of death or wounds for more in number than all the thousands of us who beheld each other that day. But we felt that a heavy-laden future was swiftly coming toward us; we could almost hear the rustling of her wings in the air of the leaden sky under which, apart from the world, alone with ourselves and God, we stood, a great brotherhood of consecrated service.

But now our moment has come. We take our place in the moving ranks. We marched in close column with double company front, so that each regiment took up small space. As we neared the reviewing-stand the tall figure of Lincoln loomed up. He was on horseback, and his severely plain, black citizen's dress set him in bold relief against the crowd of generals in full uniform grouped behind him. Distinguished men were among them; but we had no eyes save for our revered President, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, the brother of every soldier, the great leader of a nation in its hour of trial. There was no time save for a marching salute; the occasion called for no cheers. Self-examination, not glorification, had brought the army and its chief together; but we passed close to him, so that he could look into our faces and we into his.

None of us to our dying day can forget that countenance! From its presence we marched directly onward toward our camp, and as soon as "route step" was ordered and the men were free to talk, they spoke thus to each other: "Did you ever see such a look on any man's face?" "He is bearing the burdens of the nation." "It is an awful load; it is killing him." "Yes, that is so; he is not long for this world!"

Concentrated in that one great, strong, yet tender face, the agony of the life or death struggle of the hour was revealed as we had never seen it before. With new understanding we knew why we were soldiers.



An Old Grand Army Man

BY OCTAVE THANET

FIRST, the wagons creaked over the macadam, to deposit their load on the tidy boulevards, until they were walled by a cross-stitch effect of brick barricade. The boulevards had been the pride of Lincoln Street all summer, so velvety green was the grass and so shapely were the thriving young maples. The property owners of Lincoln Street are not rich as a rule, but they have plenteous grace of public spirit and are willing to put their own shoulders to the lawn-mower wheel. During the summer it was no uncommon sight to note a half-dozen lawn-mowers humming at once, and twice as many garden hose merrily spouting; the motive power supplied by well-dressed men in negligée shirts or white crash coats, and, in case of the hose, often by pretty women in the summer gaiety of organdy or chiffon.

The houses on Lincoln Street are mostly of wood. They are not large, in general; but they have yards about them, beautifully kept; and the houses shine with the resplendent neatness of new paint. Often the piazzas are of size and have a tasteful arrangement of columns. Several new houses on the street give it a touch of fashion with their gables and carven cornices, their tiny black leaded window panes, their Colonial doorways and fanlights, and their steep, moss-green roofs—while the hollow into which old Captain Grier's property has slipped for thirty years is unmarred nature. There, forty feet below the level of the street, willows and cottonwood trees have grown unmolested on the hillside and grape vines have masked their trunks; and down in the hollow the old stone culvert, built before the days of sewers, still shows its teeth at modern drainage. Captain Grier bought the place in the late sixties, after the War, a time when the town was proud of the captain, who had led a charge with conspicuous gallantry at Donelson, and later showed a sterner courage by cheating the exchange officer and jumping back into the open grave of Andersonville to save a sick comrade. The captain built him a house on stilts, with piazzas and a bay window, of impressive importance in those days; and they called it a mansion. Now it was not painted so promptly as its neighbors and there was a business sign creaking in front, the whole giving it somewhat the air of a poor relation. But there was not a prettier garden than the captain's anywhere. The sign read:

UPHOLSTERING.
MATTRESSES MADE & REPAIRED.

FURNITURE REPAIRED AND POLISHED.

GOOD WORK AT MODERATE PRICES.

SAMUEL R. GRIER.

"'Oi give me leg to me counthry,' says he."

All Lincoln Street knew that Captain Grier had been in the furniture business once, directly after the War. Lambeth and Grier

had owned a glittering store on the main street. Unhappily, Lambeth proved a rogue; and the captain's prospects were cut down by a black frost. He would not take advantage of the bankrupt law which was in force in the seventies; he would not take a clerkship; he set his soft hat a little more jauntily on the side of his head, walked a little more carefully—the captain had an artificial leg—to the recorder's office, mortgaged his house, paid his creditors most that was due them, and started his little shop. His wife, being a wise young woman, did not send away her "girl," but went into the shop and kept her husband's books, was clerk, collector, and general manager. All these things the neighbors knew because the captain liked to tell of them; and how he had paid off every dollar that he owed.

"In the summer gaiety of organdy."

"And I've never owed a dollar over night since," he frequently would add, chuckling. He had a jolly chuckle; and was a man who laughed a good deal and had a reputation in a small way as a story-teller at all the G. A. R. camp fires.

When the matter of paving Lincoln Street for two blocks came before the city council the captain was stirred to the soul. He could be heard making speeches at the top of his voice all along the sidewalk. He carried around the petition against paving, which every property owner on the street signed.

Nevertheless, there was a brick barricade. The brick came in the morning; at noon a small array of workingmen (mostly in the decline of life), headed by a vigorous young German-American who knew how to swear, began to dig up the macadam of the roadway and slash the roots of the young maples on the boulevard. Lincoln Street is far enough up-town for the men to stay all day away from home. Not until nearly six did any householder, save the captain, appear on the scene of devastation. From six until half-past six they came. By half-past seven, the dinners of the new Colonial mansions and the suppers of the brown houses with the modest ells and the piazzas had been finished, and most of the dwellers of that quarter of Lincoln Street were out on the sidewalk, exchanging indignation. The street gang had gone; but Patsy O'Brien, whose teams were hauling dirt from the northwest corner where a cellar was digging, explained the political situation. The captain, to whom the neighborhood looked for enlightenment in general on matters of local weight, was not visible. It was understood that he consulted a lawyer. Patsy, therefore, an old G. A. R. man and long-time crony of the captain, took care of the affair in his place. He was a thin, wiry Irishman, who shaved every morning scrupulously—except under his chin; whose fair skin had been burned a fine warm tint by the sun; who had shrewd, brilliant little eyes, and could still bite his pipe stem with his own sound, white teeth. To mark the distinction that he was a contractor and not a laborer, he always wore a suit of black cloth and a white shirt, but he showed that he was not proud by dispensing with the needless pomp of a coat and a cravat.

Patsy could see at least eight in his audience, and his eloquence had all the faucets turned on.

"Aw, 'tis a fright!" he exclaimed scornfully, "the strate is a fright, intirely. They passed it, last night, at the council—and, sure, they ain't losin' no toime. The captain was there, and he could hardly contain himsilf. I belave he wanted to git at Alderman Blaize wid his own hands. But what's the good? The captain's a fighter, but he's licked this toime. 'Sure,' says I, 'if yous was to kill the dom thafe'—begging the ladies' pardon for repating the worrd—

'sure,' says I, 'it wudn't stop the paving going on; there's the rist of the gang.'"

"It is a question of—of boodle, isn't it?" a youngish man in a black alpaca coat and white tie struck in, using a certain hesitation over the word. He did not live on the street. He was the new Methodist minister, dining that night with a member of his church.

"What else?" demanded O'Brien in a caustic tone. "The min that furnishes the brick, they know how much they pay to git it introjuced, they and a few of the aldermin. And the other aldermin—well, they want to oblige their frinds, don't they; and ain't they got min they want jobs for? There's manny more ways of trading than wid money. So they set the ball a-rolling—talking about the work it will make for the laboring people—as if macadam was like trees and growed, and only brick kept men a-working! And if the property owners protist, well, they're juist kicking: there's no public convanience that don't cause some private hardship; and talk loike that, giving it out it's the rich man pays the tax and the poor man gits the work; but I've sixty years in a wicked world, and I niver seen, nor I niver expect to see, the tax thot the poor man don't pay the biggist part of ut. It ain't the lazy, drinking chaps thot pay, but the dacint, harrd-workin' man thot's scrimped and saved and got a bit of land and a little shelter for himsilf—he catches it ivery wind thot blows. And it's him catching it wid the brick pavemint. I know a widdy woman, mesilf, up me own way, thot they've filled the strate up above her till she's down in the hole wid the drippings, an' she do have to climb up in her attic to see the waggins go by. They've taxed her three hunderd, and she's got to morgige her place for it. I know thot. And I know a man, 'tis Kit Tiernan—some of yous may know him; he was in the expriss business for forty years, and he's retired on his savings. He's got two houses on Park Strate, where they was paving last year. He'd to pay twilve hunderd dollars on thim two houses; they ain't worth thirty-five hunderd——"

"I can give you something worse than that even," said a mellow, deep voice. The man who spoke was tall and of a full habit. He had a gray chin beard and a delicate mouth. He was a banker of the town, a man of good fortune and great generosity.

"I can give you worse than that," said he; "this taxing by frontage instead of by value or extent or anything else *but* frontage makes an awful mess. There's John McKim, who owns an obtuse triangle down on Front Street. Whole property isn't worth two thousand—taxes for payment tot up to something over four thousand; and supreme

It is a question of—of boodle, isn't it?"

court has held that he can't simply give up his property to the city; if his property is sold and doesn't bring enough to pay the tax, he can be assessed for the difference, if it takes every cent he has in the world. It doesn't, of course, but the principle is the same; and in some cases, like the captain's here, it pretty nearly *does!* Of course, a city must be paved; but property ought not to be assessed simply for frontage, and property owners are not the only ones benefited, and ought not to have to pay more than a fair proportion of the tax!"

"It's enough to make a man a socialist," adventured the minister; but an ex-district judge, a keen-faced man in white duck, cut off the sentence with, "*I* call such robbery by municipalities the biggest argument *against* socialism! Why, the heartlessest trust that ever looted wouldn't have the nerve to confiscate a man's whole estate in this fashion. The new kind of socialism wants to make the municipality run the whole shooting-match. Do you think boodle aldermen will make better terms with us than other plunderers? I don't. They are less afraid of public sentiment than any thieves on earth. A corporation expects to stay in business, and can't squeeze the public to the bursting point, because that would do for it as well. But these municipal thieves are trying to crowd all the robbery and the jobbery of a lifetime into a few years, because their tenure of office is limited. So they steal all they can without getting into the penitentiary. I don't see why they should be any more honest with larger opportunities to steal!"

"Thot's right, Judge," agreed Patsy O'Brien, grimly, "and you might add thot it takes a boodle alderman to pick a poor man's pocket of the last cint, whilst he's hugging his neck wid the other arrum and asshurin' him as he does be his bist frind on earth and his protector agin the rich bloodsuckers. I tell yous, in this very town the brick is chasing the poor man out of his home. Look at the captain, now, himsilf; ain't this going to hit him harrder than anny of yous—and I ain't sayin' it don't hit yous all cruel hard?"

"Well, now"—a little, dapper man who kept a grocery down town spoke up; he was a man that liked to show his acumen and broad views by taking the opposite side in any contention—"well, now, I always supposed the captain was pretty well fixed. He trades with us, and never runs a bill, always has the change in his pocket. That means something these times. And I've seen him at our meetings—I belong to his post, you know—I've seen him give five and ten and once twenty dollars when the hat would be passed for some poor comrade down on his luck. He never went to a meeting, I guess, without his check book. He's got money in the savings bank; I know that, and you, too, Mr. Elgin."

"'Aw, you git out!' says Oi, makin' fun of him."

The banker did not feel called upon to answer the appeal beyond an enigmatical and reticent professional smile. A new voice spoke, that of the teacher who lived in the pretty little white house with the window gardens. She was a widow with three children, and she was known to have built and paid for her house out of her own earnings. She was a shy woman, not likely to speak in public, and there was a red spot on either cheek. "I'm sorry," said she, "but I don't think the captain is rich at all. He told me that he had eight hundred dollars in the savings bank and that house; he said, 'That isn't a great showing for a man of sixty; but, thank God, I've got my life insured for Sophy, and I don't owe any man a cent.' And, after this, he sent six hundred to Sophy."

"Is Sophy his daughter?" asked the minister.

"Leading him about by one finger."

"Adopted daughter," said the grocer. "They hadn't any children, so the old captain adopted a soldier's orphan; and I guess they looked on her as their own child. I guess she was a real nice girl, too; but she married an unlucky young fellow who was a clerk in a store here and was threatened with consumption, and they went out to Colorado, where he is farming. I had him in my store for a while. He's a good boy, but one of the kind that gives up too easy. Now, the old captain's a fighter. He wouldn't give up the boy had to die. He talked courage into the whole crowd, Joe and Sophy and Joe's mother."

"Yis," said Patsy O'Brien, "he give thim courage; but 'twas a tough job for him sinding off Sophy and the little chap they've named for him. Oi seen him that evenin' afther they was gone. Oi knowed he'd be lonesome and looked in kinder casual loike.

"Oi niver thought I'd see the captain so down. Oi cudn't even stir him up wid abusing the Republican party and the pension bill. He used to be grand on pensions, though be thot tokin he'd niver take wan himsilf. 'Oi *give* me leg to me counthry,' says he; 'I didn't *sell* it. There ain't pinsions enough in Ameriky to pay me for thim tin months in Andersonville,' says he. But he was always for pinsioning off the others, do ye moind! So Oi thried to stir him up; and 'twas no go. He juist shook his head, and begun to talk about Sophy and his wife. Niver had he named her to me since the day Oi rode out to the cemetery where they buried her. 'Oi've the failin' I'll niver see Sophy nor Grier agin,' says he. 'Aw, you git out!' says Oi, makin' fun of him. But he felt *bad*. He was dretful fond of the child."

"Yes, I remember, you'd see him leading him about by one finger all the time," said the grocer. "Fished him out of the cistern once, didn't he?"

"No, sir," cried the teacher; "it was *my* child he fished out. He fell in, and I was going to jump after him, for there was ten feet of water in that cistern; but my girl caught me by the skirts, and cried I'd be drowned—to let down the ladder instead. I had got away from her, and was one foot on the cistern trying to jump in, when he flashed past me and was splashing in the water! And I knew he couldn't swim a stroke."

"What did you do?" said one of the bystanders. "Get the ladder?"

"No, Mary got the ladder. I just pulled off my dress skirt and hollowed to him to hold on to that till we'd get a ladder——"

"Why didn't you do that for the child?" asked the grocer.

"Because he was just a baby—only two; and all I thought was to get hold of him. But the captain knew enough to catch hold, and he held until Mary dragged the ladder round, and he climbed out, dripping, and so faint he handed me the baby and rolled right over on the grass."

"Did he know it was your child?"

"That's what I asked him, and he said, 'My dear, I didn't know. I heard them calling a child was in the cistern; and I ran and jumped!"

"The captain all over," said the banker; "he's the most neighborly man, always. He'll help anybody in the neighborhood, and take solid pleasure in it. And you can't get him to admit there's anything wrong on Lincoln Street. Do you remember the time, ten years ago, he had a hand-to-hand fight with Rucker because Rucker wanted to have the Gilleys' dog shot? It did nip people once in a while, and once by ill luck it nipped a postman; and the Gilleys got no more mail—unless they went to the office; then the letters

were crossed by a big blue inscription, '*Not delivered on account of savage dog!*' Rucker was postmaster then, and, in addition, he threatened to have the dog killed. The captain went to expostulate and calm Rucker; but he was fiery, and Rucker was fiery, and they held different opinions politically, which naturally mingled in the discussion—for, of course, the captain couldn't expect justice of *that* administration and said so, and Rucker gave it back to him; and it ended in the clerks pulling them apart. But, all the same, when Rucker fell ill with the cholera and there wasn't a nurse to be had, the captain took care of him himself. Rucker thinks we ought to help the captain out of this scrape."

"They had different opinions politically."

"I say so, too," said the grocer, "and I'm ready to chip in. I never knew the captain to kick about his groceries but once, and then you can't say he was kicking at us"—the grocer grinned. "He had some melons sent up from Dallen's and from our place the same day, and he thought our melons were Dallen's and gave him fits for sending him such mush; but when he found they were ours, he looked them over again and said they were just a little soft!"

"That's like the time he was on the jury"—the ex-judge took up the word. "The defendant was a Grand Army man; but, as I heard later, the captain mixed him up with the plaintiff, and there was no moving him by any evidence. He began to tell things he had heard of the Twelfth Regiment, this fellow's regiment; how they came charging down and rescued his company, and Company A, this fellow's company, were in the thick of it. Oh, he made the most stirring speech you could imagine; 'and that man,' says he, 'was the second lieutenant of Company A. Do you think I'm going back on him?' 'That's all right,' says the foreman, 'but I've always understood it was the other fellow, Hollister, was lieutenant of Company A!' That floored the captain. They brought in a verdict in ten minutes."

"Well, I like a man to stand up for his friends," said the banker, "even if he does slip a cog sometimes. And I think now is the time for his friends to stand by the captain. We don't want him to leave the neighborhood——"

A chorus interrupted him. Of course not; the captain was so obliging, so good to the children. All the women consulted him about their gardens. If the water-works

"He had put out one fire with a garden hose."

or the electricity in a house went wrong, the captain was always available until the mechanical doctor could come. He had put out one fire with a garden hose. He had cured innumerable sticking drawers (scorning compensation for such an obvious neighborly duty), he had put in panes of glass and planed off doors and mended sidewalks, and he kept three hatchets to lend. No, the captain was too good a neighbor to lose.

"At laist yous could hilp him wid this year's instalment," said Patsy; "'tis siven years they give 'em to pay up. And as a friend Oi'd ask the privilige to be on the paper. And Oi'm thinkin' 'twill maybe cheer the captain up a bit; he's gitting rale downheartid and discouraged. You see his eyes is a failin' a little, as is only suitable for his age; but it hurts him; and only yistiddy a lady—Oi won't name her—he done a chair sate for her, upholstering it rale nate, to my moind, but she found fault wid it; and he tuk aff fifty cints to satisfy her. It hurted him. He says, 'She's the second in wan wake,' says he; 'Oi'm losin' me grip,' says he. And he worries 'bout old Hetty Conners, that has lived wid him and his wife iver since the war, Oi guess. She lost her little savings linding 'em to a cousin. He tried his bist to kape her from it, but 'twas no good. You'd ought to seen the scorchin' letther he was afther writin' thot man. Onluckily he'd skipped before he got it, so 'twas wastid loike. And ye know he's lost three old frinds this same year, includin' his old gineral. The old man died down in Ohio, and by some mishtake it didn't git into the papers. Thot cut the captain. 'They're forgittin' us,' says he, 'it's toime for us to be gettin' aff the stage; there ain't nothin' more for us to do.' Oi think the sooner we kin git thot paper up the betther. For the mon was wild last night, he'd thot horror of debt, and he didn't know which way to turn. Oi've been lookin' fur him all day. He talked loike he wud turn over the whole property to the city and go out to Sophy. 'But she's got wan sick man on her hands,' says he; 'she hadn't ought to have another! And what'll become of poor Hetty? I don't see no way out!' says he."

"A woman . . . was in the doorway beckoning."

"But he was around this morning," said the grocer, "telling funny stories; he had got a new one, real funny——"

"That's only his sand," the ex-judge interrupted. "I had a talk with him this afternoon. He was in a bad way. But wasn't it just like him? Of course I wouldn't charge for a little neighborly advice like that; and just a little while before I came out Hetty was over with a package from the captain—he'd sent me a little champfer tool of his I'd always admired: I'm a bit of a carpenter, for amusement, you know. Somehow, I wished he hadn't done that, do you know?"

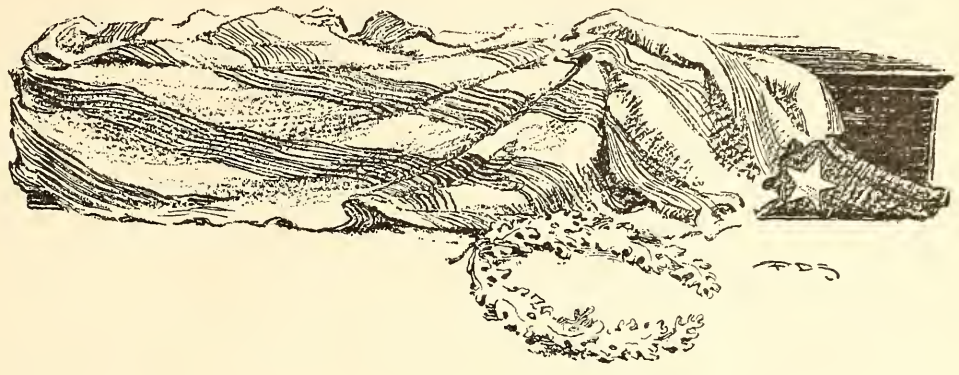
Patsy had listened, with a frown. "Oi don't loike his actions," he muttered; "does annybody know where he is at this spaking?"

His answer was some one in the group pointing towards the captain's house. A woman, an elderly woman with gray hair, was in the doorway, frantically beckoning.

Every man and woman in the crowd, except the teacher, ran instinctively and silently towards the house. The teacher's face went white; she caught up the child at her side and carried him a little space. "Go home, go right home," she commanded, while the child stared, frightened at the strange something in her mother's voice; "tell Johnny and Harry to go home, and wait for me!"

Then she, too, ran to the captain's house. The yard was full of people, standing in groups, very quiet. Patsy O'Brien came out. The tears were running down his sunburnt cheeks. "They've sint for a doctor," said he. "'Tis no good; Oi've seen death on too manny min's faces not to know it. He's gone. They downed him, and he'd not the courage to go on. He'd a bit of a letther writ to"—Patsy choked—"to me. His frinds was about all gone, he says, and now they was takin' away his home; and he knowed

Sophy wud be betther aff wid the money than wid a cranky old man on her hands, growin' blind at thot. ' 'Tis me last fight, old comrades,' says he, ' and the boys must forgive me if Oi run away. The odds is too big,' says he. Thot's all ixcipt a koind wurrd to me woman and the kids. He's been sinding little packages of things to the neighbors this day: his tools and the plants in the gardin thot some av thim loiked. He says to old Hetty, he didn't think the city'd moind: they was goin' to take his property for nothin', and these was little things. Old Hetty, she didn't take it in; she thought he was going to be sold out; and she was cryin' and distractid, but she didn't take it in, not even whin he gave her all the money he'd drawed out of the bank. And she made him the coffee he took the stuff in. He's out av it; and God forgive him; but I'll be prayin' him ivery night *niver* to forgive Tummus Blaize!''



THE COST OF WAR.

By George B. Waldron.

THE men and women whose memories go back a third of a century, to the days when North and South were in arms against each other, have not been the most ardent to join in the clamor for war. They know the havoc it wrought, and are not eager to repeat the experience. The thousands slain in battle, the tens of thousands afflicted with wounds which often resulted in death after days of agony, the losses of relatives and friends, the anxious waiting for news, the want and distress of body and mind following in the train of warfare, all have left impressions so vivid that thirty-three years of peace have not sufficed to wear them away.

War as pursued by modern methods is fearfully expensive both of men and treasure. It has come to be a contest between war chests. The richer the treasury, the more certain is the nation of success. Even a century ago the wrecking of treasure and lives was almost beyond understanding. In the twenty-two years following 1793, Napoleon cost the British and French not less than $6,500,000,000 in money and 1,900,000 lives—the latter number equal to the entire adult male population now living in Greater London and Paris. In the one battle of Waterloo 51,000 men were lost, 29,000 of whom were British.

The Crimean war of two years cost the nations engaged in it $1,500,000,000 in wealth and over 600,000 of their citizens. The English lost 22,000 out of an army of 98,000, the French 96,000 out of 300,000 original forces; Turkey lost 45,000 men; Russia gathered a splendid army of 888,000, of whom less than half returned to their homes. Lay these 600,000 side by side in soldiers' graves, and the mounds of earth that covered them would extend in unbroken sequence for 450 miles.

Scarcely less fatal was the Franco-German war. France put into the field an army of 710,000 men, and of these 77,000 were killed or died of their wounds, and 45,000 died of sickness. A third of the entire army was either killed or disabled. The Germans sent a million troops, of whom 45,000 died on the battlefield or in the hospitals, and 89,000 were disabled. That brief war cost over 200,000 lives, and required an expenditure of $1,500,000,000. France had, in addition, to pay an indemnity of $1,000,000,000 and to give up Alsace-Lorraine, a total loss it is estimated of not less than $3,000,000,000.

During the last one hundred years the

wars of Christian Europe and America have cost the lives of 5,000,000 men. March them by in single file, and they would make a procession 3,000 miles long and require six weeks of marching day and night in passing. The wars of the century have destroyed nearly $20,000,000,000 of treasure, an expenditure representing the entire earnings of more than a million men for the entire one hundred years, and the present combined wealth of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, the Netherlands, Portugal, Switzerland, Turkey, and Greece. To-day the debts of the world's leading nations aggregate $28,000,000,000, and probably three-fourths of this is due to war—the sins of the fathers visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation.

The experiences of our own country illustrate the losses caused by war. That seven years of struggle which gave the nation independence required $135,000,000. To-day the nation can raise a like sum from the gold lying idle in the treasury. But then it fell upon a people whose population was only a twentieth of the present number, and whose wealth was much less in proportion. The United States began their existence with a debt burden of $75,000,000. This was about nineteen dollars per capita, or larger by half than the debt of to-day. The deficit fell to $45,000,000 in 1812. Then came the "second War of Independence," which carried it up to $127,000,000. By 1836 the nation did not owe a dollar.

In 1860 the debt was only $65,000,000. But with the firing on Sumter the people of the North awoke to their task, and thereafter $2,500,000 a day was needed until once more a common flag floated over the nation. That struggle cost the people of the North in direct outlay $3,400,000,000. With the much smaller direct cost to the Confederacy, the destruction of property, and the interference with industries, the total loss must have been not less than $8,000,000,000, or one-half of the entire wealth of the nation before the opening of hostilities.

After the conflict was over the national debt stood at $2,756,000,000. Year after year it has been a drag upon the resources of the country until nearly $2,000,000,000 has been discharged. But in the thirty-seven years since the war opened the nation has paid in interest on that debt an amount equal to the original principal, and $2,250,000,000 more in pensions to the soldiers and their families. These two items, the direct fruits of the war, amount to $5,000,000,000, and the end is not yet. The country is paying annually in interest and pensions $160,000,000, which is more by $35,000,000 than ten and twenty years ago and about equal to these same expenditures at the close of the war. It is not improbable from the present outlook that another $2,000,000,000 will be paid in the same way before the obligations of that one war are met. During the past six years, the expenditures for wars past and future have averaged over $250,000,000, or more by $50,000,000 a year than all the other expenses of the Government.

The total cost of the war to North and South would have bought the freedom of every slave, and left enough to pay all the peace expenses of the Federal Government for half a century. The divided nation expended money enough during the struggle to supply every man, woman, and child with ample food for the entire four years. And the sums spent, and to be spent, since because of the war would feed the people for another four years. The treasure destroyed because of that conflict would purchase the entire 185,000 miles of railroad, with all its rolling-stock, stations, yards, and other property; and all the 2,300 miles of canals, with every boat that plies through their waters; it would purchase in addition every vessel flying the American flag on all the oceans, rivers, and lakes of the world; all the thousands of miles of telegraph and telephone lines and everything belonging to them; and all the mines and quarries of the nation, including the producers of gold, silver, iron, copper, petroleum, marble, and every other substance that comes from the interior of the earth. Even all these would not exhaust the wealth spent because of that war, since there would yet be enough to buy every schoolhouse and church that the people of this country now own.

Workingmen sometimes welcome war in the belief that it will make times easier and result in better wages. But the days of the Civil War show the very opposite to be true.

The few shrewd, fortunate, or unscrupulous became rich. But for the rank and file of the nation's workers the war was anything but a benefit. True, under the effects of a depreciated currency wages did rise; but only after they had been forced up by much higher prices of life's necessaries. In the whole past fifty years of the nation's history there was never a time when the purchasing power of a day's labor was so small as during the last three years of that conflict.

This will appear unmistakably if we strike an average of prices of the articles of neces-

sary general daily use, and also a similar average of wages, for each year, from, say, 1858 to 1868, and compare these averages year by year. Taking the average wages and average prices of 1860 as 100 per cent., it will appear that wages had been gradually advancing from 80 to 100 during the whole preceding twenty years, an advance that continued in accelerated movement during the war period. And in so far the change was profitable. But at the same time prices of necessaries, which had been disturbed only by local fluctuations prior to 1861, suddenly jumped to two and three times their former standard. The result was that, while a man got more money for his day's labor, it was worth far less to him in the purchase of the goods he needed. In 1865 his wages were nearly a half more than in 1860, but prices of goods had gone up to two and a third times the former level. Under these conditions a day's labor would buy in that year only two-thirds as much as before the war. Men thought they were getting big returns for their work, but the enormous cost of the necessaries of life made these hard to obtain. Those who during the recent hard times have had their wages cut down a third from the standard of 1892 know what this must have meant to the struggling families of the home guard thirty years before.

There are other evidences of the sacrifices of those days. Many farms went untilled or yielded their fruits to the toil of the women, because the men were at the front. Figures show that, even with all the efforts of those at home, the crops of the war years were less in the North by a third than were those of the years before or immediately after that period. And in the South, as the struggle neared its close, the conditions were tenfold worse. Foreign commerce from Southern ports was practically destroyed. In the North it fell to half its former volume. Business failures in the first years of the rebellion were multiplied three fold. Railroad building dropped to but a fourth of its previous standard.

Destroyed wealth can be replaced by later toil, but there were losses of the war which no after efforts could make good. Men were condemned to hobble through life on crutches; shattered health carried thousands to early graves. Starved in the enemies' prisons and wasted with disease in the hospitals and on the field, soldiers went home to die. There were, besides the thousands slain in battle, the tens of thousands more who suffered intolerable anguish from wounds. Killed, wounded, missing, were the heart-rending records of every battle.

The first battle of Bull Run cost the North 3,000 soldiers, and the South 2,000. At Shiloh 13,000 Federals and 11,000 Confederates fell. On the "seven days' retreat," the two armies left behind them 33,000 men. Antietam weakened the Northern army by 12,000, and the Southern by 26,000. At Gettysburg, 23,000 Federals and 32,000 Confederates were mowed down. In the siege of Vicksburg the Southerners lost 31,000 men. The three days in the Wilderness cost the North 38,000. Sherman in his glorious March to the Sea left 37,000 soldiers between Chattanooga and Atlanta. Corinth has a record for both armies of 16,000, Fredericksburg 17,000, Chancellorsville 28,000, Chickamauga 33,000, Spotsylvania 35,000, and Stone's Run 37,000 men. And so the horrors might be multiplied.

Official records show that in the armies of the North 44,000 were killed in action during the war, 49,000 died of wounds, 186,000 died of disease, and 25,000 died from causes unknown, making a total of 304,000 deaths of Northern soldiers. But these numbers do not include those who died at their homes from wounds and disease. It is not too high an estimate to place the deaths in the North from the war at 350,000. And for every Northerner that fell it is believed that a Southerner died also—700,000 lives destroyed in one short war. That struggle multiplied three fold the death rate of ordinary times, and took, not the children, the aged, the sick, and the weak, but the very flower of the nation's manhood. Could every slain soldier have had appropriate burial, the hearses alone would have formed a funeral cortège from ocean to ocean. Cut off every adult man in the broad State of Ohio, and the victims of such a catastrophe would be no more numerous.

Bitter as was the cost of the conflict to the men at the front, scarcely less heavy did misfortune weigh upon those left at home. For the dead there were widows and orphans. For the wounded and sick there were those waiting at home in anxious hope and fear. The newspaper was perused in dread of disaster; the sight of the telegram changed fear of calamity to certainty. Nobly did the women of the North and South sustain the men at the front, but at sacrifices which no figures can measure.

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND EVENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

By Charles A. Dana,

Assistant Secretary of War from 1863 to 1865.

WITH PORTRAITS FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT COLLECTION OF CIVIL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS.

VIII.

EXPERIENCES IN THE SECRET SERVICE.—A VISIT TO SHERIDAN.

IT was early in July, 1864, that I left Grant's headquarters at City Point for Washington, where I was to observe and report to the general-in-chief the progress of Early's raid on the Capital. After the rebel invaders had retired and quiet was restored, I went to Mr. Stanton for new orders. As there was no probability of an immediate change in the situation before Petersburg, the Secretary did not think it necessary for me to go back to Grant, but preferred that I remain in the Department, helping with the routine work.

Most of my time, at this period, was spent investigating charges against defaulting contractors and dishonest agents, and in ordering the arrest of persons who were suspected of disloyalty to the Government. I assisted, too, in supervising the spies who were going back and forth between the lines. Among these I remember a peddler—whose name I will call Morse—who traveled between Washington and Richmond. When he went down, it was in the character of a man who had entirely hoodwinked the Washington authorities, and who, in spite of them, or by some corruption or other, always brought with him into the Confederate lines something that the people wanted—dresses for the ladies, or some little luxury that they couldn't get otherwise. The things that he took with him were always supervised by our agents before he left Washington. When he came back, he brought us in exchange much valuable information. He was doubtless a spy for both sides; but, as we got a great deal of information, which could be had in no other way, about the strength of the Confederate armies and the preparations and the movements of the enemy, we allowed the thing to go on. The man really did good service for us that summer, and, as we were frequently able to verify, by other means, the important information he brought, we had a great deal of confidence in him.

Early in October, 1864, he came back from Richmond, and, as usual, went to Baltimore to get his outfit for the return trip. When he presented himself again in Washington, the chief detective of the War Department, Colonel Baker, examined his goods carefully; but this time he found that Morse had many things that we could not allow him to take. Among his stuff was military goods and uniforms, and this, of course, was altogether too contraband to be passed. So we confiscated the goods and put Morse in prison. We had all his bills, amounting to $25,000, or more, showing where he had bought these things in Baltimore, and Secretary Stanton declared that as the merchants in Baltimore were partners in his guilt he would arrest every one of them, and put them in prison until the matter could be straightened up. He turned the matter over to me then, as he was going to Fort Monroe for a few days; and I immediately sent Assistant Adjutant-General Lawrence to Baltimore with orders to see that all persons implicated were arrested. Lawrence telegraphed me, on October 16th, that the case would involve the arrest of two hundred citizens. I reported to the Secretary; but he was determined to go ahead, and the next morning, ninety-seven of the leading citizens of Baltimore were arrested,

brought to Washington, and confined in Old Capitol Prison, principally in solitary cells. There was great satisfaction among the Union people of the town, but great indignation among Southern sympathizers. Presently a deputation from Baltimore came over to see President Lincoln. It was an outrage, they said; the gentlemen arrested were most respectable merchants and faultless citizens; and they demanded that they all be set instantly at liberty, and damages paid them. Mr. Lincoln sent the deputation over to the War Department, and Mr. Stanton, who had returned by this time, sent for me. "All Baltimore is coming here," he said. "Sit down and hear the discussion."

They came in, the bank presidents and boss merchants of Baltimore—there must have been at least $50,000,000 represented in the deputation—and sat down around the fire in the Secretary's office. At once they began to make their speeches, detailing the circumstances and the wickedness of this outrage. There was no ground for it, they said, no justification. After half a dozen of them had spoken, Mr. Stanton asked one after another if he had anything more to say, and they all said no. Then Stanton began, and delivered the most eloquent speech that I ever listened to. He described the beginning of the war, for which he said there was no justification: being beaten in an election was no reason for destroying the Government. Then he went on to the fact that half a million of our young men had been laid in untimely graves by this conspiracy of the slave interest. He outlined the whole conspiracy in the most solemn and impressive terms, and then he depicted the offense that this man Morse, aided by these several merchants, had committed. "Gentlemen," he said, "if you would like to examine the bills of what he was taking to the enemy, here they are."

When he had finished, the gentlemen, without answering a word, got up, and, one by one, went away. That was the only speech I ever listened to that cleared out the entire audience.

A PLUCKY SPY.*

Early in the winter of 1863–64, a curious thing happened in the secret service of the War Department. Some time in the February or March before, a slender and prepossessing young fellow, between twenty-two and twenty-six, apparently, had applied at the War Department for employment as a spy within the Confederate lines.

The main body of the Army of Northern Virginia was then lying at Gordonsville, and the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac were at Culpeper Court House. General Grant had not yet come from the West to take command of the momentous campaign which finally opened with his movement into the Wilderness on the 4th of May.

The young man who sought this terrible service was well dressed and intelligent, and professed to be animated by motives purely patriotic. He was a clerk in one of the Departments. All that he asked was that he should have a horse, and an order which would carry him safely through the Federal lines; and, in return, he undertook to bring information from General Lee's army and from the government of the Confederacy in Richmond. He understood perfectly well the perilous nature of the enterprise he proposed.

Finding that the applicant bore a good character in the office where he was employed, it was determined to accept his proposal. He was furnished with a horse, an order that would pass him through the Union lines, and, also, I believe, with a moderate sum of money; and then he departed. Two or three weeks later, he reported at the War Department. He had been in Gordonsville and Richmond; had obtained the confidence of the Confederate authorities, and was the bearer of a letter from Mr. Jefferson Davis to Mr. Clement C. Clay, the agent of the Confederate government in Canada, then known to be stationed at St. Catherine's, not far from Niagara Falls. Mr. Clay had as his official associate Jacob Thompson of Mississippi, who had been Secretary of the Interior in the cabinet of President Buchanan, and, like Mr. Clay, had been serving the Confederate government ever since its organization. The letter from Mr. Davis the young man exhibited, but only the outside of the envelope was examined. The address was in the handwriting of the Confederate chief, and the statement of our young adventurer that it was merely a letter of recommendation, advising Messrs. Clay and Thompson that they might repose confidence in the bearer, since he was ardently devoted to the Confederate cause and anxious to serve the great purpose that it had in view, appeared entirely probable; and the young man was allowed to proceed to Niag-

* This narrative was first printed in the "North American Review" for August, 1891.

ara Falls and Canada. He made some general report upon the condition of the rebel army at Gordonsville, but it was of no particular value, except that, in its more interesting features, it agreed with our information from other sources.

He was not long in returning from St. Catherine's with a despatch which was also allowed to pass unopened, upon his assurance that it contained nothing of importance. In this way he went back and forward from Richmond to St. Catherine's once or twice. We supplied him with money to a limited extent, and also with one or two more horses. He said that he got some money from the Confederates, but had not thought it prudent to accept from them anything more than very small sums, since his professed zeal for the Confederate cause forbade his receiving anything for his traveling expenses beyond what was absolutely necessary.

During the summer of 1864, the activity of Grant's campaign and the fighting which prevailed all along the line somewhat impeded our young man's expeditions, but did not stop them. All his subsequent despatches, however, whether coming from Richmond or from Canada, were regularly brought to the War Department, and were opened, and, in every case, a copy of them was kept. As it was necessary to break the seals and destroy the envelopes in opening them, there was some difficulty in sending them forward in what should appear to be the original wrappers. Coming from Canada, the paper employed was English, and there was a good deal of trouble in procuring paper of the same appearance. I remember also that one important despatch, which was sealed with Mr. Clay's seal, had to be delayed somewhat while we had an imitation seal engraved. But these delays were easily accounted for at Richmond by the pretense that they had been caused by accidents upon the road and by the necessity of avoiding the Federal pickets. At any rate, the confidence of the Confederates in our agent (and theirs) never seemed to be shaken by any of these occurrences.

Finally, our despatch-bearer reported one day at the War Department with a document which, he said, was of extraordinary consequence. It was found to contain an account of a scheme for setting fire to New York and Chicago by means of clock-work machines that were to be placed in several of the large hotels and places of amusement, particularly in Barnum's Museum in New York, and to be set off simultaneously; so that the fire department in each place would be unable to attend to the great number of calls that would be made upon it, on account of these Confederate conflagrations in so many different quarters, and thus these cities might be greatly damaged, or even destroyed.

This despatch was duly sealed up again, and was taken to Richmond, and a confidential officer was at once sent to New York to warn General Dix, who was in command there, of the Confederate project. The general was very unwilling to believe that any such design could be seriously entertained, and Mr. John A. Kennedy, then superintendent of police, was equally incredulous. But the Secretary of War was peremptory in his orders, and when the day of the incendiary attempt arrived, both the military and the police made every preparation to prevent the threatened catastrophe. The officer who went from Washington was lodged in the St. Nicholas Hotel, one of the large establishments that were to be set on fire, and while he was washing his hands in the evening, preparatory to going to dinner, a fire began burning in the room next to his. It was promptly put out, and was found to be caused by a clock-work apparatus which had been left in that room by a lodger who had departed some hours before. Other fires likewise occurred. In every instance these fires were extinguished without much damage and without exciting any considerable public attention, thanks to the precautions that had been taken in consequence of the warning derived from Mr. Clay's despatch to Mr. Benjamin in Richmond. The plan of setting fire to Chicago proved even more abortive; I do not remember that any report of actual burning was received from there.

Later in the fall, after the military operations had substantially terminated for the season, a despatch was brought from Canada, signed by Mr. Clay, and addressed to Mr. Benjamin, as Secretary of State in the Confederate government, conveying the information that a new and really formidable military expedition against northern Vermont, particularly against Burlington, if I am not mistaken, had been organized and fitted out in Canada, and would make its attack as soon as practicable. This was after the well-known attempt upon St. Albans and Lake Champlain, October 19, 1864, and promised to be much more injurious. The despatch reached Washington one Sunday morning, and was brought to the War De-

partment as usual. But its importance in the eyes of the Confederate agents had led to its being prepared for transportation with uncommon care. It was placed between two thicknesses of the pair of reinforced cavalry trousers which the messenger wore, and sewed up, so that when he was mounted it was held between his thigh and the saddle.

Having been carefully ripped out and opened, the despatch was immediately carried to Mr. Stanton, who was confined to his house by a cold. He read it. "This is serious," he said. "Go over to the White House, and ask the President to come here."

Mr. Lincoln was found dressing to go to church, and he was soon driven to Mr. Stanton's house. After discussing the subject in every aspect, and considering thoroughly the probability that to keep the despatch would put an end to communications by this channel, they determined that it must be kept. The conclusive reason for this step was that it established, beyond question, the fact that the Confederates, while sheltering themselves behind the British government in Canada, had organized and fitted out a military expedition against the United States. But while the despatch afforded evidence that could not be gainsaid, the mere possession of it was not sufficient. It must be found in the possession of the Confederate despatch-bearer, and the circumstances attending its capture must be established in such a manner that the British Foreign Office would not be able to dispute the genuineness of the document. "We must have this paper for Seward," said Mr. Lincoln. "As for the young man, get him out of the scrape, if you can."

Accordingly, the paper was taken back to the War Department, and sewed up again in the trousers whence it had been taken three hours before. The bearer was instructed to start at dusk on the road which he usually took in passing through the lines; to be at a certain tavern outside of Alexandria at nine o'clock in the evening; and to stop there to water his horse. Then information was sent through Major-General Augur, commandant of Washington and the surrounding region, to Colonel Henry H. Wells, then Provost Marshal General of the Defenses South of the Potomac, stationed at Alexandria, directing him to be at this tavern at nine o'clock in the evening and arrest a Confederate despatch-bearer, concerning whom authentic information had been received at the War Department and whose description was furnished for his (Wells's) guidance. He was to do the messenger no injury, but was to make sure of his person and of all papers that he might have upon him, and to bring him under a sufficient guard directly to the War Department. And General Augur was directed to be present there, in order to assist in the examination of the prisoner and so be in a position to afterwards verify any despatches that might be found.

Accordingly, just before midnight, a carriage drove up to the door of the War Department with a soldier on the box and two soldiers on the front seat within, while the back seat was occupied by Colonel Wells and the prisoner. Of course, no one but the two or three who had been in the secret was aware that this gentleman had walked quietly out of the War Department only a few hours previously, and that the paper which was the cause of the entire ceremony had been sewed up in his clothes just before his departure. Colonel Wells reported that, while the prisoner had offered no resistance, he was very violent and outrageous in his language, and that he boasted fiercely of his devotion to the Confederacy and his detestation of the Union. During the examination which now followed, he said nothing except in answer to a few questions, but his bearing—patient, scornful, undaunted—was that of an incomparable actor. If Mr. Clay and Mr. Benjamin had been present, they would have been more than ever certain that he was one of their noblest young men. His hat, boots, and other articles of his clothing were taken off one by one. The hat and boots were first searched, and finally the despatch was found in his trousers and taken out. Its nature and the method of its capture were stated in a memorandum, which was drawn up on the spot and signed by General Augur and Colonel Wells, and one or two other officers who were there for the purpose; and then the despatch-bearer himself was sent off to the Old Capitol Prison.

The despatch, with the documents of verification, was handed over to Mr. Seward for use in London, and a day or two afterward the warden of the Old Capitol Prison was directed to give the despatch-bearer an opportunity of escaping, with a proper show of attempt at prevention. One afternoon he walked into my office. "Ah," said I, "you have run away!"

"Yes, sir," he answered.

"Did they shoot at you?"

"They did, and didn't hit me; but I didn't think that would answer the purpose. So I shot myself through the arm."

He showed me the wound. It was through the fleshy part of the forearm, and due care had been taken not to break any bones. A more deliberate and less dangerous wound could not be; and yet it did not look trivial.

He was ordered to get away for Canada as promptly as possible, so that he might explain the loss of his despatch before it should become known there by any other means. An advertisement, offering $2,000 for his recapture, was at once inserted in the New York "Herald," the Pittsburg "Journal," and the Chicago "Tribune." No one ever appeared to claim the reward; but in about a week the escaped prisoner returned from Canada with new despatches that had been intrusted to him. They contained nothing of importance, however. The wound in his arm had borne testimony in his favor, and the fact that he had hurried through to St. Catherine's without having it dressed was thought to afford conclusive evidence of his fidelity to the Confederate cause.

The war was ended soon after this adventure, and, as his services had been of very great value, a new place, with the assurance of lasting employment, was found for the young man in one of the bureaus of the War Department. He did not remain there very long, however, and I don't know what became of him. He was one of the cleverest creatures I ever saw. His style of patriotic lying was sublime; it amounted to genius.

A VISIT TO SHERIDAN.

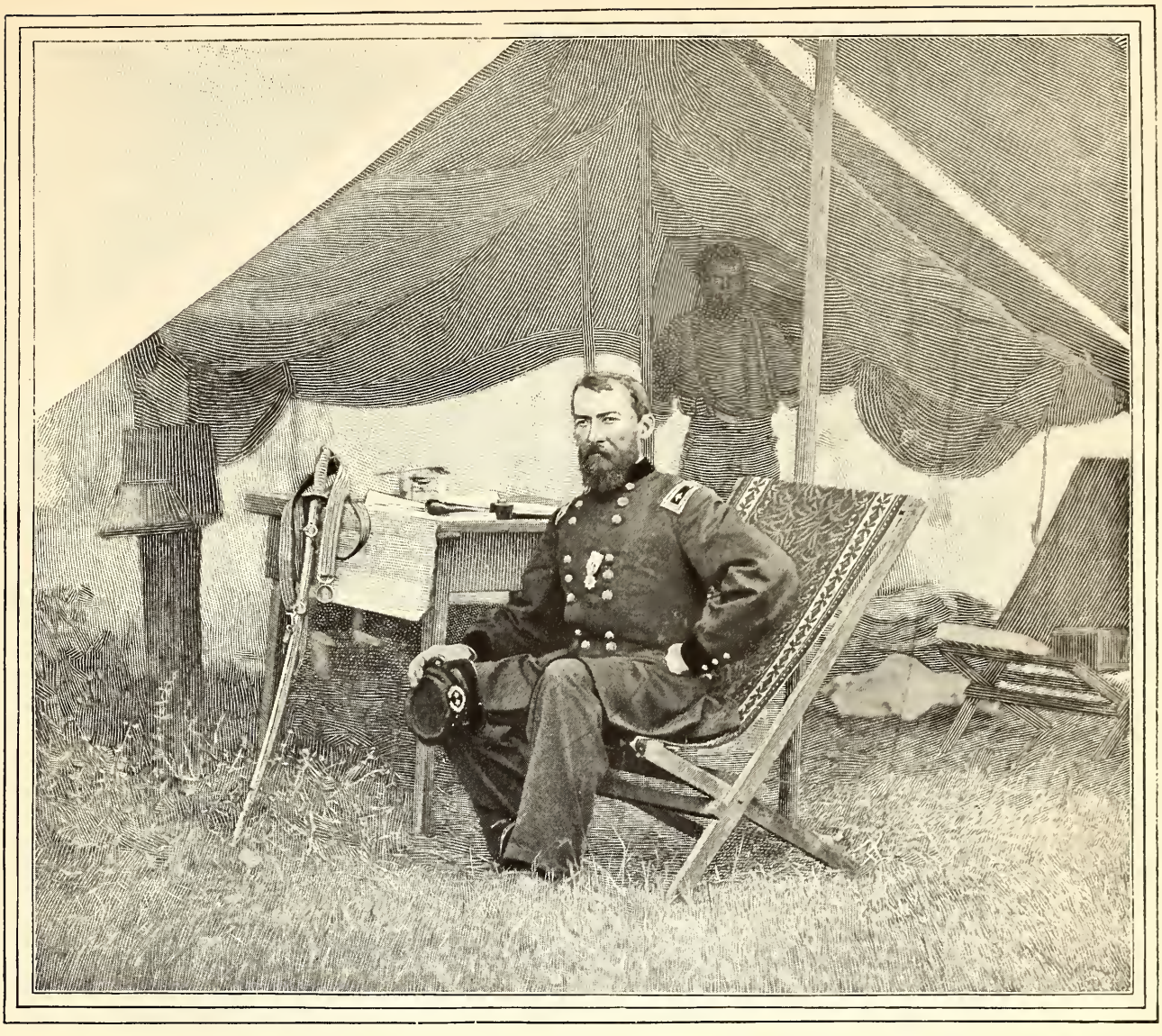
In October, 1864, just after the arrest of the Baltimore merchants, I visited Sheridan at his headquarters in the Shenandoah Valley. He had finished the work of clearing out the valley by the battle of Cedar Creek on October 19th, and the Government wanted to recognize the victory by promoting him to the rank of major-general in the regular army. There were numerous volunteer officers who were also officers in the regular army, and it was regarded as a considerable distinction. The appointment was made, and then, as an additional compliment to General Sheridan, instead of sending him the commission by an ordinary officer from the Department, Mr. Stanton decided that I would better deliver it. I started on October 22d, going by special train to Harper's Ferry, whither I had telegraphed for an escort to be ready for me. I was delayed, so that I did not get away from Harper's Ferry until about five o'clock on the morning of October 23d. It was a distance of about fifty miles to Sheridan, and, by riding all day, I got there about eleven o'clock at night. Sheridan had gone to bed; but, in time of war, one never delays in carrying out orders, whatever their nature. The General was awakened, and soon was out of his tent, and there, by the flare of an army torch, and in the presence of a few sleepy aides-de-camp and of my own tired escort, I presented Sheridan his commission as a major-general in the regular army. He did not say much, nor could he have been expected to under the circumstances, though he showed lively satisfaction in the Government's appreciation of his services, and spoke most heartily, I recall, of the manner in which the Administration had always supported him.

The next morning after this little ceremony, the General asked me if I would not like to ride through the army with him. It was exactly what I did want to do, and we were soon on horseback and off. We rode through the entire army that morning, dismounting now and then to give me an opportunity to pay my respects to officers whom I knew. I was struck, in riding the lines, by the universal demonstration of affection for Sheridan. Everybody seemed to be personally attached to him. He was like the most popular man after an election—the whole force everywhere honored him. Finally I said to the General: "I wish you would explain one thing to me. Here I find all these people, of every rank—generals, sergeants, corporals, and private soldiers, in fact, everybody—manifesting a personal affection for you that I have never seen in any other army, not even in the Army of the Tennessee for Grant. I have never seen anything like it. Tell me what is the reason?"

"Mr. Dana," he said, "I long ago made up my mind that it was not a good plan to fight battles with paper orders; that is, for the commander to stand on a hill in the rear and send his aides-de-camp with written orders to the different commanders. My practice has always been to fight in the front rank."

"But, General," I said, "that is dangerous; in the front rank a man is much more liable to be killed than he is in the rear."

"Well," said he, "I know that there is a certain risk in it; but, in my judgment, the advantage is much greater than the risk, and I have come to the conclusion that this is the right thing to do. That is the reason the men like me. They know that when the



GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN, COMMANDER OF THE CAVALRY CORPS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC AND COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OF THE SHENANDOAH. BORN, 1831; DIED, 1888.

hard pinch comes I am exposed just as much as any of them."

"But are you never afraid?" I asked.

"If I was I should not be ashamed of it," he said. "If I should follow my natural impulse, I should run away—always, at the beginning of the danger: the men who say they are never afraid in a battle do not tell the truth."

I talked a great deal with Sheridan and his officers, while at Cedar Creek, on the condition of the valley, and what should be done to hold it. The active campaign seemed to be over in that region for the year. The enemy was so decidedly beaten and scattered, and driven so far to the south, that he could scarcely be expected to collect his forces for another immediate attempt. Besides, the devastation of the valley, extending, as it did, for a distance of about 100 miles, rendered it almost impossible that either the Confederates or our own forces should make a new campaign in that territory. It looked to me as if, when Sheridan had completed the same process down the valley to the vicinity of the Potomac, and when the stores of forage which were yet to be found were all destroyed or removed, the difficulty of any new offensive operations on either side would be greatly increased.

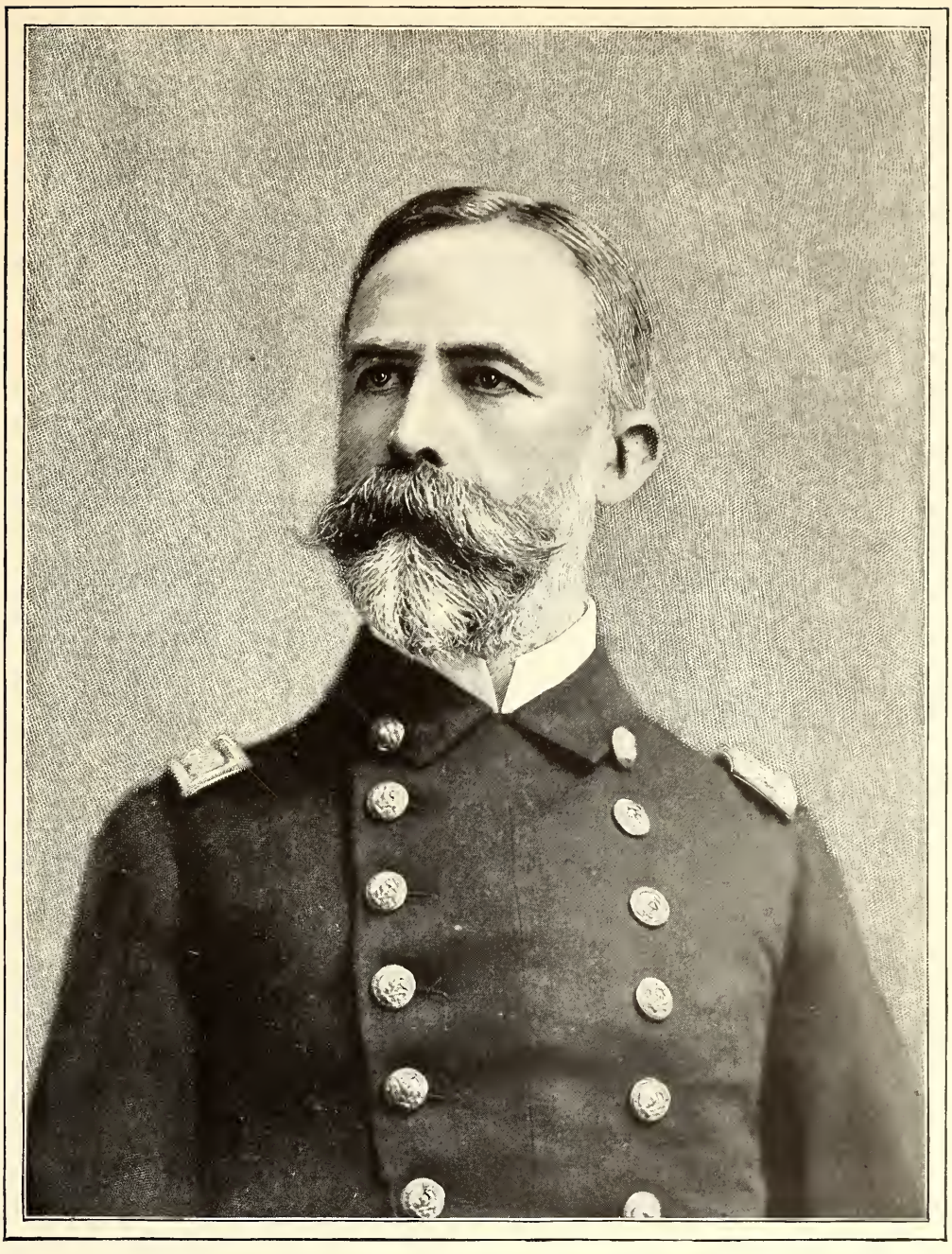
The key to the Shenandoah Valley was, in Sheridan's judgment, the line of the Opequan Creek, which was rather a deep cañon than an ordinary water-course. Sheridan's idea I understood to be to fall back to the proper defensive point upon that creek, and there to construct fortifications which would effectually cover the approach to the Potomac.

ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY, WHO DEFEATED THE SPANISH AT MANILA.

STORIES OF THE FIGHTING LEADERS.

By L. A. Coolidge.

FINENESS of grain is the distinctive quality of the American naval officer. He is brave as a matter of course, and his intrepidity is supplemented with quiet determination, unostentatious readiness for emergency, alertness and incisiveness of mind. He not only has the fighting strain that has been carried in the blood from the days of Paul Jones and Decatur and Hull, but he fills the definition of a gentleman given by Oliver Wendell Holmes the younger: "One who is willing to die for little things." Commander Craven, who went down to his death with his ship "Tecumseh" in the battle of Mobile Bay, was a prototype of the American naval officer of to-day. The monitor was sinking beneath him when he and the pilot, John Collins, met at the foot of the ladder leading to the turret. Both men hesitated, and Craven stepped back politely. "After you, pilot," he said. Collins mounted the ladder and was saved; there



ADMIRAL SAMPSON, COMMANDER OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON.

was nothing after him but the bubbling water of the bay. When Dewey entered Manila harbor in the quiet of night, indifferent to Spanish mines, he was following out the lesson taught by Farragut, who exclaimed profanely, "Damn the torpedoes!" as he led his double column of ships between the forts. The American officer follows the teaching of experience up to the point where further following might tempt to hesitation, and then he brushes precedent aside.

PERSONAL TRAITS OF DEWEY.

Admiral George Dewey is a good type of the naval officer of to-day. For over thirty years he has been faithfully performing the tasks allotted to his varying ranks, and doubtless he had little thought, as the time of his retirement approached, that he was destined to perform a feat which would distinguish him above his fellows; but he was ready when the moment came. In person Dewey is not the naval hero of popular imagination. He is slight, of medium height, with finely chiseled face, and hair sprinkled with gray, while his firmly set lips and clear eye would mark him as a gentleman and a man of the world. While in service at Washington he was a clubman and fond of society, one of those who rarely appeared after dinner except in evening dress: just the kind of a fellow, in short, that the Populist agitator has in mind when he inveighs against the "dudes" of the navy who are pensioned on the government and haunt the drawing-

GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT, COMMANDER OF THE INFANTRY FORCES SENT TO MANILA.

rooms of the capital. He is quiet in manner, sparing and incisive in speech, courteous in bearing, and decisive in action. In all these qualities he does not differ greatly from other naval officers who have been trained in the same school. He was just beginning his naval career at the outbreak of the Civil War, and he then saw service which was the best of training for that which he has now rendered his country. At the time of the capture of New Orleans he was a lieutenant on the old "Mississippi," which had served on stations all over the globe, bore Perry's pennant at the opening of Japan to the world, and was enshrined in the affection of many an officer who had sailed her. The "Mississippi" was under the command of Captain Melancthon Smith. In the battle at New Orleans she sent to the bottom the Confederate ram "Manassas," only to meet her own fate a little later. While trying to run the batteries of Port Hudson, March 21, 1863, she ran aground. The enemy had her in range, and poured shell after shell into her hull, until her commander, seeing that she could not be saved, ordered her fired. Captain Smith and his chief subordinate, Lieutenant Dewey, conducted themselves with fine courage throughout, and they were the last to leave the ship. "It is in such trying moments," said Admiral Porter, in commenting on this incident in his official report, "that men show of what metal they are made, and in this instance the metal was of the best."

Had Dewey been in the army, he would probably have been an engineer, for his is of the order of mind adapted to the engineering corps. The same is true of acting Rear-Admiral William T. Sampson, in command of the North Atlantic Squadron. Both Dewey and Sampson are officers who know every detail of the ships under their command and who are masters of the mechanical problems which play so large a part in modern naval warfare. The confidence reposed in Sampson by his fellows in the service was shown in the approval which greeted his detail as flag officer of the North Atlantic Squadron, although by that detail he was preferred to men who were his superiors in actual rank.

COMMODORE W. S. SCHLEY, COMMANDER OF THE FLYING SQUADRON.

He was graduated from the Naval Academy at the beginning of the Civil War, and was a lieutenant when peace was declared.

SAMPSON ON THE SINKING "PATAPSCO."

There were few of the younger officers in the navy who had so good a record, and one incident of his service reflects unbounded credit on his coolness and nerve. He was the senior officer on the monitor "Patapsco," under command of Lieutenant-Commander S. P. Quackenbush, January 15, 1865, when the "Patapsco" was blown up in Charleston harbor by a torpedo and sank in fifteen seconds. On the evening of the 15th the "Patapsco" and the "Lehigh" were sent up the channel to drag for torpedoes, and, if possible, to learn the nature and positions of any obstructions placed in the channel by the Confederates. Sampson was on top of the turret, and the "Patapsco" was drifting slowly up the harbor, when the explosion came. "My first impression, on hearing the report," he said in his official report, "was that a shot had struck the overhang just below the water; but the column of smoke and water which immediately shot upward convinced me of the real nature of the explosion. The order to start the pumps was immediately given by you down through the turret. So impracticable did the execution of the order appear the next instant, that I did not repeat it. You immediately afterwards gave the order to man the boats. Although these orders were given in rapid succession, only the officer of the deck, who stepped from the turret into the boat, and one man had time to obey the last order before the boat was afloat at the davits. Owing to the wise precaution of having the picket boats near at hand, all those who were on deck at the time were saved. None escaped from below, except the engineer and firemen on watch, and one man who passed through from the berth-deck into the fire-room and up the hatch. . . . From my position on the ridge rope round the turret, while conning the vessel, I was not able to avail myself of your order to man the boats. I was soon picked up by one of the picket launches, and immediately ordered the officer in command to pull up the harbor in the hope of picking up others." In his report to the Secretary of the Navy, the commanding officer said, "The cool intrepidity displayed by Lieutenant Sampson, my executive officer, deserves the highest praise."

MAJOR-GENERAL W. R. SHAFTER.

Sampson is known throughout the service for just such qualities as he displayed aboard the "Patapsco." He is not an affable man; but he is always the gentleman, and he is as unassuming as he is sagacious and brave. The chiefs of bureaus in the Navy Department are entitled by courtesy to the rank of commodore, but Sampson never availed himself of the privilege. When he was at the head of the Bureau of Ordnance, strangers entering his office would frequently address him as "Commodore." "Captain, if you please," was his invariable response, spoken modestly and simply. He never cared for honors which he had not fairly won.

Commodore Winfield Scott Schley, commanding the Flying Squadron, has shown his bravery and his indomitable pluck in times of peace as well as war. He was born in Maryland, and when the Civil War broke out had just been graduated from the Naval Academy. Throughout the war he was actively in service, engaged in numerous encounters and skirmishes, in all of which he acquitted himself like a genuine fighting American seaman. He is one of the few officers of the navy who saw actual service during the long period of peace between Appomattox and the outbreak of the war with Spain.

SCHLEY IN THE ATTACK ON THE KOREANS.

In 1871, while a lieutenant-commander on the United States ship "Benicia," on the Asiatic station, he took part in an attack on the forces defending the fort on the Salee River in Korea, wherein the Koreans were taught a lesson in regard to the power of the United States that they have not forgotten. Schley's services in rescuing the survivors of Greely's Arctic expedition in 1884 are a matter of history. He was chosen for the work because his fearlessness, self-possession, and determination were recognized as just the qualities required for the emergency. He left his desk in the Department at Washington on a day's notice, set out with the expedition, sailed straight to the Polar regions, and arrived at Cape Sabine in the nick of time. Had he tarried twenty-four hours on the way, he would have been too late; for Lieutenant Greely and his six companions were at the point of death from starvation and cold. He was in command of the "Baltimore" in the harbor of Valparaiso in October, 1891, when the sailors of his ship were set on by a Chilean mob ashore; one Yankee blue-jacket was killed, and five others were badly hurt. Throughout the trying times which followed, Schley carried himself with a dignity and courage that commanded the admiration of the country.

CAPTAIN ROBLEY D. EVANS, COMMANDER OF THE "IOWA."

There is another officer of the navy who showed at Valparaiso the stuff of which American seamen are made. "Fighting Bob" Evans, or Captain Robley D. Evans, as he is described in the official record, was in command of the "Yorktown," which relieved the "Baltimore" two months after the assault upon the "Baltimore's" men. On January 8, 1892, while Evans was ashore, his gig, which was waiting for him off the landing-place, was stoned by a Chilean crowd. Evans called immediately upon the senior Chilean officer of the port, requested him to notify the police authorities of Valparaiso that he demanded their efficient protection, and that if the offense was repeated he would take the matter in his own hands and protect his men with arms. This is the phrasing of the official report. The language which Evans actually used is said to have been far more picturesque and emphatic. Within a few hours assurances were received that the guilty would be punished and that protection would be given.

Evans was a boy at the Naval Academy when the Civil War broke out, but he saw service of which he still bears the scars. In the assault on Fort Fisher, he landed with a force of seamen and marines, and in a desperate charge he was wounded twice by rifle shots. His leg was shattered. Before it was fairly healed, he was eager to get back into the service. His commanding officer advised him to take sick leave and go home. But Evans spurned the suggestion; he said he could get along in some way and he intended to. He went back into the service, learned to hobble along with his broken leg, and has been limping ever since upon a twisted limb.

When Sigsbee, calm and intrepid, viewing

the wreck of the "Maine," sent word to his countrymen that public opinion should be suspended, he showed the world the quality of the officers of the American navy in a way which history will not forget. But the unflinching self-possession and readiness for emergency which he then displayed had stood him in stead once before, at a time when publicity did not spread his deed so far abroad. In the summer of 1897, soon after he had been assigned to command the "Maine," there was an incident in New York harbor that showed the stuff of which he was made. While steaming up North River, following his prescribed course, he saw just ahead a big excursion steamer, steering out of course and bearing down upon him. He signaled quickly for the excursion boat to get out of the way, but no attention was paid to his signals. A minute more, and the "Maine" would run her down, with the certain loss of scores of lives. Sigsbee had only a second in which to act; he turned the prow of the "Maine" in shore, and she went crashing into the wharf. The wharf was wrecked, and the "Maine" damaged, but no lives were lost. Sigsbee was commended by the Department. After all was over, a friend asked him what passed through his mind as he headed toward the wharf. "I thought," said Sigsbee, "that my naval career was ended."

CAPTAIN CHARLES D. SIGSBEE, COMMANDER OF THE "MAINE" AT THE TIME SHE WAS DESTROYED.

Such are the men who command our ships at sea; and like them are the men who wage our wars on land. Carlyle described Napoleon as "a little fellow five feet two, with banged hair." Major-General Joseph Wheeler answers to this description in part. He is a little fellow, about five feet two, but his gray hair and beard are picturesquely ragged. Wheeler is nearly sixty-two years old, but he is remarkably active; he never rests. Somebody remarked to Speaker Reed that Wheeler was about the only one left of the old-time Southern commanders. "Yes," responded Reed, "he never stays still in one place long enough for the Almighty to put his finger on him." In manner Wheeler is one of the mildest and gentlest of men. He speaks with a soft Southern voice, and he is so uniformly courteous as to convey an impression of self-depreciation. He is kindly and self-sacrificing, and has been known to take infinite pains to oblige those who could in no way return his kindness. It is hard to imagine him as any other than a man of peace, and yet he was one of the most daring cavalry leaders developed by the war between the States. It used to be said of him that he was always at the point where he was needed ten minutes before anybody else had time to think about it. He served all through the war on the Confederate side, and every Union officer who served against him says that Wheeler had a marvelous facility in worrying an enemy. He had served seven terms in Congress and was entering on his eighth when the war with Spain broke out; he was almost the first to offer his services to the government which he had once tried so hard to destroy. It was General Sherman who said that if there were to be another war he would pick Forrest

DR. LEONARD WOOD, COLONEL OF THE ROUGH RIDERS.

and "Joe" Wheeler first to fight on his side.

Major-General Wesley Merritt was graduated at West Point a year later than Wheeler. He served with great distinction through the Civil War, and in Indian warfare later he played a brilliant part. It has been said of Merritt that he could easily accomplish that which Wheeler ardently desired, and this expresses well the difference between the temperaments of the two men. Merritt had his early training with Philip St. George Cooke, the originator of the American cavalry service as it stands to-day, and he was a corps commander before he was twenty-seven. He is the ideal soldier—aggressive yet conservative, far-seeing, thoroughly grounded in the principles of his profession, of great energy and working powers. He was with Custer under Sheridan in the Shenandoah, but he was the antipodes of Custer at almost every point. Custer was dashing and spectacular, a great taker of chances. Merritt figured his campaign out cautiously and thoroughly, and then struck swiftly; he never wasted time. He excelled particularly in bringing about quiet and effective movements; he was a master of that discipline which has been defined as the "orderly occurence of military events"; he was noted for the ease with which he handled a command without fretting his men or worrying his animals. With Merritt it has been said that marching is a classic. The confidence that he inspires in those under him is superb.

I pass over Major-General Fitzhugh Lee: his distinguished service as Consul General at Havana is the most familiar of recent history. Major-General James H. Wilson is a West Point graduate who served with fine success throughout the Civil War, and then left the army to win equal success in the pursuits of peace. He was close to Grant all through the war, first as an engineer officer in Western campaigns, and later as a cavalry leader when Grant came East. Wilson has the reputation of having been one of the best officers who served in the Union armies; Grant looked upon him as one of his strongest supports.

One cannot find an army officer who will not express the highest confidence in "Bull" Shafter, which is the name by which Major-General William R. Shafter goes in the service. Shafter went into the Civil War at the head of a fighting Michigan regiment, and he fought with the tenacity of a bulldog till peace was won. He was at the siege of Yorktown, at the action of West Point, and at the battles of Fair Oaks, Savage Station, Glendale, and Malvern Hill. He is noted for his hard-headedness and for his strong good sense. His power of will is inexhaustible, and he is specially fitted to cope with situations in which emergencies may be expected suddenly to arise.

Major-General James F. Wade is the son of Senator "Ben" Wade of Ohio, and he was appointed a lieutenant from civil life at the beginning of the war in 1861. He did good service at the battle of Beverly Ford and in the action at Marion in 1864, and he is regarded as one of the most sensible and level-headed officers in the army.

Major-General John R. Brooke fought through the war at the head of a Pennsylvania regiment, and has been one of the strong men in the regular army ever since. At Get-

tysburg he was the mark for three bullets—one gashed his forehead, another pierced his arm, and a third glanced from his side; but he fought on, none the less, and led his regiment gamely, with head and arm done up in bandages. At Cold Harbor, during an assault on the enemy's works at daybreak, Brooke's command penetrated the works, and he was again wounded. This time the wound was so severe that he was compelled to take leave of absence for three months.

When Theodore Roosevelt announced his intention of resigning his enviable position as Assistant Secretary of the Navy in order to serve his country in the field, his friends gathered around him and begged him to remain. They told him he was wrecking his career; but Roosevelt would listen to nobody. "I should be false to my ideals," he said, "if I were to remain here while fighting was going on, and I am willing to take the chance." The President offered to make him a colonel of cavalry, but Roosevelt declined the commission. "I am not fitted to command a regiment," he said, "for I have had no military training. Later, after I have gained experience, perhaps that may come; but all I ask now is to be permitted to serve under somebody else. If you will make my friend Dr. Wood a colonel, I will go with him as lieutenant-colonel." The President accepted the suggestion.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT IN CAMPAIGN UNIFORM.

From a copyrighted photograph by Miss F. B. Johnston.

Leonard Wood, who was thus placed in command of the regiment of rough riders, was an assistant surgeon in the army. He had been with the army on the plains, and General Miles had brought him to Washington as his attendant physician. He was not long ago detailed as physician at the White House; but while surgery was his profession, fighting was his bent. Wood has the instincts and the bearing of a soldier; he is of New England birth, a graduate of the Harvard Medical School, and he is as fine a specimen of the gritty Anglo-Saxon as can be found. He has a record of which any soldier might be proud, and he wears a medal of honor which testifies to his gallant conduct.

At the head of an army thus splendidly officered is Major-General Nelson A. Miles, the ideal soldier in personal presence and a man who has shown extraordinary ability to meet emergencies. He resigned a mercantile position and entered the Civil War as a lieutenant of volunteers when he was barely twenty-two. Within seven or eight months he had risen to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and within a year to that of colonel. He fought in all the battles of the Army of the Potomac, except one, up to the surrender of Lee, and he was wounded three times. He was finally brevetted major-general of volunteers for distinguished service and gallantry, particularly in the battle of Ream's Station. He entered the regular army at the conclusion of the war as colonel of the 40th infantry, and then followed his brilliant achievements as an Indian fighter. In this most baffling kind of warfare he displayed great resourcefulness and versatility. He has always been especially strong in devising quick and effective plans, and he has been exceptionally successful in his movements.

THE MALECON PROMENADE ALONG MANILA BAY, WITH THE LOW STRIP OF LAND ON WHICH CAVITÉ IS LOCATED IN THE MIDDLE BACKGROUND. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN FROM CENTRAL BATTERY, ON THE WALLS OF OLD MANILA. THE NAVAL FIGHT TOOK PLACE DIRECTLY BEHIND THE SHIPS SEEN AT ANCHOR.

AN AMERICAN IN MANILA.

By Joseph Earle Stevens.

Illustrated from unpublished photographs taken by a Spanish engineer.

BY the great victory of our fleet in Manila Bay, another of the world's side-tracked capitals has been pulled out from obscurity into main lines of prominence. Take the steamship "China" some afternoon at San Francisco, and in twenty-five days after she has passed the Golden Gate she will have dropped anchor in Hong Kong, with but two stops on the way, Honolulu and Yokohama. Thence the "Esmeralda," 950 tons, Captain Taylor, makes the 700-mile run, to the southeast, across the China Sea, in sixty hours. In the early morning of the third day out from Hong Kong, the mountains on Luzon—largest and most northern island of the group—appear blue and dim off the port bow, and in a few hours the "Esmeralda" steams in through the "Boca chica," or narrow mouth of the great circular bay on whose opposite perimeter squats Manila. I say "squats;" for although the Philippines are mountainous, and although the entrance into the bay is made between flanking chains of low mountains that start upward from the water's edge, Manila itself is on the low alluvial plains which form a sort of huge door-mat to the main backbone range of Luzon Island, that runs up and down the eastern coast along the Pacific Ocean.

It is twenty-seven miles across the bay, and it looks as if the blue mountains in the background formed the opposite shore. But as the "Esmeralda" comes in toward the anchorage, the front row of houses and walls in Manila slowly rise out of the water which they seem to be hugging closely. Off to the right, on the south shore of the bay, is the low and almost invisible sand spit on which, in the haze, sprawls Cavité, while directly in front are a dozen hemp and sugar vessels lying at anchor some four miles off the sea-wall. Behind lies the city, like a white chalk line on the low shore, and some of its domes are faintly silhouetted against the mountains fifteen miles inland. The "Esmeralda"

doesn't draw more than fifteen feet, so she pokes in through the shipping, enters the narrow Pasig River, which slouches down from somewhere up country, dividing Manila in two, and ties up at the quay just beneath that grim old fort now known as the Black Hole.

It is stifling at the custom house, and, with the proper mixture, you could fry griddle cakes on the steaming sheet-iron roofs that sizzle in the sun. Shaggy goats are nosing around for lumps of wet sugar dropped from sacks that are being unloaded from some provincial steamer, and big carabou, or water oxen, attached to two-wheeled dray carts, are gasping for water in the vertical sun. The officials look cool enough in bent-wood rocking-chairs, but they make you boil within as their orderlies upset your trunk in the search for contraband Mexican dollars. And for many years that custom house has brought to a boil the anger of the foreign business houses. For whether its officials have extracted champagne from cases imported, and emptied many good bottles in the effort to make sure the liquid was not cologne, or have fined ship captains one hundred dollars for every piece of their cargo exceeding or falling short of the amount called for by the manifest, it has long been the foe to all business enterprise.

From the customs you get into a noisy carriage built for a much lower studded person than yourself, and behind two lean little ponies rattle up to the English Club, just as most of its members are sitting down to the noon tiffin or hearty breakfast. Conversation stops, and you dodge the swinging punkah, to hear, in stage whispers, some one asking, "Who's the new man?" For the first few days nobody lets you pay for anything; but after the colony have found out what in the dickens you have come to Manila for, they take you more for granted. After that, if you want to be invited out to dine with the gentler element, you must call on the half-dozen ladies of the settlement, and if they ever want to see your face again, they must ask you to dinner within a fortnight.

Left to your own resources, you order eighteen white cloth suits, for two dollars apiece, at the tailor's, and make arrangements to carry enough coin for car fares. No one carries more—for those white suits aren't built that way. Since the currency is all heavy metal, the "chit" system is in full force; and go where you like, buy what you will, the dealer wants nothing in payment but a signed I.O.U. When the new month comes in, all the collectors come in with it, bringing you your "chits," as they are called. At such times the office is like a money changer's, and the dark-skinned, hollow-cheeked natives, who take your Mexicans and give up your I.O.U.'s, vie with each other in biting the silver to detect counterfeits.

ONE OF THE BATTERIES AT A CORNER OF THE FORTIFICATIONS IN THE OLD WALLED CITY, FACING THE BAY.

THE PLAZA DEL PADRE MORAGA AND THE ROSARIO, IN THE CENTER OF THE BUSINESS SECTION, MANILA.

Though but a foot above high water, Manila is no small village, and contains some 300,000 souls. Of these, call 50,000 Chinese, 5,000 Europeans, 100 English, and 3 Americans.

The city proper is the walled town of old, stretching up the right bank of the river as you enter, and along the bay front to the south; and with its moats, its drawbridges, and heavy gates, it suggests a troubled past. It may be a mile square, and the narrow streets and heavily buttressed houses within are gloomy in the extreme. Upon the mile of walls that from the river run south behind the shore-road promenade are the batteries that cover the bay and river, and some half-dozen Krupp guns raise the tone of a motley lot of old muzzle-loaders as they look over the parapet, rising from the weed-grown moat, at either end of the fortifications.

Over opposite, on the left bank, lies the commercial town and the Chinese quarter, while further up the river, beyond the crowded Puente d'España, come the private residences and the governor's palace. Each church seems to localize a small district of its own; and while the old city only is spoken of as Manila, some of the surrounding sections suffer under such names as Pandacan, Binondo, Mandeloien, Malate, and Nagtajan. Out of respect to earthquakes, the houses are low built and without glass windows. Thin seashells set into lattice frames serve for glass, and the whole side of a house generally slides open in these frame sections. Cloth, not plaster, covers the walls and ceilings, since, in times of earthquake, it seems to mind its own business better than the plaster, which would at once throw itself on the neck of the baby or into the midday meal. Gas pipes aren't allowed, and the water mains, which bring in the city's supply from up river, run along over the ground on smooth cross-ties. For earthquakes are so epidemic that a small shake will make the old residents, who saw the city fall to pieces back in the eighties, turn pale, and either run for the street or get under the door-jambs.

Almost as famous as the earthquakes are the typhoons, which are born away down to the southeast of the Philippines, and come slowly swirling up the back coast till they find a break in the mountains, and cross into the China Sea, as a rule, about eighty miles north of the capital. A medium blow will capsize 3,000 houses, and other people than my friend the Englishman have gone home from business, after a sudden cyclone, to find only their upright piano on the spot where

THE COMMERCIAL PORTION OF THE RIVER PASIG, LOOKING TOWARDS ITS MOUTH FROM THE PUENTE D'ESPAÑA, MANILA.

their light-built house stood—the balance of things having been hastened on to the next town.

And in the line of epidemics, below typhoons and earthquakes, come house snakes, which live up in the rafters of some of the older structures and chase rats in the small hours. These reptiles, though big, are harmless, and rarely show themselves. They are good, though noisy, rat-catchers; but since they must needs eat all they catch, their efficiency is limited to their length of stomach, and one night of energetic campaign is generally followed by several days

ON THE UPPER PASIG. A TYPICAL RIVER SCENE IN THE SUBURBS OF MANILA.

of rest, during which the snake sees if he has bitten off more than he can chew. It is hardly to be wondered at that the native cats are modestly retiring, when you awake at dead of night to hear your shoes being dragged off across the floor, by some huge, rice-fed rodent.

The native of Manila is a queer mixture of Malay, Chinese, and Spanish characteristics, and you find him combining the looks and traits of these three types in all sorts of proportions. He lives on rice, cigarettes, and cock-fighting, and rarely tucks his shirt into his trousers. Being, as he is, a born gambler, he substitutes the fighting cock for the dog, and makes as much ado over his pet rooster as we do over a clever terrier. In case of fire it is the first thing rescued and removed to a place of safety.

A TYPICAL PHILIPPINE GIRL IN HER BEST DRESS.

In times of conflagration—such as Easter week, with its regular annual fire—no one expects the fire department to appear. It takes them too long to go home for their uniforms; or to find the man with the key to the engine-house, who is off on a picnic; or to get oxen to haul that American fire-engine which some of us brought out as an experiment not long ago. And so a Manila fire burns till a vacant lot or a clump of banana trees stops it; and the thatch owners rejoice: it is even whispered that they resort to igniting houses in order to help business and start a bull market in roofing materials. A thousand houses go up in smoke, and the prices for nipa-palm thatch rise accordingly.

The Manila tram-car is a thing by itself, as is the one lean pony that pulls it. It takes one man to drive and one to work the whip; and if the wind blows too hard, service is suspended. The conductor uses a valise suspended from his neck, and whistles through his lips—up hill to stop, and down hill for the starting sign. The chief of the rules of the road says: "This car has seats for twelve persons, and places for eight on each platform. Passengers are requested to stand in equal numbers only on both platforms, to prevent derailments." And so, if there are four "fares" on the front and six on the back platform, one has to shamble forward to equalize the weight. Smoking "goes" everywhere, and every one smokes, even to the conductor, who generally drops the ash off a fifteen-for-a-cent cigarette into your lap as he hands you a receipt for your "dos centavos." No one is allowed to stand inside, and if the car contains its quota of passengers the driver hangs out the sign "Lleno" (full), and doesn't stop even for the archbishop. Sit at the front end of the car, please, if you fear smallpox, for it is no strange sight to see a Philippine mamma brush into a seat, holding a scantily clothed babe well covered with evidences of that disease.

In Manila there are three seasons, the cool, the hot-dry, and the wet. From November to March the afternoons are fresh and the nights cold. From March till June are the stifling days of perpetual heat. But as June gets under way, the thunder storms begin, and, later on, they gradually merge into the rainy season of July to October—those months when boats are at a premium for street service and typhoon signals are always hoisted.

For all this, the climate of the islands is healthy, and smallpox is their worst scourge. Yellow fever is unknown, though malaria and typhoid are somewhat more common. It doesn't pay to be ill in Manila, for good doctors are scarce, and one sees his own coffin brought into the room before life is over, and finds himself being buried on the very day of his death.

Living is dirt cheap—if you are not fond of tinned peas and asparagus, that come from France and Germany. Our cook got forty cents per diem to supply our table with an entire dinner for four people, and for five cents extra he would decorate the cloth with orchids and put peas in the soup. As a servant the native is satisfactory if you have enough of him. He takes bossing well, and you can punch his head if things go wrong. In fact, he rather expects it than otherwise, and does not put his arms akimbo and march out of the house when you mildly suggest that the quality of ants in the cake was not up to standard. For ants are everywhere; and unless the legs of your dining-table and cook-stove stand in cups of kerosene, the ants will be apt to eat the dinner before you do. For wages these boys—and they are called boys till they die—get some four dollars a month; and on this salary my own servant paid ten per cent. to the government, supported a wife and two children, bought all his own food, and ran a fighting cock. I don't know how much he stole, but he used sometimes to call on me for an advance, saying that he needed funds to bury some relative. At first I was touched at his loss, but, later on, when he tried to bury his mother twice over, I found it necessary to keep a record of the family tree in order not to be led into paying an advance on the cost of two funerals for the same person.

SPECIMENS OF THE WILD TRIBES THAT STILL HOLD A LARGE PART OF THE PHILIPPINES.

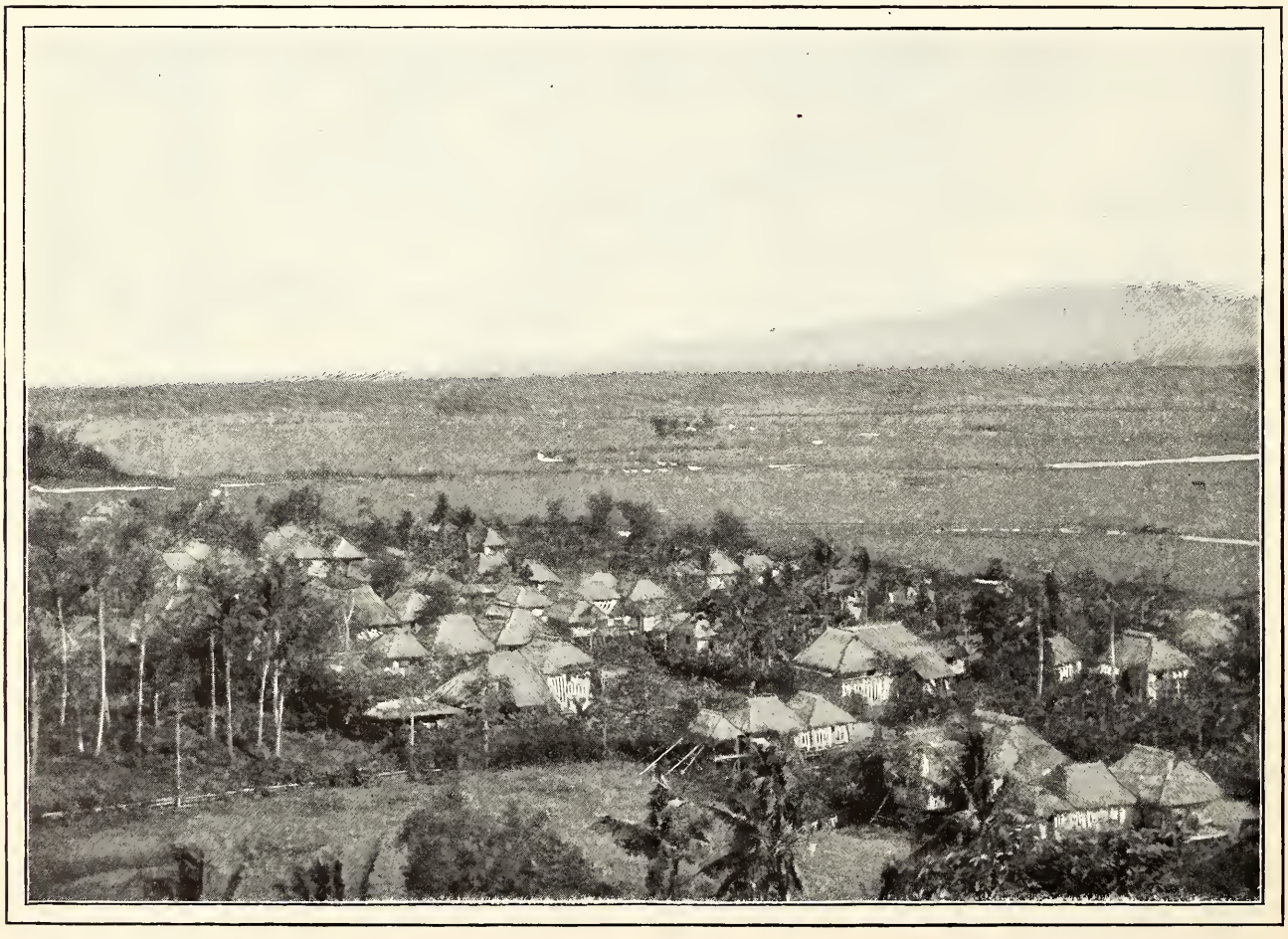
Spain has long had her hands full with the Philippines, although it has been her asylum for the reception of officials with empty pockets and friars of empty morals. The wilder tribes of the interior have never recognized the rule of any one, and not thirty miles from the moats of Old Manila are races of dwarfs who care not or know not of Spain's existence. For years the Spanish troops have tried to battle the tribes on Mindanao Island into submission, but without success. Peaceful natives have been taxed, and if taxes haven't been paid, they have been drafted into service for the campaign in that great fever-stricken graveyard to the south. The prisons of Manila have emptied their inmates into troop ships, and the ships have discharged their human cargoes on to that disputed soil. If the convicts were killed in assaulting the rude forts of the wild men, well and good; if the untrained boys who were drafted into service were cut to pieces, it was not of great import. If the native troops were touched, it began to look serious; but if the Spanish line began to waver, it was time to retreat.

The end of it all came in the beginning of 1896, when rebellion broke out and Spain had to face the brotherhood of the Katipunan. An attempt was made to seize Manila while the troops were at the south, but the leader was lacking, and the plot failed. But the uprising had come. Spain's soldiers were recalled, suspects were seized, guards increased, and martial law proclaimed. Sixty out of the first hundred prisoners shut into that old dungeon whose walls cast dark shadows on the Pasig just above the "Esmeralda's" berth, were in one night smothered by the act of the officer on guard, who, because it rained, shut the trap-door that

admitted light and air to the vault below. Then Manila had her Black Hole. Executions followed; and while the artillery band played martial airs on the esplanade, native soldiers, with trembling hands, shot down their own people standing upon the seawall to suffer the death penalty. Wealthy half-castes were implicated. They fled the country, and their estates were turned into the coffers of the government. More troops were hurried out from Spain on board of light cruisers. Earthworks were thrown up at Cavité, and eight-inch guns looked out over the bay. New batteries were planted behind the walls of Old Manila, that stretch from the river south, along the bay, to the promenade, and families living in the suburbs pitched tents in the streets of the old city. And so from then till now some 20,000 Spanish troops have kept the tide of revolt in check, while leaders have been bought off by hard coin, only to wait for better opportunities of renewing the struggle.

What do the "Filipinos" want? Nothing much, save to be left alone by the church and the tax-gatherer. To be free to work or not to work. To know that the results of their enterprise will be theirs, not somebody else's. To be able to knock cocoanuts off a tree for their morning meal, or to shake the fruit from 10,000 trees to the ground, and export the pieces in bags to Marseilles without hindrance. To get enough fibre out of the stalk of the banana tree to sew their thatch together, or to dry the strands from 10,000 trees and send shiploads of hemp to the rope-mills of the world.

The Philippines are the richest gardens of the East, but their light has been hid under the bushel of Spain's colonial system. Our American fleet has silenced the guns on Corregidor; they have sunk the Spanish ships, and silenced the batteries at Cavité. The Krupps that sent wadding over the promenade on the Malecon are still. Manila is ours, the "mestizos" are with us. But up to the north, in the mountains of the interior; over to the east, on the Pacific; and away to the south, in the heart of a hundred islands, are wild tribes who are there to dispute our possession. The gems of the Pacific are as yet rough diamonds, and the cutting is going to be harder than the acquisition. For I take it Manila is the capital of our new colony, and the 400 islands of the Philippine group, with their 8,000,000 inhabitants, the materials to be used in our first great colonial experiment.



A NATIVE VILLAGE IN THE FOOTHILLS BACK OF MANILA.

IN THE FIELD WITH GOMEZ.

By Grover Flint.

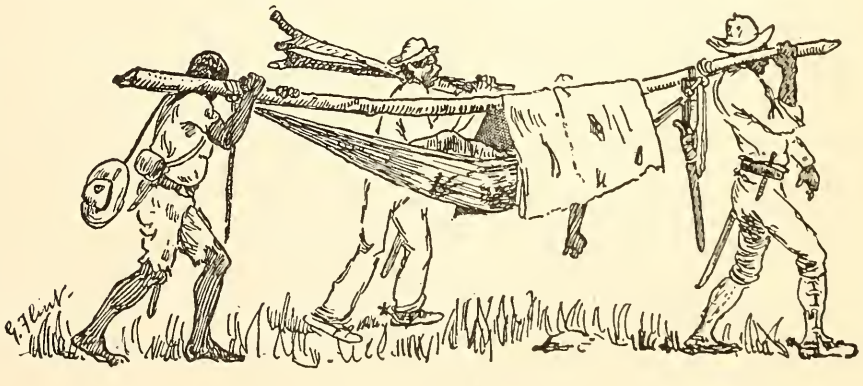
[Editor's Note.—The following account of General Gomez, the commander-in-chief of the Cuban insurgents, has the special value of coming from one who has lived in intimate relations with him, in all the hard conditions of his present life, and has been his companion in camp, on the march, and in battle. Before going to Cuba, in 1896, Mr. Flint had had experience of the life of a United States soldier on the Western plains. He had also, by a residence in Spain, become familiar with the Spanish language and the Spanish character. He went to Cuba with the single purpose of seeing for himself what the condition of affairs was there. He went first to Havana; but, after a brief stay, he found that to get the full information he was seeking, he must go out among the insurgents, and he, accordingly, took up his residence with General Gomez. He made careful notes of all he saw, and also, as there were subjects and opportunity, drew pictures. Out of the material thus gathered, he prepared, on coming home, a valuable book which has just been published by Lamson, Wolffe and Co., Boston, entitled "Marching with Gomez," with an introduction by Prof. John Fiske. It is from this book, by special permission, that the present article and most of the pictures illustrating it are taken.]

HE is a gray little man. His clothes do not fit well, and, perhaps, if you saw it in a photograph, his figure might seem old and ordinary. But the moment he turns his keen eyes on you, they strike like a blow from the shoulder. You feel the will, the fearlessness, and the experience of men that is in those eyes, and their owner becomes a giant before you.

He is a farmer by birth, the son of a farmer, with an Anglo-Saxon tenacity of purpose, and a sense of honor as clean and true as the blade of his little Santo Domingo machete.

When the revolution broke out in Santo Domingo, he served as a lieutenant in the Spanish army against the land of his birth, in her struggle for independence.* He was fighting for rank, I have heard him say; but the example of the Dominican patriots and the methods of his brother soldiers made him think. In later years he came to believe with the Cubans that Cuba should be free; and when others dared only whisper, he proclaimed his sympathies, and was relieved of a captain's commission in consequence.

When the Ten Years' War broke out, in 1868, Gomez and Modesto Diaz, another Dominican and ex-Spanish officer, were among the first to offer their swords to the insurgents. Both were experienced soldiers, energetic, and of the character of iron. . . . Diaz died after it was over; but Gomez lived to be the man under the hub, to whose genius alone is due the credit of having lifted the Cuban cause from a rut and pushed it successfully from Cape Maisi to the Point of San Antonio.



CARRYING THE WOUNDED.

At the beginning of the present war, Gomez was offered the command of the forces such as they might be or might become; and he accepted, with the distinct stipulation that the commander-in-chief of the army should have supreme and exclusive control

*"Not so much to serve Spain as in reality to combat one of the many political bands that in that time divided San Domingo, did General Gomez become one of those that proclaimed the reëstablishment of Spanish rule on that Island." So wrote an eminent Cuban whom I questioned on this point.

"DO YOU WEAR THE WEAPONS OF THE REPUBLIC FOR ORNAMENTS?"

of all military matters. . . . By January, 1896, the rebellion had extended through the entire Island, and Gomez was able to put in force his second plan—that of destruction. Proprietors of plantations were forbidden to grind cane, on pain of having their crops destroyed; many confided in the protection of Martinez Campos, and saw their plantations go up in flames. Others did not grind, and their canefields remained standing. In February, Weyler came in and ordered the planters to resume grinding throughout the Island. Then their canefields were universally destroyed.

The burning of cane means only the loss of the crop for one year; for fire simply destroys the leaves and chars the stalks, leaving the root unharmed. Sugar can be made from burnt cane, but it is of poor quality. The planters still attempted to grind—many of them grinding with burnt cane, according to Weyler's orders. Then the insurgents burned not only the cane, but the sugar-mills also, and millions of invested capital went up daily. This was carrying out Gomez's idea of destroying everything of value in the Island, and depriving Spain of any possible revenue. Gomez is fond of repeating the story of the semi-civilized Indians who once inhabited Cuba, and who threw their gold into the rivers at the approach of the Spaniards, knowing it to be the cause of their persecution. So the invasion accomplished not only the spread of the rebellion throughout the Island, but it succeeded in cutting off Spain from every possible revenue in that direction, and in injuring her credit abroad. . . .

At first I thought Gomez's staff officers a less courteous lot than the aides of Lacret. They were less inclined to lionize the foreigner, and were perhaps rather more attentive to their own affairs. But I noticed that these aides were alert and prompt in obedience to a degree I had not before witnessed in the Manigua. Their very appearance was businesslike, for they carried carbines in addition to the pistols and machetes of their grade. The soldierly discipline inspired by Gomez showed in his staff as it did in the men of his escolta, and of the local forces who had once been under his eye.

"I WILL HAVE THE SURGEON EXAMINE US AND SEE WHICH IS THE SICKER MAN, YOU OR I!"

Gomez never camped in houses. He preferred not to inconvenience householders, he said; and, besides, he knew that a house is always the first point of a sudden attack. There was not, therefore, the general staff mess that I had seen with Lacret. . . .

The insurgents never desert their wounded. It is part of their religion to stay with them. I have never seen or heard, on good evidence, of an exception to this rule. As Gomez says, "The wounded are sacred."

The impedimenta were signalled to halt, and from it stout negroes were detailed to carry the helpless. Hammocks were borrowed from those who had them to lend, and the wounded were borne in them, slung on poles on the shoulders of their comrades. Two men carried a pole for a hundred yards or so, and rested it on crotched sticks that they drove upright in the ground at each halt, while they caught their wind and mopped their sweaty brows. A third man shouldered those crotched sticks and changed places with the first pole-bearer who gave out. . . .

Deep in the woods [on one occasion when the insurgents had come to a halt], some distance from the road, a temporary camp was made for the wounded, and the dead were buried. Graves were dug with poles made

"I WILL KEEP MY EYE ON EVERY SINGLE ONE OF YOU!"

from saplings sharpened to a point with machetes. Some thrust the poles into the ground to turn it up and soften it, and others scooped out the loosened earth with their hands. The equipments of the dead were removed before burial, and portioned among those who needed them most. A man tried on the hat, leggings, and shoes of his late comrade as he lay on the ground, and kept them if a fit, or, if not, passed them to his neighbor; for in the field it is so difficult to get clothing of any kind, that the Mambis cannot afford to lose through sentiment. . . .

Once Gomez paused as he saw a farmer plowing by the roadside. "Why do you work?" he cried; "don't you know that you are working for Spain, who will seize your crops? Don't you know that you make the land richer for Spain, and that for your work she will be less ready to abandon it? To support your family? It would be better if you fed them on roots in the forest, or left them to starve, as my men have left their wives and children and parents to starve, for the sake of the fatherland. You work when you should destroy. When the war is over, there will be need and time for plowing. Until then only the machete should be lifted." . . .

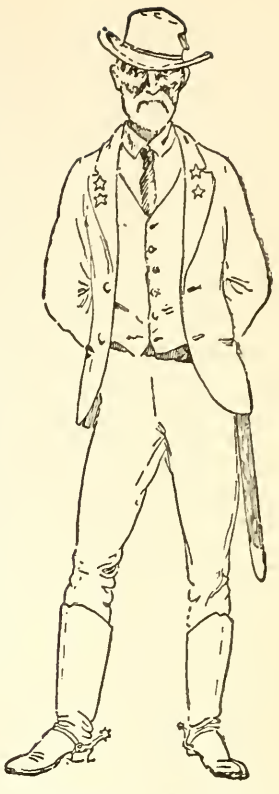
The security of the country encouraged majaces [skulkers], and Gomez despatched parties in all directions to "round them up." Every evening a silent, abashed line was drawn up before headquarters, while officers, soldiers, and asistentes crowded in anticipation of the lecture to come. Finally Gomez would come out from under his piece of canvas, with a towel in one hand, that served for a handkerchief, and look them through, from under his bushy gray eyebrows, with his hawk's eye.

"Ah-h-h, ma-ja-ces, neat, well-fed ma-ja-ces, living in hous-es, on fresh pork and chicken and milk, the food of the women and children, swindling the republic, what do you do for the fatherland?

"Do you wear the weapons of the republic for ornaments, and ride her horses for pleasure?

"You, you say your father was dying, and you left your force to be with him in December, and it is now May; and he is still dying? And you over there, you with the face of a guerrillero, you say you were wounded. Look at my men. Every one of them is wounded. I am wounded. I will have the surgeon examine us and see which is the sicker man, you or I.

"You deceive the republic, but you do not deceive me. I will make you serve your country, if only as examples for others. I will keep my eye on every single one of you.



"AH-H-H, MA-JA-CES, NEAT, WELL-FED MA-JA-CES!"

"Officer of the day, take these men to the impedimenta; make them walk with the infantry."

So each day the active forces were swelled with men who had long waited for arms, and the impedimenta filled with those on whom the hardships of war had hitherto fallen lightly.

In camp, no breach of discipline was too slight to escape correction from the commander-in-chief; and when at rare intervals a grave offense was committed, a formal court-martial was called, and its findings were read aloud to the forces assembled. One court found a stripling of barely eighteen years old guilty of sleeping on his post at sentry duty, a crime punishable with death. But Gomez, who rarely condones a fault, pardoned the culprit on account of extreme youth, after giving him a fright and a public lecture on the seriousness of his offense, and sent him to the impedimenta "until he should grow up." . . .

The appearance of the company of infantry that now marched as our rear guard was unique and pathetic. Somebody called them the "hundred heroes;" and they certainly bore out the Frenchman's saying that the infantry proves its valor less in fighting than in walking so much. Ragged to the skin,

travel-worn to the bone, of all colors and sizes, with their Remington or Mauser "Long Toms" across their shoulders—any way at all—they filed along like bits of moving earth on the landscape. In the forest trails, that our horses' hoofs had cut into mud gullies, they slipped along, leaping from one side to the other in search of firmer footing, or struggling knee-deep through pools and rivulets. They carried cooking-utensils queer and various—even old watering-pots taken from deserted gardens. They were hard up for everything—shoes, hats, equipments of every sort. . . .

A BIT OF CAMP DISCIPLINE.

It was at noon one day that a lanky old fellow with the face of a vulture was arrested and brought before Gomez. He had a servant and three stout mules grunting under a weight of merchandise, rich as the pack of a peddler in the Arabian Nights.

He had a formal permit from the Civil Government to sell these goods—bought in the towns, and carried out by bribery of Spanish officials—to peasants of the neighborhood. This was in direct violation of Gomez's proclamation forbidding trade of any kind between the town and the peasants. The old speculator's goods were scattered on the ground in heaps. He had several hundred cigars, a thousand packages of cigarettes, bundles of shoes for women and children, rolls of calico and linen stuffs, a number of trinkets and knick-knacks, four demijohns of rum and brandy, some dozen pounds of hard bread, and two bags of coffee. This, when he found himself in trouble, he swore was all for his personal use.

GOMEZ'S LITTLE SANTO DOMINGO MACHETE.

Gomez tore up the government permit, and parcelled the bread and coffee and tobacco among the soldiers, excepting the staff and escolta. The shoes, calico, and knick-knacks were given to some peasant women of the neighborhood to keep—or divide among their friends—and, the rum and brandy were poured out on the ground, where it settled into the dry soil, leaving a rich aroma. Then the old fellow was sent on his way with a warning, and we took the march; our happy, ragged soldiery puffing clouds of pale smoke into the air from their newly acquired cigarettes and cigars. . . .

At Pozo Azul, a prefect, a tall, sharp-looking fellow, was tried on five indictments, for misappropriating government property, and levying small sums of money, illegally, on farmers of the neighborhood. He was sentenced to death; and as evening fell, the troops were drawn up, dismounted, on three sides of a quadrangle. Then an aide of Gomez trotted to the center of the square and read the indictments and the finding of the court-martial. Amidst silence, the prefect, his arms tied behind him, was marched across the quadrangle to the open side, followed by four ragged sharpshooters of the infantry and a corporal. His eyes were bandaged, and he was placed standing with his back to us all, six paces in front of the firing squad. There was a pause. No one moved but the corporal, who turned toward the aide as the four marksmen leveled their rifles. Then the last rays of the sun flashed on the lifted machete of the aide, and the corporal gave the order "Fuego," in a whisper heard only by the four and those nearest them.

The prefect's knees swayed under him, and he fell writhing to one side, on his back and left shoulder, with his face buried in the grass. The four bullets had passed through his head. Then the trumpeters blew "Attention!" and "Forward, March!" and the troops swung off within a pace of where the corpse lay; many straining over their shoulders to catch a glimpse of the features, others passing nonchalantly, as if it were an everyday occurrence.

Two days later a burly negro corporal, of vast breadth of shoulder and a gorilla-like cast of features, was found guilty of gross insubordination. He had twice threatened an officer with his carbine. He was shot at evening also.

He died as coolly as any man I have ever seen. With an air of disgust he waved off those who wished to bandage his eyes, and, leaning easily on a snake fence, in a sleeve-

less cotton shirt, with his powerful black arms outstretched along the upper bar, he looked into the barrels of the firing squad.

"Fire at my breast," he said; and when we marched by, as was customary, he had fallen easily, his head resting against the lowest bar of the snake fence, and his eyes open and staring up to the sky, with no other expression than annoyance fixed on his hard features.

AN OFFENDER IN THE STOCKS.

These rigid enforcements of discipline were reported through the Island eastward and westward by traveling commissions. They made Cubans think; and laws drawn up by the itinerant government and printed somewhere about Najaza became something more than pretty compositions under pretty coats-of-arms. Cubans felt more than ever that the republic existed in earnest, and their respect for themselves and their leaders increased. . . .

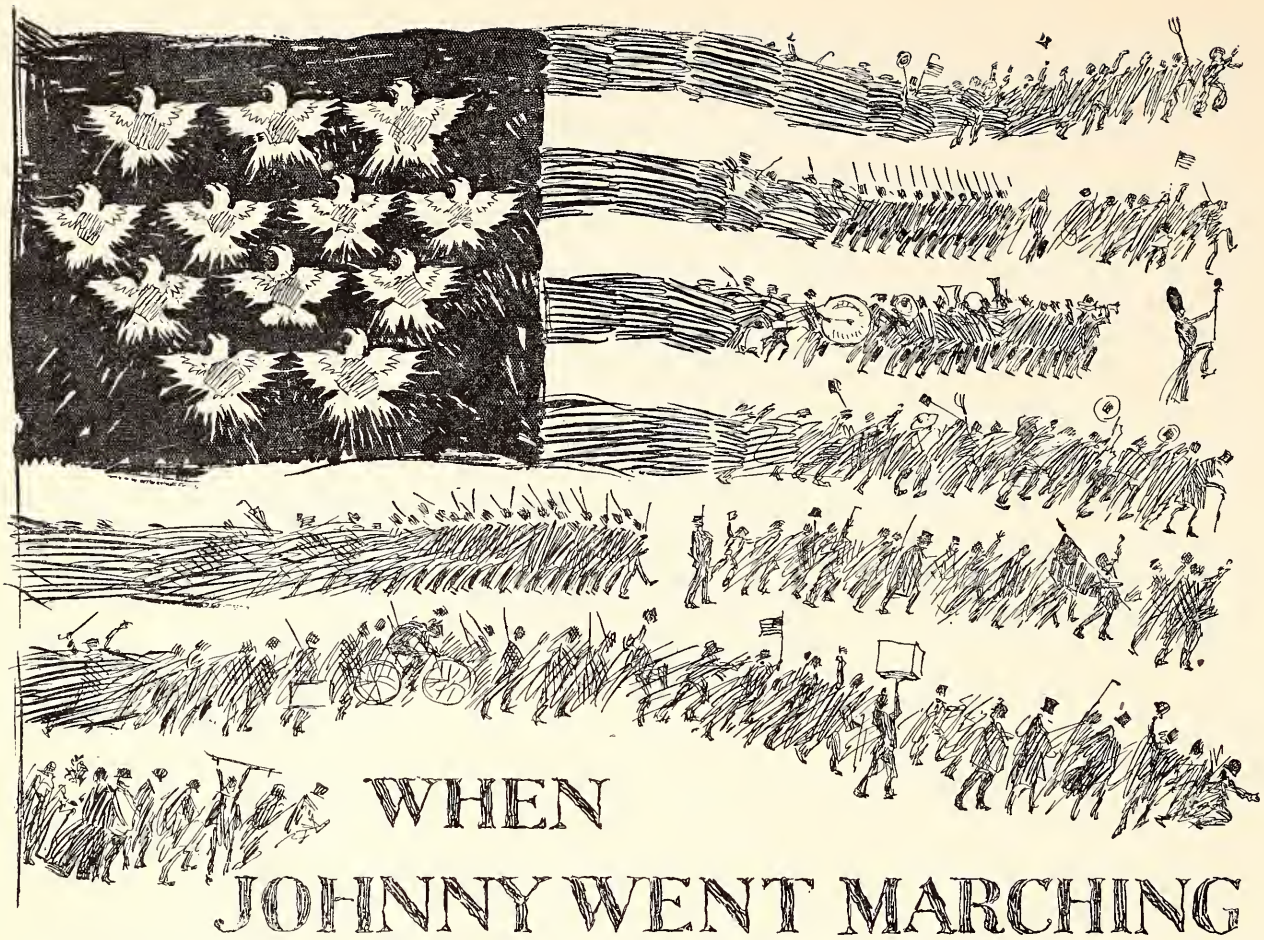
In those first weeks of June, it was my privilege to linger, of evenings, by headquarters, and hear the war discussed in every phase by Gomez and Hernandez. Of the ultimate success of their cause, neither had the shadow of a doubt; but when the trouble would end, neither could prophesy.

Both were painfully aware of the suffering and death that every additional day meant for untold hundreds of helpless old men, women, and children. Yet the dragging on of the war was not without advantage, because it trained Cubans in self-denial; it disciplined the disorderly element, and gave the little Civil Government a chance to spread its wings and gain experience before attempting to fly alone.

As Hernandez said: "The life of one entire generation is not too great a sacrifice to the prosperity of countless generations to come." . . . Gomez had long since ceased to count on assistance of any kind from the United States. Concerning recognition, I heard him say: "I have a mind to forbid any man's speaking that word in camp. Recognition is like the rain; it is a good thing if it comes, and a good thing if it doesn't come.". . .

These talks, which were not for publication, were held of evenings, when the weather was fine, under Gomez's bit of canvas. They were never long, for Gomez retired early, after the bugle sounded "Silencio." Often before reveille the "old man" was awake, writing private despatches or personal letters, in his hammock, by the flickering light of a yellow Mambi taper fastened on a stick driven into the ground, while an aide stood guard and the camp slept. Of afternoons, when not on the road, he dictated to his secretary, read letters, or dozed the siesta. But at supper-time, when fresh green leaves were spread at Gomez's feet, and the saucepan, with its mess of soup or chopped meat and plantains, was put before him, and we gathered with our tin plates, knives, and spoons, and squatted in a semicircle, our asistentes standing attentively behind, topics of the day were discussed over again. . . .

Gomez, as a practical soldier, did not venture to speculate on Cuba's future in detail. It was looking forward enough for him to see Cuba under her own flag and government. Neither of these men approved of any scheme of annexation to the United States, or saw any conclusion of the war short of absolute independence. As Gomez said: "Autonomy might have been accepted, if offered in good faith, very early in the war; but since the time of Martinez Campos, it has been out of the question." These unyielding views on annexation and autonomy were universally held by fighting Cubans in the Manigua.

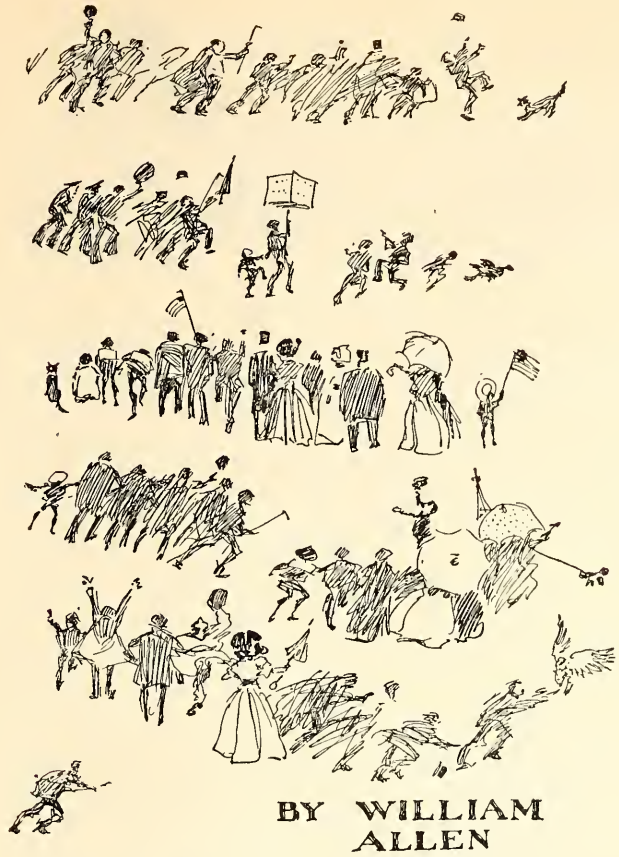


WHEN JOHNNY WENT MARCHING

THE Yankee does not appear well in spectacular heroics. His history is a brief one. He has few heroes. He has not learned the ritual of hero-worship. So when the occasion comes that requires elaborate stage settings and grand manœuvering, the Yankee's performance often falls short. Ask the Yankee to pass the hat for the monument fund, or to take the contract for building the monument, or to dream out some inspiring design for the bronze memorial pile, and he is ready for the task. But appoint him on the committee to ride in the carriage, at the unveiling of the statue, with the grandson of the hero whose deeds have seemed to justify the graven image, and the Yankee's first impulse is to run. His sense of humor overcomes his vanity. So when he goes to war, a business in which there is a preliminary display of rooster feathers, brass braid, and tomfoolery, the American goes with a deprecatory, shamefaced manner. This apologetic air clings to him until he gets into the thick of the fight, where death or glory waits for him at sundown.

When the year 1898 came in, the steam whistles screamed for prosperity; the saluting cannons boomed for business; even the church bells rang out the old period of depression, and rang in the new era of commercial activity. In American hearts there was no higher hope for the new year than a hope for a year of peace and plenty. Less than a third of the year had passed before the Americans were willing to let business go hang; and the American whistles shrieked, the big guns roared, and the church bells clamored for war. The interests of the country changed in a few weeks. The change was not an outward one. Trains ran on their scheduled time. Business men hurried to business. The wheel at the cistern was not broken; but there was a new motive guiding it. The public mind ceased wishing for prosperity; it began longing for victory at arms.

The Yankee did not gather in hoarse-voiced mobs. He did not lose time from his work. A minute or two with a bulletin board at noon, and another over the newspaper before supper and before breakfast, were lost—but that was all. Here and there was a new hired man on the farm, a new printer at the case, a promotion in the business office, a vacancy in the mailing department, a man less at the ribbon counter, a switchman who



BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

OUT

went at his work slowly and cautiously, a junior partner's corrugated desk covered with ten days' dust; and where these things were, there also were the jokes about the soldier boys, and a keen, silent pride, and a deep, fervid interest in the wearers of the blue. The only way the poor dumb, stoical brute of a Yankee could show the patriotism that filled his swelling heart was by the spectacle of the flags. In April, everywhere over this good, fair land, flags were flying. Trains carrying soldiers were hurrying from the North, from the East, from the West, to the Southland; and as they sped over the green prairies and the brown mountains, little children on fences greeted the soldiers with flapping scarfs and handkerchiefs and flags; at the stations, crowds gathered to hurrah for the soldiers, and to throw hats into the air, and to unfurl flags. Everywhere it was flags: tattered, smoke-grimed flags in engine cabs; flags in buttonholes; flags on proud poles; flags fluttering everywhere. How gay it was—how sad it was! For the flags may be the signals of coming death; the shadows that they throw may forecast broken hearts. One cannot know how War's horrors will come. They are hidden by the flags. The fluttering of the flags drowns the voice of the tears that may be in the air.

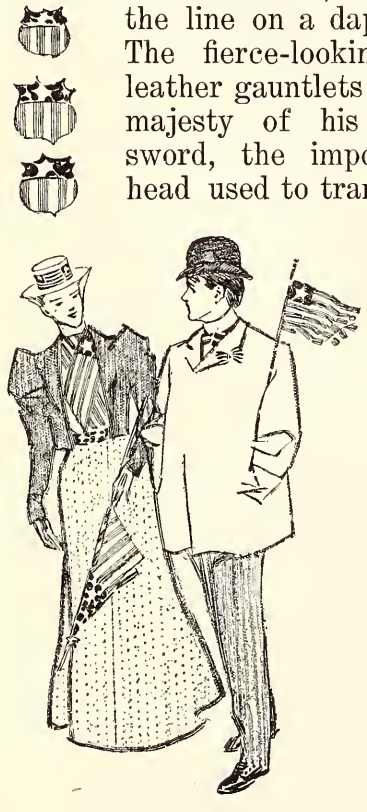
As for the soldier, the citizen soldier, for whom all this pomp and circumstance was created, he seemed to be immensely bored by it. He was apparently preoccupied. He was trying to get the difference firmly fixed in his mind between his hay-foot and his straw-foot. He paid more heed to the training of his left hand to keep out of his trousers pocket on parade than he paid to talk of lofty, heroic ideals.

When the President called for troops in April, the governors of nearly all the States gave the militia men the opportunity to enlist. The National Guards received the opportunity gratefully. They were mostly young fellows, these guardsmen, and they laughed as heartily as the crowd laughed at the jibes about the tin soldiers; but way down in the quiet recesses of his boyish heart, each of the chosen ones prayed to the God of his fathers to let him live to reproach the jibes by some brave deed, magnificently done.

Doubtless the land this spring was budding with millions of hopes of what may happen when Johnny comes marching home. The nature of these hopes is irrelevant here, for this is the story of how Johnny went marching out. Johnny of the American army, the Johnny who responded to the President's call for troops, is a country boy—a boy of the country town. In the country town of

"A minute . . . over the newspaper . . . before breakfast."

the West, the departure of the county company of National Guards for the State capital was an event of considerable awkward dignity. The militia company in the piping times of peace was, like the affairs of Mr. Toots, "really of no consequence." The principal martial duty the National Guards had to perform before they were mustered out was to precede the fire company and follow the Grand Army squad in the processions on Memorial Day and the Fourth of July. At such times the more bloodthirsty ones of the young warriors were feasted on the spectacle of some hero of Gettysburg, with his red marshal's sash and his slouch hat, riding up and down the line on a dapple-gray prancer. The fierce-looking, funnel-shaped leather gauntlets on his wrists, the majesty of his Knight Templar sword, the imposing cock of his head used to transform the dealer in "paints, drugs, oils, stationery, and toilet articles" into a satisfactory imitation of a son of Mars. So in those halcyon days each red-faced youngster trudging along the dusty highway was content to melt his linen and wait for the day when he should be the man on horseback. With a military experience limited to these occasional triumphs, the Western guardsman read the President's call for troops with unfettered joy. Probably a few hours after this expansive moment the more thoughtful of the militiamen began to ransack their memories to find out what particular impulse had urged them to join the Guards—a question which has never been successfully answered inside the ranks nor out. But theorists who are acquainted with the motives which impel youths to do strange things hold that enlistment in the National Guards frequently follows the reading of "The Life of Grant" or of "Napoleon and his Marshals." Other theorists maintain that the ways of a young man in the presence of a fife and drum and a uniform is like the way of a ship in the midst of the sea, of an eagle in the air, or of a serpent upon a rock—too wonderful for the wisest of men.



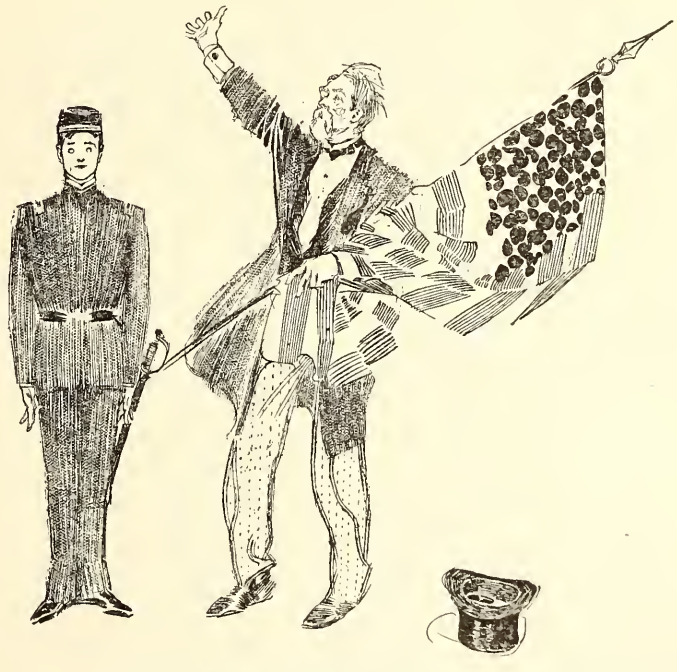
". . . flags fluttering everywhere."

". . . some little wife girl . . ."

But, leaving the theorists to wrangle and returning to the youth with the President's call before him, an interesting situation presented itself. Sometimes it took two days, sometimes but two hours, for the solemn fact that he was a part of his country's army, one of the history-makers, to soak through and through the youngster's understanding. He went about his daily routine merrily, and no one realized what a powerful thrill of patriotism there was growing in his heart. He felt that the thrill was all he might be able to trade his life for; and he loved life, so he cherished the thrill and was proud of it. The thing grew big in him as he marched down the main street of the town, on the afternoon of his last day at home, just before train-time. The silver cornet band, playing "Marching through Georgia" or "Maryland," pulled the thrill up into a lump in his throat, a lump that hurt. When the ranks broke, just before the whistle escaped from the black smoke on the horizon, the thrill and the lump remained, as the boy, in

". . . rooster feathers, brass braid, and tomfoolery."

his pretty soldier clothes, bumped about the depot platform, shaking hands right and left. The band struck up "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and maybe the lump broke, and God bless the little blue soldier if it did! For the girls were all there. The kind-faced mother girl was there, who stood shyly at the depot nearly forty years ago and saw another boy go forth to fight. Not far from the mother girl was the bashful sweetheart girl, who dared not show the crowd her grief at parting. Perhaps for the soldier boy there was some little wife girl, with a brave, smiling face; or a baby girl, whom the blue-coated boy hoped would remember him if—the "if" that breaks the sentence that no one ever closes. Of course the teasing sister girl was there, with her joke about the fit of the blue trousers — for all the girls were there, and the band was blowing itself black in the face with the tune that thousands of heroes have whistled in the face of death. Is it any wonder that the lump in the soldier boy's throat squeezed something into his eyes that made him talk loud and laugh wildly — where he could not swear like a pirate to relieve his feelings?



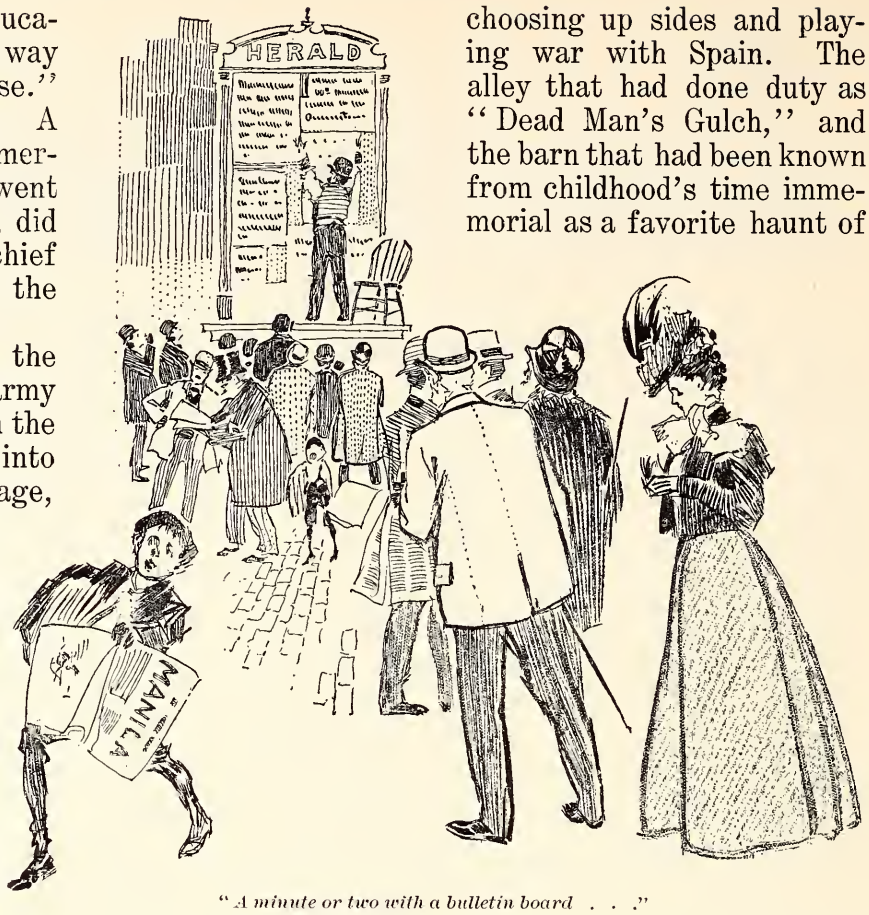
". . . would like to poke the flag, pole and all, down the throat of the veteran."

After that, when the ranks formed on the depot platform, there was a painful minute. The whole line watched the captain, and felt for him as he looked down his nose sheepishly. The line knew that the captain was glad enough to get the flag, that he would like to thank the women for giving it; but the line knew that the captain would like to poke the flag, pole and all, down the throat of the veteran who was making that sky-rocket speech. The boys felt that the orator was delaying the train. The nervous panting of the engine ahead got on their nerves, and the young fellows knew the passengers aboard were making fun of them. The orator went on and on, and everlastingly on. The boys began to wink slyly at one another or at friends in the crowd; the lump had left them, the thrill was slowing down, and the absurdity of a man who had fought through Shiloh telling them that they were heroes gradually dawned upon them. When the spell-binder quit talking, they cheered with the crowd. They scampered on the moving train, and waved their hats. Their hurrah met the one from the platform; and when the train had rounded the curve and was clear out of sight, the crowd at the depot broke up and poured down the village street. Even the band was too sad to play.

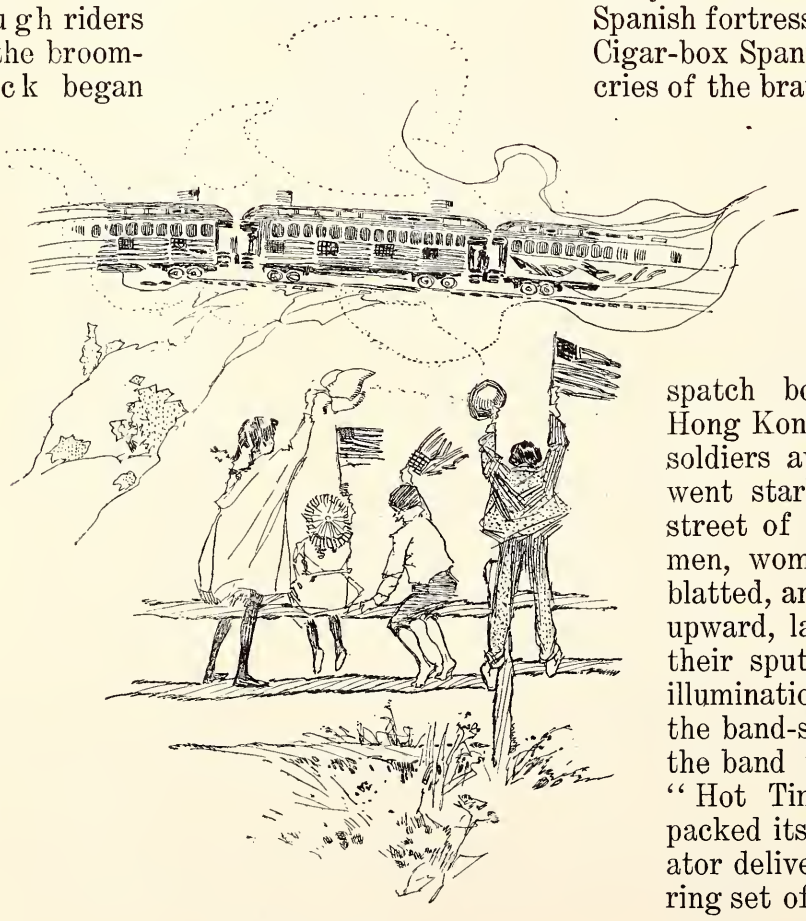
And war, for that little town, dated its beginning from the second when the train faded into the green of the trees at the curve. After that second, boys on the street forgot about "The Wabash Far Away" and "My Gal's a High-born Lady," and whistled war tunes—"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," "Star-Spangled Banner," and "Hail Columbia." Sometimes at night, when the moon was out to make dogs bark and love-lorn lads whistle, a youth, coming home beneath the elms from an engagement under a red lampshade, dis-

played his liberal musical education to the neighbors on his way by piping "The Marseillaise." There was war in the air. A subtle suggestion had mesmerized everyone. The town went about its work mechanically, did it well enough, but the chief interest was in "arms and the man."

Very early in the year the technical language of the army and navy began to seep from the news columns of the papers into metaphors on the editorial page, and by April the slang of the people bristled with offensive projectiles. For twenty-five years pugnacious younkits, whose pink toes have but lately burst through the chrysalis of long clothes, have spent their stick-horse days playing at Indian fighting. But one fine morning in May, probably after a midnight session of the Board of Strategy—General Winkum, Admiral Blinkum, and Secretary Nod—all over the land the rough riders of the broomstick began choosing up sides and playing war with Spain. The alley that had done duty as "Dead Man's Gulch," and the barn that had been known from childhood's time immemorial as a favorite haunt of the redskins or a retreat for white settlers, were transformed by the magic order of the Privy Council of Dreamland—the alley into a Spanish fortress, the barn into a man-of-war. Cigar-box Spanish rose instead of the battle cries of the braves that a few months before pierced the hay-loft. "Remember the Maine!" piped shrilly above the clash of arms on the battlefield where Custer and Sitting Bull had been fighting their long engagement.



"A minute or two with a bulletin board . . ."



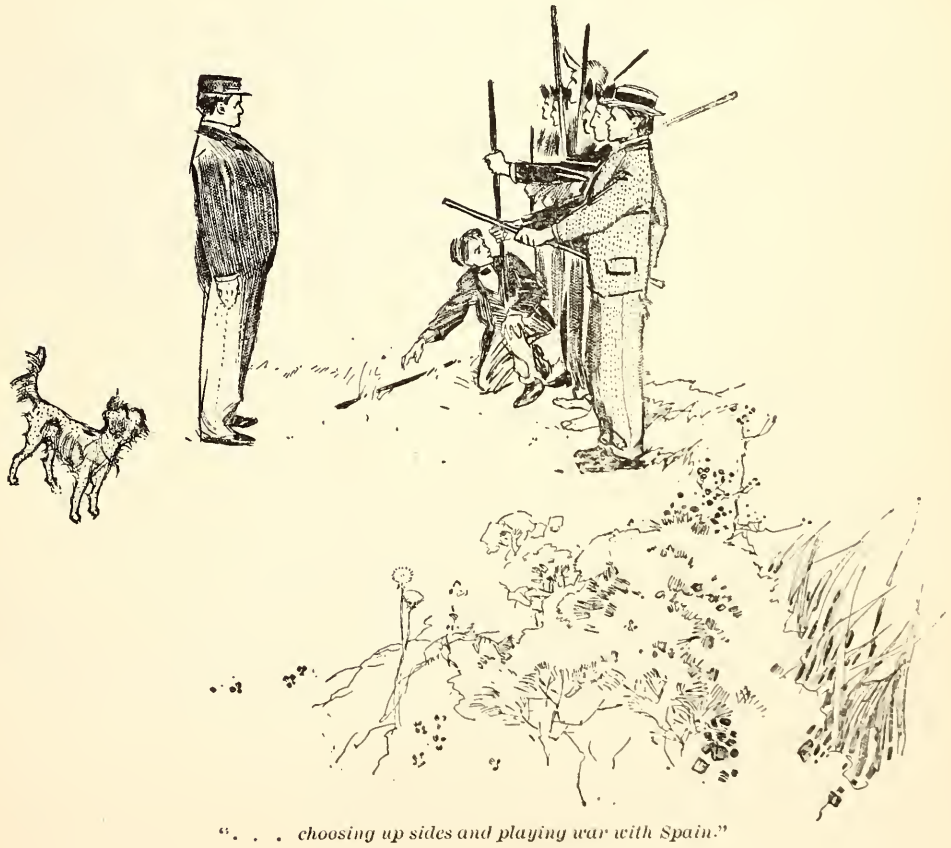
". . . children on fences . . ."

The night after the despatch boat "McCulloch" reached Hong Kong, the town that had sent its soldiers away only a few days before went stark, staring mad. The main street of the place was crowded with men, women, and children. Tin horns blatted, anvils boomed, rockets whirred upward, last year's Roman candles did their sputtering best to shed festive illumination on the scene; and around the band-stand, during the time when the band was not adding Sousa or a "Hot Time" to the din, the crowd packed itself and watched the town orator deliver a most elevating and stirring set of gestures. Everyone yelled; everyone threw up his neighbor's hat.

Populists stopped watching the money power, Republicans ceased troubling themselves over repudiation, Democrats forgot the deficit. A simple but great emotion, that of patriotic joy, was stirring the people, and they moved as men move under stress of strong passion. Civilization sloughed off. There was a reversion to type. Science has put a few levers and screws and pulleys and sockets and joints in and upon and around the club of Cain; but science has not been able to change the heart of the man who swings the club. War is what it always was, and victory is as it was in the beginning, an occasion for making a joyful noise before the king. In a Democracy there are 100,000 kings, and the joyful noise is somewhat magnified. "The gentle art of murdering" is not declining, even if the consumption of laundry-starch, shoe-polish, pickled-olives, cut-glass, and schoolbooks is growing ahead of the increase of population.

In one Western town, and perhaps in many, which celebrated Dewey's victory, this occurred: after the spirit of the crowd had effervesced, after the powder was burned, after the hats had come down, the town band played "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp." A few people standing near by the bandstand hummed the tune. "The Bonny Blue Flag" was crooned in a thousand throats, and there was an audible "Hurrah" in the chorus. Then followed "John Brown's Body," and its "Glory Hallelujah" went to the stars. There were joyful tears in hundreds of eyes as the hymn went on; and after a moment, when the band began "America," the throng took it up; the people knew the words. Fewer da-das and la-las came in "America" than came in the other songs. The singing was not prearranged. The occasion had no programme. The voices took up the music of the horns, and, without knowing it, a civilized Anglo-Saxon crowd was chanting a hymn of thanksgiving to the Lord of Hosts, even as David's people must have thrown their souls into the psalm. And all this in an American country town, under electric lights, on paved streets, with half the singers leaning on bicycles as they sang.

But the young men aboard the train that rounded the curve and that shut out the town a few days before the good news came from Manila had no ethnological theories. Being young men, the soldiers enjoyed every band that met them at every depot between home and the State capital. The cheering crowds, the women bearing to the car windows boughs of lilacs and garden flowers of the new spring helped the youths' spirits; and when they had filed down the asphalt streets of the capital and had halted in front of the State House to hear the Governor make a speech, they were sure that it would be all up with Spain from that hour. During the early weeks of May, at each State capital, several thousand young gentlemen were acquiring useful instruction in the science of arms. Many pert young militiamen came up from the inland towns who fancied they were soldiers because they could get across a level piece of ground without stepping on their own feet. But after the first four or five hours of hard work, the proud lines of the guardsmen began to sag and then to cave in, and the enthusiastic youngsters in "nobby" blue clothes often found that they occupied a place in the esteem of the regular



"... *choosing up sides and playing war with Spain.*"

army sergeant very little higher than the raw men held who stumbled around at their drilling in frightened, sweaty droves. These raw men looked like a grievance committee following the president's special car across a railroad yard.

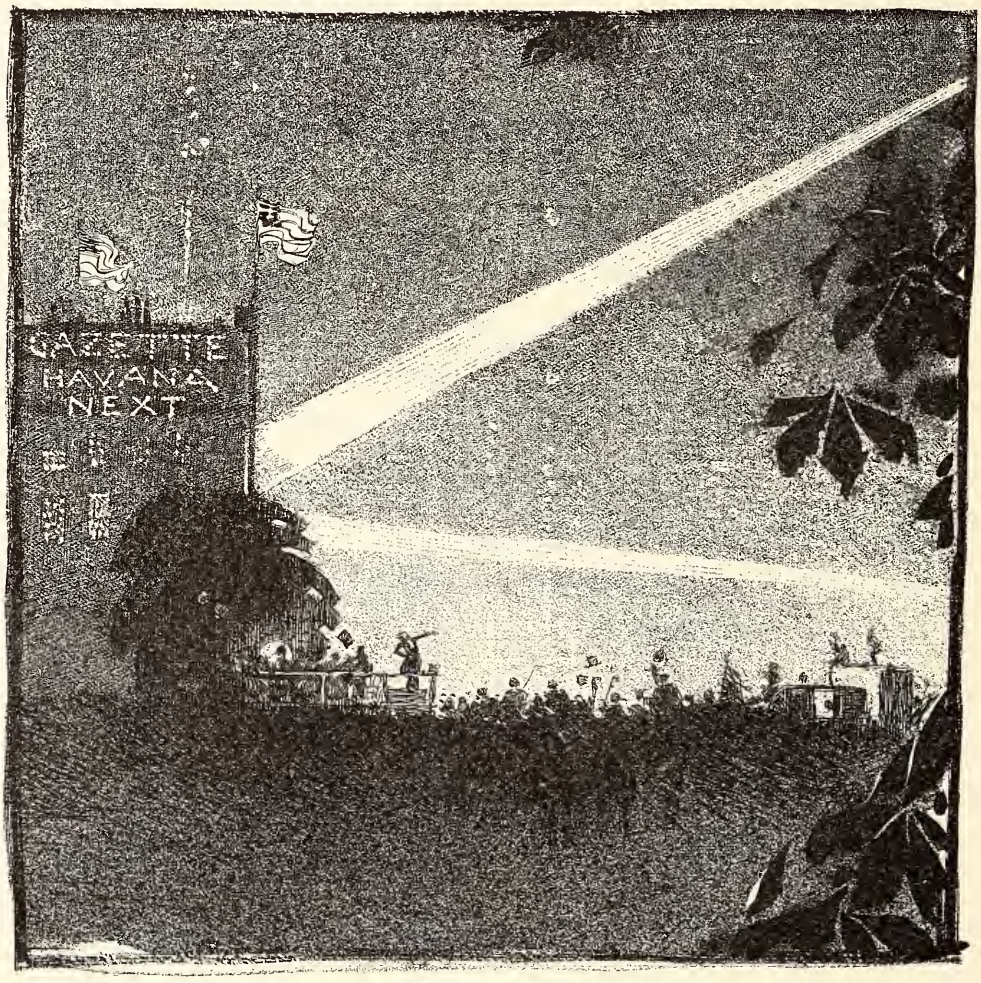
Sleeping in tents is a lark for the first few nights for youngsters used to steel springs on their beds and Swiss curtains at their bedroom windows. "But,"—as the governor of a Western State said, when opposing mustering the militia on a tented field and urging the use of a neighboring fort lately abandoned by the regular army troops,—"but what if it rains?" The first week in May this year was a rainy week out West, and in the tented field of a certain State on the Missouri the measles broke out, and all the horses attached to the chariot of Mars shook their tugs a-laughing. Probably the first steps taken in making that human engine of death, a regiment, are always clumsy, and will provoke laughter to the end of time. Probably the original second lieutenant in the first militia company ever organized tried to get "chummy" with his colonel; but that fact did not make the spectacle any less absurd this spring, when it was being repeated all over the land. The banker's son in the ranks needs several weeks to learn that the dealer in staple and fancy groceries who has white on his trousers and gold braid on his cap must not be called "Bill" and slapped on the back. And, on the other hand, it takes time for the captain just from the blacksmith shop to learn that he must snub the young dry goods clerks who, two weeks before the call came for troops, would not have seen him on the street.

In the Civil War a Kansas cavalry regiment two days old was standing on a hill in Missouri, watching a fight. A company of Confederates took a position on a hill back of the Kansans. In a rash moment a Kansas horseman galloped toward the new-comers. The colonel saw the private, and called:

"Oh, Tom, come back here."

"What do you want?" asked the private, checking up.

"Well, you come back here. What you goin' over there for? They'll get you," answered the officer.



". . . a most elevating and stirring set of gestures."

"What if they do? If I want to get killed it's none of your business," replied the private.

"Tom Jennings, I command you to come back here," roared the colonel. Then the officer added, as Jennings didn't move: "Aw, Tom, don't be a fool; come on back."

"Say, Marsh Murdock, you think you're mighty smart because you've gone and log-rolled and got to be colonel; but I'm right here to tell you that no little four-by-nine editor can boss me around. I'm goin' over to see who them fellers are."

He started to turn around, when Colonel

Murdock cried: "Hold on, Tom. I'm responsible for you. Say, what you s'pose I'd tell your wife if I let you go over there and get killed?"

After some further argument the private returned. That evening the regiment took a vote on the question whether to stay where it was, to get into the fight, or go back to camp. On the road to camp the Kansas fellows, mistaken for Confederates, were charged by a Michigan regiment. The Kansans, running helter skelter, frightened a Confederate company into flight. When the Kansas men got into Kansas City, they bought the colonel a sword as a recognition of his bravery on the field of battle. The following night the privates broke into his tent, stole the sword, and pawned it for beer. But before the war was over that regiment became one of the best disciplined regiments in the West, and a terror to the enemy.

These few anecdotal lines are written with a purpose in view. That purpose is to show what an adaptive creature the American is. He may not know how to present arms in May, but he can be turned into a clean-cut, well-oiled cog in the fighting engine before the snow flies. To begin with, the American militiaman has this advantage over every recruit on earth: the American knows how to shoot, and he knows all about the mechanism of a gun. The average American boy of the inland States has owned an air-gun before he is ten. He has been hit in the hand, the foot, the arm, or the leg by a "twenty-two" before he is twelve. He has owned a shot-gun before he has grown a mustache. He has learned to hit a squirrel in a tree crotch with a rifle before he is twenty. When he is of age, he can take to pieces any kind of a gun and put it together again. When the American recruit shall get the hang of the machinery of the army and see a battalion working, the mechanical poetry of the thing will fill him with joy. He will take pride in his cogship in it. But now he is a rollicking boy, who is being harrowed ten miles a day over rough roads, in all kinds of weather, for no other reason, so far as he can see, but to satisfy the caprices of an unfeeling superior officer who a few weeks ago drove a delivery wagon. He has no notion of being a hero these days, has the American recruit; but he is enjoying three good meals a day, sleeping like a log at night, and longing for a chance to fight. He is not fearing death, and he is not burdened with dreams of glory. But away down in his Anglo-Saxon heart the American boy feels the call of duty, and again he "hankers" for the fight.

And he is the boy for whom the flags are flying and for whom is all this cheering. The flags make a brave show in the dusty land; as for the cheering, it comes from bonny throats. The dainty white handkerchiefs should dance and be gay now—now, for to-morrow they may be heavy with tears. But tears are good. They make the world better. Sorrow is a great lever that pries the world upward. So war is good for the sorrow that it brings. Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth. And war, that tears the heart-strings of the old; war, that feeds on the flesh of young men; war, with its tragic gaiety, is good. It is one of God's weapons—his rod that chasteneth. Then should the nation bow beneath the rod, and smile back to heaven with the flags, the gay, merry, thoughtless flags.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE IN WAR TIMES.

THE editors of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, in common with thousands of other American citizens, have to face new conditions and new interests. The number in which these lines appear was very different, as originally planned, in contents and arrangement. It was in preparation, and in great part ready, for the press when the war opened. The page plates, filled with pictures, then ready were put aside, and plans in tentative operation for such a change as the altered conditions demanded were pushed forward. The result is before the reader, and will give an indication, all too slight for our wishes, of the editorial spirit which animates this magazine and of the resources at its command.

It was not only necessary for us to meet the new interests of the time adequately and quickly, but the increased demand for the magazine added to the difficulties of the problem. At the present moment (and it is still several weeks until publication) the actual orders from subscribers and dealers for the June number of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE amount to a little more than 400,000 copies. To manufacture so large a first edition in time, it is necessary that our press-room and bindery run day and night. It is our intention to continue printing the June number until all orders are filled.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE has representatives, contributors, artists, and photographers with every branch of the army and navy and at every scene of probable action. The larger aspects and events of the war will be presented in the most authoritative and interesting manner in its pages from personal observation and experience, with expert interpretation and comment, and with authentic and interesting illustrations. The magazine is represented at Washington, on the Flying Squadron, on Admiral Sampson's fleet, at Hong Kong and Manila, at Tampa, Mobile, and in Cuba; and through its London office it is able to secure the most apt and important material from foreign sources. With these facilities and this organization, we hope to obtain a record that will have absorbing human and dramatic interest, as well as importance, at this time, and one that will prove to be of permanent historical value.

HYMN.

IN THE TIME OF WAR AND TUMULTS.

By Henry Newbolt.

O Lord Almighty, Thou whose hands
  Despair and victory give;
In whom, though tyrants tread their lands,
  The souls of nations live:

Thou wilt not turn Thy face away
  From those who work Thy will,
But send Thy peace on hearts that pray,
  And guard Thy people still.

Remember not the days of shame,
  The hands with rapine dyed,
The wavering will, the baser aim,
  The brute, material pride:

Remember, Lord, the years of faith,
  The spirits humbly brave,
The strength that died defying death,
  The love that loved the slave:

The race that strove to rule Thine earth
  With equal laws unbought;
Who bore for Truth the pangs of birth,
  And brake the bonds of Thought.

Remember how, since time began,
  Thy dark eternal mind
Through lives of men that fear not man
  Is light for all mankind.

Thou wilt not turn Thy face away
  From those who work Thy will;
But send Thy strength on hearts that pray
  For strength to serve Thee still.

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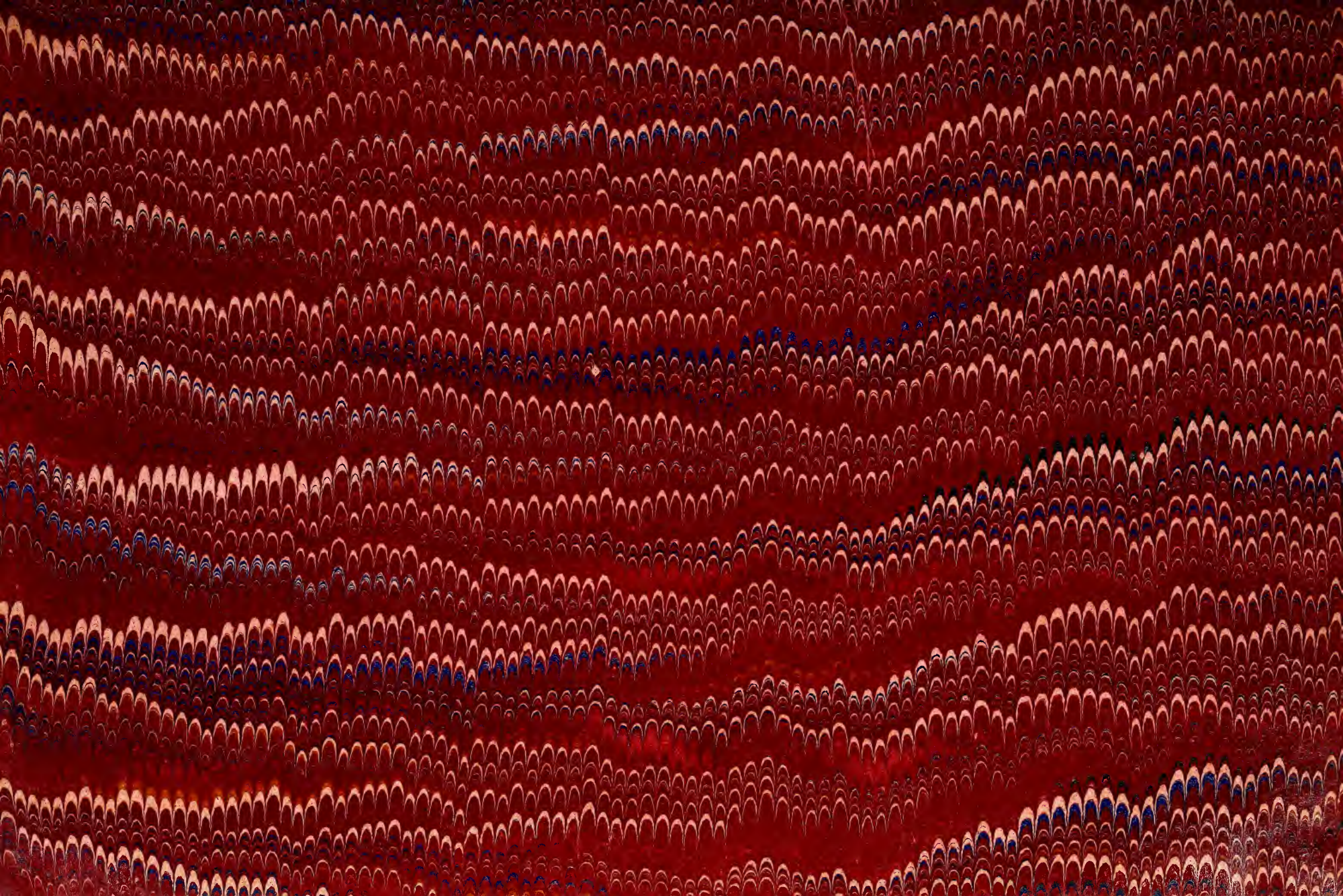
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